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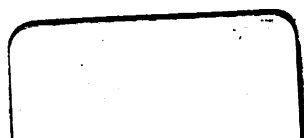
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THE CASQUET
OF
LITERATURE.



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THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

SECOND SERIES'



THE BLESSING

LONDON
BLACKIE & SON PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS
GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

THE CASQUET

OF

LITERATURE:

BEING

A SELECTION IN POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRERD AUTHORS.

EDITED,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES,

By CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

VOL. I.—SECOND SERIES.



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PREFACE.

THE Second Series of the CASQUET OF LITERATURE was projected chiefly with the view to provide specimens of the works of those authors who had not been represented in the First. The two volumes which comprise the Second Series contain extracts from the works of over two hundred and sixty poets, novelists, essayists, historians, and philosophical writers: only about forty-two of these contribute also to the First Series. In the list will be found the names of the most distinguished authors of the present century, and of a number of our more ancient, and in some respects more distinctly classical writers. As a whole, I hope the Work will afford an interesting and useful insight to miscellaneous literature.

With very cordial and sincere thanks I have again to acknowledge my obligations to those authors and publishers who placed their copyrights at my disposal, for the purpose of making extracts. There is one author, to whose generous condescension I find it difficult to refer in conventional phrase. But I cannot refrain from the expression of my deep sense of gratitude for the privilege accorded me by Her Majesty the Queen, whose gracious favour permits me to quote an extract from the *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*.

Of the publishers to whom especial thanks are due, I must mention Messrs. Blackwood & Sons; Chapman & Hall; Hurst & Blackett; Isbister & Co.; Henry S. King & Co.; Longmans, Green, & Co.; Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.; Macmillan & Co., and John Murray.

CHARLES GIBBON.

LONDON, 1874.

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THE CASQUET.

MOTHER RIGBY'S PIPE.

[Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in Salem, Massachusetts, 4th July, 1804; died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, 19th May, 1864. Novelist. He held various appointments under the American government, the most important of which was that of consul at Liverpool. His works are: *Twice-told Tales*; *Mosses from an Old Manse*; *The Scarlet Letter*; *The House of the Seven Gables*; *The Blithedale Romance* (in this novel he embodies his experience of the Brook Farm Community, of which he was a member for about a year); *The Marble Faun*; *The Snow Image*, and other *Twice-told Tales*; *Grandfather's Chair*; *The Wonder Book* for girls and boys; *Tanglewood Tales*; *Life of Franklin Pierce*, President of the United States; *Septimius*, a novel which, unhappily, he did not live to complete; *English and American Note Books*. The following story is one of seven, which in 1873 were published (King & Co.) for the first time in England by Mr. H. A. Page, accompanied by a singularly powerful biographical and critical study of the author. "The characteristics of Hawthorne which first arrest the attention," says Mr. R. W. Griswold, an American critic, "are imagination and reflection; and these are exhibited in remarkable power and activity in tales and essays, of which the style is distinguished for great simplicity, purity, and tranquillity." Of "Mother Rigby's Pipe," Mr. Page says: "Here we have an illustration of his (Hawthorne's) unique power of concentrating himself upon one point, and throwing down on it from all sides the most capricious lights of fancy; while yet never ceasing to moralize through a delicate medium of allegory. The meanings are profound enough, but the humour is of the finest, and relieves their presence; gently lighting up the whole now and then, suddenly as a smile will unexpectedly pass over a pensive countenance. It required no little skill so to use witchcraft as to gently satirize by means of it the artificialities and follies of the present."]

I.

"DICKON," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth, where indeed there was no appearance of a fire having been

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kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe, and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head, "thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise), in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn-patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little, green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humour, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn-patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke: "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvellous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of everyday business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 'tis true I'm a witch."

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick, on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby, before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the woodpile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporeity of the scarecrow, with the exception of his head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shrivelled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes, and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-coloured knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-coloured coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flaps, and button-holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbours said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had

now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage, and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration of her own handiwork! "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch; but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe, the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizen with its tattered finery; and as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken, when, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavour her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be, or who brought

the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street-corner!" continued she. "Well; I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe; but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends upon it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head; as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye: and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco, or in the fiercely-glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on the top of it, or in the

pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow; but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade so coloured and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety; and, at least, if the above explanation do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart; if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done, again! Thou did'st suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her out-

stretched hand, the figure made a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood—poor devil of a contrivance that it was!—with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so over-peopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom), at this pusillanimous behaviour of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims, and stand at the bedside to enjoy

their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose; for, with each successive whiff, the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long been rent away. And, half-revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clinched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle—perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain—that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacrum into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith), thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one,"

answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night-fog, morning-mist, sea-foam, and chimney-smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humour with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million of acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and a château in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt from Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If the salt were not dissolved, and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way over all the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the Church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who

stood at the head of society in the neighbouring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter; sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!"

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapoury fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair), were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words suitable for the occasion: "Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! O! Ah! Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made, you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeited of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities, the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The

very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this wonder-work, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen-stump, and became a meerschaum, with painted bowl and amber mouth-piece.

It might be apprehended, however, that as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapour of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco-box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe-bowl; and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke) cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco! and, Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke, "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"O thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man

should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take thy staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if anyone ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop,—so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

II.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighbouring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the side-walk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered plum-coloured coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentleman of the period; and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutre-

ment of this brilliant personage, that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay; it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes; he must needs be a nobleman as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his lordship have voyaged or travelled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your high Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. What gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and a jerk—but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador, come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion; or, most likely, he is from the Havanas, or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man!—so tall, so slender! such a fine, noble face, with so well-shaped a nose,

and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth. And, bless me, how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames!"

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe; for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honour, they have quite dazzled me."

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance, there were only two dissentient voices. One was that of an impertinent cur, which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back-yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child, who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs, and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop meanwhile pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled into a clamour around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion-house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim, before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! Dim and faded did you call him? Why, as he turns about, the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is indeed," said his companion; "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peering at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile, if it might not better be called a grin or grimace, upon his visage; but, of all the throng that beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair, rosy face, which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlour, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practising pretty airs—now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan; while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture, and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illusive Feathertop himself; and, when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlour door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop,—nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop,—who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child, and honour him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction, the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But, even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot—an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been, that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his goodwill. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely, he became convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand, with gestures of diabolical merriment, round the circumference of the pipe-bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlour, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marvelled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed, in his secret soul, the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners, as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapour of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street; but there was a constraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the evil principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlour door was partly of glass, shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop, that after quitting the room he could by no means

refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain.

But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen; nothing—except the trifles previously noticed—to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic, and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of a person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl, without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop come in its proper place; nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial, in human shape, that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room; Feathertop with his dainty stride and no less dainty grimace; the girl with a native maidenly grace, just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner, which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until, within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch), she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry; the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was heroic to her eye. And by this time it is to be supposed there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance; while the star kept coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe-bowl. O, pretty Polly Gookin, why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly

maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow! Is it so unusual a misfortune, so rare a triumph?

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles glowed at that instant with unutterable splendour; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of colouring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance towards the full length looking-glass in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop likewise had looked towards the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went further than any of his previous manifestations towards vindicating his claims to be reckoned human; for, perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

III.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is put of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop! His pipe was still alight; the star still flamed upon his breast; the embroidery still glowed upon his garments; nor had he lost, in any degree or manner that could be estimated, the aspect that assimilated

him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torment him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in my pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having!"

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop; "the girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause, and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!"

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap, and a shrivelled pumpkin in the midst. The eye-holes were now lustreless; but the rudely carved gap, that just before had been a mouth, still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering, the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance and send him forth again to-morrow. But no; his feelings are too tender, his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well! well! I'll

make a scarecrow of him after all. 'Tis an innocent and a useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. "Dickon!" cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

THE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

O, Muse, who dost to me reveal
The mystery of the woman's life,
Relate how 'tis a maid might feel,
The night before she's crown'd a wife!
Lo, sleepless in her little bed,
She lies and counts the hours till noon.
Ere this, to-morrow, she'll be wed,
Ere this? Alas, how strangely soon!
A fearful blank of ignorance
Lies, manifest, across her way,
And shadows, cast from unknown chance,
Make sad and dim the coming day.
Her faithless dread she now discards,
And now remorseful memory flings
Its glory round the last regards
Of home and all accustom'd things.
Her father's voice, her mother's eyes
Accuse her treason; 'tis in vain
She thinks herself a wife, and tries
To comprehend the greater gain;
Her unknown fortune nothing cheers
Her loving heart's familiar loss,
And torrents of repentant tears
Their hot and smarting threshold cross.
When first within her bosom Love
Took birth, and beat his blissful wings,
It seem'd to lift her mind above
All care for other earthly things;
But, oh, too lightly did she vow
To leave for aye her happy nest;
And dreadful is the thought that now
Assaults her weak and shaken breast:
Ah, should her lover's love abate;
Ah, should she, miserable, lose
All dear regards of maiden state,
Dissolved by time and marriage dues!
And so her fears increase, till fear
O'erfills her apprehensive eye
That she may swoon, with no one near,
And haply so, unmarried, die,
With instinct of her ignorance,
(The virgin's strength and veiled guide,)
She prays, and casts the reins of chance
To Love, nor recks what shall betide.

The Angel in the House.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

[Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., F.R.S., born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, 1809; poet laureate. He was educated by his father, the late Rev. G. C. Tennyson, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he gained the Chancellor's medal for his English poem entitled *Timbuctoo*. Two years before that event, he had published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, a small volume under the title of *Poems by Two Brothers*.¹ In 1830 he issued *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*; another volume, partly reprints, two years later, and a third in 1842. These were followed by *The Princess*, 1847; *In Memoriam*, 1850; *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 1852;

Maud, and other Poems, 1855; *The Idylls of the King*, 1859; *Enoch Arden*, 1864; *The Holy Grail*, 1869; *The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens*, 1870, &c. Mr. Tennyson has added repeatedly to the *Idylls of the King* and the work was not completed until the publication of *Gareth and Lynette* in 1873. On the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed poet laureate.² *The Edinburgh Review* says: "The particular power by which Mr. Tennyson surpasses all recent English poets is precisely that of sustained perfection of style." He has obtained general recognition as the first of modern English poets. A complete edition of his works is published by Strahan & Co.

And Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a mau.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadt'n't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

¹ Wordsworth upon reading this volume at first thought Charles the better poet of the two; but afterwards altered his opinion.

² The duties and origin of this office are somewhat obscure. The poet laureate was to furnish the state with a measure of praise and verse twice a year. The Delphic laurel consecrated to Apollo in the mythology of the Greeks, or the garland of oak-leaves given to victors in the Roman Capitoline games, probably first suggested the literary distinction of poet laureate, which, with some variations of ceremonies, was maintained until the reign of Theodocius, who abolished it as a remnant of pagan superstition. The title was not used again until it was conferred upon Petrarch, who revived the spirit and studies of the age of Augustus. After Petrarch the title was bestowed on Philiphous, a satirical poet of the fifteenth century; then on Tasso; then on Quosmo, the buffoon of Leo X.; and next upon Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. The following anecdote is not without meaning: A poor poet, hoping for some reward, presented a panegyric to Pope Pius III., who sent him an epigram to this effect:—

"The poet in his own work aye finds his greatest meed."

The poet retorted:—

"If thou wert so rewarded, thou wouldst be poor indeed!"

The following is a list of English poets laureate, but the appointment of the first two named is considered doubtful by some authorities: John Skelton, who died 1529; Edmund Spenser, died 1598-9; Samuel Daniel, who was appointed to the laureateship in the year of Spenser's death; Ben Jonson, appointed 1619; Sir William Davenant, 1637; John Dryden, 1688; dismissed the same year on account of being a Papist; Thomas Shadwell, 1688; Nahum Tate, 1692; Nicholas Rowe, 1716; Lawrence Eusden, 1718; Colley Cibber, 1730; W. Whitehead, 1757; Thomas Warton, 1785; Henry James Pye, 1790; Robert Southey, 1813 (the laurel was offered to Scott in this year and he declined it); William Wordsworth, 1843; Alfred Tennyson, 1850. The dates given are those of the appointment, which was generally made immediately after the death of the preceding laureate.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
 All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
 I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
 Then Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
 And she to be coming and alandering me, the base little liar!
 But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
 That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
 And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
 Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
 But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
 I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
 The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
 And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
 Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
 Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
 Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
 Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtsey and went.
 And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
 You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
 "Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
 And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
 But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still:"

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
 And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
 But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
 And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
 But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
 Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
 There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
 I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;
 But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
 I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
 For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
 But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
 Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
 Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
 And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
 I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
 And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
 But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
 Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
 Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
 While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
 Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
 They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
 I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
 For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
 And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
 I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
 I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
 And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
 I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
 But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
 And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
 And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
 And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
 I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vex't?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
 Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.
 But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

A FAMILY IN LOVE.

[Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, 1826. She is distinguished as a writer of the best class of novels, but she is also the author of many tender, truthful, and inspiring poems. Her first novel, *The Oylives*, appeared in 1849, and was followed by *Olive: The Head of the Family*; *Alice Learmont*, a fairy tale; *Agatha's Husband*; *John Halifax, Gentleman* (this is the most popular of all her works); *Nothing New*—a collection of eight tales, from which we take the following; *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*; *Studies from Life*; *A Life for a Life*; *Mistress and Maid*, &c. She has also written many books for children. Her chief works are published by Hurst and Blackett, her poems by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. "We are always glad to welcome Miss Mulock. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous."—*Athenæum*.]

This is the age of complaining. Nobody suffers in silence; nobody breaks his or her heart in secrecy and solitude: they all take "the public" into their confidence—the convenient public, which, like murder,

Hath no tongue, but speaks
With most miraculous organ.

Of course it is neither the confider's fault nor yet the confidant's, if the winds sometimes whisper that king Midas has asses' ears.

Mine is no such confession. I have no gossip to retail of my neighbours: I am a very quiet gentleman, who prefer confining my interests and observations to my own household, my own immediate family. Ay, there lies my inevitable grief, there lurks my secret wrong; I am the unhappy elder brother of a family in love.

The fact dimly dawned upon me, widening by degrees, ever since I came home from India last year, and took upon myself the charge of my five sisters, aged from about— But Martha might object to my particularizing. Good little Patty! what a merry creature she was when she went nutting and fishing with me. And what ugly caps she has taken to wearing, poor dear! And why can't she speak as gently when scolding the servants as I remember our sweet-voiced pretty mother used always to do? And why, in spite of their mutual position, will she persist in calling Mr. Green with a kind of frigid solemnity, "Mr. Green?" But he does not seem to mind it: probably he never was called anything else.

He is a very worthy person, nevertheless, and I have a great respect for him. When my sister Martha—Miss Heathcote, as she

has been called from her cradle—by letter announced to me at Madras that she intended to relinquish that title for the far less euphonious one of Mrs. Green, I was, to say the least of it, surprised. I had thought, for various reasons (of no moment now), that my eldest sister was not likely to marry—I rather hoped she would not. We might have been so comfortable, poor Patty and I. However, I had no business to interfere with either her happiness or her destiny; so when, the first Sunday after my arrival at home, a cozy carriage drove up the avenue, and a bald, rather stout little man got out, to be solemnly introduced to me as "Mr. Green," I submitted to the force of circumstances, and to the duties of a brother-in-law.

He has dined with us every Sunday since. He and I are capital friends; regularly, when the ladies retire, he informs me what the Funds have been at, day by day during the past week, and which is the safest railway to buy shares in for the week following. A most worthy person, I repeat, will make a kind husband, and I suppose Martha likes him; but —. However, poor girl, she is old enough to judge for herself, and it is no business of mine. Some time, before long, I shall give her away at the old parish church—quietly, without any show; I shall see her walk down the church-aisle with old Mr. Green—he in his best white waistcoat, and she in her sober gray poplin, which she insists on being married in—not the clear soft muslin and long lace veil I quite well remember seeing Patty working at and blushing over, we won't say how many years ago. Well, women are better married, they say; but I think I would rather have had Martha an old maid.

My second sister, Angeline, was fifteen when I left England; and the very loveliest creature I ever beheld. Everybody knew it, everybody acknowledged it. She could not walk down the street without people turning to look after her; she could not enter a room without creating a general whisper: "Who is she?"—The same thing continued as she grew up to womanhood. All the world was at her feet; every one said she would make a splendid marriage—become a countess at least; and I do believe Angeline herself had the fullest confidence in that probability. She refused lovers by the dozen; every letter I got told me of some new slaughter of Miss Angeline's. I would have pitied the poor fellows, only she was such a dazzling beauty, and no man falls out of love so safely as a man who falls in love with a beauty. I never heard that anybody died

either by consumption, cord, or pistol, through the cruelty of my sister Angeline.

But, like most cruel damsels, she paid the penalty of her hard-heartedness; when I came home I found Angeline Heathcote Angeline Heathcote still. Beautiful yet, beautiful exceedingly; a walking picture, a visible poem: it was a real pleasure to me to have such a handsome creature about the house. Though people did say with a mysterious shake of the head, that handsome as she was, if I had only seen my sister two or three years ago! And Angeline herself became tenacious on the subject of new gowns, and did not like it to be generally known whether she or Charlotte was the elder. Good, plain, merry Charlotte, who never thought about either her looks or her age.

Yet Charlotte was the first that brought me into trouble—that trouble which I am now called upon to bemoan. I had not been at home three months, when there came a young gentleman—a very lively and pleasant young gentleman too—who sang duets with the younger girls, and made himself quite at home in my family circle. I myself did not much meddle with him, thought him a good-natured lad, and no more—until one fine morning he astonished me by requesting five minutes' conversation with me in my study. (Alas! such misfortunes come not singly—my study has never been safe from similar applications and conversations since.)

I was very kind to the young man; when he blushed I looked another way; when he trembled, I invited him to take a chair. I listened to his stammering explanations with the utmost patience and sympathy; I even tried to help him out with them—till he came to the last clause.

Now, I do say that a man who asks you for your purse, your horse, your friendship, after only four weeks' acquaintance, has considerable courage; but a man who, after that brief period since his introduction, comes and asks you for your sister—why, one's first impulse is to kick him down stairs.

Happily, I controlled myself. I called to mind that Mr. Cuthbert was a very honest young fellow, and that if he did choose to risk his whole future upon the result of a month's laughing, and singing, and dancing at balls—certainly it was his affair, not mine. My business solely related to Charlotte. I was just despatching it in the quickest and friendliest manner, by advising the young fellow to go back to college and not make a fool of himself in vain, when he informed me that my

consent only was required, since he and Charlotte had been a plighted couple for the space of three whole days!

I have always held certain crotchets on the paramount rights of lovers, and the wrong of interfering with any apparently sincere vows; so I sent for Lotty—talked with her; found she was just as foolish as he. That because he was the best waltzer, the sweetest tenor singer, and had the handsomest moustache she knew—our lively Charlotte was quite contented to dance through life with Mr. Cuthbert, and decidedly proud of having his diamond ring on her third finger, and being considered “engaged”—as indeed they were likely to remain, if their minds changed not, for the next ten years.

So, what could I do?—Nothing but deal with the young simpletons—if such they were—according to their folly. If true, their love would have time to prove itself such; if false, they would best find out that fact by its not being thwarted. I kissed away Lotty's tears, silly child! and next Sunday I had the honour of carving for brother-in-law elect No. 2.

It never rains but it pours. Whether Angeline was roused at once to indignation and condescension by Charlotte's engagement—which she was the loudest in inveighing against—or whether, as was afterwards reported to me, she was influenced by a certain statistical newspaper paragraph, maliciously read aloud by Mr. Cuthbert for general edification, that women's chances of matrimony were proved by the late census to diminish greatly between the ages of thirty and thirty-five; but most assuredly Angeline's demeanour changed. She stooped to be agreeable as well as beautiful. To more than one suitor whom she had of old swept haughtily by, did she now graciously incline; and the result was—partly owing to the gaieties of this autumn's election—that Miss Angeline Heathcote, the beauty of the country, held a general election on her own private account.

Alas for me! in one week I had no less than four hopeful candidates requesting “the honour of an interview” in my study.

Angeline's decision was rather dilatory—they were all such excellent matches; and, poor girl—with her beauty for her chief gift and with all the tinsel adoration it brought her, she had never been used to think of marriage as anything more than a mere worldly arrangement. She was ready to choose a husband as she would a wedding-gown—dispassionately, carefully, as the best out of a large selection of articles, each rich and good in its way, and

warranted to wear. She had plenty of common sense, and an acute judgment; as for her heart——

"You see, Nigel," she said to me, when weighing the respective claims and merits of Mr. Archer and Sir Roland Griffith Jones—"you see, I never was sentimentally inclined. I want to be married. I think I should be better married than single. Of course, my husband must be a good man; also, he should be a wealthy man; because—well!—because I rather like show and splendour: they suit me."

And she glanced into the mirror at something which, certainly, if any woman has any excuse for the vanities of life, might have pleaded Angeline's.

"But," I argued—half sorrowfully, as when you see an ignorant child throwing gold away, and choosing sham jewels for their pitiful glittering, "you surely would think it necessary to love your husband?"

"Oh yes; and I like Sir Roland extremely—perhaps even better than Mr. Archer—though he has been fond of me so long, poor fellow! but he will get over it—all men do."

So, though the balance hung for a whole week doubtful, Heaven forgive the girl! but true love was not in her nature, and how can people see further than their lights go?—I was soon pretty certain that fate would decide the marriage question in favour of the baronet. As Lotty said, Angeline would look magnificent in the family diamonds as Lady Griffith Jones.

The Welsh cause triumphed; Mr. Archer quitted the field. He had been an old acquaintance; but—what was that to Sir Roland and £10,000 a year?

After Angeline's affair was settled, there came a lull in the family epidemic—possibly because the head of the family grew savage as a bear, and for a full month his spirit hugged itself into fierce misanthropy, or rather misogyny, contemning the whole female sex, especially such as contemplated, or were contemplated in, the unwholy estate of matrimony.

No wonder! I could not find peace in my own house; I had not my own sisters' society; not a single family fireside evening could I get from week's end to week's end; not a room could I enter without breaking in on some tête-à-tête; not a corner could I creep into without stumbling upon a pair of lovers. For a little while these fond couples kept on their good behaviour towards me—preserved a degree of reserve towards each other out of respect to the head of the house, the elder brother; but gra-

dually it deteriorated—ceased. Nay, I, who belong to the old generation—which was foolish enough to deem caresses hallowed things, that the mere pressure of a beloved woman's hand, not to speak of her sacred mouth, was a thing not to be made a public show of—never to be thought of without a tender reverence, a delicious fear—I, Nigel Heathcote, have actually seen two young men, strangers a little year ago, kiss my two sisters openly before their whole family—before their brother's very face.

My situation became intolerable. I fled the fireside; I took refuge in my study. Woe betide the next lover who should assail me there!

Surely that fatality would not again arrive for some time. When the elder ones were once married and away, surely I, and Constantia, and little Lizzie might live a few years in fraternal peace, unmolested by the haunting shadow of impending matrimony.

It occurred to me that in the interval of the weddings I would send for an old friend, a bachelor like myself—an honest manly fellow, who worked hard from circuit to circuit, and got barely one brief a year. Yes, Will Launceston would keep me company; and we would spend our days in the woods, and our evenings in my study, safe out of the way of lovers, weddings, and womankind.

I had just written to him, when my sister Martha came in with a very serious face, and told me "she wished for a little conversation with me."

Ominous beginning! But she was not a young man, and could not well attack me concerning any more of my sisters. At least so I congratulated myself—alas, too soon!

My sister settled herself by the fire with a serious countenance.

"My dear Nigel."

"My dear Martha."

"I wish to consult you on a matter which has recently come to my knowledge, and has given me much pain, and some anxiety."

"Indeed!" and I am afraid my tone was less sympathising than eager, since from her troubled nervous manner, I thought—I hoped, the matter in question indicated the secession of Mr. Green. "Go on. Is it about"—I stopped and corrected myself hypocritically—"about the girls?"

She assented.

"Whew!"—a disappointed whistle, faint and low. "Still go on. I'll listen to anything except another proposal."

Martha shook her head. "Alas, I fear it will never come to that! Brother, have you

noticed?—but men never do—still, I myself have observed a great change in Constantia lately."

Now Constantia always was different from the other girls—liked solitude and books, talked little, and had a trick of reverie. In short, was what young people call "interesting," and old people "romantic"—the sort of creature who, did she grow up a remarkable woman, would have her youthful peculiarities carefully and respectfully noted, with "I always said there was a great deal in that girl;" but who, did she turn out nothing particular, would be laughed at, and probably would laugh at herself, for having been "very sentimental when she was young." Nevertheless, having at one time of my life shared that imputation, I was tender over the little follies of Constantia.

"I think the girl reads too much, and sits with her eyes too wide open, Martha;—is rather unsocial, likewise. She wanted to get out of the way of the weddings, and positively refused to be Angeline's bridesmaid."

"Ah!" sighed Martha, "that's it. Poor foolish child, to think of falling in love——"

I almost jumped off my chair. "I'll not hear a word of it—I declare I will not! I'll keep the young fellow off my premises with man-traps and spring-guns. I'll go back to India if you tell me of another 'engagement.'"

"No chance of that;" and Martha shook her head more drearily than ever. "Poor child, I fear it is an unfortunate attachment!"

I brightened up—so much so that my sister looked, nay, gently hinted, her conviction that I was a "brute." She expected I would have been as sorry as she was!

"No, Martha; I am rather glad. Glad, after my experience of these 'fortunate' love-affairs, to find that one of my sisters has the womanly courage, unselfishness, and simplicity to conceive an 'unfortunate' attachment."

Perhaps this speech hurt Martha, and yet it need not. She and I both knew and respected one another's youth; and if we differed in opinion concerning our middle age, why—I was as likely to be wrong as she.

She did not at first reply; and then, without comment, she explained to me her uneasiness about Constantia. The girl had long played confidante to Mr. Archer in the matter of Angeline, and, as often happens, the confidante had unwittingly taken too great interest in one of her principles, until she found herself envying the lot of the other. When Mr.

Archer's dismissal finally broke off all his intercourse with our family, there was one of my sisters who missed him wearily, cruelly; and that was—not Angeline.

I was touched. Now, no doubt Constantia had been very foolish; no doubt she had nourished and encouraged this fancy, as romantic girls do, in moonlight walks and solitary dreams; hugging her pain, and deluding herself that it was bliss. Little doubt, likewise, that the feeling would wear itself out, or fade slowly away in life's stern truths; but at present it was a most sincere passion, sad and sore. Foolish and romantic as it might be, in itself and in its girlish demonstrations, I could not smile at it. It was a real thing, and as such to be respected.

Martha and I held counsel together, and acted on the result. We took Constantia under our special charge; we gave her books to read, visits to pay, work to do; keeping her as much as possible with one or other of us, and out of the way of the childish flirtation of Cuthbert and Charlotte, or the formal philtering of Sir Roland and the future Lady Griffith Jones. And if sometimes, as Lizzie told me—my little Lizzie, who laughed at love and lovers with the lightness of sixteen—Constantia grew impatient with Lotty's careless trifling, and curled her lip scornfully when Angeline paraded the splendours of her *trousseau*, we tried to lead the girl's mind out of herself, and out of dreamland altogether, as much as possible.

"But suppose," Lizzie sagely argued—"suppose, when Angeline is married, Mr. Archer should come back? He always liked Constantia extremely. She understood him far better than Angeline. Whoknowsbut——"

I shook my head, and desired the little castle builder to hold her tongue.

She was our sole sharer of the secret; and I must say, though she laughed at her now and then, Lizzie was extremely loving and patient with Constantia. After a time, we left the two girls wholly to one another, more especially as my time was now taken up with my friend Launceston.

O the comfort, the relief, of the society of a man!—a real honest man—who had some sterling aim and object in life—some steady work to do—some earnest interest in the advance of the world, the duties and pursuits of his brother men: who was neither handsome, witty, nor accomplished; who rarely shone in ladies' society; in fact, rather eschewed it than otherwise. For, he said, nature had unfitted him to act the part of a mere admirer, and

adverse fortune forbade him to appear in the character of a lover; so he held aloof, keeping his own company and that of one or two old friends like myself.

I was fond of Launceston; I wished my family to like him too; but they were all too busy about their own affairs. Evening after evening I could not get any of my sisters to make tea for us, or give us a little music afterwards, except the pale, dull-looking Constantia, or my bonny rose of June, little Lizzie. At last we four settled into a small daily company, and went out together, read together, talked together continually. I kept these two younger ones as much as possible in our unromantic practical society, that not only my mind, but Launceston's, in its thorough cheerfulness and healthiness of tone, might unconsciously have a good influence upon Constantia.

The girl's spirit slowly began to heal. She set aside her dreaming, and took with all the energy of her nature to active work—women's work—charity school-teaching, village-visiting, and the like. She put a little too much "romance" into all she did still; but there was life in it, truth, sincerity.

"Miss Constantia will make an admirable lady-of-all-work," said Launceston in his quaint way, watching her with his kindly and observant eyes. "The world wants such. She will find enough to do."

And so she did: enough to steal her too from my side, almost as much as the three *fiancées*. The circle in my study dwindled gradually down to Lizzie, Launceston, and me.

We were excellent company still, we three. I had rarely had so much of my pet sister's society: I had never found it so pleasant. True, she was shyer than usual, probably from being with us two, older and wiser people—men likewise; but she listened to our wisdom so sweetly—she bore with our dry, long-worded learning so patiently—that my study never seemed itself unless I had the little girl seated at my feet, or sewing quietly in the window-corner. And then she was completely a "little girl;" had no forward ways—no love notions, or, ten times worse, marriage notions, crossing her innocent brain. I felt sure I could take her into my closest heart, form her mind and principles at my will, and one day make a noble woman of her, after the pattern of — But I never mention *that* sacred name.

I loved Lizzie—loved her to the core of my heart. Sometimes with fatherly more than even brotherly pride, I used to talk to Launceston of the child's sweetnesses, but he always gave me short answers. It was his way. His

laconism in most things was really astonishing for a man under thirty.

One day, when Angeline's grand wedding was safely over, and the house had sunk into a pathetic quietness that reminded one of the evening after a funeral—at least so I thought—Launceston and I fell into a discussion, which stirred him into more demonstrativeness than usual. The subject was men, women, and marriages.

"I am convinced," he said, "that I shall never marry."

It was not my first hearing of this laudable determination; so I let it pass, merely asking his reasons.

"Because my conscience, principles, and feelings go totally against the system of matrimony, as practised in the world, especially the world of womankind—all the courting and proposing, the presents and the love-letters, the dinners to relatives and congratulations of friends, the marriage guests and marriage settlements, the white lace, white satin, and white favours, carriage, postillions, and all. Heigh-ho, Heathcote, what fools men are!"

I was just about to suggest the possibility of naming one, say two, wise individuals among our sex, when in stole a white fairy—my pretty Lizzie, in her bridemaid's dress. Her presence changed the current of conversation, until from some remark she made about a message Angeline had left as to the proper way of inserting her marriage in the *Times* newspaper to-morrow, our talk imperceptibly fell back into the old channel.

"I, like you, Launceston, hate the whole system of love and marrying. It is one great sham. Beginning when miss at school learns that it is the apex of feminine honour to be a bride—the lowest deep of feminine humiliation to die an old maid. Continuing when she, a young lady at home, counts her numerous 'offers;' taking pride in what ought to be to her a source either of regret or humiliation. Ending when, time slipping by, she drops into the usual belief that nobody ever marries her first love; so takes the best match she can find, and makes marriage, which is merely the visible crown and completion of love, the pitiful dishonoured substitute for it. I declare solemnly, I have seen many a wife whom I held to be scarcely better than—no wife at all."

I had forgotten my little sister's presence; but she did not seem to hear me—nor Launceston either, for that matter. His earnestness had softened down; he sat, very thoughtful, over against the window where Lizzie had taken

her sewing.—What a pretty picture she made!

"Come here, my little girl," I said; "I should not like thee to go the way of the world; and yet I should be satisfied to give thee away some day, quietly, in a white muslin gown and a straw bonnet, to some honest man who loved thee,—and was loved so well, that Lizzie would never dream of marrying any other, but would have been quite content, if need be, to live an old maid for his sake to the end of her days. That's what I call love—eh, my girl?"

Lizzie drooped her head, blushing deeply. Of course; girls always do.

Launceston said, in a tone so low that I quite started, "Then you do believe in true love, after all?"

"It would be ill for me, or for any human being, if I did not. And I believe in it the more earnestly because of its numberless counterfeits. Nay"—and now when, after this gay marriage-morning, the evening was sinking gray and dull, my mind inclined pensively, even tenderly, to the sister who had gone, the other two sisters who were shortly going away from my hearth for ever—"nay, as since in the falsest creeds there lurks, I hope, a modicum of absolute truth, I would fain trust that in the poorest travesty or masquerade of love, one might find a fragment of the sterling commodity. Still, my Lizzie, dear, when all our brides are gone, let us congratulate ourselves that for a long time we shall have no more engagements."

"You object to engagements?" said Lizzie, speaking timidly and downfaced—as I rather like to see a young girl speak on this subject.

"Why, how should you like it yourself, my little maid? To be loved, wooed, and wedded in public, for the benefit of an amused circle of friends, neighbours, and connections. To have one's actions noticed, one's affairs canvassed, one's feelings weighed and measured; to be congratulated, consoled, and jested with—horrible! literally horrible. My wonder is that any true lovers can ever stand it."

"Perhaps you are right," said Launceston, vehemently. "No man ought to place the girl he loves in such a position. Whatever it costs him, he ought to leave her free—altogether free—and offer her nothing until he can offer her his hand, at once, and with no delay."

"Bless my soul, Launceston, what are you in such excitement about? Has anybody been offering himself to *your* sister? Because—you mistook me. Ask her, or Lizzie, or any good woman, if they would feel flattered by a gen-

tleman's acting in the way you suggest? As if his hand—with the ring in it—were everything to them, and himself and his true love nothing at all!"

Launceston laughed uneasily. "Well, but what did you mean? A—a friend of mine would like to know your opinion on this matter."

"My opinion is simply—an opinion. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs, especially love-affairs. As the Eastern proverb says, 'Let not the lions decide for the tigers.' But I think, did I love a woman"—(and it pleased me to know I was but speaking out *her* mind who years ago lived and died, in her fond simplicity wiser than any of these)—"did I love a woman, I would like to tell her so—just to herself, no more. And I would tell her so at once—whether I were poor or rich, prosperous or hopeless; whether we could be married next month, next year, or not for the next twenty years. If she loved me as I her, it would be no matter—we could wait. And meantime, I would like to give her my love to rest on—to receive the help and consolation of hers. I would like her to feel that through all chances and changes she and I were *one*; one neither for foolish child's-play nor headlong passion, but for mutual strength and support, holding ourselves responsible both to Heaven and each other for our life and our love. One, indissolubly, whether we were ever married or not; one in this world, and—we pray—one in the world everlasting."

Was I dreaming? Did I actually see my friend Launceston take, unforbidden, my youngest sister's hand, and hold it—firmly, tenderly, fast? Did I hear, with my own natural ears, Lizzie's soft little sob, not of grief certainly, as she slipped out of the room, as swift and silent as a moonbeam?

Eh! what? Good heavens! Was there ever any creature so blind as a middle-aged elder brother!

Well, as I told Launceston, it was half my own fault; and I must bear it stoically. Perhaps, on the whole, things might have been worse, for he is a noble fellow, and no wonder the child loves him. They cannot be married just yet—meanwhile, Lizzie and I keep the matter between ourselves. They are very happy—God bless them! and so am I.

P.S.—Mr. Archer reappeared yesterday—looking quite well and comfortable! I see clearly that, one day not distant, I shall be left lamenting—the solitary residuum of a Family in Love.

ODE TO EVENING.

[William Collins, born at Chichester, 25th December, 1720; died 1756. After taking his bachelor's degree at Oxford he proceeded to London about 1744, where he found a friend in Dr. Johnson, who was himself, at the time, struggling to win a place in literature. Collins published his *Oriental Eclogues* whilst at college, and his *Odes* in 1746. It is said that the slowness of the sale of the *Odes* so irritated him that he burned the remaining copies of the edition. He became embarrassed and despondent, and although a legacy of £2000 relieved him from immediate necessities, he sunk into a sort of intellectual languor from which he sought relief in intoxication. He was for a time confined in a lunatic asylum, and afterwards retired to Chichester, where his sister attended him till his death. Campbell says that his "works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty."]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Like thy own modest springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired
sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat.
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing.
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn.

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breath some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening
vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name.

EUREKA.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Whom I crown with love is royal;
Matters not her blood or birth;
She is queen, and I am loyal
To the noblest of the earth.

Neither place, nor wealth, nor title
Lacks the man my friendship owns;
His distinction, true and vital,
Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.

Where true love bestows its sweetness,
Where true friendship lays its hand,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,
All the wealth of every land.

Man is greater than condition,
And where man himself bestows,
He begets and gives position
To the gentlest that he knows.

Neither miracle nor fable
Is the water changed to wine;
Lords and ladies at my table
Prove Love's simplest fare divine.

And if these accept my duty,
If the loved my homage own,
I have won all worth and beauty;
I have found the magic stone.

THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR.

[Hans Christian Andersen, born at Odeuze, 2d April, 1805. The Danish novelist. His father was a shoemaker, and too poor to give his son any education, save that afforded by the charity school; but after various struggles, Andersen was admitted to one of the government schools through the influence of Counsellor Collin, who was the first to suspect the genius of the youth. He tried the stage, wrote plays and failed; but he gradually earned reputation by his poems, and by his romances. Thanks to a government pension, he was enabled to travel in Europe and America. His principal works are: *The Improvisatore*; *O. T.*; *Only a Fiddler* (which embodies his own bitter and sweet experiences); *The Sandhills of Jutland*; *Tales for Children*; *The Wild Swans*, a fairy tale; *The Tê Maiden*; *The Story of my Life*, &c. His tales for children have become popular in all languages; and the Leipzig editions of his works number thirty-five volumes.]

About one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor-house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, but only in the summer season, a rich and courtly family. This manor-house was the best and the most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had just been cast in a foundry, and within it was comfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skilful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might always think that a storm or water-spout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a bird's-nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the manor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manor—these were nothing to them; but they bore with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' back-bones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying, "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees,

as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he never could be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds: the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times, that ought always to be kept in remembrance.

"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time!" said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that is of very little consequence in this story. "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden?" He cared for them, he kept them in order and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it; but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted, and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavoured, that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town, and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor-garden, beyond what was needed by the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit-dealer where he had found those apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruit-dealer, and he showed him both the apples and the pears, which he recognized. Now, how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and told him that the apples and pears were all from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit-dealer?" And that he could; and brought him a written certificate.

"This is certainly wonderful!" said the family.

And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bushels and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the city and country—nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener, they said that the last two seasons had been remarkably favourable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had eaten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well-flavoured; they came from his majesty's greenhouse. "You must go and see the court-gardener, and let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melon-seeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted.

"But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer. "Each particular melon was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them, and ordered from me three of them for the castle."

"Larsen, do not pretend to say that those were melons from our garden."

"Really, I dare say as much," said the gardener, who went to the court-gardener and got from him a written certificate to the effect that the melons on the royal table were from the manor. That was certainly a great surprise to the family, and they did not keep the story to themselves. Melon seeds were sent far and wide, in the same way as had been done with the alips, which they were now hearing had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent kind. The fruit was named after the manor, and the name was written in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeners in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all

the best. All other kinds of fruit were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not succeed, they only spoke of them, and not of other good things he had made succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying, "It won't turn out well this year, little Larsen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say, "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colours by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the owner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not from yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower, as large as a sunflower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the sunshine, and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rare; and that said the most noble young lady in the country, the wise and kind-hearted princess. The lord of the manor deemed it an honour to present her with the flower, and the princess took it with her to the castle. Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No, it is not there," said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke."

"You should have told us that at the time," said the master. "We supposed, of course, that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good

Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke-flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, that was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor-garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow, according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely.

The juniper-tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and colour like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-thorn, as green in the winter's cold as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species; some of them looked as if they were children of the palm-tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maiden-hair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below, in the moist soil, grew the colt's-foot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the woodroof and the lily of the valley, the wild calla and the fine three-leaved wood-sorrel. It was a wonder to see all this beauty.

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juicy fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Dannebrog was displayed; and near by stood another pole, where the hop-tendril in summer or harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; but in winter time, after ancient custom, oat-sheaves were fastened to it, that the birds of the air might find here a good meal in the happy Christmas-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Years of the old manor, with the flag-staff and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the Gardener of the Manor. Now you may think a little about it.

FABLES.

[Johann Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born at Karmantz, Upper Lusatia, 1729; died, 1781. Critic, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. *Laocoon, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry*, is regarded as a masterpiece of German criticism; and *Emilia Galotti* takes a prominent place in German tragedy. It was said of Lessing that "His style is the style of Roman architecture—the greatest solidity with the greatest simplicity."]]

ZEUS AND THE SHEEP.

The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Zeus and prayed him to lighten her misery. Zeus appeared willing, and said to the sheep: I see indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenceless. Now choose in what way I may best remedy this defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible teeth and thy feet with claws.

Ah! no, said the sheep, I do not wish to have anything in common with the beasts of prey.

Or, continued Zeus, shall I infuse poison into thy spittle.

Alas! replied the sheep; the poisonous serpents are so hated.

What then shall I do? I will plant horns in thy forehead, and give strength to thy neck.

Not so, kind Father! I might be disposed to butt like the he-goat.

And yet, said Zeus, thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to beware of injuring thee.

Must I? sighed the sheep. O! then, kind Father, let me be as I am. For the ability to injure will excite, I fear, the desire. And it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

Zeus blessed the good sheep, and from that time forth she forgot to complain.

THE BLIND HEN.

A hen which had become blind continued to scratch for food as she had been used. What availed it the industrious fool? Another hen, that could see, but wished to spare her tender feet, never forsook the side of the former, and without scratching enjoyed the fruit of scratching. For as often as the blind hen turned up a corn, the seeing one devoured it.

The laborious German compiles the *collectanea* which the witty Frenchman uses.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A wolf lay at the last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. It is true, said he, I am a

sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock came so near to me that I might easily have throttled it, but I did it no harm. At the same time I listened with the most astonishing indifference to the gibes and scoffs of a sheep, although I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs.

I can testify, to all that, said his friend the fox, who was helping him prepare for death. I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone, which the good-natured crane afterwards drew out of your throat.

ÆSOP AND THE ASS.

Said the ass to Æsop: The next time you tell a story about me, let me say something that is right rational and ingenious.

You something ingenious! said Æsop; what propriety would there be in that? Would not the people say you were the moralist and I the ass?

HERCULES.

When Hercules was received into heaven he paid his respects to Juno before all the other divinities. The whole heaven and Juno were astonished. Dost thou show such preference to thine enemy? Yes, replied Hercules, even to her. It was her persecution alone that furnished the occasion of those exploits with which I have earned heaven.

Olympus approved the answer of the new god, and Juno was reconciled.

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.

A boy played with a tame serpent. My dear little animal, said the boy, I would not be so familiar with thee had not thy poison been taken from thee. You serpents are the most malicious and ungrateful of all animals. I have read how it fared with a poor countryman who, in his compassion, took up a serpent—perhaps it was one of thy ancestors—which he found half-frozen under a hedge, and put it into his bosom to warm it. Scarcely had the wicked creature begun to revive, when it bit its benefactor; and the poor, kind countryman was doomed to die.

I am amazed, said the serpent. How partial your historians must be! Ours relate the affair very differently. Thy kind man thought the serpent was actually frozen, and, because it was one of the variegated sort, he put it into

his bosom, in order, when he reached home, to strip off its beautiful skin. Was that right?

Ah! be still! replied the boy. When was there ever an ingrate who did not know how to justify himself?

True, my son, said his father, who had listened to the conversation. Nevertheless, when you hear of an extraordinary instance of ingratitude, be sure to examine carefully all the circumstances before you brand a human being with so detestable a fault. Real benefactors have seldom had ungrateful debtors;—no! I will hope, for the honour of humanity—never. But benefactors with petty, interested motives—they, my son, deserve to reap ingratitude instead of acknowledgments.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[Edmund Spenser, born in London, 1552; died in Westminster, 16th January, 1599. Educated at Cambridge; proceeded to Dublin in 1580 as private secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton; in the year following, he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and also received a grant of land in Enniscorthy. In 1588 he became clerk to the council of Munster; resided some years at Kilcolman, in Cork, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond, whence he had to flee with his family during the insurrection of 1598. He made his way to London, and there died in straitened circumstances. The first part of the *Fairy Queen* was published in 1590, and the second in 1596. Hallam says: "Spenser is still the third name in the poetical literature of our country, and he has not been surpassed, except by Dante, in any other." Scott says: "Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies, and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense; and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society." Keble calls him "pre-eminently the sacred poet of his country." ¹]

UNA AND THE LION.

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beaustie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blynd,
Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feels my hart peret with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

¹ In a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser explained the purpose of his poem:

"In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene (Elizabeth), and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaces sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through gryful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves dery'd to that vile witches slayre.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtly betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbe did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angells face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshyne in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devour her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage asawged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious force.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O, how can beaustie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdus avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissiance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weakes does yield,

considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Emperesse, the other of a most virtuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
With pittie calmd downe fall his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowie Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepad :
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

After various adventures Una finds the Red-cross knight, and proceeds with him to the rescue of her parents:

forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contain three.

"The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperance: The third of Britomart, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a Poet historiographer is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forpast, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

"The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. bookes severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wax for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto wheras they now approached near,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping wall,
And ever ready for your foeman fall:
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excoill:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," (said she)
"The brazen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,

clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitt through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfs hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yeeve; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to asygne her some one of her knights to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person, upstart, desired that adventure: wherat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much guesseing, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephe.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And oftentimes taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure."

This legend is the subject of one of the latest written of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*—namely, *Gareth and Lynette*.

Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd unceath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
He roud himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,
Fayre ympe of Phoebus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennobleth with immortall name;

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great Heroes doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may sawge:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre Goddesses, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endless prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody
gore;

And over all with brazen scales was armed,
Like plated cote of Steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmed
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His airy plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaken he, that horror was to heare:

For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his roused scales did send unto the knight.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yarres with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fiedd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspread his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughes when ever he unfolds,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steels excoeden farre.

But stinges and sharpest Steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring Jawes
Wyde gaped, like the grisly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure sear,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull
shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steels, arriving rudely there,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, forth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did
rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyl'd in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despayght;
For never felt his imperceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her sitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite
away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraene
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagar'd hawks, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his habile might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by
fight.

He so dissiz'd of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd:
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steels there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly
cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blinstring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streames thereof would drive a water-mill:
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-
thrill.

His hideous tayle then hurried he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyed,
Himselfe in straighter bandes too rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constraind
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he diadaynd;

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyl'd,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the spardling steels recoyl'd,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despayght,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amaz'd, and almost made afear'd:
The scorching flame sore winged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell case,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poesies verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
When Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd:
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steels now burnt, that erst him arm'd;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him
harm'd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, braut,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
fire,

That never man such mischiefs did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him
feld.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sickness were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Span;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having keet
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advance his broad discoloured breast
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chauce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night ahee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbe in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan carely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But carely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw where he upstart brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marvelles at himselfe still as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senses all daimaid.

I wote not whether the revenging steale
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensue;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor alight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same advancing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder sead,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore disead,
Ne might his randling paine with patience be appead.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte;
Five jointes thereof he hewd, and but the stump him
left.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire:
 Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all;
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett how his talante to unfold;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the gripped gage away:
 Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he ferally did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
 As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
 Therewith at last he forst him to untie
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor stroke mote him constraine
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smott therat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
 Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
 The paw yett missed not his miniaht might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw
 Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens light,
 Enroll in duskie smoke and brimstone blew:
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in cooleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
 That all the land with stench and heaven with horror
 choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
 It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunces did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermillion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
 For happy life to all which thereon fodd,
 And life eke everlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, oftsoones did know
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to
 dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The seneclesse corse appointed for the grave:
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And al that life preserved did detest;
 Yet he it oft adventurd to invade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set-up in heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
 And fayre Aurora from the dewy bed
 Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
 Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larks.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnyfde,
He wore dismayd, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advanced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attence him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;
Who him rencountering fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vnsight into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-ahaking vaine afright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieved so great a conquest by his might.

FLOWERS.

Where are now the dreaming flowers,
Which of old were wont to lie,
Looking upwards at the Hours,
In the pale blue sky?

Where's the once red regal rose?
And the lily love-enchanted?
And the pence, which arose
Like a thought earth-planted?

Some are wither'd—some are dead,
Others now have no perfume;
This doth hang its sullen head,
That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife
In our blood, and quick decay,
Hang upon the flower's life,
Till it fades away.

THAT GENTLEMAN.

[Eliza Lealie, born in Philadelphia, 15th November, 1787; died in Gloucester, New Jersey, 2d January, 1858. Descended from a Scotch family. She was sister of the painter Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. She wrote and edited numerous works which obtained popularity; amongst them several cookery books. *The Young American*; *Atlantic Tales*; *Amelia, or a Young Lady's Vicissitudes*; *Althea Vernon*; *Henrietta Robinson*; and three series of *Pencil Sketches*—from which we quote—are her chief works. Professor Hart said: "Her writings are distinguished for vivacity and ease of expression, strong common sense, and right principle."]

On the third day, we were enabled to lay our course with a fair wind and a clear sky: the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Towards evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descrie it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade dimly from our view, we thought with regret of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of much that we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which all that remained to our lingering gaze was a dark spot so distant and so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer: and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned towards the region of the descending sun—

"To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn,"

and we vainly endeavoured to direct all our thoughts and feelings towards our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself. It formed our drawing-room; the gentlemen being admitted only as visitors. One of the ladies was Mrs. Calcott, an amiable and intelligent woman, who was returning with her husband from a long residence in England. Another was Miss Harriet Audley, a very pretty and very lively young lady from Virginia, who had been visiting a married sister in London, and was now on her way home under the care of the captain, expecting to meet her father in New York. We were much amused during the voyage with the coquetry of our fair Virginian as she aimed her arrows at nearly all the single gentlemen in turn, and with her frankness in openly talking of her designs and animadverting on their good

or ill success. The gentlemen, with the usual vanity of their sex, always believed Miss Audley's attacks on their hearts to be made in earnest, and that she was deeply smitten with each of them in succession; notwithstanding that the smile in her eye was far more frequent than the blush on her cheek; and notwithstanding that rumour had asserted the existence of a certain cavalier in the neighbourhood of Richmond, whose constancy it was supposed she would eventually reward with her hand, as he might be considered, in every sense of the term, an excellent match.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minorities, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places with appellations equally expressive.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, "Juba, ask that gentleman if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him." My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Juba's movements, feeling some curiosity to know who "that gentleman" was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by sea-sickness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to inquire of that gentleman if he would have anything sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—"There, boys, don't you hear that gentleman ring his bell—why don't you run spontaneously—jump, one of you, to number eleven." I was puzzled for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleven, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our coloured people. Once or twice I wondered who that gentleman could be, but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now when I heard Captain Santlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded that, of course, that gentleman must be visible in *pro-*

pria persona, and casting my eyes towards the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel-looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish, or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Santlow, who congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down, and requesting Mr. Overslaugh (who was sitting atilt, while discussing his walnuts, with his chair balanced on one leg, and his head leaning against the wainscot) to let him pass for a moment, while he went into No. eleven-teen for that gentleman's overcoat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleven-teen. By-the-bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his indisposition commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummings, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had been trying to write at the table in the ladies' cabin, but it was one of those days when

"Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavour to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction; though sometimes miraculously escaping unhurt.

While I was watching the progress of two pitchers that had been tossed out of the washing-stand, and after deluging the floor with

water, had met in the ladies' cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth with his room-door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out, "Run, boys, run, that gentleman's smothering up in flour—go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves and sometimes leaping out of them, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown Englishman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as is usually the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow-passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry; and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Santlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings; and she confided to him her perpetual alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always disengaged, and sitting and standing about, apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were oc-

cupied in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, &c.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that we had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not dispersed everywhere about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed to him, in an under tone, the obstinacy and incivility of the captain, who, she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay, implored him to do so, even when she was suffering with sea-sickness, and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands.

In less than a fortnight after we left the English Channel we were off the banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little about seven in the morning, and we then discovered no less than three icebergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the main-mast head, and as the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a lighthouse on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams gleamed fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the side of the ship we could not discern the sea. Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the icebergs would have been terrific. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked a while from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main-deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog dew. Most of the pas-

sengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cummings being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company, being too anxious to stay below.

About day-break, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"the conscious vessel waked as from a trance"—a breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the icebergs, which were soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Towards noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely, he had "died and made no sign." To our shame be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no inquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen anything of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madam," replied Hamilton; "I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least I rather expect he was."

The waiter Juba was now appealed to. "I believe, madam," said Juba—"I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-basket yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but sagely remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all yesterday as usual; yet still it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not nowhere, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs. Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do, madam," exclaimed the steward, looking as if suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine

into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said with a triumphant flourish of his hand—"There he is, ladies, there he is, in the upper berth, fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing-gown. I opionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the icebergs—of course nobody noticed him—but there he is now, safe enough."

Instantly we proceeded *en masse* towards No. eleventeen, to convince ourselves: and there indeed we saw that gentleman lying asleep in his double cashmere dressing-gown. He opened his eyes, and seemed surprised, as well he might, at seeing all the ladies and all the servants ranged before the door of his room, and gazing in at him: and then we all stole off, looking foolish enough.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however,—so we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we choose to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon as he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name."

After crossing the Banks we seemed to feel ourselves on American ground, or rather on American sea. As our interest increased on approaching the land of our destination, that gentleman was proportionally overlooked and forgotten. He "kept the even tenor of his way," and we had become scarcely conscious that he was still among us: till one day when there was rather a hard gale, and the waves were running high, we were startled, as we surrounded the luncheon table, by a tremendous noise on the cabin staircase, and the sudden bursting open of the door at its foot. We all looked up, and saw that gentleman falling down-stairs, with both arms extended, as he held in one hand a tall cane-stool, and in the other the captain's barometer, which had hung just within the upper door; he having involuntarily caught hold of both these articles, with a view of saving himself. "While his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock," his countenance, for once, assumed a new expression, and the change from its usual unvarying sameness was so striking, that, combined with his ludicrous attitude, it set us all to laughing. The waiters ran forward and assisted him to rise; and it was then found that the stool and the barometer had been the greatest sufferers; one having lost a leg, and the other being so shattered that the stair-carpet was covered with

globules of quicksilver. However, he retired to his state-room, and whether or not he was seen again before next morning, I cannot positively undertake to say.

Next day we continued to proceed rapidly, with a fair wind, which we knew would soon bring us to the end of our voyage. The ladies' cabin was now littered with trunks and boxes, brought from the baggage room that we might select from them such articles as we thought we should require when we went on shore.

Near one o'clock I heard a voice announcing the light on the island of Neversink, and in a short time all the gentlemen were on deck. At daybreak Mr. Fenton came to ask me if I would rise and see the morning dawn upon our own country. We had taken a pilot on board at two o'clock, had a fine fair breeze to carry us into the Bay of New York, and there was every probability of our being on shore in a few hours.

Soon after sunrise we were visited by a news-boat, when there was an exchange of papers, and much to inquire and much to tell.

We were going rapidly through the Narrows, when the bell rung for breakfast, which Captain Santlow had ordered at an early hour, as we had all been up before daylight. Chancing to look towards his accustomed seat, I missed that gentleman, and inquired after him of the captain. "Oh!" he replied, "that gentleman went on shore in the news-boat; did you not see him depart? He bowed all round before he went down the side."

"No," was the general reply, "we did not see him go." In truth we had all been too much interested in hearing, reading, and talking of the news brought by the boat.

"Then he is gone for ever," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "and we shall never know his name."

"Come, Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "try to recollect it. 'Let it not,' as Grumio says, 'die in oblivion, while we return to our graves inexperienced in it.'"

Captain Santlow smiled, and remained silent. "Now, captain," said Miss Audley, "I will not quit the ship till you tell me that gentleman's name.—I cannot hold out a greater threat to you, as I know you have had a weary time of it since I have been under your charge. Come, I set not my foot on shore till I know the name of that gentleman, and also why you cannot refrain from smiling whenever you are asked about it."

"Well, then," replied Captain Santlow, "though his name is a very pretty one when you get it said, there is a little awkwardness in speaking it. So I thought I would save

myself and my passengers the trouble. And partly for that reason, and partly to tease you all, I have withheld it from your knowledge during the voyage. But I can assure you he is a baronet."

"A baronet!" cried Miss Audley—"I wish I had known that before, I should certainly have made a dead set at him. A baronet would have been far better worth the trouble of a flirtation than you Mr. Williams, or you Mr. Sutton, or you Mr. Belfield, or any of the other gentlemen that I have been amusing myself with during the voyage."

"A baronet!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "well, really—and have I been four weeks in the same ship with a baronet—and sitting at the same table with him,—and often talking to him face to face.—I wonder what Mrs. Thimbleby of Threadneedle Street would say if she knew that I am now acquainted with a baronet?"

"But what is his name, captain?" said Mr. Fenton; "still you do not tell us."

"His name," answered the captain, "is Sir St. John St. Ledger."

"Sir St. John St. Ledger!" was repeated by each of the company.

"Yes," resumed Captain Santlow—"and you see how difficult it is to say it smoothly. There is more sibilation in it than in any name I know.—Was I not right in keeping it from you till the voyage was over, and thus sparing you the trouble of articulating it, and myself the annoyance of hearing it? See, here it is in writing."

The captain then took his manifest out of his pocket-book, and showed us the words, "Sir St. John St. Ledger, of Sevenoaks, Kent."

"Pho!" said Mrs. Cummings, "Where's the trouble in speaking that name, if you only knew the right way—I have heard it a hundred times—and even seen it in the newspapers. This must be the very gentleman that my cousin George's wife is always talking about. She has a brother that lives near his estate, a topping apothecary. Why, 'tis easy enough to say his name, if you say it as we do in England."

"And how is that?" asked the captain; "what can you make of Sir St. John St. Ledger?"

"Why, Sir Singeon Sillinger, to be sure," replied Mrs. Cummings—"I am confident he would have answered to that name. Sir Singeon Sillinger of Sunnock—cousin George's wife's brother lives close by Sunnock in a yellow house with a red door."

"And have I," said the captain laughing, "so carefully kept his name to myself, during the whole passage, for fear we should have had

to call him Sir St. John St. Ledger, when all the while we might have said Sir Singeon Sillinger!"

"To be sure you might," replied Mrs. Cummings, looking proud of the opportunity of displaying her superior knowledge of something. "With all your striving after sense you Americans are very ignorant people, particularly of the right way of speaking English. Since I have been on board, I have heard you all say the oddest things—though I thought there would be no use in trying to set you right. The other day there was Mr. Williams talking of the church of St. Mary le bon—instead of saying Marrow bone. Then Mr. Bel-field says, Lord Cholmondeley, instead of Lord Chumley, and Col. Sinclair instead of Col. Sinkler; and Mr. Sutton says Lady Beauchamp, instead of Lady Beachum; and you all say Birmingham instead of Brummagem. The truth is, you know nothing about English names. Now that name, Trollope, that you all sneer at so much, and think so very low, why Trollope is quite genteel in England, and so is Hussey. The Trollopes and Husseys belong to great families. But I have no doubt of finding many things that are very elegant in England counted quite vulgar in America, owing to the ignorance of your people. For my part, I was particularly brought up to despise all manner of ignorance."

In a short time a steamboat came alongside, into which we removed ourselves, accompanied by the captain and the letter-bags; and we proceeded up to the city, where Mr. Fenton and myself were met on the wharf, I need not tell how, and by whom.

THE FOREIGN LAND.

A woman is a foreign land,
Of which, though there he settle young,
A man will ne'er quite understand
The customs, politics, and tongue.
The foolish hie them post-haste through,
See fashions odd, and prospects fair,
Learn of the language, "How d'y'e do,"
And go and brag that they've been there.
The most for leave to trade apply,
For once, at Empire's seat, her heart,
Then get what knowledge ear and eye
Glean chancewise in the life-long mart.
And certain others, few and fit,
Attach them to the Court, and see
The Country's best, its accent hit,
And partly sound its polity.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE BLESSING.

[Rev. Thomas Brydson, was sometime minister of Lovern Church, Renfrewshire, and wrote numerous minor poems.]

Dark is the sky with thunder-clouds,
While breathes that aged one
His fervent gratitude to Heaven,
Amid the mountains lone,
For the mercy of the present hour,
And for the mercies shown
To him and his continually,
In the seasons that are gone.

His little grandson calmly views
The tempest gathering round;
For though the words cannot be heard,
Yet, in their whisper'd sound,
The boy a heart-felt safety finds,
And it seems holy ground
To his young eye, where they two sit
On the gray rocky mound.

Not oft in crowded scenes of life,
When the richest feasts are spread,
Does such accepted prayer arise
As o'er the peasant's bread,
Who, at the close of every day,
Rests a toil-wearied head,
Soothed by the hope that heaven remains
When mortal life is fled.

A WARNING TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

BY THEODORE HOOK.¹

My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's *Dictionary*, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed "a table of words that are alike, or nearly alike, in sound, but different in spelling and signification." It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punning in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to

¹ From *The Christmas Box*, edited by T. Crofton Croker, 1828.

be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; and at the same time showing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.

PUNNING.

"My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun :
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

"For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the pier, who, blind, still goes to sea.

"Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared ;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

"Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care :
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair* !

"A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close :
The farmer sitting on his *style* no *stylish* person knows :
Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men are bright ;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.

"Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they ;
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play* :
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose ;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews*.

"The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes* :
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime ;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

"Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun ;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence ; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense* : the sense is never *sound*.

"So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love :
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done ;
But parents ne'er should let ye go unpunish'd for a *pun* !"

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

[Joseph Addison, born at Milston, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, 1st May, 1672; died at Holland House, Kensington, 17th June, 1719. He was the eldest son of Lancelot Addison, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. He was educated at the Charter House, where Richard Steele was his fellow-pupil, and afterwards at Oxford. His works are: *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, in 1701-3; *The Campaign*, a poem; *The Five Whig Examiners*, 1712; *Cato*, a tragedy, 1713; *Poems*; *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*; *Dissertations on the most Celebrated Roman Poets*; *Notes upon the Twelve Books of Paradise Lost*—collected from the *Spectator*; *On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*, &c. Macaulay said: "Addison is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety." Thackeray said: "If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame, and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."¹]

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered

in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her look. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

¹ Addison contributed altogether 369 papers to the *Teller*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; Steele contributed 510.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made.

A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, inasmuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
All lovely on its native stalk,
Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
That strew'd it on my evening's walk.

So, when the morn of life awoke,
My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke,
That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there, my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
Nor more with sweet-lipped Fancy rave,
But with the long grass sigh, and weep
At dewy eve by Helen's grave.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE FISHER-MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

"If I were a noble lady,
And he a peasant born,
With nothing but his good right hand
"Twixt him and the world's scorn—
Oh, I would speak so humble,
And I would smile so meek,
And cool with tears this fierce hot flush
He left upon my cheek.
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Let's watch the anchor weighed:
For he is a great sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid.

"If I were a royal princess,
And he a captive poor,
I would cast down these steadfast eyes,
Unbar this bolted door,
And walking brave in all men's sight,
Low at his feet would fall:
Sceptre and crown and womanhood,
My love should take them all!
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Alone with sea and sky,
For he is a bold sea-captain,
A fisher-maiden I.

"If I were a saint in heaven,
And he a sinner pale,
Whom good men passed with face avert,
And left him to his bale,
Mine eyes they should weep rivers,
My voice reach that great Throne,
Beseeching—'Oh, be merciful!
Make Thou mine own, Thine own!'"
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Love only cannot fade:
Though he is a bold sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid."

Close stood the young sea-captain,
His tears fell fast as rain,
"If I have sinned, I'll sin no more—
God judge between us twain!"
The gold ring flashed in sunshine,
The small waves laughing curled—
"Our ship rocks at the harbour bar,
Away to the under world."—
"Farewell, farewell, my bonnie, bonnie boat!
Now Heaven us bless and aid,
For my lord is a great sea-captain,
And I was a fisher-maid."

Poems, 1872.

ELLEN.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITTFORD.

Charlotte and Ellen Page were the twin daughters of the rector of N., a small town in Dorsetshire. They were his only children, having lost their mother shortly after their birth; and as their father was highly connected, and still more highly accomplished, and possessed good church-preferment with a considerable private fortune, they were reared and educated in the most liberal and expensive style. Whilst mere infants, they had been uncommonly beautiful, and as remarkably alike, as occasionally happens with twin sisters, distinguished only by some ornament of dress. Their very nurse, as she used to boast, could hardly tell her pretty "couplets" apart, so exactly alike were the soft blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips, and the curly light hair. Change the turquoise necklace for the coral, and nurse herself would not know Charlotte from Ellen. This pretty puzzle, this inconvenience, of which mammas and aunts and grandmammas love to complain, did not last long. Either from a concealed fall, or from original delicacy of habit, the little Ellen faded and drooped almost into deformity. There was no visible defect in her shape, except a slight and almost imperceptible lameness when in quick motion; but there was the marked and peculiar look in the features, the languor and debility, and above all, the distressing consciousness attendant upon imperfect formation; and, at the age of twenty years, the contrast between the sisters was even more striking than the likeness had been at two.

Charlotte was a fine, robust, noble-looking girl, rather above the middle height; her eyes and complexion sparkled and glowed with life and health, her rosy lips seemed to be made for smiles, and her glossy brown hair played in natural ringlets round her dimpled face. Her manner was a happy mixture of the playful and the gentle; frank, innocent, and fearless, she relied with a sweet confidence on everybody's kindness, was ready to be pleased, and secure of pleasing. Her artlessness and *naïveté* had great success in society, especially as they were united with the most perfect good breeding, and considerable quickness and talent. Her musical powers were of the most delightful kind; she sang exquisitely, joining to great taste and science a life, and freedom, and buoyancy quite unusual in that artificial personage, a young lady. Her clear and ringing notes had the effect of a milk-maid's song, as if a

mere ebullition of animal spirits; there was no resisting the contagion of Charlotte's glee. She was a general favourite, and above all, a favourite at home,—the apple of her father's eye, the pride and ornament of his house, and the delight and comfort of his life. The two children had been so much alike, and born so nearly together, that the precedence in age had never been definitely settled; but that point seemed very early to decide itself. Unintentionally, as it were, Charlotte took the lead, gave invitations, received visitors, sat at the head of the table, became in fact and in name Miss Page, while her sister continued Miss Ellen.

Poor Ellen! she was short and thin, and sickly, and pale, with no personal charm but the tender expression of her blue eyes and the timid sweetness of her countenance. The resemblance to her sister had vanished altogether, except when, very rarely, some strong emotion of pleasure, a word of praise, or a look of kindness from her father, would bring a smile and a blush at once into her face, and lighten it up like a sunbeam. Then, for a passing moment, she was like Charlotte, and even prettier,—there was so much of mind, of soul, in the transitory beauty. In manner she was unchangeably gentle and distressingly shy, shy even to awkwardness. Shame and fear clung to her like her shadow. In company she could neither sing nor play nor speak without trembling, especially when her father was present. Her awe of him was inexorable. Mr. Page was a man of considerable talent and acquirement, of polished and elegant manners, and great conversational power—quick, ready, and sarcastic. He never condescended to scold; but there was something very formidable in the keen glance and the cutting jest, to which poor Ellen's want of presence of mind frequently exposed her—something from which she shrank into the very earth. He was a good man, too, and a kind father—at least he meant to be so—attentive to her health and comfort, strictly impartial in favours and presents, in pocket-money and amusements, making no difference between the twins, except that which he could not help, the difference in his love. But to an apprehensive temper and an affectionate heart, that was everything; and whilst Charlotte flourished and blossomed like a rose in the sunshine, Ellen sickened and withered like the same plant in the shade.

Mr. Page lost much enjoyment by this unfortunate partiality; for he had taste enough to have particularly valued the high endowments which formed the delight of the few

friends to whom his daughter was intimately known. To them not only her varied and accurate acquirements, but her singular richness of mind, her grace and propriety of expression, and fertility of idea, joined to the most perfect ignorance of her own superiority, rendered her an object of as much admiration as interest. In poetry especially, her justness of taste and quickness of feeling were almost unrivalled. She was no poetess herself, never, I believe, even ventured to compose a sonnet; and her enjoyment of high literature was certainly the keener for that wise abstinence from a vain competition. Her admiration was really worth having. The tears would come into her eyes, the book would fall from her hand, and she would sit lost in ecstasy over some noble passage, till praise, worthy of the theme, would burst in unconscious eloquence from her lips.

But the real charm of Ellen Page lay in the softness of her heart and the generosity of her character: no human being was ever so free from selfishness, in all its varied and clinging forms. She literally forgot herself in her pure and ardent sympathy with all whom she loved, or all to whom she could be useful. There were no limits to her indulgence, no bounds to her candour. Shy and timid as she was, she forgot her fears to plead for the innocent, or the penitent, or even the guilty. She was the excuser-general of the neighbourhood, turned every speech and action the sunny side without, and often in her good-natured acuteness hit on the real principle of action, when the cunning, and the worldly-wise, and the cynical, and such as look only for bad motives, had failed. She had, too, that rare quality, a genuine sympathy not only with the sorrowful (there is a pride in that feeling, a superiority—we have all plenty of that), but with the happy. She could smile with those who smiled, as well as weep with those who wept, and rejoice in a success to which she had not contributed, protected from every touch of envy no less by her noble spirit than by her pure humility; she never thought of herself.

So constituted, it may be imagined that she was, to all who really knew her, an object of intense admiration and love. Servants, children, poor people, all adored Miss Ellen. She had other friends in her own rank of life who had found her out—many; but her chief friend, her principal admirer, she who loved her with the most entire affection, and looked up to her with the most devoted respect, was her sister. Never was the strong and lovely tie of twin sisterhood more closely knit than in these two

charming young women. Ellen looked on her favoured sister with a pure and unjealous delight that made its own happiness, a spirit of candour and of justice that never permitted her to cast a shade of blame on the sweet object of her father's partiality: she never indeed blamed him, it seemed to her so natural that every one should prefer her sister. Charlotte, on the other hand, used all her influence for Ellen, protected and defended her, and was half tempted to murmur at an affection which she would have valued more, if shared equally with that dear friend. Thus they lived in peace and harmony, Charlotte's bolder temper and higher spirits leading and guiding in all common points, whilst on the more important, she implicitly yielded to Ellen's judgment. But when they had reached their twenty-first year a great evil threatened one of the sisters, arising (strange to say) from the other's happiness. Charlotte, the reigning *belle* of an extensive and affluent neighbourhood, had had almost as many suitors as Penelope; but, light-hearted, happy at home, constantly busy and gay, she had taken no thought of love, and always struck me as a very likely subject for an old maid; yet her time came at last. A young man, the very reverse of herself, pale, thoughtful, and gentlemanlike, and melancholy, wooed and won our fair Euphrosyne. He was the second son of a noble house, and bred to the church; and it was agreed between the fathers that as soon as he should be ordained (for he still wanted some months of the necessary age), and settled in a family-living held for him by a friend, the young couple should be married.

In the meanwhile Mr. Page, who had recently succeeded to some property in Ireland, found it necessary to go thither for a short time; and unwilling to take his daughters with him, as his estate lay in the disturbed districts, he indulged us with their company during his absence. They came to us in the bursting spring-time, on the very same day with the nightingale; the country was new to them, and they were delighted with the scenery and with our cottage life. We, on our part, were enchanted with our young guests. Charlotte was certainly the most amiable of enamoured damsels, for love with her was but a more sparkling and smiling form of happiness; all that there was of care and fear in this attachment fell to Ellen's lot; but even she, though sighing at the thought of parting, could not be very miserable whilst her sister was so happy.

A few days after their arrival we happened

to dine with our accomplished neighbours, Colonel Falkner and his sister. Our young friends of course accompanied us; and a similarity of age, of liveliness, and of musical talent speedily recommended Charlotte and Miss Falkner to each other. They became immediately intimate, and were soon almost inseparable. Ellen at first hung back. "The house was too gay, too full of shifting company, of titles, and of strange faces. Miss Falkner was very kind; but she took too much notice of her, introduced her to lords and ladies, talked of her drawings, and pressed her to sing; she would rather, if I pleased, stay with me, and walk in the coppice, or sit in the arbour, and one might read Spenser whilst the other worked—that would be best of all. Might she stay?"

"O, surely! but Colonel Falkner, Ellen, I thought you would have liked him?"

"Yes!"

"That *yes* sounds exceedingly like *no*."

"Why, is he not almost too clever, too elegant, too grand a man? Too mannered, as it were? Too much like what one fancies of a prince—of George IV. for instance—too high and too condescending? These are strange faults," continued she laughing; "and it is a curious injustice that I should dislike a man merely because he is so graceful that he makes me feel doubly awkward—so tall, that I am in his presence a conscious dwarf—so alive and eloquent in conversation that I feel more than ever puzzled and unready. But so it is. To say the truth, I am more afraid of him than of any human being in the world, except one. I may stay with you—may I not? and read of *Una* and of *Britomart*—that prettiest scene where her old nurse soothes her to sleep? I may stay?"

And for two or three mornings she did stay with me; but Charlotte's influence and Miss Falkner's kindness speedily drew her to Holly-grove, at first shyly and reluctantly, yet soon with an evident though quiet enjoyment; and we, sure that our young visitors could gain nothing but good in such society, were pleased that they should so vary the humble home-scene.

Colonel Falkner was a man in the very prime of life, of that happy age which unites the grace and spirit of youth with the firmness and vigour of manhood. The heir of a large fortune, he had served in the Peninsular War, fought in Spain and France, and at Waterloo, and, quitting the army at the peace, had loitered about Germany and Italy and Greece, and only returned on the death of his father, two or three years back, to reside on the family estate, where he had won "golden opinions from all

sorts of people." He was, as Ellen truly described him, tall and graceful, and well-bred almost to a fault; reminding her of that *beau idéal* of courtly elegance, George IV., and me, (pray reader, do not tell!) me, a little, a very little, the least in the world, of Sir Charles Grandison. He certainly did excel rather too much in the mere forms of politeness, in cloakings and bowings, and handings down stairs; but then he was, like both his prototypes, thoroughly imbued with its finer essence—considerate, attentive, kind, in the most comprehensive sense of that comprehensive word. I have certainly known men of deeper learning and more original genius, but never any one whose powers were better adapted to conversation, who could blend more happily the most varied and extensive knowledge with the most playful wit and the most interesting and amiable character. *Fascinating* was the word that seemed made for him. His conversation was entirely free from trickery and display—the charm was (or seemed to be) perfectly natural; he was an excellent listener; and when he was speaking to any eminent person—orator, artist, or poet—I have sometimes seen a slight hesitation, a momentary diffidence, as attractive as it was unexpected. It was this astonishing evidence of fellow-feeling, joined to the gentleness of his tone, the sweetness of his smile, and his studied avoidance of all particular notice or attention, that first reconciled Ellen to Colonel Falkner. His sister, too, a charming young woman, as like him as *Viola* to *Sebastian*, began to understand the sensitive properties of this shrinking and delicate flower, which, left to itself, repaid their kind neglect by unfolding in a manner that surprised and delighted us all. Before the spring had glided into summer, Ellen was as much at home at Holly-grove as with us; talked and laughed and played and sang as freely as *Charlotte*. She would indeed break off, if visibly listened to, either when speaking or singing; but still the ice was broken; that rich, low, mellow voice, unrivalled in pathos and sweetness, might be heard every evening, even by the colonel, with little more precaution, not to disturb her by praise or notice, than would be used with her fellow-warbler the nightingale.

She was happy at Holly-grove, and we were delighted; but so shifting and various are human feelings and wishes, that as the summer wore on, before the hay-making was over in its beautiful park, whilst the bees were still in its lime-trees, and the golden beetle lurked in its white rose, I began to lament that she had

ever seen Holly-grove or known its master. It was clear to me, that, unwittingly on his part, unwittingly on hers, her heart was gone, and considering the merit of the unconscious possessor, probably gone for ever. She had all the pretty marks of love at that happy moment when the name and nature of the passion are alike unsuspected by the victim. To her there was but one object in the whole world, and that one was Colonel Falkner: she lived only in his presence; hung on his words; was restless, she knew not why, in his absence; adopted his tastes and opinions, which differed from hers as those of clever men so frequently do from those of clever women; read the books he praised, and praised them too, deserting our old idols, Spenser and Fletcher, for his favourites, Dryden and Pope; sang the songs he loved as she walked about the house; drew his features instead of Milton's, in a portrait which she was copying for me of our great poet—and finally wrote his name on the margin. She moved as in a dream—a dream as innocent as it was delicious!—but oh, the sad, sad waking! It made my heart ache to think of the misery to which that fine and sensitive mind seemed to be reserved. Ellen was formed for constancy and suffering—it was her first love, and it would be her last. I had no hope that her affection was returned. Young men, talk as they may of mental attractions, are commonly the slaves of personal charms. Colonel Falkner, especially, was a professed admirer of beauty. I had even sometimes fancied that he was caught by Charlotte's, and had therefore taken an opportunity to communicate her engagement to his sister. Certainly he paid our fair and blooming guest extraordinary attention; anything of gallantry or compliment was always addressed to her, and so for the most part was his gay and captivating conversation; whilst his manner to Ellen, though exquisitely soft and kind, seemed rather that of an affectionate brother. I had no hopes.

Affairs were in this posture when I was at once grieved and relieved by the unexpected recall of our young visitors. Their father had completed his business in Ireland, and was eager to return to his dear home, and his dear children; Charlotte's lover, too, was ordained, and was impatient to possess his promised treasure. The intended bridegroom was to arrive the same evening to escort the fair sisters, and the journey was to take place the next day. Imagine the revulsion of feeling produced by a short note, a bit of folded paper—the natural and redoubled ecstasy of Charlotte, the mingled emotions of Ellen. She wept bitterly; at first

she called it joy—joy that she should again see her dear father; then it was grief to lose her Charlotte; grief to part from me; but, when she threw herself in a farewell embrace on the neck of Miss Falkner, whose brother happened to be absent for a few days on business, the truth appeared to burst upon her at once in a gush of agony that seemed likely to break her heart. Miss Falkner was deeply affected; begged her to write to her often, very often; loaded her with the gifts of little price, the valueless tokens which affection holds so dear, and stole one of her fair ringlets in return.

"This is the curl which William used to admire," said she; "have you no message for poor William?"

Poor Ellen! her blushes spoke, and the tears which dropped from her downcast eyes; but she had no utterance. Charlotte, however, came to her relief with a profusion of thanks and compliments; and Ellen, weeping with a violence that would not be controlled, at last left Holly-grove.

The next day we, too, lost our dear young friends. Oh, what a sad day it was! how much we missed Charlotte's bright smile, and Ellen's sweet complacency! We walked about desolate and forlorn, with the painful sense of want and insufficiency, and of that vacancy in our home, and at our board, which the departure of a cherished guest is sure to occasion. To lament the absence of Charlotte, the dear Charlotte, the happiest of the happy, was pure selfishness; but of the aching heart of Ellen, my dearer Ellen, I could not bear to think—and yet I could think of nothing else, could call up no other image than her pale and trembling form, weeping and sobbing as I had seen her at Holly-grove; she haunted even my dreams.

Early the ensuing morning I was called down to the colonel, and found him in the garden. He apologized for his unseasonable intrusion; talked of the weather, then of the loss which our society had sustained; blushed and hesitated; had again recourse to the weather; and at last by a mighty effort, after two or three sentences began and unfinished, contrived, with an embarrassment more graceful and becoming than all his polished readiness, to ask me to furnish him with a letter to Mr. Page.

"You must have seen," said he, colouring and smiling, "that I was captivated by your beautiful friend; and I hope—I could have wished to have spoken first to herself, to have made an interest—but still if her affections are disengaged—tell me, you who must know, you who are always my friend, have I any chance? Is she disengaged?"

"Alas! I have sometimes feared this; but I thought you had heard—your sister at least was aware."

"Of what? It was but this very morning—aware of what?"

"Of Charlotte's engagement."

"Charlotte!—it is of Ellen, not her sister, that I speak and think! Of Ellen, the pure, the delicate, the divine! That whitest and sweetest of flowers, the jasmine, the myrtle, the tuberos among women," continued he, elucidating his similes by gathering a sprig of each plant, as he paced quickly up and down the garden walk—"Ellen, the fairest and the best; your darling and mine! Will you give me a letter to her father? And will you wish me success?"

"Will I! O how sincerely! My dear colonel, I beg a thousand pardons for undervaluing your taste—for suspecting you of preferring a damask rose to a blossomed myrtle; I should have known you better." And then we talked of Ellen, dear Ellen, talked and praised till even the lover's heart was satisfied. I am convinced that he went away that morning, persuaded that I was one of the cleverest women, and the best judges of character that ever lived.

And now my story is over. What need to say that the letter was written with the warmest zeal, and received with the most cordial graciousness—or that Ellen, though shedding sweet tears, bore the shock of joy better than the shock of grief—or that the twin sisters were married on the same day, at the same altar, each to the man of her heart, and each with every prospect of more than common felicity.

MY LADY'S PRAISE.

I would from truth my lady's praise supply,
 Resembling her to lily and to rose;
 Brighter than morning's lucid star she shows,
 And fair as that which fairest is on high.
 To the blue wave, I liken her, and sky,
 All colour that with pink and crimson glows,
 Gold, silver and rich stones: nay lovelier grows
 Even love himself, when she is standing by.
 She passeth on so gracious and so mild,
 One's pride is quench'd, and one of sick is well:
 And they believe, who from the faith did err;
 And none may near her come by harm defiled.
 A mightier virtue have I yet to tell;
 No man may think of evil, seeing her.

GUIDO GUINICELLI (died 1276).

WOMAN'S LOVE.

[Lady Caroline Lamb, born 1785; died 1828. She was a daughter of the Earl of Beborough, and the wife of William Lamb, Lord Melbourne. She wrote a number of verses and three novels: *Glenarvon* (the hero of this novel was supposed to represent Lord Byron), *Graham Hamilton*, and *Ada Reis*. A romantic passion for Lord Byron embittered her latter years.]

Did ever man a woman love
 And listen to her flattery,
 Who did not soon his folly prove,
 And mourning rue her treachery?

For were she fair as orient beams,
 That gild the cloudless summer skies,
 Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
 Or melting as true lovers' eyes,

Or were she pure as falling dew,
 That deck the blossoms of the spring,
 Still, man, thy love she would misuse,
 And from thy breast contentment wring.

Then trust her not though fair and young,
 Man has so many true hearts grieved,
 That woman thinks she does no wrong,
 When she is false and he deceived.

OF THE TRUTH OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

[Johann Caspar Lavater, born at Zurich, 14th November, 1741; died there, 2d February, 1801. Theologian and poet, but most widely known by his works on physiognomy.]

All countenances, all forms, all created beings, are not only different from each other in their classes, races, and kinds, but are also individually distinct.

Each being differs from every other being of its species. However generally known, it is a truth the most important to our purpose, and necessary to repeat, that, "There is no rose perfectly similar to another rose, no egg to an egg, no eel to an eel, no lion to a lion, no eagle to an eagle, no man to a man."

Confining this proposition to man only, it is the first, the most profound, most secure, and unshaken foundation-stone of physiognomy that, however intimate the analogy and similarity of the innumerable forms of men, no two men can be found who, brought together, and accurately compared, will not appear to be very remarkably different.

Nor is it less incontrovertible that it is equally impossible to find two minds, as two countenances, which perfectly resemble each other.

This consideration alone will be sufficient to make it received as a truth, not requiring farther demonstration, that there must be a certain native analogy between the external varieties of the countenance and form, and the internal varieties of the mind. Shall it be denied that this acknowledged internal variety among all men is the cause of the external variety of their forms and countenances? Shall it be affirmed that the mind does not influence the body, or that the body does not influence the mind?

Anger renders the muscles protuberant; and shall not therefore an angry mind and protuberant muscles be considered as cause and effect?

After repeated observation that an active and vivid eye and an active and acute wit are frequently found in the same person, shall it be supposed that there is no relation between the active eye and the active mind? Is this the effect of accident? Of accident! Ought it not rather to be considered as sympathy, an interchangeable and instantaneous effect, when we perceive that, at the very moment the understanding is most acute and penetrating and the wit the most lively, the motion and fire of the eye undergo, at that moment, the most visible change?

Shall the open, friendly, and unsuspecting eye and the open, friendly, and unsuspecting heart be united in a thousand instances, and shall we say the one is not the cause, the other the effect?

Shall nature discover wisdom and order in all things; shall corresponding causes and effects be everywhere united; shall this be the most clear, the most indubitable of truths; and in the first, the most noble of the works of nature, shall she act arbitrarily, without design, without law? The human countenance, that mirror of the Divinity, that noblest of the works of the Creator,—shall not motive and action, shall not the correspondence between the interior and the exterior, the visible and the invisible, the cause and the effect, be there apparent?

Yet this is all denied by those who oppose the truth of the science of physiognomy.

Truth, according to them, is ever at variance with itself. Eternal order is degraded to a juggler, whose purpose it is to deceive.

Calm reason revolts at the supposition that Newton or Leibnitz ever could have the coun-

tenance and appearance of an idiot, incapable of a firm step, a meditating eye; of comprehending the least difficult of abstract propositions, or of expressing himself so as to be understood; that one of these in the brain of a Laplander conceived his Theodica; and that the other in the head of an Esquimaux, who wants the power to number farther than six, and affirms all beyond to be innumerable, had dissected the rays of light, and weighed worlds.

Calm reason revolts when it is asserted that the strong man may appear perfectly like the weak, the man in full health like another in the last stage of a consumption, or that the rash and irascible may resemble the cold and phlegmatic. It revolts to hear it affirmed that joy and grief, pleasure and pain, love and hatred, all exhibit themselves under the same traits; that is to say, under no traits whatever, on the exterior of man. Yet such are the assertions of those who maintain physiognomy to be a chimerical science. They overturn all that order and combination by which eternal wisdom so highly astonishes and delights the understanding. It cannot be too emphatically repeated, that blind chance and arbitrary disorder constitute the philosophy of fools; and that they are the bane of natural knowledge, philosophy, and religion. Entirely to banish such a system is the duty of the true inquirer, the sage, and the divine.

All men (this is indisputable), absolutely all men, estimate all things whatever by their physiognomy, their exterior, temporary superficialities. By viewing these on every occasion, they draw their conclusions concerning their internal properties.

What merchant, if he be unacquainted with the person of whom he purchases, does not estimate his wares by the physiognomy or appearance of those wares? If he purchase of a distant correspondent, what other means does he use in judging whether they are or are not equal to his expectation? Is not his judgment determined by the colour, the fineness, the superficialities, the exterior, the physiognomy! Does he not judge money by its physiognomy! Why does he take one guinea and reject another? Why weigh a third in his hand? Does he not determine according to its colour, or impression; its outside, its physiognomy? If a stranger enter his shop, as a buyer or seller, will he not observe him? Will he not draw conclusions from his countenance? Will he not, almost before he is out of hearing, pronounce some opinion upon him, and say: "This man has an honest look," "That man has a pleasing, or forbidding, countenance?" What is it to the

purpose whether his judgment be right or wrong? He judges. Though not wholly, he depends in part upon the exterior form, and thence draws inferences concerning the mind.

How does the farmer, walking through his grounds, regulate his future expectations by the colour, the size, the growth, the exterior; that is to say, by the physiognomy of the bloom, the stalk, or the ear of his corn; the stem, and shoots of his vine-tree? "This ear of corn is blighted," "That wood is full of sap; this will grow, that not," affirms he, at the first or second glance. "Though these vine-shoots look well, they will bear but few grapes." And wherefore? He remarks, in their appearance, as the physiognomist in the countenances of shallow men, the want of native energy. Does not he judge by the exterior?

Does not the physician pay more attention to the physiognomy of the sick than to all the accounts that are brought him concerning his patient? Zimmermann, among the living, may be brought as a proof of the great perfection at which this kind of judgment has arrived; and among the dead, Kempf, whose son has written a treatise on Temperament.

The painter — Yet of him I will say nothing; his art too evidently reproves the childish and arrogant prejudices of those who pretend to disbelieve physiognomy.

The traveller, the philanthropist, the misanthrope, the lover, (and who not?) all act according to their feelings and decisions, true or false, confused or clear, concerning physiognomy. These feelings, these decisions, excite compassion, disgust, joy, love, hatred, suspicion, confidence, reserve, or benevolence.

Do we not daily judge of the sky by its physiognomy? No food, not a glass of wine or beer, not a cup of coffee or tea comes to table which is not judged by its physiognomy, its exterior, and of which we do not thence deduce some conclusion respecting its interior, good or bad properties.

Is not all nature physiognomy, superficies and contents; body, and spirit; exterior effect and internal power; invisible beginning and visible ending?

What knowledge is there, of which man is capable, that is not founded on the exterior; the relation that exists between visible and invisible, the perceptible and the imperceptible?

Physiognomy, whether understood in its most extensive or confined signification, is the origin of all human decisions, efforts, actions, expectations, fears, and hopes; of all pleasing and unpleasant sensations, which are occasioned by external objects.

From the cradle to the grave, in all conditions and ages, throughout all nations, from Adam to the last existing man, from the worm we tread on to the most sublime of philosophers, (and why not to the angel, why not to the Mediator Christ?) physiognomy is the origin of all we do and suffer.

Each insect is acquainted with its friend and its foe; each child loves and fears, although it knows not why. Physiognomy is the cause; nor is there a man to be found on earth who is not daily influenced by physiognomy; not a man who cannot figure to himself a countenance which shall to him appear exceedingly lovely, or exceedingly hateful; not a man who does not more or less, the first time he is in company with a stranger, observe, estimate, compare, and judge him, according to appearances, although he might never have heard of the word or thing called physiognomy; not a man who does not judge of all things that pass through his hands, by their physiognomy; that is, of their internal worth by their external appearance.

The art of dissimulation itself, which is aduced as so insuperable an objection to the truth of physiognomy, is founded on physiognomy. Why does the hypocrite assume the appearance of an honest man, but because that he is convinced, though not perhaps from any systematic reflection, that all eyes are acquainted with the characteristic marks of honesty.

What judge, wise or unwise, whether he confesses or deny the fact, does not sometimes in this sense decide from appearances? Who can, is, or ought to be, absolutely indifferent to the exterior of persons brought before him to be judged?¹ What king would choose a minister without examining his exterior, secretly at least, and to a certain extent? An officer will not enlist a soldier without thus examining his appearance, his height out of the question. What master or mistress of a family will choose a servant without considering the exterior, no matter whether their judgment be or be not just, or whether it be exercised unconsciously?

I am wearied of citing instances so numerous, and so continually before our eyes, to prove that men, tacitly and unanimously, confess the influence which physiognomy has over their sensations and actions. I feel disgust at being obliged to write thus, in order to convince the learned of truths with which every child is or may be acquainted.

¹ Franciscus Valerius says — Sed legibus etiam civilibus, in quibus iniquum sit censere esse aliquid futile aut varium, cautum est; ut si duo homines inciderent in criminis suspicionem, is primum torqueatur qui sit aspectu deformior.

1. The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that it is not possible to describe it in terms of a single parameter. The system is a complex one, and it is not possible to describe it in terms of a single parameter.

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[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific information required.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1033-1036.



THE BRITISH CAVE.

BLACKIE & CO. LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

we are gay enough at times, when our masters are in good humour, rejoicing over the success of some expedition. In youth we admire the strength of our lovers, and listen with delight to the stories of their exploits, of their triumphs over the soldiers. We never see them as criminals: to us they appear only as men oppressed by bad laws, and bravely asserting their independence at the hazard of their lives. They are heroes to us, not criminals. But by-and-by, as we grow older and have husbands, perhaps children, in the band, we learn what fear is. When we feel that we are hunted from pass to pass, sheltering in caves, or encamping on the bare mountain—then we begin to understand that we belong to an outcast race, and we tremble at every halloo lest it prove the intimation of a surprise which may mean death to all. When we find wild revels followed by days of hunger; when we find our husbands so haunted by the dread of treachery that they suspect us and each other, then we know that there is no home, no rest anywhere for us, and we envy the happy lot of the wives of the poor shepherds.

"Our men have less time than us to think of these things, and so, no doubt, they are less sensible of the miserable condition in which we live. I am grateful to the holy mother that no children were given to me, and yet I love children: their happy ignorance of the crime and danger which surround us sometimes helps me to forget them too. No, these tears are not for one lost, but for one saved; if regret makes my eyes dim, my heart is full of joy. The child whose memory I cherish was a stranger's; but he became very precious to me.

"The band had been absent two days; we women had been commanded to await them in one of our most secure hiding-places—a huge long cavern which had two outlets. The men returned laden with booty taken from the carriage of a rich nobleman. Gaetano came last.

"'A prize for you, wife!' he said, and flung a trembling child into my arms.

"'Mother!' sobbed the little one, and I shuddered, thinking that his one word told a cruel story. But it was not so bad as I feared. I looked at Gaetano, and he, understanding me, answered,

"'No, there has been no one much hurt; it was a nurse who was with him, and she has been sent back to Naples to demand ransom for the little signor. A pretty little fellow, is he not?—he quite takes to you—and worth a pretty sum.'

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"I was relieved. The child clung to my neck as if he felt sure of protection from me. He had been much frightened and much fatigued by the journey to the cavern. A shout from the men, who were by this time busy feasting at the farther end of the cave, startled him, and he looked over my shoulder trembling. I kissed him and coaxed him to sit down on a box beside me, telling him that he would soon be with his mother again. His little head fell back on my knee, and he slept peacefully.

"Gaetano threw down the papers he had been examining, and stretching himself upon a pile of wrappers, looked with smiling satisfaction at the child. He had demanded a high ransom, knowing that the mother would be ready to give anything for the recovery of her son, and he felt sure that all he had asked would be granted.

"Some days passed and little Elio was beginning to feel at ease in his strange home, although he could not be persuaded to leave my side. I loved the child; and that was why he so soon became contented in the cavern. The message from Naples was delivered to Gaetano, and I saw that he was angry and disappointed. The message told him that the boy Elio was not the son of the rich nobleman but of one of his servants, and that the amount required to ransom him was too large.

"The band refused to believe this story, and declared that it was a trick to gain time in order to attack them. They were ready and resolved to take the usual horrible means of asserting their power: the little one was doomed. I looked to Gaetano; but he could not help me; chief as he was he dare not break the law of the band. I turned to the men. I do not know what were my words, but I held up the poor child and implored them in the name of the dear Virgin to spare him; but they would not yield. Then I spoke wildly, and promised them a greater reward than that they had expected if they would only be merciful and give me time to go myself to Naples. I suppose they pitied me, and perhaps—Heaven grant that it was so—they were moved by the sweet face of the child; at anyrate they agreed. Gaetano would have had me give up all thought of what seemed to be a useless journey; but he too consented at length when he saw how earnest was my determination.

"I had no fears for myself; the only dread which haunted me was that any harm done to me would be the signal for the destruction of Elio. But Heaven was very kind. I was per-

mitted to see the nobleman and he listened to me. He was pleased to say that he admired me for what I had done; and that for my sake he would do much to rescue Elio. He assured me that the child, although a great pet of the family, was the offspring of a faithful servant now dead. But he agreed to pay half the ransom demanded, and to obtain for the Vardarelli band a free pardon on condition that they should take service under the government. Oh, how brave and light my heart was then. My wild promise was fulfilled, and I brought to the band a greater reward than they could ever have expected; for by the tiny hands of the child they had spared, they were themselves saved."

PEACE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

I could believe that sorrow ne'er sojourned
Within the circle of these sunny hills;
That this small lake, beneath the morning light,
Now lying so serenely beautiful,
Ne'er felt one passing storm, but on its breast
Retained for aye the silent imagery
Of those untroubled heavens.

How still yon isle,
Scarcely distinguished from its glimmering shadow
In the water pure as air! Yon little flock
How snow-white! lying on the pastoral mount,
Basking in the sunshine. That lone fisherman,
Who draws his net so slowly to the shore,
How calm an image of secluded life!
While the boat moving with its twinkling oars,
On its short voyage to yon verdant point
Fringed with wild birch-wood, leaves a shining track
Connecting by a pure and silvery line
The quiet of both shores.

So deep the calm
I hear the solitary stock-dove's voice
Moaning across the lake, from the dark bosom
Of yon old pine-grove. Hark, the village clock
Tolls soberly! And 'mid the tufted elms,
Reveals the spire still pointing up to heaven.
I travel on unto the noisy city,
And on this sunny bank mine hour of rest
Stream-like has murmured by—yet shall the music
Oft rise again—the lake, hills, wood, and grove,
And that calm House of God. Sweet Vale, Farewell!

ITALIAN BANDITTI.

[Charlotte A. Waldie, born 1788; died 1859. Her grandfather was a schoolfellow of Sir Walter Scott at Kelso. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, mentions the work from which the following extract is made:—"I remember the pleasure with which he [Sir Walter] read, late in life, *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, an ingenious work produced by one of Mr. Waldie's grand-daughters, and how comically he depicted the alarm with which his ancient friend would have perused some of its delineations of the high-places of Popery." Miss Waldie also wrote, *At Home and Abroad, Three Days in Belgium*, and other sketches of travel. In 1822 she married Mr. Eaton, banker, Stamford. Her sister, Miss E. A. Waldie (who became the wife of Admiral Watts), was the authoress of several similar works, but she obtained repute chiefly by her paintings in oil and water colours.]

Frascati, Nov. 11, 1818.

Consternation fills this little peaceful town. Yesterday evening Lucien Buonaparte's villa was entered by a gang of banditti;—but I must tell you the story in order as it happened.

About four in the afternoon *Monsignore* (as the old priest of the family is through courtesy called) set out to take his accustomed walk; and, unluckily for himself, directed his steps up the hill to the ruins of ancient Tusculum; when, suddenly from the bushes which shade the cavity of the amphitheatre, two armed robbers sprang out, dragged him among the thickets, where four others were lying in ambush; and having stripped him of his watch, money, and clothes, they tied his hands behind his back, and gave him notice, that the first moment he attempted to speak or make the smallest noise would be the last of his life. They kept him prisoner there till after sunset, when they crept through the wood to the house, and made a halt among the thick laurels and shrubs close to it. In the meantime the dinner-bell rang, the family sat down to table, but as *Monsignore* was not to be found, a servant was sent into the pleasure-ground in search of him, who left the house door unfastened. The banditti softly made their approaches. Five of them entered unseen and unheard, and the sixth stayed to guard the door. *Monsignore* seized this moment to betake himself to his heels, and gained a remote outhouse, where he buried himself overhead among straw, and was found many hours after more dead than alive.

In the meantime the five robbers, with their fire-arms presented, cautiously advanced into the house; but they were soon desecrated by the servants, whose shrieks they stilled in a moment by the menace of instant death if they moved a step or uttered a sound. One maid-

servant, however, escaped, and gave the alarm to the party in the dining-room, who all fled in different directions to conceal themselves, excepting the unfortunate secretary, who had previously left the room to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and was seized on his way down stairs by the robbers, who mistook him for the prince; and, in spite of his protestations, was carried off, together with the head butler, and a poor *Facchino*,¹ whom they encountered on the grounds, to the mountain above Velletri, a distance of seven miles, without stopping.

This morning the captured *Facchino*, like another *Regulus*, has been sent as ambassador, or *charge d'affaires*, from the banditti to the prince, to propose terms which are, to deliver up their prisoners on the payment of a ransom of 4000 crowns; or, on the non-payment of it within four-and-twenty hours, to shoot them. Lucien Buonaparte sent back one half of their demand in money, and an order on his banker for the rest. The robbers sent back the order torn through the middle, with a further demand of 4000 crowns in hard money, besides the 2000 they had already received, under pain of the immediate death of their prisoners. The prince received this insolent mandate in his palace at Rome, where he took refuge this morning, and has been obliged to obey it.

I wonder the government do not feel ashamed that such outrages should be perpetrated within ten miles of Rome, and that they should be obliged to admit delegates from banditti into the very seat of government—the capital itself. A detachment of troops, and about two hundred armed peasants, levied by Lucien Buonaparte, are ready for the pursuit of the villains the moment their captives are released—but till then they dare not move; for the *eyrie* on which they have perched themselves commands a view of the whole country in every direction, and they have sworn to put the prisoners to death the moment they see the approach of an armed man. The Pope's soldiers, indeed, it would seem, are not much to be depended upon themselves, for it is not long since the guard from the Trinita de Monti, and the Porta del Popolo, at Rome, walked off one fine moonlight night, with their arms and accoutrements, to the hills, and joined a party of banditti.

It was the intention of the banditti who entered Lucien Buonaparte's villa to have seized both him and his daughter, who had been betrothed that very day to Prince Ercolani, a young Bolognese nobleman; and had they succeeded, their demands would have had no bounds.

¹ Porter or out-door labourer.

Frascati, Nov. 29.

After a captivity of two days and a half the prisoners returned, and the troops and armed peasantry instantly began the pursuit. The mountain on which they were stationed, it is said, was previously completely surrounded with guards, and every part of it has been searched, an immense reward has been offered for the apprehension even of one of them—but all in vain. No traces of them have been discovered; and Lucien Buonaparte, in addition to the ransom, has had to pay an immense sum to the peasantry he hired, without the satisfaction of bringing the offenders to justice.

The unfortunate secretary has been confined to bed ever since, partly from the effects of fright, fatigue, and cold, and partly from a wound he received in his forehead in the scuffle, when he was first taken prisoner. The captured butler and *Facchino*, whom I have seen, say that the robbers did not treat them ill, and gave them plenty of food; more, indeed, than they could eat; for, it may be supposed, that in such a situation their appetite could not be very keen. Neither could they enjoy much repose, surrounded with cocked carabines. The captain of those banditti, who was a remarkably little man, used to say to them, with great politeness, "We shall really be sorry to murder you, gentlemen; but if the prince does not send the money, we must do it—our *honour* is engaged."

They knew, indeed, too well, he would keep his word; for it is not long since a poor young woman was carried off between Velletri and Terracina, and the ransom they required not being paid, she was murdered, and her body left on the mountains.

Nor is this the only exploit of the sort in this neighbourhood. A few weeks ago, a Roman gentleman and his daughters were taking a walk after mass on a Sunday, close to the town of Palestrina, when a party of banditti rushed upon them and carried them off to the mountains. The poor old man, who was asthmatic, and unable to keep pace with the rapidity of the flight, was brutally murdered before the eyes of his unfortunate daughters, whose ransom enriched these monsters with the wealth of the man they had slain.

About two months ago, a bride, on the day of her nuptials, was carried off from a villa near Albano, while sitting at table surrounded by her husband and relations, and after passing a night on the mountain, she was liberated on the payment of a heavy ransom, without insult or injury.

RINGAN AND MAY.

BY JAMES HOGG.

I heard a laverock singing with glee,
And oh but the bird sang cheerily;
Then I askit at my true love Ringan,
If he kend what the bonnie bird was singing?

Now, my love Ringan is blithe and young,
But he has a fair and flattering tongue;
And oh, I'm fear'd I like ower weel
His tales of love, though kind and leal!
So I said to him, in scornful ways,
"You ken nae word that wee burd says!"

Then my love he turn'd about to me,
And there was a smile in his pawky ee;
And he says, "My May, my dawtied dowie,
I ken that strain far better nor you;
For that little fairy that liltis so loud,
And hangs on the fringe of the sunny cloud,
Is telling the tale, in chants and chimes,
I have told to thee a thousand times.
I will let thee hear how our strains accord,
And the laverock's sweet sang, word for word:

INTERPRETATION OF THE LARK'S SONG.

"Oh, my love is bonnie and mild to see,
As sweetly she sits on her dewy lee,
And turns up her cheek and clear gray eye,
To list what's saying within the aye!
For she thinks my morning hymn so sweet,
Wi' the streamers of heaven aneath my feet,
Where the proud gohawk could never wou,
Between the gray cloud and the sun—
And she thinks her love a thing of the skies,
Sent down from the holy paradise,
To sing to the world, at morn and even,
The sweet love songs in the bowers of heaven.

"Oh, my love is bonnie, and young, and chaste,
As sweetly she sits in her mossy nest!
And she deems the birds on bush and tree,
As nothing but dust and droul to me.
Though the robin warble his wasome churl,
And the merle gar all the greenwood dirl,
And the storm-cock touts on his towering pine,
She trows their songs a mock to mine;
The linty's cheip a ditty tane,
And the shilla's everlasting rhyme;
The plover's whew a solo drear,
And the whilly-whanp's ane shame to hear;
And, whenever a lover comes in view,
She cowers beneath her screen of dew.

"Oh, my love is bonnie! her virgin breast
Is sweeter to me nor the dawning east;
And well do I like at the gloaming still,
To dreep from the lift or the lowering hill,
And press her nest as white as milk,
And her breast as soft as the downy silk."

Now when my love Ringan had warbled away
To this base part of the laverock's lay,
My heart was like to burst in twain,
And the tears flow'd from mine eyne like rain;
At length he said, with a sigh full lang,
"What ails my love at the laverock's sang?"

Says I, "He's ane base and wicked bird,
As ever rose from the dewy yird;
It's a shame to mount on his morning wing,
At the yetts of heaven sic sangs to sing;
And all to win with his amorous din,
A sweet little virgin bird to sin,
And wreck, with flattery and song combined,
His dear little maiden's peace of mind!
O, were I her, I would let him see
His songs should all be lost on me!"

Then my love took me in his arms,
And 'gan to laud my leifon charms;
But I would not so much as let him speak,
Nor stroke my chin, nor kiss my cheek:
For I fear'd my heart was going wrang,
It was so mov'd at the laverock's sang.

Yet still I lay with an upcast ee,
And still he was singing aye bonnilye,
That, though with my mind I had great strife,
I could not forbear it for my life,
But, as he hung on the heaven's brow,
I said, I ken not why, nor how,
"What's that little deevil saying now?"

Then my love Ringan, he was so glad,
He leugh till his folly pat me mad;
And he said, "My love, I will tell you true,
He seems to sing that strain to you;
For it says, 'I will range the yird and air
To feed my love with the finest fare;
And when she looks from her bed to me,
With the yearning love of a mother's ee,
O, then I will come, and draw her nearer,
And watch her closer, and love her dearer,
And we never shall part till our dying day,
But love and love on for ever and aye!'"

Then my heart it bled with a thrilling pleasure
When it learn'd the laverock's closing measure,
And it rose, and rose, and would not rest,
And would hardly bide within my breast.
Then up I rose, and away I sprang,
And said to my love with scornful tongue,
That it was ane big and burning shame;
That he and the lark were both to blame;
For there were some lays so soft and bland
That breast of maiden could not stand;
And if he lay in the wood his lane,
Quhill I came back to list the strain
Of an amorous bird among the broom,
Then he might lie quhill the day of doom!

But for all the sturt and strife I made;
For all I did, and all I said,
Alas! I fear it will be lang
Or I forget that wee burd's sang!
And langer still or I can flee
The lad that told that sang to me!

AMERICAN NOVELS.

BY T. S. PERBY.

We have often wondered that the people who raise the outcry for the "Great American Novel" did not see that, so far from being of any assistance to our fellow-countryman who is trying to win fame by writing fiction, they have rather stood in his way by setting up before him a false aim for his art, and by giving the critical reader a defective standard by which to judge his work. Whenever this so-longed-for novel does appear, we may be sure that our first impression will not be that it is American. It may be American, without a doubt, but it will not be ostentatiously so; that will not be its chief merit. If it is written in this country and about this country, there will be of course a flavour of the soil, which is to be desired, but the epicure does not want his coffee muddy. There is an American nature, but then there is human nature underlying it, and to that the novel must be true before anything else. That is what is of importance; it is that alone which makes the novel great, which causes it to be read in all times and in all countries. If the author so far forgets this, his first duty, as to imagine that the simple rehearsal of the barest external phenomena of life and nature in this country can be of any real interest to the reader, he makes as great a mistake as would an actor who should fancy that nothing more was needed for representing Hamlet than to dress in black, wear a light wig, and to powder his cheeks to look pale. It is the bane of realism, as of all *isms*, to forget that it represents only one important side of truth, and to content itself, as complacently as an advocate, with seeing its own rules obeyed, and, generally, with the narrowest construction of the law. By insisting above all things on the novel being American, we mistake the means for the end; we have a perfect right to demand accuracy in the writer,—in spite of Mrs. Spofford we cannot read about castles in New England,—but we should not regard it as anything but the merest machinery, the least part of a novel; it is a *sine qua non*, to be sure, but so in man is the spinal marrow; we think no more of a friend on account of his having a spinal marrow. So long as we over-estimate the value of his formal accuracy, it will be possible for any one to prove to his own satisfaction and to ours that such and such a novel is the best. "See here," he will say, "So-and-

so makes the Connecticut River two hundred and fifty miles long, while 'Civis Americanus' gives it its proper length; and then 'Geographicus' says on page 343, just before the Boston horse-car conductor declares his love to the Nova Scotia servant of the selectman, that Vermont has thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile; he was thinking of New Hampshire; he's no novelist." No one fancies a novel that can be proved to be better than another, like a manual of geometry. Nor do we care for one that loses its value at every census. It may be well that novels should be of temporary interest, but they should at least outlast the year's almanac.

It might not be amiss to pause for a moment to consider the origin of this expression, "The great American novel." Critics would differ about the great English novel or the great French novel; why should America have one? Nevertheless, novelists have striven for this prize, genial critics have imperilled their reputations by rashly awarding it to various writers, who have as rapidly faded into oblivion, and we are as far from unanimity about it as we ever were. We imagine that it is a term that has come down to us from the time, a generation or two ago, when, America having an army and navy, consideration in the eyes of Europe for its material strength and future importance, the absence of a fully developed literature was keenly felt. Literature, too, was considered a branch of manufactures, and not a thing of growth. We were to have an American Byron; possibly, with good Presidents and a proper tariff, an American Shakespeare; and then the public, detecting the great differences between the society of Europe and that of this country, cried aloud for the novel that should do for us what Fielding had already, and Thackeray has since, done for England. That this should be done is indeed desirable; but our hopes will be vain unless our writers, with keener vision than the public, see the uselessness of a mere outside resemblance to their models.

That a novel is not good by simply being un-American, one can see by recalling a by no means unreadable story—*Miss Van Kortland*—that appeared about four or five years ago. The effect of reading to excess the modern English novel was here clearly seen. There was the general air of English country life barely disguised by American names. Congress was made exactly like Parliament. It was an English bottom sailing under American colours. Of the elaborate Americanism of *Lady Judith* we need not speak. The

reader could not help being reminded of the Yankees in *Punch's* caricatures, who would be arrested as suspicious characters in the backwoods of Maine, nor could their apt use of "old hoes" save them. Such hybrids we may trust will be soon forgotten; but in vastly the greater number of the American novels of the present day we find perhaps equally damaging faults, although of a different kind. Let us take, for example, Mr. De Forest's novels. In his writings we find a great deal that is American, but not so much that goes to the making of a really great novel. His stories have certain undeniable merits, and if the great American novel needed only to be American, he would easily bear off the palm. *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*; *Overland*; *Kate Beaumont*, are three novels that could have been written in no other country; but such geographical criticism wholly leaves their real value out of the question, as if Charles Reade were to be exalted for having written the "great Australian novel," *Never Too Late to Mend*, or De Foe for his "great Juan Fernandez novel." In the true novel the scene, the incidents, are subordinated to the sufferings, actions, and qualities of the characters. They are for the time living beings, and our greatest sympathy is necessarily given to those who deserve it from some internal reason, not from the number of miles they may have travelled, or the number of times they have been shot at in the dark. Such incidents lend an interest, it is true, but it is not of the highest kind. The geology, the botany, the ethnography, may be accurate to date, the reader may be in perpetual shivers from the urgency of the dangers that threaten every one in the novel, but the real story lies beneath the hats and bonnets of those concerned, not in the distant cataracts that wet them, nor the bullets that scar them. It would seem as if the author had contented himself too readily with but one side, and that not the most valuable, of the novelist's work. He should retain the skill that he now possesses and use it, not as a thing of lasting value in itself, but as aid to the representation of what is more genuine art. We should be sorry, however, if we did not do justice to the vividness with which he has drawn many of his side-characters, especially in his latest novels and in many of his less ambitious magazine sketches. As a simple narrator he is deserving of much praise; he can draw admirably the less important personages, so that one only notices more sharply his smaller degree of success when he undertakes to represent the

more difficult character, a man under the influence of some all-controlling passion. What he can see he can write down for our reading, and that is certainly a rare gift, but his eye is stronger than his imagination. It is when he comes to this more delicate part of his work that the reader is disappointed, and all the more, as we have said, from his skill elsewhere.

Of the society novel this is the more common form. One takes the manly A and represents some possible complications of his "heart-agony," and that of the lovely C, from the persecution of flinty-hearted parents, loss of money, jealousy, &c. One would be averse to saying that his own country cannot supply as good material for such novels as any other. There are here pretty women and good men. In spite of our race for wealth, our early marriages, our bolting our meals and consequent dyspepsia, the devious course of what is strangely called the tender passion may still be observed by those who watch their kind. Lovers languish and rejoice, hearts threaten to break and then grow indifferent, as truly here as in any German village, where the full moon shines every night of the year. But can any one name a good American love-story? With the exception of *Esmond* it might be hard to find one in the language; but let us consider America alone. What are the American novels of society, in which we might suppose love-making would have full sway? Those of Mrs. Stowe suggest themselves at once. We cannot believe that her great popularity is due entirely to her wonderful success with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. To her youngest readers that book must be already a thing of the past; but we fancy that is because she has succeeded in catching certain traits of American life that she is so widely read. Besides, with all her faults, she is a humourist, and is often entertaining enough; but what could be more ignoble than her last two novels of society, *Pink and White Tyranny* and *My Wife and I*. It is profound criticism to call Thackeray a cynic; perhaps Mrs. Stowe is one in disguise, but no man would dare to show his head in a drawing-room after describing such a character as the heroine of the last of these novels. One would have to be disappointed in love a great many times before young ladies made upon him such an impression of furbelowed, curled, food-despising, thin-voiced flirts as one finds here. The men are the infant heroes of Mrs. Sherwood's tales grown up. As for the manners of these people, their giggling, their love-

making, it is what one imagines to be the romance of a "calico and neck-tie ball." For example we find in chapter xxx. of *My Wife and I* :—

"O you know!—this inextricable puzzle, —what does ail a certain person? Now he didn't come at all last night, and when I asked Jim Fellows where his friend was (one must pass the compliment of inquiring, you know), he said, "Henderson had grown dumpy lately," and he couldn't get him out anywhere."

"Well, Eva, I'm sure I can't throw any light on the subject. I know no more than you."

"Now, Ida, let me tell you, this afternoon when we stopped in the park, I went into that great rustic arbour on the top of the hill there, and just as we came in on one side, I saw him in all haste hurrying out on the other, as if he were afraid to meet me."

"How very odd!"

"Odd! well, I should think it was; but what was worse, he went and stationed himself on a bench under a tree where he could hear and see us, and there my lord sat—perhaps he thought I didn't see him, but I did."

"Lillie and Belle Forester and Wat Jerrold were with me, and we were having such a laugh! I don't know when I have had such a frolic, and how silly it was of him to sit there glowering like an owl in an ivy-bush, when he might have come out and joined us, and had a good time! I'm quite out of patience with the creature, it's so vexatious to have him act so!"

Further on we find:—

(Enter ALICE with *empressment*.)

"Girls, what do you think? Wat Sydney come back and going to give a great croquet party out at Clairmont, and of course we are all invited with notes in the most resplendent style, with crest and coat of arms, and everything—perfectly "*mag.*" There's to be a steamboat, with a band of music, to take the guests up, and no end of splendid doings: *marquises* and tents and illuminations and fireworks, and to return by moonlight after all's over; isn't it lovely? I do think Wat Sydney's perfectly splendid, and it's all on your account, Eva, I know it is," &c. &c.

And so they artlessly prattle on. This is by no means an extract, which, taken away from its context, seems unduly ridiculous; far from it, it is a very good specimen of the whole tone of the book. Be these the manners of good society? Is there nothing nobler in life than a horse-car flirtation? Is it necessary

that society novels should be like fashion plates, with the same jaunty ease and simpering gentility that mark those illustrations of the happy life of the rich and great? If the people are tawdrily dressed, if their talk is empty enough to shame the silliest school-girl that ever chattered until she gasped for breath, if their manners are either rude or pompously haughty, how can one take a genuine interest in the story? Let their manners be as bad as possible, their clothes and grammar in tatters, provided they have one trait, one quality, be it one that makes or mars human beings, and then we can read the story. To be interested in characters in fiction, as with human beings in life, our sympathy must be aroused; for beings who simply giggle and pout, indifference is kindness.

Most American writers are afraid of their heroes and heroines. They give them homes by the side of imaginary rivers, in impossible cities. They are as shy of fairly introducing their characters as if we were all strangers at a watering-place hotel, and were very nervous about tainting our tender gentility. That this is the result of attempting to represent in this country, with its changing, uncertain classes, what in England is clear enough from its fixed social laws, is highly probable. But a novel to be good may well let good society alone. The best that Mrs. Stowe has done leaves the dancing master out entirely. For the English novel the task is greatly simplified by the fact that every man in that country is much more closely connected with the whole social system than is the case with us. In their novels we are introduced to distinct characters, say to a barrister, an officer, a young lord. Besides, whatever personal characteristics may belong to each of these persons, they all stand in a certain definite relation to society at large. Each carries a certain atmosphere with him. With us when we read about a lawyer in one of our stories, nothing more is told us than if we were informed that he always wore Roman scarfs, perhaps not so much. We have all sorts of lawyers; no one man is a representative of the class. Occasionally we find that a good word is given to an omniscient professor who sits by a lamp and dabbles in Sanskrit, botany, metaphysics, chemistry, anatomy, zoology, &c. &c. He generally wears a long beard, has acquired patience by his severe studies, and is especially remarkable for the unexpected way in which he makes an offer of marriage after nourishing an untold and unsuspected love for a long time, while he pre-

tended to be looking out words in the dictionary. Occasionally, we say, this representative of the quiet ideal appears in fiction, but he is an uncertain and artificial creation. In spite of the young girl's rapture over hops at West Point, an officer is not always an entrancing lover in fiction. There is, possibly, a vague Bohemian glamour around the artist, but even that is by no means certain. Since in general this deficiency exists, the task of the writer is rendered more difficult. Our Democracy certainly equalizes us: it enlists us, as it were, into a vast army, but a peaceful, unheroic army; and to make any fictitious person interesting the author is put to the greater task of distinctly drawing his character as a man: he gets no aid from his surroundings. One would say that the natural tendency of the American novelist would be toward romance; that the very uniformity of our social life would offer nothing tempting to the writer, unless, indeed, to the satirist, who should turn to ridicule the shallowness, greedy pretence, and emptiness which he might see about him. In spite of the contumely that is thrown upon the frivolities of fashion in *Pink and White Tyranny* and in *My Wife and I*, it may be said that it is not given to every one to be a satirist. No satire is keener than that which tells the truth. One is only tender about his favourite vice. To call a selfish man a murderer, or a pirate, would be as idle as to write odes in praise of an honest clerk. And so in these stories Mrs. Stowe has overshot her mark by caricaturing what only needed to be shown in its real dulness to appear worthless. To her, and to many others, American society seems frivolous, but it is only exalted when a writer wastes his powder by attacking it as he would a dangerously false religion.

While the American writer finds these difficulties in the way of the "novel of society," it may be just that those tales should be considered that take up man from some other point of view than that which controls the respectable matron who is making out a list of invitations for her daughter's party. There are the dry-humoured Yankees, the Yankee-despising, self-praising Westerners, and the lordly Southrons, who hate both. What has been done with such characters as these?

In hardly any book do we get more of the Yankee than in the novel *Margaret*, by Sylvester Judd. It is a story of life in New England nearly a hundred years ago, and although it stands in about the same relation to most novels that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* does to ordinary manuals of

anatomy, it has a certain interest of its own. This is, to be sure, hardly great enough to beguile the reader to the reading of the book, which is written in defiance of every rule of literary composition; but yet, in spite of a crabbed style, as rough as a corduroy road, of tedious and impossible conversations, of great delays in the telling of the story, the reader can readily see a sincerity in the writer that is often much less evident in the works of much cleverer writers. As an example of its artistic crudeness we quote the following conversation:—

"Another day Mr. Evelyn came to the Pond. Margaret watched his approach with composure, and returned his greeting without confusion. 'You have been at the Head,' said she, 'and I must take you to other places to-day. First the Maples.'

"'This is a fine mineralogical region,' said he, as they entered the spot. 'I wish I had a hammer.'

"'I will get one,' said she. 'Let me go for it.'

"'You are not in health, you told me, and you do not look very strong. I must go by all means. I will be back in a trice. You will have quite as much walking as you can master before the day is through.'

"'I fear I shall be more tired wandering than in going.'

"'See this,' said he, exposing a hollow stone filled with rare crystals which he found and broke during her absence.

"'I thank you, I thank you,' she replied. 'The master has given me an inkling of geology, but I never imagined such beauty was hidden here.'

"'With definite forms and brilliant texture these gems vegetate in the centre of his rough rusty stone.'

"'Incomparable mystery! New analogies! I begin to be in love with what I understand not.'

"'Humanity is like that.'

"'What is humanity?'

"'It is only another name for the world that you asked me about.'

"'I am perplexed by the duplicity of words. He is humane who helps the needy.'

"'That is one form of humanity. I use the term as expressing all men collectively viewed in their better light. Much depends upon this light phase, or aspect, what subjectively to us is by the Germans called standpoint. Indian's Head, in one position, resembles a human face; in another, quite as much a fish's tail. Man, like this stone, is

geodic,—such stones, you know, are called geodes.

“Have you the skill to discover them?”

“It is more difficult to break than to find them. Yet if I could crack any man as I do this stone, I should open to crystals.”

“Any man?”

“All men.”

“Passing wonderful! I would run a thousand miles for the hammer! I have been straining after the stars, how much there is in the stones! Most divine earth, henceforth I will worship thee! Geodic Androids! What will the master say?”

“I see traces of more gems in these large rocks. Let me rap here, and lo! a beryl; there is an agate, yonder is a growth of garnets.”

“Let me cease to be astonished, and only learn to love.”

“An important lesson, and one not too well-learned.”

“Under this tree I will erect a temple to the god of rocks. Was there any such? Certes, I remember none.”

“The god of rocks is God.”

“You sport enigmas. Let us to Diana’s Walk.”

We will not follow them. Their talk flows on as easily and naturally as in the extract given above, closely resembling the conversations in the chapters in the phrase-book for advanced pupils. But with all these obvious faults, and an almost impossible plot, the writer shows a genuine love of nature, and an appreciation of character that is really poetical. It is a book that is good in spite of itself, but yet it is barely readable. Its merits are those that are hardly evident enough to tempt the ordinary reader, who, naturally enough, wishes the way made easy before him. He takes a novel as he takes a walk, for amusement; he does not care for ruggedness,—that wearies him, every day life gives him that,—any more than he does for an afternoon stroll through the thicket of the untrodden forest.

In Dr. Holmes’ novels,—if we can call them novels,—in spite of his way of treating his characters like pathological or anatomical specimens, and in Mr. Henry Ward Beecher’s *Norwood*, we find the humorous Yankee admirably given. But, while *Elsie Venner* is in its way a well constructed romance, and Hiram in *Norwood* is an amusingly and accurately drawn character, neither novel deserves the highest praise. They are both very clever attempts by men who are not novelists. Sam Lawson, in Mrs. Stowe’s *Old Town Stories*, is an extremely amusing person. This lady

has certainly, to a remarkable extent, the power of detecting the humorous side of what she sees, and of representing it. The Yankee in her writings is an admirable copy of an original that can be found in almost every New England village,—a man, namely, of greater or less worthlessness, but with a wisdom, or rather shrewdness, that makes him far superior to the ordinary people around him. It is part of the novelist’s work to introduce just such characters. They are, so to speak, picturesque, and yet true to nature. Of the immense superiority of a story that contains one personage that is really a human being, it would be needless to speak. Most novels leave as shadowy an impression of the genuineness of their heroes and heroines upon the minds of their readers, as does the pictured Quaker of the advertisements of the soundness of his religious views. But the introduction of a character that is only of dramatic importance, that is to say, who is more truly drawn as a representative of a class than as a human being, does not of itself make a good novel. The reader is more easily satisfied with a superficial sketch in the former case than he would be in the latter. A man may be well drawn as a village loafer, he may give us the very impression that the genuine idler makes upon us, and to do this is no light task; it is one for which a writer deserves high praise, and this no one would deny to Mrs. Stowe. But there is beyond this a feeling in the reader’s mind that he has a right to expect a solution of more difficult characters, a representation not only of one or two persons, but also of some probable and well-connected incidents. In the better sort of novels we get some human beings, but we also demand a story, a plot that shall be probable and interesting. One character, no matter if very life-like, in an awkwardly constructed story is as out of place as would be a poet on a desert island. But still it cannot be denied that it is the drawing of a character which is the most difficult part of the novelist’s task, and if he succeeds he has thereby the surest hold upon his readers. If he fails in this, he fails indeed, for even the most imaginative are cold to the dangers that threaten even the most carefully dressed puppets. But a well-drawn character, one which we feel to be an accurate representation of what a human being might be, one who seems to us not merely what we fancy fellow-travellers, for instance, are, but who is a consistent creation, moved by passion, with feelings of his own, and his own special temptations, who may differ entirely

from ourselves, but yet of the truth of whose delineation every one can instinctively be sure, is a rare person in fiction. For creating him there are no infallible rules, any more than there are for painting a good portrait in oils. It all depends upon the writer's brains. But if he is successful, if he creates a character with whom we can feel any sympathy, although the feeling may not be one of admiration, we are sure that the writer has done something of which he may well be proud.

The great novel is yet unwritten. We hope that he who shall attempt to write it will see the simplicity, the singleness of the problem that lies before him. The surer he is of this, the better will be his work. The less conscious he is of trying to be American, the more truly will he succeed in being so. Self-consciousness does not make a strong character, and so it is with this quality of the novelist. Lay the scene on the limitless prairie or in limited Fifth Avenue, but let the story rise above its geographical boundaries; let the characters be treated as human beings, not simply as inhabitants of such or such a place, with nothing to distinguish them from the beasts that perish, except certain peculiarities of dress and language. They must dwell somewhere, but they must be something besides citizens. Fantastic creatures dwelling in pure ether are not what the reader demands, but beings true, not to fashion, but to those higher laws and passions that alone are real, that exist above all the petty, accidental caprice of time and place. The real novelist, he who is to write the "great American novel," must be a poet; he must look at life, not as the statistician, not as the census taker, nor yet as the newspaper reporter, but with an eye that sees, through temporary disguises, the animating principles, good or bad, that direct human existence; these he must set before us, to be sure, under probable conditions, but yet without mistaking the conditions for the principles. He must idealize. The idealizing novelist will be the real novelist. All truth does not lie in facts.

—*North American Review.*

AUTHORITY.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

[Jorge Manrique, a Spanish poet of the 15th century, whose principal poems were written between 1450 and 1474. In the *Edinburgh Review* the late George Moir said that the following poem "is surpassed by nothing in the Spanish language, except the odes of Luis de Leon."]

O! let the soul its alumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall:
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;

Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
 Alas! before it bids us wake
 Ye disappear.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
 The cheek's pure glow of red and white
 Hath passed away:
 Youth smiled, and all was heav'nly fair,
 Age came and laid his finger there,
 And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
 The step that rose so light and gay,
 The heart's blithe tone?—
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 And joy grows weariness and woe,
 When age comes on.
Translated by George Moir.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

[*Mrs Lydia Maria Child, born in Medford, Massachusetts, 11th February, 1802. One of the most earnest and successful advocates of the anti-slavery cause, and the author of numerous tales and sketches. Her chief works are: *Hobomok*, a tale of early times; *The Rebels*; *The Frugal Housewife*; *The History of Woman*; *Biographies of Good Wives*; *Philothea*, a novel; *Looking Towards Sunset*; and numerous works on the slave question.*]

In ancient times two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, the other dwarfish, dark-coloured, and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marian hated Rose, because she was handsome, and everybody praised her. She scowled and her face absolutely grew black when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it into the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it, but she did not scold or strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighbourhood disliked Marion; and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scots used to be a very superstitious people, and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the Queen of the Fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day when she had grown

tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the Queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.¹ Marion often asked questions about this story, but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "Oh how much that looks like fairyland!" But when asked what she knew about fairyland, she blushed and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain!"

One summer's noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with a sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around between the opal pillars stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted up by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point. And thus she sung:—

"The Fairy Queen
 Hath rarely seen
 Creature of earthly mould,
 Within her door,
 On pearly floor,
 Inlaid with shining gold.
 Mortal, all thou see'st is fair,
 Quick thy purposes declare!"

As she concluded, the song was taken up and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon,

¹ There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the Queen of the Fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, "Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?" The Queen smiled: "I will grant your request," she said, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose. Marion eagerly promised that she would. "The Immortal Fountain," replied the Queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands; none can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now: for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister—at the end of that time come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry, and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression; but she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence. The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The Queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honey-comb and deposited it on the small rose-coloured shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullo and the lantern-fly stood at her side to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the Queen's attendants vanished away, singing as they went—

"The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold."

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the Queen. "I have," replied the maiden. "Then follow me." Marion did as she was directed, and away they went, over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds

warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed to bar the ascent. The Queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went, and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed. "Here," said the Queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you shall have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month do by your sister in all respects as you would wish to have her do by you, were you Rose and she Marion." Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking, but when Rose asked for any of her playthings she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along; when Rose talked to her she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is good and amiable." "So do I," and "So do I," said a dozen voices. Marion blushed, and her eye sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on; the path grew steeper and steeper, but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen. "Here we must pause," said the Queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass." "Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the Queen. "Am I not very pure?" said Marion; "all the folks at the Castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the Queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home—for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The Queen did not smile when she saw her, but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away as they approached, but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the Queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim, and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the Queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings, and you must not wonder that it takes many years to drive them away."

Marion was sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty the Queen smiled, and touched her playfully with her wand, then led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached them, and they lowered their wands and sung as they flew away—

"Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,—
For such I ween
Is the will of our Queen—
Pass on! Pass on!"

And now every footstep was on flowers that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is

seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks; a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the Fairy Queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber-coloured waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"Oh let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the Queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the Queen. "Go home; for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in the fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she had wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,

"Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go bathe in the fountain,
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light,—
Go bathe in the fountain!"

Marion was about to plunge in, but the Queen touched her, saying, "Look into the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright colour shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the Queen. "True," replied the Queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and clean conscience are the only Immortal Fountain of Beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairyland, dis-

guised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto I begged the Queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face, and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

THE LOVERS.

[Robert Pollok, A.M., born at Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, 1799; died near Southampton, 15th September, 1827. Educated at the Glasgow University for the ministry; licensed to preach in 1827; but only appeared once in the pulpit. He died on his way to Italy in search of health. Besides his poem he wrote three tales of the Covenanters—*Helen of the Glen*; *The Persecuted Family*; and *Ralph Gemmell*. Professor Wilson said: "*The Course of Time* for so young a man was a vast achievement. . . . He had much to learn in composition, and, had he lived, would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there." The poem was received with remarkable favour here and in America. The seventy-eighth thousand was published by Blackwood in 1868. The following is from the fifth book.]

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fallows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon,
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy humble attitude she kneeled,

And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the Moon looked steadfastly; the Stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,
Glanced down, well-pleased; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayers sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for oftentimes Providence,
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still, the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blest the holy joy!

A QUESTION OF GRAVITY.

BY W. M. PRAED.

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph
of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest
of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of
reason is by its very definition the necessary
object of rational beings. Timid theologians
have trembled on the confines of some topics
which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical,
are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have forborne the search of the *æ plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is
the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the
indefinite increase of that metal might be the
unlimited multiplication of human evil: but
forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids

up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main-spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprang my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend, closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some re-

tired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious Heaven! imagine my horror and distress when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would that it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at!

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprang up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunoff;—the blow and the deep

intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank Heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd, looking upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I daresay was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burned my pump and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity which I have mentioned enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at last sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope; but when at last

I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprang into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her. The truth is, it did not escape the notice of the people that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was myself that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself by its means with gravity when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which

might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again the azote receded through the gauze and left the weightless oil. I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. What I feared came to pass: I was indicted as a sorcerer and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country.

At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview.

"Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of everything going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret."

I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor.

"Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art."

He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling, to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which

was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason:—If you hold an orange at its head and stalk by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognized the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learned on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased.

From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I

was between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support; I was therefore enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me I would leap up a perpendicular crag twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslav, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine, and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we

sailed for Azof; but when we came off the Straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgling in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minak. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus on improved principles to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation than of all mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded may be guessed from the recent errors in the almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

[William Shenstone, born at the Leasowes, Hales Owen, Shropshire, 1714; died there, 1763. His rural tastes rendered the gardens of the Leasowes even more famous than the proprietor's poetry. His poems chiefly relate to ideal shepherds, and are marked by many affectations; but *The Schoolmistress*, from which we quote, will preserve his memory by its simple fidelity to nature. Goldsmith said of it: "This poem is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which anyway approaches it in merit."]

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chanced to spy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'ed in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieve sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulses beat low,
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door impri'ning board is seen,
Lost weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noise intermix'd which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenements betray,
Where sits the dame, dignis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield

Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwinn'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit no flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same:
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's poole found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driv'n from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.

O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And in those elphins' ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest Lord! forfend thilk days should ere return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scotish stem,
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and liegest liege is plac'd,
 The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to decry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise,
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she aways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Yet nur'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless blasons here,
 And there a chancellour in embryo.
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
 Wistheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With bolst'rous revel rout and wild uproar;

A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies' bow'rs.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kear or of king.

AN ITALIAN LOVE-STORY.

BY SCIPIONE BARGAGLI.

Among other families, gentle ladies, that in times gone by are known to have ornamented our native city, one of the most noble, perhaps, was the Saracini; a house which still preserves unsullied its ancient worth and splendour. In the long list of names that constituted its different branches, we find mention of one Ippolito, the sole surviving heir of a distinguished cavalier. At the period we are about to refer to, he numbered no more than eighteen years, was extremely graceful and handsome in his person, of elevated mind and intellect, and much esteemed by his friends and fellow-citizens for the vivacity and courtesy of his manners. Now it fell out, as is most frequently the case with youths of a fine temperament, that he became deeply enamoured of one of the most beautiful and attractive girls in all the city, whose surpassing charms and accomplishments were celebrated wherever she had been seen. Her name was Gangenova, the youngest of three daughters left to the care of a widowed mother, the relict of Messer Reame Salimbeni, whose family ranked among the first in Sienna, for numerous services rendered to the republic in periods of the greatest peril, though now, along with its arms and palaces, become altogether extinct; nothing of its past grandeur remaining but the name. The delight of all her relations, as well as of the society in which she moved, it was no wonder then that the fair Gangenova should so far have enthralled the soul of young Ippolito, that, by frequent contemplation of her beauties and accomplishments, he resolved to run all hazards in order to win her love. Nor had he, in the few opportunities permitted him of conversing with her, any reason for despair, since he rightly interpreted the tones and looks with which she occasionally

addressed him. But in consequence of the very strict superintendence of her mother, which was exercised with greater severity over Gangenova than over her elder sisters, the interviews of the lovers were very rare; a system of intolerance so little in accordance with the open and ardent character of Ippolito, that, despising the very particular forms and ceremonies which it exacted, he was apt to grow impatient for the enjoyment of a more unconstrained society with the object he adored. With this view he made known his wishes to the young lady's mother, leaving the terms of their future union, in the most liberal manner, wholly to her, and beseeching her only to grant him a little more of the society of her he loved. What was his surprise to receive a direct refusal, on the ground that it was the lady's duty, as a mother, to attend first to the disposal of her two elder sisters! an answer that threw the young lover into a paroxysm of mingled rage and despair.

The grief of Gangenova was little less than his own, and her affection, gathering strength by opposition, was indulged with double freedom upon receiving the sanction of such an offer. Aware at the same time that her lover's conduct, in attempting to obtain an interview, added only to the jealous caution of her mother, she was at a loss in what way to proceed, being so closely watched as scarcely to be allowed to breathe the air, much less to partake of the innocent sports and amusements to which young persons of her age are attached. It was impossible, however, to preserve so strict a watch as to deprive them of all kind of mutual intelligence; and Ippolito became acquainted with her unhappy situation. She even entreated of him, in pity to her, that he would discontinue his assiduous attentions, and either absent himself, or feign absence, during a short period, from the city, as she grew fearful of the extremities to which her friends in their anger might proceed. At the same time, she besought him to consider this as a proof of regard, not of coldness or indifference, as she would ever endeavour to show herself grateful, and worthy of the high opinion that he had so kindly and nobly avowed for her.

These tidings served at once to increase the passion that Ippolito already entertained, and the unhappiness he felt in being the unwilling cause of the least portion of suffering to her he loved, when he felt as if he could gladly have sacrificed his life to her happiness and repose. Still he exulted in the idea that she returned his affection, and he tried to flatter himself with the prospect of brighter days to come.

And in order to convince her of the purity and disinterestedness of his attachment, he resolved, however difficult the task, to obey her wishes, and to leave for a while his native place, giving out that he was gone upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jacomo of Galicia. He was moreover desirous of thus proving the sincerity of the affection of her he loved, and of ascertaining whether her regard was likely to increase or diminish by distance; and with this view, having arranged his affairs, and bid adieu to all his friends, as if on the eve of a long voyage, he assumed his pilgrim's dress, and, to the surprise and grief of all his acquaintance, left the city. When the unhappy maiden heard of his departure, she shed many tears, regretting that she had ever proposed so harsh and trying an alternative, and upbraided herself as the sole cause of every sinister event that might chance to follow, never having imagined it possible that he would venture upon so painful and hazardous a journey. And in this she reasoned well, for when Ippolito had pursued his way until about sunset, he abandoned the great road, and, striking into one of the thickest woods near at hand, he there deposited his pilgrim's mantle, cowl, and staff; then retracing his steps in another dress, he entered, about the hour when the gates were closed, without observation, into Sienna. Proceeding direct to the abode of an old nurse, the only person whom he had admitted into his secret counsel, he there provided himself with everything requisite for his purpose.

Now near the church of San Lorenzo, was a little country seat, with a small orchard attached, belonging to Ippolito; both of which he had presented to his aged nurse, who, on her side, had always felt the same affection for him as for an only child. Next to this little tenement lay a spacious and beautiful garden, the property of the mother of the fair Gangenova, Ippolito's beloved mistress; and here with her daughters she was often accustomed to take the air, and enjoy the fragrance of the new-blown flowers. "Surely," thought the gentle and enamoured boy, "here at least we shall hardly be suspected; nobody will believe me bold enough to seek her under her mother's very wing; let us only find an opportunity of conversing with each other, and I cannot fail to discover some means of bringing our difficulties to a happy termination." And solely for this object did he keep himself concealed, like a bird that shuns the eye of day, within the bounds of his little cottage ground; never venturing forth except late in the evening, when, scaling a lofty wall, he descended into

the garden of his beloved Gangenova, and approached close under her chamber windows. Up the side of these there chanced to flourish a lofty and lovely mulberry-tree, one of whose spacious branches overshadowed the apartment in which she lay, and where her mother kept her, as being the youngest of her charges, constant company by night. Under its shade, likewise, Ippolito was wont to take his evening station, eager to avail himself of any opportunity of beholding or discovering himself to the object of his attachment. In this way he was soon convinced that the sole chance he had of profiting by his situation was about the hour of sunrise, when he observed the fair girl appear on the balcony overlooking the garden, on which were placed a number of beautiful plants, interspersed with lilies and violets, from which she would cull some of the sweetest to deck her lovely breast and hair. There too he observed her amuse herself with a pretty linnnet which had nested itself in the noble tree, and which, won by her sweet encouragement, would hop into the window and nestle in her bosom; and it was then his delight to watch her thousand gentle looks and motions, and to imagine how delicious it would be to appropriate to himself the whole of those kisses and caresses. Often had he been on the point of accosting her, however great the risk, when her mother, her sisters, or some one in attendance, suddenly appearing, would dash all his hopes, and compel him to be doubly cautious, lest a discovery should be the cause of fresh restraints over his beloved. He next resolved to avail himself of the assistance of his kind old nurse, who, under a variety of pretences, obtained admission into the mother's house, of which she took advantage to gain the ear of the young lady, and inform her of all that her lover had done for her sake; of his passionate attachment and devotion, so well worthy a return, and his extreme desire of beholding her once more. Finding her equally delighted and surprised with what she had already heard, the nurse ventured to reveal to Gangenova the place of her Ippolito's concealment; and the pleasure she experienced on finding that he was so near became almost too much for her to support. "Has he not, indeed, deserted me then? is he not really journeying far away, over seas, and in a foreign land, on my account? Oh, dear nurse, tell him that his image is engraven on my soul; that I am too blessed, too happy, and never more would give him reason to complain!" Upon hearing these words, the good old dame, thinking that she had happily succeeded in her mission, returned as fast as

she could, in order not to forget the least portion of the message, which she well knew would carry such joy to the soul of the young lover.

Ippolito preserved the utmost caution in his proceedings, and it was not long before fortune seemed to favour his wishes; for keeping watch one evening very assiduously, he saw the arrival of a messenger, bearing tidings that the wife of one of the old lady's brothers was taken suddenly ill, and entreated to see the mother of Gangenova without a moment's delay. She was thus compelled to set out, and leave her precious charge, for one night at least, to her own discretion; and Ippolito believed that he had at length an opportunity of convincing himself of the reality of his beloved girl's affection for him, by inducing her to embrace the long-wished occasion, and to secure their happiness by flying together, and uniting their fate in one. Fired with the hope, he hastened to his usual station, underneath the mulberry-tree that overspread her chamber windows; and in order better to attract her attention, he shook some of its boughs, imagining that her beloved bird, if nestling there, would fly to her, and by its little cries and flutterings, lead her to appear on the balcony. Not succeeding, however, in this, he hastily ascended the tree, when soon the affrighted bird, flying with timid cries into some neighbouring shrubs, uttered such loud and sorrowful tones as to startle the gentle girl out of her slumber, who fearing some sad accident had befallen it, hastily ran to the window. With a simple veil thrown over her neck and bosom, and her fine bright tresses carelessly yet gracefully arranged, she appeared in the eyes of her enchanted lover rather like a vision than a creature of mortal beauty, while a mingled look of anxiety and tenderness was impressed upon her countenance. Solicitous for the fate of her little companion, she cast her eyes eagerly on all sides, when, instead of her pretty linnnet, the accents of Ippolito, eager to dissipate her alarm, met her ears. The next moment she beheld him nearly at her side, and he succeeded almost in reaching her chamber window, while he attempted to prevent her crying out by addressing her in the lowest and sweetest tone: "Fear not, my gentle Gangenova; it is your Ippolito who speaks; fear not, either for yourself or your little favourite, for soon he will resume his blithesome notes, secure and happy as before. But mine, alas, how different a fate! though far more fond, a thousand times more passionately devoted to you, serving you so long and faithfully. Had you the heart then, my sweetest, to think I

was now taking my woful pilgrimage far from thee, through remote and strange parts; perhaps gone upon my everlasting journey? Oh, no, no, I knew you had not, and I have been near you day and night, ever since the period when I left my friends to go upon my feigned pilgrimage. For, alas, when I cannot turn my thoughts from you for a moment, how could I wilfully bend my steps another way? how could I find a moment's repose till I had laid my wearied limbs and my burdened heart as near you as I could possibly venture, without quite breaking upon your hallowed rest? Hath not our poor nurse told you all I have done and suffered for your sake; my lonely days, and sorrowing, yet delicious nights, passed amidst the scenes you have loved, among the very trees, and fruits, and flowers where you have wandered? nay, in these lofty and verdant branches, that so richly and beauteously overshadow the sanctuary of my love? Often have I seen you, at the glimpse of dawn, gathering flowers, or caressing your bird; yet venturing not to intrude, afraid of calling down still further anger from your jealous guardians upon your innocent head. But my fond and unceasing vows have wearied Heaven at last: your mother is gone, and the hour arrived that is to repay us for a world of anxiety and dread; the fear of losing thee, and all that promised to make life sweet to me. Yet our time is precious, and I came to gather from thine own lips that thou dost indeed honour me with thy love; that thou wilt deign to receive my plighted vows and loyalty unto death. And this I would entreat in the name of all my anguish, all my fears for thee; by the horror of a rival's arms; and by thine own surpassing beauties, that amidst all our city's charms, have alone succeeded in rivetting my enchanted sight. Yet I know how all unworthy I am; how much better and longer thou deservest to be sought ere won. Still thou knowest my whole life and bearing, though thou canst not form an idea of the sighs and tears I have poured for thee. Pity me then; and with pity let love and reason, let all the heavenly gifts you possess, plead in my favour, and induce you to receive me as your favoured and honoured lord."

Here he ceased, waiting with eager and trembling looks for a reply: while the beautiful Gangenova, overpowered on her side by a thousand wild and sweet emotions, was almost unable to articulate a word. Having descended into the balcony, on her sudden alarm, to recover her favourite bird, she had attempted, on first hearing Ippolito's voice, to fly; yet

surprise and terror chained her to the spot; for, having read the fabled metamorphoses of plants into mortals, and human beings into plants, on hearing a voice from the mulberry-tree her blood began to run cold, and her attempt to call out died away ere it passed her lips. Yet there was something in the tone that convinced her she need not fear, and gradually recovering her confidence, her heart seemed actually to swim in a tide of rapture, before her noble lover had concluded his passionate appeal. "Dear Ippolito," she at length replied, "it grieves me that we are so situated that it would be dangerous to tell all I have thought and felt since last we met and parted, much less the delight I have at finding you safe and near me once more. But, alas! this is no place for you; speed away, I beseech you, and think me neither hasty nor unkind, as indeed, I esteem all your love and goodness to me as tenderly as I ought. But I fear for you, my kind Ippolito, and I entreat you to bid me one adieu, and let me see you safely depart." At this moment hearing a noise in the antechamber, and fearful lest her sisters should approach, Gangenova hastily drew back, while Ippolito, imagining that it proceeded from her room, and hearing a rustling noise continue for some time, was seized with sudden suspicions of some rival being harboured there, either by her sisters or the fair Gangenova herself. Maddened by this idea he no longer remained master of himself, and in his attempt to reach her window from the tree, so as to obtain a view of what was passing, such was the hurry of his spirits, that, missing his footing, he fell to the ground.

Startled at the terrific sound, the fair girl again rushed forward, bending as far as possible over the balcony, and calling on the name of Ippolito in a subdued and gentle tone; but no longer did the sound reach his enraptured ear, where he lay deprived of sense upon the cold earth. Suspense and terror seized upon the heart of the tender girl when she received no answer; love urged her to afford him her immediate assistance, while fear of discovery restrained her steps. Unable, however, longer to control her fears for his safety, she hastily descended into the garden by a back staircase rarely made use of, having remained from ancient times as a retreat in seasons of trouble, and having its outlet at the extreme part of the garden. And there, alas! she found him stretched under the mulberry-tree, lying cold and pallid, apparently deprived not only of sense but of life itself.

Almost as insensible as he, she threw herself

at his side. Upon recovering her consciousness, showers of tears expressed the intensity of her sufferings; her cries would have moved rocks and beasts of prey to pity, such were the piteous tones in which these words were uttered: "Sweet heavens, what dreadful thing hath happened! What malignant star hath struck with death one of the best and noblest hearts that ever beat! O where is the soul that but now shone in thy face? Wretch that I am, shall I never behold it more! Art thou fled, for ever fled, sweet guardian of my honour, my love, and peace! But what will betide them now, when every tongue will be busy with my fame? Whither shall I turn for help, reduced to such sad extremities as I now am?" And while, abandoned to her woe, the hapless girl thus poured her lamentations to the night, she never ceased her endeavours to restore the object of them by every means in her power, rubbing his heart and temples, joining his hands and lips to her own, and trying to breathe her soul into his. Finding that he yet gave no signs of life, she sweetly folded him in her arms, and bathed his inanimate features with her tears. Ippolito's soul, just on the point of taking wing, seemed to welcome so much bliss; and suddenly recovering his suspended powers, he heard the sweet words she uttered, and found himself alive in her arms. It was then he felt himself amply repaid for all the trials he had undergone; the sweetness and ecstasy of the reward far surpassing all he had been able to conceive, in breathing his vows thus closely into her ear. The moment before she was about to transfix her breast with her lover's sword in a paroxysm of despair; the next she found herself pressed to his breathing bosom, receiving, as it were, the gift of two lives restored to her at once. For some time they both remained doubtful whether to believe that all was real, and gazed upon each other as if in a dream, until the fresh spirit of their joy being somewhat abated, they sat down by each other, side by side, with that serene and ineffable pleasure which the imagined certainty of their bliss inspired. But it was destined, alas, to be of short duration; a voice was heard calling upon the name of Gangenova, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, so that they were compelled to part almost without bidding each other adieu. The poor girl hastened trembling by the same path that she had left the house: she fancied, in the disorder of her spirits, that she suddenly heard the terrific howlings of wild beasts, accompanied by the most dismal screams and cries; and such was the impression they made

upon her imagination, just after having taken leave of Ippolito, as to deprive her of the power of motion. It was long before she recovered even strength enough to regain her apartment, and with panting breast and dishevelled hair, she threw herself upon the couch, still unable to banish the terrific ideas that haunted her imagination.

In the meanwhile the sisters of Gangenova, being likewise freed from the superintendence of their mother, had been innocently enjoying themselves in their chamber, frequently calling the fair girl by her name to come and join in their diversion. Paying little heed to her silence, they continued for some time to amuse themselves with their games, until one of them, by way of adding a little novelty to the scene, crept forward in the dark, intending to surprise her in her own room. Still receiving no reply, she ran for a light, and on returning found her sister stretched upon the bed, resembling rather a lifeless statue than a breathing human form. Calling her second sister in great alarm, they made eager inquiries into the cause of her agitation, feeling assured that something extraordinary must have happened. The poor girl was equally unwilling and unable to reply, and her sisters, in some anxiety, despatched a messenger for their mother, who lost no time in returning to resume her maternal charge. With a little more authority, she insisted upon knowing the cause of her alarm, and upbraided her sisters severely for not keeping a more vigilant watch. Gangenova declared herself quite unable to account for the manner in which she had been affected, and the others professed equal ignorance as to the cause of her indisposition. In this dilemma her mother had recourse to the advice of the most expert physicians the city had to boast, which brought no alleviation however to her daughter's alarming symptoms; not one of them being able to discover that her illness was owing to some sudden surprise, while she, far more jealous of her fair fame than of her life, concealed from every one the real cause of her sufferings. Growing rapidly worse, she became extremely anxious to behold once more her beloved Ippolito; and recollecting the old nurse, she instantly sent for her, entreating that she would, as soon as possible, acquaint him with her situation, and find some means by which they might at least meet to take an eternal farewell.

Upon receiving these sad tidings Ippolito grew deadly pale and trembled, though at the same moment he hastened to comply with her wishes. He assumed the dress of a poor

traveller, with a false beard, so as to render it almost impossible to recognize him, and set out to beg alms at several houses adjacent to that of his beloved. As he approached the latter, the lady of the mansion herself made her appearance, half wild and distracted at the situation of her loveliest daughter. Informed of the occasion of her grief, the wily pilgrim, availing himself of the circumstance, bade her not despair, as the power of the Lord was infinite, and his goodness equal to his power. Moreover, with his aid, he had himself become skilled in all the virtues of almost all the plants under the sun, and had devoted his knowledge of herbs and juices to the relief of his unhappy fellow-creatures, besides possessing secrets adapted to every species of disease. The poor credulous old lady raised her hands to heaven in gratitude upon hearing such consolatory words, vowed that he had been peculiarly sent by Providence, and insisted that he should be instantly introduced to her unhappy girl.

The moment Ippolito beheld her he perceived that the tidings he had received were indeed too true. So much was he shocked, that he could with difficulty support his character; more particularly when he saw, from the brightening features of his beloved, that she instantly recognized him. Taking, then, the hand of the suffering girl within his own, as if to feel how fast her life-blood ebbed, he begged her attendants to stand apart, while he proceeded to try his secret prayers and charms in his own way. Ippolito was thus enabled to learn the real source of her illness from her own lips. Beholding him with a mixture of tenderness and pity, that added momentary lustre to her dying charms, she attempted, in those low soft tones he so much loved, to infuse balm into his wounded spirit. Painfully sensible of the extent of his loss, Ippolito from very grief was unable to utter a word, much less to ask the needful questions of his beloved. Wildly pressing his hand, she besought him never to forget the tender love he had borne her, and which she had seldom been happy enough to tell him how warmly and deeply she returned. "For joyful, oh, very joyful, my Ippolito," she continued, "would my departure have been to me before now, had not solicitude for your fate detained me. As it is, I die content, nay grateful, for two unexpected benefits: the one to have seen you thus, to hear you, and to feel your hand in mine; and the other, to know that I lived, and that I died, beloved by my most noble and faithful-hearted Ippolito!"

It was now that the latter attempted to console and encourage her, declaring it would be his only pride to fulfil her wishes in the minutest point; but here his voice failing him, through his fast-coming tears and sobs, he laid his aching head down by the side of his beloved's, and there remaining for a short time, as he breathed forth a soul-distracting adieu; he raised it again painfully, passed his hand over his eyes, and looking his last look, left the apartment. He then joined her weeping mother, and so far from holding out any hope, he said that pity for the sad and dying state in which he had found the poor patient had drawn scalding tears from his eyes. And he had not long been gone, before the gentle spirit of his love, as if unable to continue longer without him, prepared to take wing, and in a few hours actually fled, as if to prepare in some happier scene a mansion of rest for their divided loves. For the wretched Ippolito, though able to bear up long enough to behold the beloved one consigned to earth, had no sooner witnessed all the virtues and charms he had so fondly esteemed and loved for ever entombed in the vault of the Salimbeni, than just as the ceremony was about to close, he fell dead at the foot of her marble monument. So strange and sudden an event threw the surrounding company, by whom it was regarded as little less than a miracle, into the utmost surprise and confusion, all of them believing that Ippolito Saracini was then on his way to the shrine of San Giacomo of Galicia. His unhappy parents hearing of this his untimely end, hastened to join their tears with those of the mother of the beauteous Gengenova, by whose side the faithful Ippolito was laid.

CHANGE.

Youth's fairy-land recedes, and year by year
 Less brightly do sweet memories to the soul
 Come o'er the widening interval so drear,
 Like gales o'er parched desert. The control
 Of after-customs in life's pilgrimage
 Takes from us, with the relish, the regret
 For what we deem'd we never should forget
 To love:—Then strangely in extremest age
 The early past appears, and all between
 Fades traceless from remembrance.—It is not,
 As some might deem, a mockery in our lot
 That thus we change, just o'er death close the scene.
 Oh, no! 'tis foretaste of the coming heav'n,
 Where more than youthful joy will unto man be giv'n.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF
CHIVALRY.

[Thomas Hood, born in London, 1798; died 3d May, 1845. Humourist and novelist. He began the business of life as clerk in a counting-house; then proceeded to learn the art of engraving under his uncle, Robert Sands; and finally he adopted the profession of letters. Frequent ill-health marred his prospects, although his works rapidly obtained the popularity which they still possess. A pension of £100 a year was offered to him by government when too late to be of service to him personally; but at his request it was continued to his wife. He was sometime editor of the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for one year of the *Gem*, an annual in which first appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. To *Punch*, amongst other valuable contributions, he gave *The Song of the Shirt*. His chief works are: *Odes and Addresses to Great People*; *Whims and Oddities*; *Hood's Own*; *Hood's Comic Miscellany*; *Up the Rhine*; *Tytney Hall*, a novel; *Our Family*, a novel, not completed, &c. "Hood's verse, whether serious or comic, was ever pregnant with materials for thought. Well may we say, in the words of Tennyson, 'Would he could have stayed with us!' for never could it be more truly recorded of any one that, 'he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.'"—D. M. Moir.]

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought—
Is now all over-cast!

Ay—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest,—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold king Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has pluck'd the plummy brow!
And none engage at Turneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Gfy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But "knights without a morn."

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick!
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
But only grow the small!

Our *Cressys* too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had,
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans;
Their hauberts—jerkins—buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of death, upon the shaft!

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,
Oh, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown!
A tilt! It is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance:
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *Casque* is out!

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
A while, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften,—
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin!

ORATORY.

[Henry, Lord Brougham, born at Edinburgh, 19th September, 1778; died at Cannes, 7th May, 1868. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* (1802); he distinguished himself at the bar—notably as the advocate of Queen Caroline; he won high repute in parliament; he became lord-chancellor in 1830; and he rendered important service to the cause of education by his share in the organization of mechanics' institutes, and in establishing the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. He wrote upon almost every subject, and wrote well. His *Works*, *Critical, Historical, Philosophical, Scientific, and Rhetorical*, have been published in ten volumes; and his *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review* have been issued in three volumes by Griffin & Co. The following extract is from his review of the works of Demosthenes, of which the French critic M. Villemain declared him to be "the best of modern interpreters." Brougham also wrote a novel, *Arthur Land*, which was not published until five years after his death.¹]

We must be permitted to dwell yet a little upon a topic, in itself truly inexhaustible—the prodigious merit of the immortal original (works of Demosthenes). And we pursue this course the rather in these times, when a corrupt or a careless eloquence so greatly abounds, that there are but few public speakers who give any attention to their art, excepting those who debase it by the ornaments of a most vicious taste. Not, indeed, that the two defects are often kept apart; for some men appear to bestow but little pains upon the preparation of the vilest composition that ever offended a classical ear, although it displays an endless variety of far-fetched thoughts, forced metaphors, unnatural expressions, and violent perversions of ordinary language;—in a word, it

is worthless without the poor merit of being elaborate; and affords a new instance how wide a departure may be made from nature with very little care, and how apt easy writing is to prove hard reading.

Among the sources of this corruption may clearly be distinguished as the most fruitful, the habit of extempore speaking, acquired rapidly by persons who frequent popular assemblies, and, beginning at the wrong end, attempt to speak before they have studied the art of oratory, or even duly stored their minds with the treasures of thought and of language, which can only be drawn from assiduous intercourse with the ancient and modern classics. The truth is, that a certain proficiency in public speaking may be attained with nearly infallible certainty by any person who chooses to give himself the trouble of frequently trying it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. Complete self-possession and perfect fluency are thus acquired, almost mechanically, and with little or no reference to the talents of him who becomes possessed of them. If he is a man of no capacity, his speeches will of course be very bad; but though he be a man of genius, they will not be eloquent. A sensible remark or a fine image may frequently occur; but the loose and slovenly and poor diction, the want of art in combining and disposing his ideas, the inability to bring out many of his thoughts, and the utter incompetency to present any of them in the best and most efficient form, will deprive such a speaker of all claims to the character of an orator, and reduce him to the level of an ordinary talker. The same man, had he never spoken in public, would have possessed the same powers of convincing or expounding, provided he were only called upon to exert them in conversation with one or two persons. Perhaps the habit of speaking may have taught him something of arrangement, and a few of the simplest methods of producing an impression; but beyond these first steps he cannot possibly proceed by this empirical process; and his diction is sure to be much worse than if he had never made the attempt—clumsy, redundant, incorrect, unlimited in quantity, but of no value. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth having.

It is a very common error to call this natural eloquence; it is the reverse; it is neither natural nor eloquence. A person under the influence of strong passions or feelings, and pouring forth all that fills his mind, produces a powerful effect on his hearers, and frequently attains, without any art, the highest beauties of rhetoric.

¹ A feeble denial of the authorship was raised in some quarters; but there appears to be little doubt that Brougham wrote the novel, although he kept it in manuscript whilst he lived.

The language of the passions flow easily; but it is concise and simple, and the opposite of that wordiness which we have been describing. The untaught speaker, who is also unpractised, and utters according to the dictates of his feelings, now and then succeeds perfectly; but, in those instances, he would not be the less successful for having studied the art; while that study would enable him to succeed equally in all that he delivers, and give him the same control over the feelings of others, whatever might be the state of his own. Herein, indeed, consists the value of the study; it enables a man to do at all times what nature only teaches upon rare occasions.

Now, we cannot imagine any better corrective to the faults of which we are complaining in the eloquence of modern times, than the habitual contemplation of those exquisite models which the ancients have left us; and especially the more chaste beauties of Greek composition. Its perfect success, both in moving the audience to whom it was addressed, and the readers in all ages who studied it, cannot be denied; its superiority to all that has ever been produced in other countries is confessed. There may be some use, therefore, in observing how certainly it was the result of intense labour—labour previously bestowed to acquire the power, and the utmost care used in almost every exercise of that power. Without somewhat both of this discipline and this sedulous attention, it would be as vain to think of emulating those divine originals, by dint of a habit of fluent speech attained through much careless practice, as to attempt painting like Raphael without having learned to draw, and by the help of some mechanical contrivance.

The extreme pains which the most illustrious of the Greeks bestowed upon their compositions, are evinced by all the accounts transmitted to us of the course of education deemed requisite to form an orator, and by the well-known anecdotes of the steps by which both Demosthenes, and, after his example, Cicero and some of his contemporaries, trained themselves to rhetorical habits. . . .

But let us come to Demosthenes himself. His extreme care in composing his orations is as well known as the sedulous discipline which he underwent to learn the art; and, notwithstanding the facility which he must have acquired, both by this preparation and by long and constant practice, he was averse, in an extraordinary degree, to extempore speaking. Plutarch relates this of him; and, notwithstanding the great excellence which is ascribed to his unpremeditated harangues in the same

passage, there may be some suspicion that his reluctance to "trust his success to fortune," affected his execution upon certain occasions—perhaps in the memorable debate with Philip, of which the orator's illustrious rival has left us so lively and so cutting a description. His anxiety in preparing may, however, be further estimated by the circumstance of his having left a collection of exordia, or introductions, almost resembling that "*volumen proœmiorum*," which we know Cicero to have kept ready by him, from the pleasant mistake that he committed in sending one to Atticus as the beginning of his treatise *De Gloria*, when he had before used it for the *Third Book of the Academic Questions*.¹ It may justly be conceived that Demosthenes was not likely to have a book of introductions, so unconnected with any particular subject as to be applicable to any speech. This rather befitted Sallust, or Cicero himself, than the close reasoning, business-like Athenian. Yet in whatever way we account for it, and though we suppose that most of the exordia in question were written in the prospect of making some particular speech, when time was wanting to compose the whole, the fact of fifty-six of these pieces remaining, only two or three of which exist in their connection with any of his known orations, seems to prove, incontestably, the laborious nature of the process by which he reached and kept his vast pre-eminence in eloquence. . . .

From the detailed examination into which we have entered of these repetitions, two conclusions may be drawn, both highly illustrative of the degree in which oratory among the Greeks was considered as an art demanding the utmost care, and calculated to exhibit the mere display of skill, as well as to attain more important objects. In the first place, we find that the greatest of all orators never regarded the composition of any sentence worthy of him to deliver, as a thing of easy execution. Practised, as he was, and able surely, if any man ever was, by his mastery over language, to pour out his ideas with facility, he elaborated every passage with almost equal care. Having the same ideas to express, he did not, like our easy and fluent moderns, clothe them in different language for the sake of variety; but reflecting that he had, upon the fullest deliberation, adopted one form of expression as the best, and because every other must needs be

¹ He tells him, as soon as he discovers the mistake, to cancel the exordium, and prefix another, which he sends, taken from the same collection.—*Ep. ad Att.* xvi. 6.

worse, he used it again without any change, unless further labour and more trials had enabled him in any particular to improve the workmanship. They who speak or write with little or no labour to themselves, and proportionably small satisfaction to others, would, in similar circumstances, find it far easier to compose anew, than to recollect or go back to what they had finished on a former occasion. Not so the mighty Athenian, whom we find never disdaining even to make use of half a sentence which he had once happily wrought, and treasured up as complete; nay, to draw part of a sentence from one quarter and part from another, applying them by some slight change to the new occasion, and perhaps adding some new member—thus presenting the whole, in its last form, made of portions fabricated at three different periods, several years asunder. Nothing can more strikingly demonstrate how difficult, in the eyes of the first of all orators and writers, that composition was, which so many speakers and authors, in all after ages, have thought the easiest part of their task.

But another inference may be drawn from the comparisons into which we have entered. If they prove the extreme pains taken by the orator, they illustrate as strikingly the delicate sense of rhetorical excellence in the Athenian audience; and seem even to show that they enjoyed a speech as modern assemblies do a theatrical exhibition, a fine drama or piece of music, which, far from losing by repetition, can only produce its full effect after a first, or even a second representation has made it thoroughly understood. It seems hardly possible, on any other supposition, to account for many of the repetitions in Demosthenes. A single sentence, or even a passage of some length, if it contained nothing very striking, might be given twice to a court or a popular assembly in modern times after no great interval of time; but who could now venture upon making a speech, about two-thirds of which had been spoken at different times, and nearly half of it upon one occasion the very year before? This would be impossible, how little soever there might be of bold figures, and other passages of striking effect. But we find Demosthenes repeating, almost word for word, some of his most striking passages—those which must have been universally known, and the recurrence of which might have been foreseen by the context. It seems to modern readers hardly possible to conceive that the functions of the critic thus performed by the Athenians should not have interfered with the capacity of actors or

judges, in which it was certainly the orator's business chiefly to address them; and that the warmth of feeling, arising from a sense of the reality of all they were hearing, should not sometimes have been cooled by the recollection of the very artificial display they were witnessing. Yet no fact in history is more unquestionable than the union of the two capacities in the Athenian audience—their exquisite discrimination and high relish of rhetorical beauties, with their susceptibility of the strongest emotions which the orator could desire to excite. The powers of the artist become, no doubt, all the more wonderful on this account; and no one can deny that he was an artist, and trusted as little to inspiration as Clairon and the other actors, of whose unconcern during the delivery of passages which were convulsing the audience so many striking anecdotes are preserved. In the whole range of criticism there is not, perhaps, a more sound remark than that of Quintilian, which has sometimes been deemed paradoxical, only because it is profound, in his celebrated comparison of the Greek and Roman masters—*Cura plus in illo, in hoc natura.*

PROGRESS.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"Give back my youth!" the poets cry,
 "Give back my youth!"—so say not I.
 Youth play'd its part with us; if we
 Are losers, should we gainers be
 By recommencing, with the same
 Conditions, all the finish'd game?
 If we see better now, we are
 Already winners just so far,—
 And merely ask to keep our winning.
 Wipe out loss, for a new beginning!
 This may come, in Heaven's good way,
 How, no mortal man shall say;
 But not by fresh-recover'd taste
 For sugar-plums, or valentines,
 Or conjuring back the brightest day
 Which gave its gift and therefore shines.
 Win or lose, possess or miss,
 There cannot be a weaker waste
 Of memory's privilege than this—
 To dwell among cast-off designs,
 Stages, larvae of yourself,
 And leave the true thing on the shelf.
 The Present-Future, wherewith blend
 Hours that hasten to their end.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[Samuel Richardson, born in Derbyshire, 1689; died in London, 4th July, 1761, and was buried in St. Bride's Church. He was the son of a joiner; his father intended him for the church, but finding the expense of education was too great, bound him apprentice to a printer in London. Having served his apprenticeship and worked several years as a journeyman, he set up as a master printer. His care and diligence earned success. He obtained the printing of the journals of the House of Commons; in 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company; and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which added much to his revenue. From his youth he had been an active letter-writer, and his services in that capacity had been frequently required by his friends of both sexes; in his business he found it useful to be able to oblige the book-sellers by writing for them prefaces and dedications. He was asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life." He gave them *Pamela*, which appeared in 1740—the author being then fifty years of age. The work was received with enthusiasm. Eight years afterwards he issued *Clarissa Harlowe*, and five years later (1753) the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*. "This last production," Scott says, "has neither the simplicity of the two first volumes of *Pamela*, nor the deep and overwhelming interest of the inimitable *Clarissa*, and must, considering it as a whole, be ranked considerably beneath both these works." "The publication of *Clarissa* (eight volumes) raised the fame of the author to the height. And high as his reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany." The work is still regarded as one of the most important contributions to English fiction.]

[Clarissa was a young lady of high Christian principle, beloved by everybody. Her grandfather had bequeathed to her his fortune; and her avaricious brother and sister, fearing that their uncles John and Anthony Harlowe might also make her their heirs, were ready to find any means of bringing her into disgrace. She was commanded to marry a man she could not like; she refused, and this was attributed to her preference for an unprincipled fellow, Lovelace. She had been induced to correspond with the latter in order to prevent an encounter between him and her brother. Lovelace persuaded her to grant him a private interview, and he then succeeded in abducting her. He conveyed her to a vicious house in London, and there, after every other means had failed, she was rendered insensible by means of drugs. On recovering, she escaped from the place to the house of an honest tradesman. On her way to church she was discovered by some of Lovelace's agents, who, thinking to oblige their master, caused her to be arrested on pretence of debt; but Lovelace obtained her release the moment this new cruelty became known to him. She returned to her lodgings to die. Her only sin

had been that of disobedience to her parents, but they would not hear her prayers for pardon and for a last blessing. Various circumstances rendered it impossible for her chief friend and correspondent, Miss Howe, to attend her, and she was therefore obliged to depend upon strangers. Whilst in the direst distress, her exalted ideas of virtue compelled her to refuse the hand of the man who had betrayed her, although his family joined their prayers to his that she would accept the only possible reparation for the wrong which had been done her. The writer of the following letters, Belford, had been a companion of Lovelace, but, impressed by the noble character of Clarissa, he had determined upon a new life. Colonel Morden, her cousin, had returned to England too late to save her.]

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NOON, July 21.

This morning I was admitted, as soon as I sent up my name, into the presence of the divine lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in spirits, though weak in person; and visibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith [the landlady] were with her; and accused her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herself too assiduously to her pen for her strength, having been up ever since five. She said she had rested better than she had done for many nights: she had found her spirits free, and her mind tolerably easy: and having, as she had reason to think, but a short time, and much to do in it, she must be a good housewife of her hours.

She had been writing, she said, a letter to her sister, but had not pleased herself in it: though she had made two or three essays: but that the last must go.

By hints I had dropped from time to time, she had reason, she said, to think that I knew everything that concerned her and her family; and if so, must be acquainted with the heavy curse her father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her prospects in this life, and that in a very short time; which gave her great apprehensions of the other part. She had been applying herself to her sister, to obtain a revocation of it. "I hope my father will revoke it," said she, "or I shall be very miserable—Yet" (and she gasped as she spoke, with apprehension)—"I am ready to tremble at what the answer may be; for my sister is hard-hearted."

I said something reflecting upon her friends; as to what they would deserve to be thought of, if the unmerited imprecation were not withdrawn—Upon which she took me up, and talked in such a dutiful manner of her parents as must doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of such a daughter.

She said, I must not blame her parents: it was her dear Miss Howe's fault to do so. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could set the best of parents (they had been to her, till she disobliged them) in a bad light, for resenting the rashness of a child from whose education they had reason to expect better fruits! There were some hard circumstances in her case, it was true; but my friend could tell me, that no one person, throughout the whole fatal transaction, had acted out of character but *herself*. She submitted therefore to the penalty she had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only that they would not inform themselves of some circumstances which would alleviate a little her misdeed; and that supposing her a more guilty creature than she was, they punished her without a hearing.

Lord!—*I was going to curse thee, Lovelace! How every instance of excellence, in this all-excelling creature, condemns thee;—thou wilt have reason to think thyself of all men the most accursed, if she die!*

I then besought her, while she was capable of such glorious instances of generosity and forgiveness, to extend her goodness to a man whose heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the study of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the subject became so particular. But she would not permit them to go. She told me that if after this time I was for entering with so much earnestness into a subject so very disagreeable to *her*, my visits must not be repeated. Nor was there occasion, she said, for my friendly offices in your favour; since she had begun to write her whole mind upon that subject to Miss Howe, in answer to letters from her, in which Miss Howe urged the same arguments, in compliment to the wishes of your noble and worthy relations.

"Meantime, you may let him know," said she, "that I reject him with my whole heart:—yet, that, although I say this with such a determination as shall leave no room for doubt, I say it not, however, with passion. On the contrary, tell him that I am trying to bring my mind into such a frame as to be able to pity him [poor perjured wretch! what has he

not to answer for!]; and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot forgive him too: and I hope," clasping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, "my dear earthly father will set me the example my Heavenly one has already set us all; and, by forgiving his fallen daughter, teach her to forgive the man, who then, I hope, will not have destroyed my eternal prospects, as he has my temporal!"

Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!—For I can go no farther.

You will imagine how affecting her noble speech and behaviour were to me at the time when the bare recollecting and transcribing them obliged me to drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was silent for a few moments. At last, "Matchless excellence! inimitable goodness!" I called her with a voice so accented, that I was half-ashamed of myself, as it was before the women. But who could stand such sublime generosity of soul in so young a creature, her loveliness giving grace to all she said? "Methinks," said I [and I really, in a manner involuntarily, bent my knee], "I have before me an angel indeed. I can hardly forbear prostration, and to beg your influence to draw me after you to the world you are aspiring to! Yet—but what shall I say?—only, dearest excellence, make me, in some small instances, serviceable to you, that I may (if I survive you) have the glory to think I was able to contribute to your satisfaction while among us."

Here I stopped. She was silent. I proceeded—"Have you no commission to employ me in; deserted as you are by all your friends; among strangers, though, I doubt not, worthy people? Cannot I be serviceable by message, by letter-writing, by attending personally, with either message or letter, your father, your uncles, your brother, your sister, Miss Howe, Lord M., or the ladies—his sisters? Any office to be employed to serve you, absolutely independent of my friend's wishes, or of my own wishes to oblige him? Think, madam, if I cannot?"

"I thank you, sir, very heartily I thank you: but in nothing that I can at present think of, or at least resolve upon, can you do me service. I will see what return the letter I have written will bring me. Till then—"

"My life and my fortune," interrupted I, "are devoted to your service. Permit me to observe, that here you are, without one natural friend; and (so much do I know of your

unhappy case) that you must be in a manner destitute of the means to *make* friends——"

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earnestness in her manner.

"I beg leave to proceed, madam; I have cast about twenty ways how to mention this before, but never dared till now. Suffer me, now that I have broken the ice, to tender myself as your *banker* only. I know you will not be obliged: you *need* not. You have sufficient of your own, if it were in your hands; and from *that*, whether you live or die, will I consent to be reimbursed. I do assure you that the unhappy man shall never know either my offer or *your* acceptance—Only permit me this small——"

And down behind her chair I dropped a bank-note of £100 which I had brought with me, intending somehow or other to leave it behind me: nor shouldst thou ever have known it, had she favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

"You give me great pain, Mr. Belford," said she, "by these instances of your humanity. And yet, considering the company I have seen you in, I am not sorry to find you capable of such. Methinks I am glad, for the sake of human nature, that there could be but one such man in the world, as he, you, and I know. But as to your kind offer, whatever it be, if you take it not up, you will greatly disturb me. I have no need of your kindness. I have effects enough, which I never can want, to supply my present occasions: and, if needful, can have recourse to Miss Howe. I have promised that I would—so, pray, sir, urge not upon me this favour. Take it up yourself. If you mean me peace and ease of mind, urge not this favour." And she spoke with impatience.

"I beg, madam, but one word——"

"Not one, sir, till you have taken back what you have let fall. I doubt not either the *honour* or the *kindness* of your offer; but you must not say one word more on this subject. I cannot bear it."

She was stooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and besought her to forgive me for a tender which, I saw, had been more discomposing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think that such a mind as hers should be distressed: since the want of the conveniences she was used to abound in might affect and disturb her in the divine course she was in.

"You are very kind to me, sir," said she, "and very favourable in your opinion of me. But I hope that I cannot now be easily put out

of my present course. My declining health will more and more confirm me in it. Those who arrested and confined me, no doubt thought they had fallen upon the ready method to distress me so as to bring me into all their measures. But I presume to hope that I have a mind that cannot be debased, in *essential instances*, by *temporal calamities*: little do those poor wretches know of the force of innate principles" ("forgive my own *implied* vanity," was her word), "who imagine that a prison, or penury, can being a right-turned mind to be guilty of a wilful baseness, in order to avoid such *short-lived evils*."

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity suitable to her words; and such as showed her to be more of soul than of body, at that instant.

What magnanimity!—No wonder a virtue so solidly founded could baffle all thy arts:—and that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accursed point) to have recourse to those unnatural ones which robbed her of her charming senses.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick especially; who said whisperingly to Mrs. Smith, "We have an angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. Smith!"

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel displeasure of her relations, as what I presumed lay nearest her heart, he had proposed to write himself, to acquaint her friends how ill she was, if she would not take it amiss.

It was kind in the *doctor*, she said: but begged that no step of that sort might be taken without her knowledge or consent. She would wait to see what effects her letter to her sister would have. All she had to hope for was, that her father would revoke his malediction, previous to the last blessing she should then implore: for the rest, her friends would think she could not suffer too much; and she was content to suffer: for now, nothing could happen that could make her wish to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, soon returning, asked if the lady and I would not dine with her that day; for it was her wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick, she said; and should have nobody else if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature sighed, and shook her head.—"*Wedding-day*," repeated she, "I wish you, Mrs. Smith, many happy wedding-days!—But you will excuse me."

Mr. Smith came up with the same request. They both applied to me.

On condition the *lady* would, I should make no scruple; and would suspend an engagement: which I actually had.

She then desired they would all sit down. "You have several times, Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your wishes that I would give you some little history of myself: now, if you are at leisure, that this gentleman, who, I have reason to believe, knows it all, is present, and can tell you if I give it justly or not, I will oblige your curiosity."

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, sat down; and she began an account of herself, which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly in her own words as I possibly can: for I know you will think it of importance to be apprised of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her sentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

"At first when I took these lodgings," said she, "I thought of staying but a short time in them; and so, Mrs. Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving any other account of myself than that I was a very unhappy young creature, seduced from good friends, and escaped from very vile wretches.

"This account I thought myself obliged to give, that you might the less wonder at seeing a young creature rushing through your shop into your back apartment, all trembling and out of breath; an ordinary garb over my own; craving lodging and protection; only giving my bare word, that you should be handsomely paid: all my effects contained in a pocket-handkerchief.

"My sudden absence for three days and nights together, when arrested, must still further surprise you: and although this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows more of the darker part of my story than I do myself, has informed you (as you, Mrs. Lovick, tell me) that I am only an *wahappy*, not a *guilty* creature; yet I think it incumbent upon me not to suffer honest minds to be in doubt about my character.

"You must know, then, that I have been in one instance (I had like to have said but in one instance; but that was a capital one) an undutiful child to the most indulgent of parents: for what some people call cruelty in them is owing but to the excess of their love, and to their disappointment, having had reason to expect better from me.

"I was visited (at first, with my friends' connivance) by a man of birth and fortune, but of worse principles, as it proved, than I believed any man could have. My brother, a very headstrong young man, was absent at that

time; and when he returned (from an old grudge, and knowing the gentleman, it is plain, better than I knew him) entirely disapproved of his visits: and, having a great sway in our family, brought other gentlemen to address me: and at last (several having been rejected) he introduced one extremely disagreeable: in every *indifferent* person's eyes disagreeable. I could not love him. They all joined to compel me to have him; a rencounter between the gentleman my friends were set against, and my brother, having confirmed them all his enemies.

"To be short; I was confined, and treated so very hardly that, in a rash fit, I appointed to go off with the man they hated. A wicked intention, you'll say! But I was greatly provoked; nevertheless I repented, and resolved not to go off with him: yet I did not mistrust his honour to me neither; nor his love; because nobody thought me unworthy of the latter, and my fortune was not to be despised. But foolishly (wickedly and contrivingly, as my friends still think, with a design, as they imagine, to abandon them) giving him a private meeting, I was tricked away: poorly enough tricked away, I must needs say; though others who had been first guilty of so rash a step as the meeting of him was, might have been so deceived and surprised as well as I.

"After remaining some time at a farmhouse in the country, and behaving to me all the time with honour, he brought me to handsome lodgings in town till still better provision could be made for me. But they proved to be (as he indeed knew and designed) at a vile, a very vile creature's; though it was long before I found her to be so, for I knew nothing of the town or its ways.

"There is no repeating what followed: such unprecedented vile arts!—For I gave him no opportunity to take me at any disreputable advantage."

And here (half covering her sweet face with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) she stopped.

Hastily, as if she would flee from the hateful remembrance, she resumed:—"I made escape afterwards from the abominable house in his absence, and came to yours: and this gentleman has almost prevailed on me to think that the ungrateful man did not connive at the vile arrest: which was made, no doubt, in order to get me once more to those wicked lodgings: for nothing do I owe them, except I were to pay them,"—[She sighed, and again wiped her charming eyes—adding in a softer, lower voice]—"for being ruined."

"Indeed, madam," said I, "guilty, abominably guilty, as he is in all the rest, he is innocent of this last wicked outrage."

"Well, and so I wish him to be.—That evil, heavy as it was, is one of the slightest evils I have suffered.—But hence you'll observe, Mrs. Lovick (for you seemed this morning curious to know if I were not a wife), that I *never was married*.—You, Mr. Belford, no doubt, knew before that I am no wife: and now I never will be one. Yet I bless God that I am not a guilty creature!

"As to my parentage, I am of no mean family; I have in my own right, by the intended favour of my grandfather, a fortune not contemptible: independent of my *father*, if I had pleased; but I never will please.

"My father is very rich. I went by another name when I came to you first: but that was to avoid being discovered to the perfidious man: who now engages, by this gentleman, not to molest me.

"My real name you now know to be Harlowe: *Clarissa Harlowe*. I am not yet twenty years of age.

"I have an excellent mother, as well as father; a woman of family, and fine sense—worthy of a better child!—They both doated upon me.

"I have two good uncles: men of great fortunes; jealous of the honour of their family, which I have wounded.

"I was the joy of their hearts; and, with theirs and my father's, I had three houses to call my own; for they used to have me with them by turns, and almost kindly to quarrel for me: so that I was two months in the year with the one; two months with the other; six months at my father's; and two at the houses of others of my dear friends, who thought themselves happy in me: and whenever I was at any one's, I was crowded upon with letters by all the rest, who longed for my return to them.

"In short, I was beloved by everybody. The poor—I used to make glad *their* hearts: I never shut my hand to any distress, wherever I was—But now I am poor myself!

"So, Mrs. Smith—so, Mrs. Lovick—I am not married. It is but just to tell you so. And I am now, as I ought to be, in a state of humiliation and penitence for the rash step which has been followed by so much evil. God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am endeavouring to bring my mind to forgive all the world, even the man who has ungratefully, and by dreadful perjuries [Poor wretch! he thought all his wickedness to be *wit!*], reduced to this

a young creature who had *his* happiness in her view, and in her *wish*, even beyond this life; and who was believed to be of rank, and fortune, and expectations, considerable enough to make it the *interest* of any gentleman in England to be faithful to his vows to her. But I cannot expect that my parents will forgive me: my refuge must be death; the most painful kind of which I would suffer rather than be the wife of one who could act by me as the man has acted upon whose birth, education, and honour, I had so much reason to found better expectations.

"I see," continued she, "that I, who once was every one's delight, am now the cause of grief to every one—You, that are strangers to me, are moved for me!—'Tis kind!—But 'tis time to stop.—Your compassionate hearts, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, are too much touched."—[For the women sobbed, and the man was also affected.]—"It is barbarous in me, with my woes, thus to sadden your wedding-day." Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith—"May you see many happy ones, honest, good couple!—How agreeable is it to see you both join so kindly to celebrate it, after many years are gone over you!—I once—But no more!—All my prospects of felicity, as to this life, are at an end. My hopes, like opening buds or blossoms in an over-forward spring, have been nipped by a severe frost!—blighted by an eastern wind!—But I can but *once die*; and if life be spared me but till I am discharged from a heavy malediction, which my father in his wrath laid upon me, and which is fulfilled literally in every article relating to this world; that, and a last blessing, are all I have to wish for; and death will be welcomer to me than rest to the most wearied traveller that ever reached his journey's end."

And then she sunk her head against the back of her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavoured to conceal her tears from us.

Not a soul of us could speak a word. Thy presence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us ashamed of a weakness which perhaps thou wilt deride *me* in particular for, when thou readest this!

She retired to her chamber soon after, and was forced, it seems, to lie down. We all went down together: and, for an hour and half, dwelt upon her praises; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expressing their astonishment that there could be a man in the world capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, such a lady; and repeating, that they had an angel in their house.—I thought

they had; and that as assuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily!—By my faith I do!—
Every hour I hate thee more than the former!
J. BELFORD.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman, whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I daresay, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and as thou usest to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woful scene that presented itself to me as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the woman since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow, her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me as soon as she saw me, "O! Mr. Belford," cried she, with folded hands—"the dear lady—" A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swollen with weeping (though used to such scenes as this), and she turned her eyes towards me as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on

my approach pronounced my name, "O! Mr. Belford," said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—"Now!—Now!" [in broken periods she spoke]—"I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all soon be over—A few—a very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!"

"Comfort here, sir,"—turning her head to the colonel—"Comfort my cousin—See! the blame—able kindness—He would not wish me to be happy—so soon!"

Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him: then resuming, "My dearest cousin," said she, "be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may *seem* to labour—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—The rest is worse to beholders than to me!—I am all blessed hope—Hope itself." She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, "Once more, my dear cousin," said she, but still in broken accents, "commend me most dutifully to my father and mother."—There she stopped. And then proceeding—"To my sister—to my brother—to my uncles—And tell them I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—Even for their displeasure, I bless them—Most happy has been to me my punishment *here!* Happy indeed!"

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, "*O death!*" said she, "*where is thy sting?*" [The words I remember to have heard in the burial service read over my uncle and poor Belton.] And after a pause—"It is good for me that I was afflicted!" Words of Scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—"O dear, dear gentlemen," said she, "you know not what *foretastes*—what *assurances*—" And there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me—"Do you, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him!—And I pray to God to forgive him!"—Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. "Let him know how happily I die:—and that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour."

She was again silent for a few moments: and then resuming—"My sight fails me!—Your voices only—" [for we both applauded

her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own:] "and the voice of grief is alike in all—is not this Mr. Morden's hand?" pressing one of his with that he had just let go.—"Which is Mr. Belford's?" holding out the other. I gave her mine. "God Almighty bless you both," said she, and make you both in your last hour—for you *must* come to this—happy as I am!"

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes, "And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—Nearer—still nearer—" drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—"God protect you, dear, dear sir—And once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—And tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—Tell them both that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—And pray God to give them happiness *here* for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown *hereafter*; and such assurances of it as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer."

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—"And you, Mr. Belford," pressing my hand, "may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors!—You see, in me, how all ends—*May you be*—" And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing: and she spoke faltering and inwardly—"Bless—bless—bless—you all—And—now—And now—" [holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time] "Come—O come—Blessed Lord—Jesus!"

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired:—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at

the instant; as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O, Lovelace!—But I can write no more.

I resume my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, though pulseless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other with intent to speak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cause affected both, we turned away silent.

The colonel sighed as if his heart would burst: at last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, "Good Heaven!" said he to himself, "support me!—And is it thus, O flower of nature!"—Then pausing—"And must we no more—*Never more!*—My blessed, blessed cousin!" uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himself—"Forgive me, sir!—Excuse me, Mr. Belford!" And, sliding by me, "Anon I hope to see you, sir."—And down stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a statue.

When I recovered I was ready to repine at what I *then* called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her every one less assured of happiness, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after six o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the blossom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years considered, has not left behind her her superior in extensive knowledge and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, sweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true Christian charity: and these all set off by the most graceful modesty and humility; yet on all proper occasions manifesting a noble presence of mind, and true magnanimity: so that she may be said to have been not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, through those calamities which in so short a space of time, from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her), brought her to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so *early*, so much to be

deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

ONE O'CLOCK FRIDAY MORNING.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F. J. DE LA TOUR, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., NEAR SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

SIR,

TRENT, DEC. 18, N.S.

I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready within a little distance a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other: and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that ever I beheld in men, stripped to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but before my chevalier could recover himself, the colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of

blood, the colonel said, "Sir, I believe you have enough."

My chevalier swore —— he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell, saying, "The luck is yours, sir—O my beloved Clarissa!—Now art thou—" Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French—"Ah, Monsieur! you are a dead man!—Call to God for mercy!"

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen, and they to the surgeons, who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The colonel, against the surgeon's advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman, and to accept of the remainder as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him Mr. Lovelace said, "You have well revenged the dear creature."

"I have, sir," said Mr. Morden: "and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey or disobey the dear angel."

"There is a fate in it!" replied my chevalier—"a cursed fate!—or this could not have been!—But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour."

"Sir," said the colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand), "snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God."

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to despatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair; and give you thanks in his name for all your favours and friendships to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *suffered much*, as well from his *impatience and disappointment*, as from his *wounds*; for he seemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, "Take her away! take her away!" but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound), calling her, "Sweet excellence! Divine creature! Fair sufferer!"—and once he said, "Look down, blessed spirit, look down!"—and there stopped—his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

"*Blessed*—" said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word "*blessed*:" then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: at last he distinctly pronounced these three words,

"LET THIS EXPIATE."

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused had he not been an Englishman of rank, a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government—for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the Catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God!

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

[Mark Akenside, M.D., born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 9th November, 1721; died in London, 23d June, 1770. Educated in Edinburgh and at Leyden. Whilst still a youth he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His principal poem, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, first appeared in 1744, and won for the author a distinguished position amongst the poets of the day. He wrote a number of odes and short pieces, the most notable of which are the lines, *To Curio*, a satire; *To the Country Gentlemen of England*; *Hymn to the Naiads*; and *The Cuckoo*. The Rev. Alexander Dyce said of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, from which our extract is taken—"If some passages are not lighted up with poetic fire, they glow with rhetorical beauty; while ingenious illustration and brilliant imagery enliven and adorn the whole."]

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of Nature, fair Imagination culls,
To charm the enlivened soul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. What'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken green
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partake
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,

¹ In private life Akenside's manners were somewhat stiff: "when he walked in the streets he looked for all the world like one of his own alexandrines set upright," was a saying of the actor Henderson. He disliked reference to his parentage, because his father was a butcher. Smollett took the poet as his model for the pedantic doctor, whose dinner after the manner of the ancients is so humorously described in *Peregrine Pickle*. See Casquet, page 96, vol. iii.

Becomes herself harmonious : wont so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair-inspired delight : her tempered powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mein.
 But if to ampler prospects—if to gaze
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that Eternal Majesty that weighed
 The world's foundations—if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
 And form to his, the relief of their souls.

THE DARIEN SCHEME.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Human character, whether national or individual, presents often to our calm consideration the strangest inconsistencies; but there are few more striking than that which Scotchmen exhibit in their private conduct, contrasted with their views when united together for any general or national purpose. In his own personal affairs the Scotchman is remarked as cautious, frugal, and prudent in an extreme degree, not generally aiming at enjoyment or relaxation till he has realized the means of indulgence, and studiously avoiding those temptations of pleasure to which men of other countries most readily give way. But when a number of Scotchmen associate for any speculative project, it would seem that their natural caution becomes thawed and dissolved by the union of their joint hopes, and that their imaginations are heated and influenced by any splendid prospect held out to them. They appear, in

particular, to lose the power of calculating and adapting their means to the end which they desire to accomplish, and are readily induced to aim at objects magnificent in themselves, but which they have not, unhappily, the wealth or strength necessary to attain. Thus the natives of Scotland are often found to attempt splendid designs, which, shipwrecked for want of the necessary expenditure, give foreigners occasion to smile at the great error, and equally great misfortune of the nation—I mean their pride and their poverty. There is no greater instance of this tendency to daring speculation, which rests at the bottom of the coldness and caution of the Scottish character, than the disastrous history of the Darien colony.

Paterson, a man of comprehensive views and great sagacity, was the parent and inventor of this memorable scheme. In youth he had been an adventurer in the West Indies, and it was said a *buccaneer*, that is, one of a species of adventurers nearly allied to pirates, who, consisting of different nations, and divided into various bands, made war on the Spanish commerce and settlements in the South seas, and among the West Indian islands. In this roving course of life Paterson had made himself intimately acquainted with the geography of South America, the produce of the country, the nature of its commerce, and the manner in which the Spaniards governed that extensive region.

On his return to Europe, however, the schemes which he had formed respecting the New World were laid aside for another project, fraught with the most mighty and important consequences. This was the plan of that great national establishment, the Bank of England, of which he had the honour to suggest the first idea. For a time he was admitted a director of that institution, but it befell Paterson as often happens to the first projectors of great schemes. Other persons, possessed of wealth and influence, interposed, and, taking advantage of the ideas of the obscure and unprotected stranger, made them their own by alterations and improvements more or less trivial, and finally elbowed the inventor out of all concern in the institution, the foundation of which he had laid.

Thus expelled from the Bank of England, Paterson turned his thoughts to the plan of settling a colony in America; a country so favoured in point of situation, that it seemed to him formed to be the site of the most flourishing commercial capital in the universe.

The two great continents of North and South America are joined together by an isthmus, or

narrow tract of land, called Darien. This neck of land is not above a day's journey in breadth, and as it is washed by the Atlantic Ocean on the eastern side, and the Great Pacific Ocean on the west, the isthmus seemed designed by nature as a common centre for the commerce of the world. Paterson ascertained, or at least alleged that he had ascertained, that the isthmus had never been the property of Spain, but was still possessed by the original natives, a tribe of fierce and warlike Indians, who made war on the Spaniards. According to the law of nations, therefore, any state had a right of forming a settlement in Darien, providing the consent of the Indians was first obtained; nor could their doing so be justly made subject of challenge even by Spain, so extravagantly jealous of all interference with her South American provinces. This plan of a settlement, with so many advantages to recommend it, was proposed by Paterson to the merchants of Hamburg, to the Dutch, and even to the Elector of Brandenburg; but it was coldly received by all these states.

The scheme was at length offered to the merchants of London, the only traders probably in the world who had the means of realizing the splendid visions of Paterson. But when the projector was in London, endeavouring to solicit attention to his plan, he became intimate with the celebrated Fletcher of Salton. This gentleman, one of the most accomplished men and best patriots whom Scotland has produced in any age, had, nevertheless, some notions of her interests which were more fanciful than real, and, anxious to do his country service, did not sufficiently consider the adequacy of the means by which her welfare was to be obtained. He was dazzled by the vision of opulence and grandeur which Paterson unfolded, and thought of nothing less than securing, for the benefit of Scotland alone, a scheme which promised to the state which should adopt it the keys, as it were, of the New World. The projector was easily persuaded to give his own country the benefit of his scheme of colonization, and went to Scotland along with Fletcher. Here the plan found general acceptance, and particularly with the Scottish administration, who were greatly embarrassed at the time by the warm prosecution of the affair of Glencoe, and who easily persuaded King William that some freedom and facilities of trade granted to the Scotch would divert the public attention from the investigation of a matter not very creditable to his majesty's reputation any more than to their own. Stair, in particular, a party deeply interested, gave

the Darien scheme the full support of his eloquence and interest, in hope to regain a part of his lost popularity.

The Scottish ministers obtained permission, accordingly, to grant such privileges of trade to the Scotch as might not be prejudicial to that of England. In June, 1695, these influential persons obtained a statute from Parliament, and afterwards a charter from the crown, for creating a corporate body, or stock company, by name of the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies and build forts in places not possessed by other European nations, the consent always of the inhabitants of the places where they settled being obtained.

The hopes entertained of the profits to arise from this speculation were in the last degree sanguine; not even the Solemn League and Covenant was signed with more eager enthusiasm. Almost every one who had or could command any sum of ready money, embarked it in the Indian and African Company; many subscribed their all; maidens threw in their portions, and widows whatever sums they could raise upon their dower, to be repaid an hundred fold by the golden shower which was to descend upon the subscribers. Some sold estates to vest the money in the Company's funds, and so eager was the spirit of speculation, that when eight hundred thousand pounds formed the whole circulating capital of Scotland, half of that sum was vested in the Darien stock.

But it was not the Scotch alone whose hopes were excited by the rich prospects held out to them. An offer being made by the managers of the Company to share the expected advantages of the scheme with English and foreign merchants, it was so eagerly grasped at, that three hundred thousand pounds of stock was subscribed for in London within nine days after opening the books. The merchants of Hamburg and of Holland subscribed two hundred thousand pounds.

Such was the hopeful state of the new Company's affairs, when the English jealousy of trade interfered to crush an adventure which seemed so promising. The idea which then and long afterwards prevailed in England, was that all profit was lost to the British empire which did not arise out of commerce exclusively English. The increase of trade in Scotland or Ireland they considered not as an addition to the general prosperity of the united nations, but as a positive loss to England. The commerce of Ireland they had long laid under severe shackles, to secure their own predominance; but it was not so easy to deal with Scot-

land, who had not only a separate legislature, but acknowledged no subordination or fealty to England, being to all effects a foreign country, though governed by the same king.

This new species of rivalry on the part of an old enemy was both irritating and alarming. The English had hitherto thought of the Scotch as a poor and fierce nation, who, in spite of fewer numbers and far inferior resources, was always ready to engage in war with her powerful neighbour; and it was embarrassing and provoking to find the same nation display, in spite of its proverbial caution, a hardy and ambitious spirit of emulating them in the paths of commerce.

These narrow-minded, unjust, and ungenerous apprehensions prevailed so widely throughout the English nation, that both Houses of Parliament joined in an address to the king, stating that the advantages given to the newly-erected Scottish Indian and African Company, would insure that kingdom so great a superiority over the English East India Company, that a great part of the stock and shipping of England would be transported to the north, and Scotland would become a free port for all East Indian commodities, which they would be able to furnish at a much cheaper rate than the English. By this means, it was said, England would lose all the advantages of an exclusive trade in the eastern commodities, which had always been a great article in her foreign commerce, and sustain infinite detriment in the sale of her domestic manufactures. The king, in his gracious answer to this address, acknowledged the justice of its statements, though as void of just policy as of grounds in public law. It bore, that "the king had been ill served in Scotland, but hoped some remedies might still be found to prevent the evils apprehended." To show that his resentment was serious against his Scottish ministers, King William deprived Stair of his office as secretary of state. Thus a statesman, who had retained his place in spite of the bloody deed of Glencoe, was deprived of it for attempting to serve his country by extending her trade and national importance.

The English Parliament persisted in the attempt to find remedies for the evils which they were pleased to apprehend from the Darien scheme, by appointing a committee of inquiry, with directions to summon before them such persons as had, by subscribing to the Company, given encouragement to the progress of an undertaking so fraught, as they alleged, with danger to the trade of England. These persons being called before Parliament, and men-

aced with impeachment, were compelled to renounce their connection with the undertaking, which was thus deprived of the aid of English subscriptions, to the amount, as already mentioned, of three hundred thousand pounds. Nay, so eager did the English Parliament show themselves in this matter, that they even extended their menace of impeachment to some native-born Scotchmen, who had offended the House by subscribing their own money to a Company formed in their own country and according to their own laws.

That this mode of destroying the funds of the concern might be yet more effectual, the weight of the king's influence with foreign states was employed to diminish the credit of the undertaking, and to intercept the subscriptions which had been thence obtained. For this purpose the English envoy at Hamburg was directed to transmit to the senate of that commercial city a remonstrance on the part of King William, accusing them of having encouraged the commissioners of the Darien Company; requesting them to desist from doing so; intimating that the plan, said to be fraught with many evils, had not the support of his majesty; and protesting that the refusal of the senate to withdraw their countenance from the scheme would threaten an interruption to the friendship which his majesty desired to cultivate with the good city of Hamburg. The senate returned to this application a spirited answer:—"The city of Hamburg," they said, "considered it as strange that the King of England should dictate to them, a free people, with whom they were to engage in commercial arrangements; and were yet more astonished to find themselves blamed for having entered into such engagements with a body of his own Scottish subjects, incorporated under a special act of Parliament." But as the menace of the envoy showed that the Darien Company must be thwarted in all its proceedings by the superior power of England, the prudent Hamburgers, ceasing to consider it as a hopeful speculation, finally withdrew their subscriptions. The Dutch, to whom William could more decidedly dictate, from his authority with the states of Holland as stadtholder, and who were jealous, besides, of the interference of the Scotch with their own East Indian trade, adopted a similar course without remonstrance; and thus the Company, deserted both by foreign and English associates, were crippled in their undertaking, and left to their own limited resources.

The managers of the scheme, supported by the general sense of the people of Scotland,

made warm remonstrances to King William on the hostile interference of his Hamburg envoy. In William's answer he was forced meanly to evade what he was resolved not to grant, and yet could not in equity refuse. "The king," it was promised, "would send instructions to his envoy not to make use of his majesty's name or authority for obstructing their engagements with the city of Hamburg." The Hamburgers, on the other hand, declared themselves ready to make good their subscriptions if they had any assurance from the King of England that in so doing they would be safe from his threatened resentment. But in spite of repeated promises, the envoy received no power to make such declaration. Thus the Darien Company lost the advantage of support to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds subscribed in Hamburg and Holland, and that by the personal and hostile interference of their own monarch, under whose charter they were embodied.

Scotland, left to her unassisted resources, would have acted with less spirit but more wisdom in renouncing her ambitious plan of colonization, sure as it now was to be thwarted by the hostile interference of her unfriendly neighbours. But those engaged in the scheme, comprising great part of the nation, could not be expected easily to renounce hopes which had been so highly excited, and enough remained of the proud and obstinate spirit with which their ancestors had maintained their independence to induce the Scotch, even when thrown back on their own limited means, to determine upon the establishment of their favourite settlement at Darien in spite of the desertion of their English and foreign subscribers, and in defiance of the invidious opposition of their powerful neighbours. They caught the spirit of their ancestors, who, after losing so many dreadful battles, were always found ready, with sword in hand, to dispute the next campaign.

The contributors were encouraged in this stubborn resolution by the flattering account which was given of the country to be colonized, in which every class of Scotchmen found something to flatter their hopes and to captivate their imagination. The description given of Darien by Paterson was partly derived from his own knowledge, partly from the report of buccaneers and adventurers, and the whole was exaggerated by the eloquence of an able man pleading in behalf of a favourite project.

The climate was represented as healthy and cool, the tropical heats being mitigated by the height of the country, and by the shade of extensive forests, which yet presented neither

thicket nor underwood, but would admit a horseman to gallop through them unimpeded. Those acquainted with trade were assured of the benefits of a safe and beautiful harbour, where the advantages of free commerce and universal toleration would attract traders from all the world, while the produce of China, Japan, the Spice Islands, and Eastern India, brought to the bay of Panama in the Pacific Ocean, might be transferred by a safe and easy route across the Isthmus to the new settlement, and exchanged for all the commodities of Europe. "Trade," said the commercial enthusiast, "will beget trade—money will beget money—the commercial world shall no longer want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. This door of the seas, and key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Caesar, without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the guilt and bloodshed of conquerors." To those more vulgar minds, who cannot separate the idea of wealth from the precious metals, the projector held out the prospect of golden mines. The hardy Highlanders, many of whom embarked in the undertaking, were to exchange their barren moors for extensive savannahs of the richest pasture, with some latent hopes of a craigh (or foray) upon Spaniards or Indians. The lowland laird was to barter his meagre heritage and oppressive feudal tenure for the free possession of unlimited tracts of ground, where the rich soil, three or four feet deep, would return the richest produce for the slightest cultivation. Allured by these hopes, many proprietors actually abandoned their inheritances, and many more sent their sons and near relations to realize their golden hopes, while the poor labourers, who desired no more than bread and freedom of conscience, shouldered their mattocks and followed their masters in the path of emigration.

Twelve hundred men, three hundred of whom were youths of the best Scottish families, embarked on board of five frigates, purchased at Hamburg for the service of the expedition; for the king refused the Company even the trifling accommodation of a ship of war which lay idle at Burntisland. They reached their destination in safety, and disembarked at a place called Acta, where, by cutting through a peninsula, they obtained a safe and insulated situation for a town called New Edinburgh, and a fort named Saint Andrew. With the same fond remembrance of their native land,

the colony itself was called Caledonia. They were favourably received by the native princes, from whom they purchased the land they required. The harbour, which was excellent, was proclaimed a free port; and in the outset the happiest results were expected from the settlement.

The arrival of the colonists took place in winter, when the air was cool and temperate; but with the summer returned the heat, and with the heat came the diseases of a tropical climate. Those who had reported so favourably of the climate of Darien had probably been persons who had only visited the coast during the healthy season, or mariners who, being chiefly on ship-board, find many situations healthy which prove pestilential to Europeans residing on shore. The health of the settlers, accustomed to a cold and mountainous country, gave way fast under the constant exhalations of the sultry climate, and even a more pressing danger arose from the want of food. The provisions which the colonists had brought from Scotland were expended, and the country afforded them only such supplies as could be procured by the precarious success of fishing and the chase.

This must have been foreseen; but it was never doubted that ample supplies would be procured from the English provinces in North America, which afforded superabundance of provisions, and from the West India colonies, which always possessed superfluities. It was here that the enmity of the king and the English nation met the unfortunate settlers most unexpectedly and most severely. In North America, and in the West India Islands, the most savage pirates and buccaneers, men who might be termed enemies to the human race, and had done deeds which seemed to exclude them from intercourse with mankind, had nevertheless found repeated refuge—had refitted their squadrons, and, supplied with every means of keeping the sea, had set sail in a condition to commit new murders and piracies. But no such relief was extended to the Scotch colonists at Darien, though acting under a charter from their sovereign, and establishing a peaceful colony according to the law of nations, and for the universal benefit of mankind.

The governors of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and New York published proclamations, setting forth, that whereas it had been signified to them (the governors) by the English secretary of state that his majesty was unacquainted with the purpose and design of the Scotch settlers at Darien (which was a positive falsehood), and that it was contrary to the peace entered

into with his majesty's allies (no European power having complained of it), and that the governors of the said colonies had been commanded not to afford them any assistance; therefore, they did strictly charge the colonists over whom they presided to hold no correspondence with the said Scots, and to give them no assistance of arms, ammunition, provisions, or any other necessary whatsoever, either by themselves or any others for them; as those transgressing the tenor of the proclamation would answer the breach of his majesty's commands at their highest peril.

These proclamations were strictly obeyed; and every species of relief, not only that which countrymen may claim of their fellow-subjects, and Christians of their fellow-Christians, but such as the vilest criminal has a right to demand, because still holding the same human shape with the community whose laws he has offended—the mere supply, namely, of sustenance, the meanest boon granted to the meanest beggar, was denied to the colonists of Darien.

Famine aided the diseases which swept them off in large numbers; and undoubtedly they who thus perished for want of the provisions for which they were willing to pay, were as much murdered by King William's government as if they had been shot in the snows of Glencoe. The various miseries of the colony became altogether intolerable, and after waiting for assistance eight months, by far the greater part of the adventurers having died, the miserable remainder abandoned the settlement.

Shortly after the departure of the first colony, another body of fifteen hundred men, who had been sent out from Scotland, arrived at Darien under the hope of finding their friends alive and the settlement prosperous. This reinforcement suffered by a bad passage, in which one of their ships was lost and several of their number died. They took possession of the deserted settlement with sad anticipations, and were not long in experiencing the same miseries which had destroyed and dispersed their predecessors. Two months after they were joined by Campbell of Finnab with a third body of three hundred men, chiefly from his own Highland estate, many of whom had served under him in Flanders, where he had acquired an honourable military reputation. It was time the colony should receive such support, for, in addition to their other difficulties, they were now threatened by the Spaniards.

Two years had elapsed since the colonization of Darien had become matter of public discussion, and notwithstanding their feverish jealousy of their South American settlements, the

Spaniards had not made any remonstrance against it. Nay, so close and intimate was the King of Spain's friendship with King William that it seems possible he might never have done so unless the colonists had been disowned by their sovereign as if they had been vagabonds and outlaws. But finding themselves so treated by their prince, the Spaniards felt themselves invited in a manner to attack them, and not only lodged a remonstrance against the settlement with the English cabinet, but seized one of the vessels wrecked on the coast, confiscated the ship, and made the crew prisoners. The Darien Company sent an address to the king by the hands of Lord Basil Hamilton, remonstrating against this injury; but William, who studied every means to discountenance the unfortunate scheme, refused, under the most frivolous pretexts, to receive the petition. This became so obvious that the young nobleman determined that the address should be received in season or out of season, and taking a public opportunity to approach the king as he was leaving the saloon of audience, he obtruded himself and the petition upon his notice, with more bluntness than ceremony. "That young man is too bold," said William; but, doing justice to Lord Basil's motive, he presently added, "if a man can be too bold in the cause of his country."

The fate of the colony now came to a crisis. The Spaniards had brought from the Pacific a force of sixteen hundred men, who were stationed at a place called Tubucantee, waiting the arrival of an armament of eleven ships with troops on board, destined to attack Fort Saint Andrew. Captain Campbell, who, by the unanimous consent of the settlers, was chosen to the supreme military command, marched against them with two hundred men, surprised and stormed their camp, and dispersed their army with considerable slaughter. But in returning from this successful expedition he had the mortification to learn that the Spanish ships had arrived before the harbour, disembarked their troops, and invested the place. A desperate defence was maintained for six weeks, until loss of men, want of ammunition, and the approach of famine, compelled the colonists to an honourable surrender. The survivors of this unhappy settlement were so few and so much exhausted, that they were unable to weigh the anchor of the vessel in which they were to leave the fatal shore, without assistance from the conquering Spaniards.

Thus ended the attempt of Darien, an enterprise splendid in itself, but injudicious, because far beyond the force of the adventurous little

nation by which it was undertaken. Paterson survived the disaster, and even when all was over endeavoured to revive the scheme by allowing the English three-fourths in a new stock company. But national animosities were too high to suffer his proposal to be listened to. He died at an advanced age, poor and neglected.

The failure of this favourite project, deep sorrow for the numbers who had fallen, many of whom were men of birth and blood, the regret for pecuniary losses, which threatened national bankruptcy, and indignation at the manner in which their charter had been disregarded, all at once agitated from one end to the other a kingdom, which is to a proverb proud, poor, and warm in their domestic attachments. Nothing could be heard throughout Scotland but the language of grief and of resentment. Indemnification, redress, revenge, were demanded by every mouth, and each hand seemed ready to vouch for the justice of the claim. For many years no such universal feeling had occupied the Scottish nation.

King William remained indifferent to all complaints of hardship and petitions of redress, unless when he showed himself irritated by the importunity of the supplicants, and hurt at being obliged to evade what it was impossible for him, with the least semblance of justice, to refuse. The motives of a prince, naturally just and equitable, and who, himself the president of a great trading nation, knew well the injustice which he was committing, seem to have been, first, a reluctance to disoblige the King of Spain, but secondly, and in a much greater degree, what William might esteem the political necessity of sacrificing the interests of Scotland to that of her jealous neighbours. But what is unjust can never be in a true sense necessary, and the sacrifice of principle to circumstances will, in every sense, and in all cases, be found as unwise as it is unworthy.

THE LIBRARY, BRIGHTON, 1799.

Two or three Novels, two or three Toys;
Two or three Misses, two or three Boys;
Two or three Aldermen reading Gazettes;
Two or three Lovers arranged in sets;
Two or three Ladies throwing the dice,
And two or three 'Squires promoting the vice;
Two or three Aristocrats, silent and proud;
Two or three Democrats, silly and loud;
Two or three Parsons as black as a crow;
Two or three Soldiers, more smart than a beau;
Two or three Brokers, all fresh from 'Change Alley;
Two or three Clerks, with their Susan and Sally;
Two or three Beauties, full-dressed for the season;
And as many Old Women dressed quite out of reason.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Although its features fade in light of unimagined bliss,
 We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.
 A little glimpse, when Spring unveils her face and opens her eyes,
 Of the Sleeping Beauty in the soul that wakes in Paradise.
 A little drop of Heaven in each diamond of the shower,
 A breath of the Eternal in the fragrance of each flower!
 A little low vibration in the warble of Night's bird,
 Of the praises and the music that shall be hereafter heard!
 A little whisper in the leaves that clap their hands and try
 To glad the heart of man, and lift to heaven his thankful eye!
 A little semblance mirror'd in old Ocean's smile or frown
 Of His vast glory who doth bow the heavens and come down!
 A little symbol shining through the worlds that move at rest
 On invisible foundations of the broad almighty breast!
 A little hint that stirs and thrills the wings we fold within,
 And tells of that full heaven *yonder* which must *here* begin!
 A little springlet welling from the fountain-head above,
 That takes its earthly way to find the ocean of all love!
 A little silver shiver in the ripple of the river
 Caught from the light that knows no night for ever and for ever!
 A little hidden likeness, often faded and defiled,
 Of the great, the good All-father, in His poorest human child!
 Although the best be lost in light of unimagined bliss,
 We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

A STUDENT'S LAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true,
 Who studied with me at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 My sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 She was the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, Law Professor at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in:
 Alas! Matilda then was true—
 At least I thought so, at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas, how swift ye flew,
 Her neat post-waggon trotting in:
 Ye bore Matilda from my view—
 Forlorn I languished at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
 This blood my veins are clotting in—
 My years are many—they were few,
 When first I entered at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
 That kings and priests are plotting in,
 Doomed here to starve on water gru-
 el, never shall I see the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

THE BANNOCK O' TOLLISHILL.

[John Mackay Wilson, born about 1800; died at Berwick-on-Tweed, 2d October, 1835. He was a printer, and his taste for literature enabled him to combine with his business the pleasures and pains of authorship. He became editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*, and afterwards originated the famous series of sketches and stories known as the *Tales of the Borders*. He wrote the greater part of the first volumes himself; but the remarkable success of the work soon enabled him to obtain the assistance of Hugh Miller, Professor Thomas Gillespie, Alexander Campbell, T. Martin, Alexander Leighton (the editor of the latest editions of the *Tales*), and others.]

"Every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill."—*Scottish Proverb*.

Belike, gentle reader, thou hast often heard the proverb quoted above, that "Every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill." The saying hath its origin in a romantic tradition of the Lammermoors, which I shall relate to thee. Tollishill is the name of a sheep-farm in Berwickshire, situated in the parish of Lauder. Formerly it was divided into three farms, which were occupied by different tenants; and, by way of distinguishing it from the others, that in which dwelt the subjects of our present story was generally called Midsaie, and our heroine obtained the appellation of Midsaie Maggy. Tollishill was the property of John, second Earl, and afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, a personage whose character posterity hath small cause to hold in veneration. Yet it is a black character, indeed, in which there is not to be found one streak of sunshine; and the story of the "Bannock of Tollishill" referreth to such a streak in the history of John, the Lord of Thirlestane.

Time hath numbered somewhat more than a hundred and ninety years since Thomas Hardie became tenant of the principal farm of Tollishill. Now, that the reader may picture Thomas Hardie as he was, and as tradition hath described him, he or she must imagine a tall, strong, and fresh-coloured man of fifty; a few hairs of gray mingling with his brown locks; a countenance expressive of much good-nature and some intelligence; while a Lowland bonnet was drawn over his brow. The other parts of his dress were of coarse, gray, homespun cloth, manufactured in Earliston: and across his shoulders, in summer as well as in winter, he wore the mountain plaid. His principles assimilated to those held by the men of the Covenant; but Thomas, though a native of the hills, was not without the worldly prudence

which is considered as being more immediately the characteristic of the buying and selling children of society. His landlord was no favourer of the Covenant; and, though Thomas wished well to the cause, he did not see the necessity for making his laird, the Lord of Lauderdale, his enemy for its sake. He, therefore, judged it wise to remain a neutral spectator of the religious and political struggles of the period.

But Thomas was a bachelor. Half a century had he been in the world, and the eyes of no woman had had power to throw a spark into his heart. In his single, solitary state he was happy, or he thought himself happy; and that is much the same thing. But an accident occurred which led him first to believe, and eventually to feel, that he was but a solitary and comfortless moorland farmer, toiling for he knew not what, and laying up treasure he knew not for whom. Yea, and while other had their wives spinning, carding, knitting, and smiling before them; and their bairns running, laughing, and sporting round about them, he was but a poor deserted creature, with nobody to care for, or to care for him. Every person had some object to strive for, and to make them strive, but Thomas Hardie; or to use his own words, he was "just in the situation o' a tewhit that has lost its mate—*te-wheel! te-wheel!*" he cried, flapping its wings impatiently and forlornly—and *te-wheel! te-wheel!* answered vacant echo frae the dreary glens."

Thomas had been to Morpeth disposing of a part of his hirsels, and he had found a much better market for them than he anticipated. He returned, therefore, with a heavy purse, which generally hath a tendency to create a light and merry heart; and he arrived at Westruther, and went into a hostel, where, three or four times in the year, he was in the habit of spending a cheerful evening with his friends. He had called for a quegh of the landlady's best, and he sat down at his ease with the liquor before him, for he had but a short way to travel. He also pulled out his tobacco-box and his pipe, and began to inhale the fumes of what, up to that period, was almost a forbidden weed. But we question much if the royal book of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, which he published against the use of tobacco, ever found its way into the Lammermoors, though the Indian weed did; therefore Thomas Hardie sat enjoying his glass and his pipe, unconscious or regardless of the fulminations which he, who was king in his boyhood, had published against the latter. But he had not sat long, when a

fair maiden, an acquaintance of "mine hostess," entered the hostelry, and began to assist her in the cutting out or fashioning of a crimson kirtle. Her voice fell upon the ears of Thomas like the "music of sweet sounds." He had never heard a voice before that not only fell softly on his ear, but left a lingering murmur in his heart. She, too, was a young thing of not more than eighteen. If ever hair might be called "gowden," it was hers. It was a light and shining bronze, where the prevalence of the golden hue gave a colour to the whole. Her face was a thing of beauty, over which health spread its roscate hue, yet softly, as though the westling winds had caused the leaves of the blushing rose to kiss her cheeks, and leave their delicate hues and impression behind them. She was of a middle stature, and her figure was such, although arrayed in homely garments, as would have commanded the worship of a connoisseur of grace and symmetry. But beyond all that kindled a flame within the hitherto obdurate heart of Thomas, was the witching influence of her smile. For a full hour he sat with his eyes fixed upon her; save at intervals, when he withdrew them to look into the unwonted agitation of his own breast, and examine the cause.

"Amongst the daughters of women," thought he unto himself—for he had a sprinkling of the language of the age about him—"none have I seen so beautiful. Her cheeks bloom bonnier than the heather on Tollishill, and her bosom seems soft as the new-shorn fleece. Her smile is like a blink o' sunshine, and would mak summer to those on whom it fell a' the year round."

He also discovered for the first time, that "Tollishill was a dull place, especially in the winter season." When, therefore, the fair damsel had arrayed the fashion of the kirtle and departed, without once having seemed to observe Thomas, he said unto the goodwife of the hostelry—"And wha, noo, if it be a fair question, may that bonnie lassie be?"

"She is indeed a bonnie lassie," answered the landlady, "and a guid lassie, too; and I hae nae doot but, as ye are a single man, Maister Hardie, yer question is fair enough. Her name is Margaret Lylestone, and she is the only bairn o' a puir infirm widow that cam to live here some twa or three years syne. They cam frae south owre some way, and I am sure they hae seen better days. We thoct at first that the auld woman had been a Catholic; but, I suppose, that isna the case, though they certainly are baith o' them strong Episcopawlians, and in nae way favourable to the preachers

or the word o' the Covenant; but I maun say for Maggie, that she is a bonnie, sweet-tempered, and obleegin lassie—though, puir thing, her mother has brocht her up in a wrang way."

Many days had not passed ere Thomas Hardie, arrayed in his Sunday habiliments, paid another visit to Westruther; and he cautiously asked of the goodwife of the hostel many questions concerning Margaret; and although she jeered him, and said that "Maggy would ne'er think o' a gray-haired carle like him," he brooded over the fond fancy; and although on this visit he saw her not, he returned to Tollishill thinking of her as his bride. It was a difficult thing for a man of fifty, who had been the companion of solitude from his youth upwards, and who had lived in single blessedness amidst the silence of the hills, without feeling the workings of the heart, or being subjected to the influence of its passions—I say, it was indeed difficult for such a one to declare, in the ear of a blooming maiden of eighteen, the tale of his first affections. But an opportunity arrived which enabled him to disembosom the burden that pressed upon his heart.

It has been mentioned that Margaret Lylestone and her mother were poor; and the latter, who had long been bowed down with infirmities, was supported by the industry of her daughter. They had also a cow, which was permitted to graze upon the hills without fee or reward; and with the milk which it produced, and the cheese they manufactured, together with the poor earnings of Margaret, positive want was long kept from them. But the old woman became more and more infirm—the hand of death seemed stretching over her. She required nourishment which Margaret could not procure for her; and that it might be procured—that her mother might live and not die—the fair maiden sent the cow to Kelso to be sold, from whence the seller was to bring with him the restoratives that her parent required.

Now, it so was that Thomas Hardie, the tenant of Tollishill, was in Kelso market when the cow of Widow Lylestone was offered for sale; and as it possessed the characteristic marks of a good milcher, he inquired to whom it belonged. On being answered, he turned round for a few moments, and stood thoughtful; but, again turning to the individual who had been intrusted to dispose of it, he inquired—

"And wherefore is she selling it?"

"Really, Maister Hardie," replied the other, "I could not positively say; but I hae little doot it is for want—absolute necessity. The

auld woman's very frail and very ill; I hae to tak a' sort o' things oot to her the nicht frae the doctor's, after selling the cow, and it's no in the power o' things that her dochter, industrious as she is, should be able to get them for her otherwise."

Thomas again turned aside, and drew his sleeve across his eyes. Having inquired the price sought for the cow, he handed the money to the seller, and gave the animal in charge to one of his herdsmen. He left the market earlier than usual, and directed his servant that the cow should be taken to Westruther.

It was drawing towards gloaming before Thomas approached the habitation of the widow; and, before he could summon courage to enter it for the first time, he sauntered for several minutes backward and forward on the moor, by the side of the Blackadder, which there silently wends its way as a dull and simple burn through the moss. He felt all the awkwardness of an old man struggling beneath the influence of a young feeling. He thought of what he should say, how he should act, and how he would be received. At length he had composed a short introductory and explanatory speech which pleased him. He thought it contained both feeling and delicacy (according to his notions of the latter) in their proper proportions, and after repeating it three or four times over by the side of the Blackadder, he proceeded towards the cottage, still repeating it to himself as he went. But, when he raised his hand and knocked at the door, his heart gave a similar knock upon his bosom, as though it mimicked him; and every idea, every word of the introductory speech, which he had studied and repeated again and again, short though it was, was knocked from his memory. The door was opened by Margaret, who invited him to enter. She was beautiful as when he first beheld her—he thought more beautiful—for she now spoke to him. Her mother sat in an arm-chair by the side of the peat-fire, and was supported by pillows. He took off his bonnet, and performed an awkward but his best salutation.

"I beg your pardon," said he hesitatingly, "for the liberty I have taken in calling upon you. But—I was in Kelso the day—and"—He paused, and turned his bonnet once or twice in his hands. "And," he resumed, "I observed, or rather I should say, I learned that ye intended to sell your cow; but I also heard that ye was very ill, and"—Here he made another pause. "I say I heard that ye was very ill, and I thocht it would be a hardship for ye to part wi' crummie, and especially at

a time when ye are sure to stand maist in need o' every help. So I bought the cow; but, as I say, it would be a very great hardship for ye to be without the milk, and what the cheese may bring, at a time like this; and therefore I hae ordered her to be brocht back to ye, and ane o' my men will bring her hame presently. Never consider the cow as mine, for a bachelor farmer like me can better afford to want the siller, than ye can to want yer cow; and I micht hae spent it far mair foolishly, and wi' less satisfaction. Indeed, if ye only but think that good I've dune, I'm mair than paid."

"Maister Hardie," said the widow, "what have I, a stranger widow woman, done to deserve this kindness at your hands? Or how is it in the power o' words for me to thank ye? He who provided for the widow and the fatherless will not permit you to go unrewarded, though I cannot. O Margaret, hinny," added she, "thank our benefactor as we ought to thank him, for I cannot."

Fair Margaret's thanks were a flood of tears.

"Oh, dinna greet!" said Thomas; "I would ten times ower rather no hae bocht the cow, but hae lost the siller, than I would hae been the cause o' a single tear rowin' doun yer bonnie cheeks."

"O, sir," answered the widow, "but they are tears o' gratitude that distress my bairn, and nae tears are mair precious."

I might tell how Thomas sat down by the peat-fire between the widow and her daughter, and how he took the hand of the latter, and entreated her to dry up her tears, saying that his chief happiness would be to be thought their friend, and to deserve their esteem. The cow was brought back to the widow's, and Thomas returned to Tollishill with his herdsman. But from that night he became almost a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Lylestone. He provided whatever she required—all that was ordered for her. He spoke not of love to Margaret; but he wooed her through his kindness to her mother. It was perhaps the most direct avenue to her affections. Yet it was not because Thomas thought so that he pursued this course, but because he wanted confidence to make his appeal in a manner more formal or direct.

The widow lingered many months; and all that lay within the power of human means he caused to be done for her, to restore her to health and strength, or at least to smoothen her dying pillow. But the last was all that could be done. Where death spreadeth the shadow of his wing, there is no escape from sinking beneath the baneful influence of its shade.

Mrs. Lylestone, finding that the hour of her departure drew near, took the hand of her benefactor, and when she had thanked him for all the kindness which he had shown towards her, she added—

"But, O sir, there is one thing that makes the hand of death heavy. When the sod is cauld upon my breast, who will look after my puir orphan—my bonny faitherless and motherless Margaret? Where will she find a hame?"

"O mem," said Thomas, "if the like o' me durst say it, she needna hae far to gang to find a hame and a heart too. Would she only be mine, I would be her protector—a' that I have should be hers."

A gleam of joy brightened in the eye of the dying widow.

"Margaret!" she exclaimed faintly; and Margaret laid her face upon the bed and wept. "O my bairn! my puir bairn!" continued her mother, "shall I see ye protected and provided for before I am 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' which canna be lang noo?"

Thomas groaned—tears glistened in his eyes—he held his breath in suspense. The moment of trial, of condemnation or acquittal, of happiness or misery, had arrived. With an eager impatience he waited to hear her answer. But Margaret's heart was prepared for his proposal. He had first touched it with gratitude—he had obtained her esteem; and where these sentiments prevail in the bosom of a woman whose affections have not been bestowed upon another, love is not far distant—if it be not between them, and a part of both.

"Did ever I disobey you, mother?" sobbed Margaret, raising her parent's hand to her lips.

"No, my bairn, no!" answered the widow. And raising herself in the bed, she took her daughter's hand and placed it in the hand of Thomas Hardie.

"Oh!" said he, "is this possible? Does my bonny Margaret really consent to make me the happiest man on earth? Shall I hae a gem at Tollishill that I wadna exchange for a monarch's diadem?"

It is sufficient to say that the young and lovely Margaret Lylestone became Mrs. Hardie of Tollishill; or, as she was generally called, "*Midside Maggie*." Her mother died within three months after their marriage, but died in peace, having, as she said, "seen her dear bairn blessed wi' a leal and a kind guidman, and ane that was weel to do."

For two years after their marriage, and not a happier couple than Thomas and Midside

Maggie was to be found on all the long Lammemoors, in the Merse, nor yet in the broad Lothiana. They saw the broom and the heather bloom in their season, and they heard the mavis sing before their dwelling; yea, they beheld the snow falling on the mountains, and the drift sweeping down the glens; but while the former delighted, the latter harmed them not, and from all they drew mutual joy and happiness. Thomas said that "Maggie was a matchless wife;" and she that "he was a kind, kind husband."

But the third winter was one of terror among the hills. It was near the new year; the snow began to fall on a Saturday, and when the following Friday came the storm had not ceased. It was accompanied by frost and a fierce wind, and the drift swept and whirled like awful pillars of alabaster down the hills, and along the glens—

"Sweeping the flocks and herds."

Fearful was the wrath of the tempest on the Lammemoors. Many farmers suffered severely, but none more severely than Thomas Hardie of Tollishill. Hundreds of his sheep had perished in a single night. Hewas brought from prosperity to the brink of adversity.

But another winter came round. It commenced with a severity scarce inferior to that which had preceded it, and again scores of his sheep were buried in the snow. But February had not passed, and scarce had the sun entered what is represented as the astronomical sign of the *two fish* in the heavens, when the genial influence of spring fell with almost summer warmth upon the earth. During the night the dews came heavily on the ground, and the sun sucked it up in a vapour. But the herbage grew rapidly, and the flocks ate of it greedily, and licked the dew ere the sun rose to dry it up. It brought the murrain amongst them; they died by hundreds; and those that even fattened, but did not die, no man would purchase; or, if purchased, it was only upon the understanding that the money should be returned if the animals were found unsound. These misfortunes were too much for Thomas Hardie. Within two years he found himself a ruined man. But he grieved not for the loss of his flocks, nor yet for his own sake, but for that of his fair young wife, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. Many, when they heard of his misfortunes, said that they were sorry for bonny Midside Maggie.

But, worst of all, the rent-day of Thomas Hardie drew near; and for the first time since he had held a farm, he was unable to meet his

landlord with his money in his hand. Margaret beheld the agony of his spirit, and she knew its cause. She put on her Sunday hood and kirtle; and professing to her husband that she wished to go to Lauder, she took her way to Thirlestane Castle, the residence of their proud landlord, before whom every tenant in arrear trembled. With a shaking hand she knocked at the hall door, and after much perseverance and entreaty, was admitted into the presence of the haughty earl. She curtailed low before him.

"Well, what want ye, my bonny lass?" said Lauderdale, eyeing her significantly.

"May it please yer lordship," replied Margaret, "I am the wife o' yer tenant, Thomas Hardie o' Tollishill; an' a guid tenant he has been to yer lordship for twenty years and mair, as yer lordship maun weel ken."

"He has been my tenant for more than twenty years, say ye?" interrupted Lauderdale; "and ye say ye are his wife: why, looking on thy bonny face, I should say that the heather hasna bloomed twenty times on the knowes o' Tollishill since thy mother bore thee. Yet ye say ye are his wife! Beshrew me, but Thomas Hardie is a man o' taste. Arena ye his daughter?"

"No, my lord; his first, his only, an' his lawfu' wife—an' I would only say, that to ye an' yer faither before ye, for mair than twenty years, he has paid his rent regularly an' faithfully; but the seasons hae visited us sairly, very sairly, for two years successively, my lord, an' the drift has destroyed, an' the rot rooted oot oor flocks, sae that we are hardly able to haud up oor heads among oor neebors, and to meet yer lordship at yer rent-day is oot o' oor power; therefore hae I come to ye to implore ye, that we may hae time to gather oor feet, an' to gie yer lordship an' every man his due, when it is in oor power."

"Hear me, guidwife," rejoined the earl; "were I to listen to such stories as yours, I might have every farmer's wife on my estates coming whimpering and whinging, till I was left to shake a purse with naething in't, and allowing others the benefit o' my lands. But it is not every day that a face like yours comes in the shape o' sorrow before me; and for ae kiss o' your cherry mou' (and ye may take my compliments to your auld man for his taste) ye shall have a discharge for your half-year's rent, and see if that may set your husband on his feet again."

"Na, yer lordship, na!" replied Margaret; "it would ill become ony woman in my situation in life, an' especially a married ane, to be

daffin with sic as yer lordship. I am the wife o' Thomas Hardie, wha is a guid guidman to me, an' I cam here this day to entreat ye to deal kindly wi' him in the day o' his misfortune."

"Troth," replied Lauderdale—who could feel the force of virtue in others, though he did not always practise it in his own person—"I hae heard o' the blossom o' Tollishill before, an' a bonny flower ye are to blossom in an auld man's bower; but I find ye modest as ye are bonny, an' upon one condition will I grant yer request. Ye hae tauld me o' yer hirsels being buried wi' the drift, an' that the snaw has covered the May primrose on Leader braes; now it is Martinmas, an' if in June ye bring me a snow-ball, not only shall ye be quit o' yer back rent, but ye shall sit free in Tollishill till Martinmas next. But see that in June ye bring me the snow-ball or the rent."

Margaret made her obeisance before the earl, and, thanking him, withdrew. But she feared the coming of June; for to raise the rent even then she well knew would be a thing impossible, and she thought also it would be equally so to preserve a snow-ball beneath the melting sun of June. Though young she had too much prudence and honesty to keep a secret from her husband; it was her maxim, and it was a good one, that "there ought to be no secrets between a man and his wife, which the one would conceal from the other." She therefore told him of her journey to Thirlestane, and of all that had passed between her and the earl. Thomas kissed her cheek, and called her his "bonny, artless Maggie;" but he had no more hope of seeing a snow-ball in June than she had, and he said, "the bargain was like the bargain o' a crafty Lauderdale."

Again the winter storms howled upon the Lammermoors, and the snow lay deep upon the hills. Thomas and his herdsmen were busied in exertions to preserve the remainder of his flocks; but one day, when the westling winds breathed with a thawing influence upon the snow-clad hills, Margaret went forth to where there was a small, deep, and shadowed ravine by the side of the Leader. In it the rivulet formed a pool, and seemed to sleep, and there the gray trout loved to lie at ease; for a high dark rock, over which the brushwood grew, overhung it, and the rays of the sun fell not upon it. In the rock, and near the side of the stream, was a deep cavity, and Margaret formed a snow-ball on the brae top, and she rolled it slowly down into the shadowed glen, till it attained the magnitude of an avalanche in miniature. She trode upon it, and

pressed it firmly together, till it obtained almost the hardness and consistency of ice. She rolled it far into the cavity, and blocked up the mouth of the aperture, so that neither light nor air might penetrate the strange coffer in which she had deposited the equally strange rent of Tollishill. Verily, common as ice-houses are in our day, let not Midside Maggie be deprived of the merit of their invention.

I have said that it was her maxim to keep no secret from her husband; but, as it is said, there is no rule without an exception, even so it was in the case of Margaret, and there was one secret which she communicated not to Thomas, and that was—the secret of the hidden snow-ball.

But June came, and Thomas Hardie was a sorrowful man. He had in no measure overcome the calamities of former seasons, and he was still unprepared with his rent. Margaret shared not his sorrow, but strove to cheer him, and said—

"We shall hae a snawba' in June, though I climb to the top o' Cheviot for it."

"O my bonny lassie," replied he—and he could see the summit of Cheviot from his farm—"dinna deceive yersel' wi' what could only be words spoken in jest; but, at ony rate, I perceive there has been nae snaw on Cheviot for a month past."

Now, not a week had passed, but Margaret had visited the aperture in the ravine, where the snow-ball was concealed, not through idle curiosity to perceive whether it had melted away, but more effectually to stop up every crevice that might have been made in the materials with which she had blocked up the mouth of the cavity.

But the third day of the dreadful month had not passed, when a messenger arrived at Tollishill from Thirlestane with the abrupt mandate—"June has come!"

"And we shall be at Thirlestane the morn," answered Margaret.

"O my doo," said Thomas, "what nonsense are ye talking!—that isna like ye, Margaret; I'll be in Greenlaw Jail the morn; and oor bits o' things in the hoose, and oor flocks will be seized by the harpies o' the law; and the only thing that distresses me is, what is to come o' you, hinny."

"Dinna dree the death ye'll never dee," said Margaret affectionately; "we shall see, if we be spared, what the morn will bring."

"The fortitude o' yer mind, Margaret," said Thomas, taking her hand; and he intended to have said more, to have finished a sentence in

admiration of her worth, but his heart filled, and he was silent.

On the following morning Margaret said unto him—

"Now, Thomas, if ye are ready, we'll gang to Thirlestane. It is aye waur to expect or think o' an evil than to face it."

"Margaret, dear," said he, "I canna comprehend ye—wherefore should I thrust my head into the lion's den? It will soon enough seek me in my path."

Nevertheless she said unto him, "Come," and bade him be of good heart; and he rose and accompanied her. But she conducted him to the deep ravine, where the waters seem to sleep and no sunbeam ever falls; and, as she removed the earth and the stones, with which she had blocked up the mouth of the cavity in the rock, he stood wondering. She entered the aperture, and rolled forth the firm mass of snow, which was yet too large to be lifted by hands. When Thomas saw this he smiled, and wept at the same instant, and he pressed his wife's cheek to his bosom, and said—

"Great has been the care o' my poor Margaret; but it is o' no avail; for though ye have proved mair than a match for the seasons, the proposal was but a jest o' Lauderdale."

"What is a man but his word?" replied Margaret; "and him a nobleman too."

"Nobility are but men," answered Thomas, "and seldom better men than ither folk. Believe me, if we were to gang afore him wi' a snawba' in oor hands, we should only get laughed at for our pains."

"It was his ain agreement," added she; "and, at ony rate, we can be naething the waur for seeing if he will abide by it."

Breaking the snowy mass she rolled up a portion of it in a napkin, and they went towards Thirlestane together; though often did Thomas stop by the way, and say—

"Margaret, dear, I'm perfectly ashamed to gang upon this business; as sure as I am standing here, as I have tauld ye, we will only get oorselves laughed at."

"I would rather be laughed at," added she, "than despised for breaking my word; and if oor laird break his noo, wha wadna despise him?"

Harmonious as their wedded life had hitherto been, there was what might well nigh be called bickerings between them on the road; for Thomas felt or believed that she was leading him on a fool's errand. But they arrived at the castle of Thirlestane, and were ushered into the mansion of its proud lord.

"Ha!" said the earl as they entered, "bonny

Midside Maggie and her auld guidman! Well, what bring ye?—the rents o' Tollishill, or their equivalent?" Thomas looked at his young wife, for he saw nothing to give him hope on the countenance of Lauderdale, and he thought that he pronounced the word "*equivalent*" with a sneer.

"I bring ye snaw in June, my lord," replied Margaret, "agreeably to the terms o' yer bargain; and I'm sorry, for your sake and oors, that it hasna yet been in oor power to bring gowd instead o't."

Loud laughed the earl as Margaret unrolled the huge snowball before him; and Thomas thought unto himself, "I said how it would be." But Lauderdale, calling for his writing materials, sat down and wrote, and he placed in the hands of Thomas a discharge, not only for his back rent, but for all that should otherwise be due at the ensuing Martinmas.

Thomas Hardie bowed and bowed again before the earl, low and yet lower, awkwardly and still more awkwardly; and he endeavoured to thank him, but his tongue faltered in the performance of its office. He could have taken his hand in his and wrung it fervently, leaving his fingers to express what his tongue could not; but his laird was an earl, and there was a necessary distance to be observed between an earl and a Lammermoor farmer.

"Thank not me, goodman," said Lauderdale, "but thank the modesty and discretion o' yer winsome wife."

Margaret was silent; but gratitude for the kindness which the earl had shown unto her husband and herself took deep root in her heart. Gratitude, indeed, formed the predominating principle in her character, and fitted her even for acts of heroism.

The unexpected and unwonted generosity of the earl had enabled Thomas Hardie to overcome the losses with which the fury of the seasons had overwhelmed him, and he prospered beyond any farmer on the hills. But, while he prospered, the Earl of Lauderdale, in his turn, was overtaken by adversity. The stormy times of the civil wars raged, and it is well known with what devotedness Lauderdale followed the fortunes of the king. When the Commonwealth began he was made prisoner, conveyed to London, and confined in the Tower. There nine years of captivity crept slowly and gloomily over him; but they neither taught him mercy to others, nor to moderate his ambition, as was manifested when power and prosperity again cast their beams upon him. But he now lingered in the Tower, without prospect or hope of release, living upon the

bare sustenance of a prisoner, while his tenants dwelt on his estates, and did as they pleased with his rents, as though they should not again behold the face of a landlord.

But Midside Maggie grieved for the fate of him whose generosity had brought prosperity, such as they had never known before, to herself and to her husband; and, in the fulness of her gratitude, she was ever planning schemes for his deliverance; and she urged upon her husband that it was their duty to attempt to deliver their benefactor from captivity, as he had delivered them from the iron grasp of ruin when misfortune lay heavily on them. Now, as duly as the rent-day came, from the Martinmas to which the snow-ball had been his discharge, Thomas Hardie faithfully and punctually locked away his rent to the last farthing, that he might deliver it into the hands of his laird, should he again be permitted to claim his own; but he saw not in what way they could attempt his deliverance, as his wife proposed.

"Thomas," said she, "there are ten lang years o' rent due, and we hae the siller locked away. It is o' nae use to us, for it isna oors; but it may be o' use to him. It would enable him to fare better in his prison, and maybe to put a handfu' o' gowd into the hands o' his keepers, and thereby to escape abroad, and it wad furnish him wi' the means o' living when he was abroad. Remember his kindness to us, and think that there is nae sin equal to the sin o' ingratitude."

"But," added Thomas, "in what way could we get the money to him? for, if we were to send it, it would never reach him, and, as a prisoner, he wouldna be allooted to receive it."

"Let us tak it to him oorsels, then," said Margaret.

"Tak it oorsels!" exclaimed Thomas in amazement, "a' the way to London! It is oot o' the question a'thegither, Margaret. We wad be robbed o' every plack before we got half-way; or if we were even there, hoo, in a' the world, do ye think we could get it to him, or that we would be allooted to see him?"

"Leave that to me," was her reply; "only say ye will gang, and a' that shall be accomplished. There is nae obstacle in the way but the want o' yer consent. But the debt, and the ingratitude o' it thegither, hang heavy upon my heart."

Thomas at length yielded to the importunities of his wife, and agreed that they should make a pilgrimage to London, to pay his rent to his captive laird; though how they were to carry the gold in safety through an unsettled

country, a distance of more than three hundred miles, was a difficulty he could not overcome. But Margaret removed his fears; she desired him to count out the gold, and place it before her; and when he had done so, she went to the meal-tub and took out a quantity of pease and of barley meal mixed, sufficient to knead a goodly fadge or bannock; and when she had kneaded it, and rolled it out, she took the golden pieces and pressed them into the paste of the embryo bannock, and again she doubled it together, and again rolled it out, and kneaded into it the remainder of the gold. She then fashioned it into a thick bannock, and placing it on the hearth, covered it with the red ashes of the peata.

Thomas sat marvelling, as the formation of the singular purse proceeded, and when he beheld the operation completed, and the bannock placed upon the hearth to bake, he only exclaimed, "Weel, woman's ingenuity dings a! I wadna hae thoct o' the like o' that, had I lived a thousand years! O Margaret, hinny, but ye are a strange ane."

"Hoots," replied she, "I'm sure ye might easily hae imagined that it was the safest plan we could hae thoct upon to carry the siller in safety; for, I am sure, there isna a thief between the Tweed and Lon'on toun that would covet or carry awa a bear bannock."

"Troth, my doo, and I believe ye're richt," replied Thomas; "but wha could hae thoct o' sic an expedient? Sure there never was a bannock baked like the bannock o' Tollishill."

On the third day after this, an old man and a fair lad, before the sun had yet risen, were observed crossing the English Border. They alternately carried a wallet across their shoulders, which contained a few articles of apparel and a bannock. They were dressed as shepherds, and passengers turned and gazed on them as they passed along; for the beauty of the youth's countenance excited their admiration. Never had Lowland bonnet covered so fair a brow. The elder stranger was Thomas Hardie, and the youth none other than his Midside Maggie.

I will not follow them through the stages of their long and weary journey, nor dwell upon the perils and adventures they encountered by the way. But on the third week after they had left Tollishill, and when they were beyond the town called Stevenage, and almost within sight of the metropolis, they were met by an elderly military-looking man, who, struck with the lovely countenance of the seeming youth, their dress, and way-worn appearance, ac-

costed them, saying, "Good morrow, strangers; ye seem to have travelled far. Is this fair youth your son, old man?"

"He is a gay sib freend," answered Thomas.

"And whence come ye?" continued the stranger.

"Frae Leader Haughs, on the bonny Borders o' the north countrie," replied Margaret.

"And whence go ye?" resumed the other.

"First tell me wha ye may be that are sae inquisitive, interrupted Thomas, in a tone which betrayed something like impatience.

"Some call me George Monk," replied the stranger mildly, "others Honest George. I am a general in the Parliamentary army." Thomas reverentially raised his hand to his bonnet, and bowed his head.

"Then pardon me, sir," added Margaret, "and if ye indeed be the guid and gallant general, sma' offence will ye tak at anything that may be said amiss by a country laddie. We are tenants o' the Lord o' Lauderdale, whom ye now keep in captivity; and though we mayna think as he thinks, yet we never faund him but a guid landlord; and little guid, in my opinion, it can do ony body to keep him, as he has been noo for nine years, caged up like a bird. Therefore, though oor ain business that has brocht us up to London should fail, I winna regret the journey, since it has afforded me an opportunity o' seeing yer Excellency, and soliciting yer interest, which maun be pooerfu', in behalf o' oor laird, and that ye would release him frae his prison; and, if he michtna remain in this countrie, obtain permission for him to gang abroad."

"Ye plead fairly and honestly for yer laird, fair youth," returned the general; "yet, though he is no man to be trusted, I needs say he hath had his portion of captivity measured out abundantly; and, since ye have minded me of him, ere a week go round I will think of what may be done for Lauderdale." Other questions were asked and answered—some truly, and some evasively; and Thomas and Margaret, blessing Honest George in their hearts, went on their way rejoicing at having met him.

On arriving in London she laid aside the shepherd's garb in which she had journeyed, and resumed her wonted apparel. On the second day after their arrival she went out upon Tower Hill, dressed as a Scottish peasant girl, with a basket on her arm; and in the basket were a few ballads, and the bannock of Tollishill. She affected silliness, and, acting the part of a wandering minstrel, went singing her ballads towards the gate of the Tower. Thomas followed her at a distance. Her ap-

pearance interested the guard; and as she stood singing before the gate—"What want ye, pretty face?" inquired the officer of the guard. "Your alms, if you please," said she, smiling innocently, "and to sing a bonny Scotch sang to the Laird o' Lauderdale."

The officer and the sentinels laughed; and, after she had sung them another song or two, she was permitted to enter the gate, and a soldier pointed out to her the room in which Lauderdale was confined. On arriving before the grated windows of his prison she raised her eyes towards them, and began to sing "*Leader Haughs*." The wild, sweet melody of his native land drew Lauderdale to the windows of his prison-house, and in the countenance of the minstrel he remembered the lovely features of Midside Maggie. He requested permission of the keeper that she should be admitted to his presence; and his request was complied with.

"Bless thee, sweet face!" said the earl, as she was admitted into his prison; "and you have not forgotten the snow-ball in June?" And he took her hand to raise it to his lips.

"Hooly, hooly, my guid lord," said she, withdrawing her hand; "my fingers were made for nae sic purpose—Thomas Hardie is here"—and she laid her hand upon her fair bosom; "though now standing without the yett o' the Tower." Lauderdale again wondered, and, with a look of mingled curiosity and confusion, inquired—"Wherefore do ye come; and why do ye seek me?" "I brocht ye a snaw-ba' before," said she, "for yer rent—I bring ye a bannock noo." And she took the bannock from the basket, and placed it before him.

"Woman," added he, "are ye really as demented as I thoct ye but feigned to be, when ye sang before the window."

"The proof o' the bannock," replied Margaret, "will be in the breakin' o't."

"Then, goodwife, it will not be easily proved," said he—and he took the bannock, and, with some difficulty, broke it over his knee; but when he beheld the golden coins that were kneaded through it, for the first, perhaps the last and only time in his existence, the Earl of Lauderdale burst into tears, and exclaimed—"Well, every bannock has its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill! Yet, kind as ye hae been, the gold is useless to ane that groans in hopeless captivity."

"Yours has been a long captivity," said Margaret; "but it is not hopeless; and if honest General Monk is to be trusted, from what he tauld me not three days by-gane, be-

fore a week gae roond ye will be at liberty to go abroad, and there the bannock o' Tollishill may be o' use."

The wonder of Lauderdale increased, and he replied—"Monk will keep his word; but what mean ye of him?"

And she related to him the interview they had had with the general by the way. Lauderdale took her hand, a ray of hope and joy spread over his face, and he added—

"Never shall ye rue the bakin' o' the bannock, if auld times come back again."

Margaret left the Tower singing as she had entered it, and joined her husband, whom she found leaning over the railing around the moat, and anxiously waiting her return. They spent a few days more in London, to rest and to gaze upon its wonders, and again set out upon their journey to Tollishill. General Monk remembered his promise; within a week the Earl of Lauderdale was liberated, with permission to go abroad, and there, as Margaret had intimated, he found the bannock of Tollishill of service.

A few more years passed round, during which old Thomas Hardie still prospered; but during those years the Commonwealth came to an end, the king was recalled, and with him, as one of his chief favourites, returned the Earl of Lauderdale. And when he arrived in Scotland clothed with power, whatever else he forgot, he remembered the bannock of Tollishill. Arrayed in what might have passed as royal state, and attended by fifty of his followers, he rode to the dwelling of Thomas Hardie and Midside Maggie; and when they came forth to meet him he dismounted, and drew forth a costly silver girdle of strange workmanship, and fastened it round her jimp waist, saying—"Wear this, for now it is my turn to be grateful, and for your husband's life, and your life, and the life of the generation after ye" (for they had children), "ye shall sit rent free on the lands ye now farm. For, truly, every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill."

Thomas and Margaret felt their hearts too full to express their thanks; and ere they could speak, the earl, mounting his horse, rode towards Thirlestane; and his followers, waving their bonnets, shouted—"Long live Midside Maggie, queen of Tollishill!"

Such is the story of "The Bannock o' Tollishill;" and it is only necessary to add, for the information of the curious, that I believe the silver girdle may be seen until this day, in the neighbourhood of Tollishill, and in the possession of a descendant of Midside Maggie, to whom it was given.

THE SHIPWRECK.

[William Falconer, born in Edinburgh, 11th February, 1732; lost at sea in the *Aurora* frigate, December, 1769. His father was a barber and wig-maker in the Netherbow, and afterwards a grocer, but always unfortunate in business. When about fourteen the poet was sent to sea. In 1750 he was second mate on board the *Britannia*, which, on the passage from Alexandria to Venice, was shipwrecked on the coast of Greece. Only three of the crew survived, of whom Falconer was one; and it was this incident which inspired his poem. He served some time as midshipman in the Royal Navy, then was appointed purser, and was engaged in that capacity in the *Aurora* when it was lost on the passage to India. The *Shipwreck* first appeared in 1762, and was received with high favour by the public. The most important of his other poems are: *The Demagogue*; *A Poem, sacred to the Memory of H.R.H. Frederic Prince of Wales*; *Ode on the Duke of York's Second Departure from England as Rear-admiral*; *To Miranda*; *The Fond Lover*; and *The Description of a Ninety-gun Ship*. The Rev. John Mitford, in his life of Falconer prefixed to the Aldine edition of the *Shipwreck*, says of that poem: "It is a singularly elegant production of a person who had received no education beyond the mere elements of language, and who was subsequently occupied in the severe duties and business of a seafaring life—equally without learning or leisure. The poetical powers of Falconer, in whatever rank they may be placed, were the gift of nature." Falconer compiled a valuable *Marine Dictionary* (1769).¹]

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And "Hard a starboard!" is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies;
Twelve sailors, on the fore-mast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow
Immages headlong in the wave below,
Down prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The fore-mast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, forested by the sea,
Hurts the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main top-mast by the cap away:
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
Through hostile floods, their vessel to regain;
Weak hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life though sinking in the grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,

¹It is said that Mr. Murray, founder of the famous publishing house, asked Falconer in 1768 to join him in the business. Mr. Murray wrote to him: "Many blockheads in the trade are making fortunes, and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves." It is not known why Falconer declined this advantageous offer.

O'erpowered they yield to cruel fate at length;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever numbered with the dead.

Those who remain the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case;
Transfixt with terror at the approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the refined blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels;
Begirt with all the horrors of the main
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain:
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the blest.

It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Leashed furious on by destiny severe:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain;
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain:
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
Even he had staggered at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore,
Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivalled strains, deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
While they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And preat the stony beach—a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, inclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind.
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs enfold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clenching joint adhere:
All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes.
And "Oh protect my wife and child!" he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
"Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart!
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy;
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost."
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurled on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed:
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more.

Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

TALES OF THE ARABIANS.

[Jean Charles Leonard Simonde de Siamondi, born at Genoa, 9th May, 1773; died 25th June, 1842. Historian and miscellaneous writer. His chief works are: *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe* (from which we quote), translated by Thomas Roscoe; *History of the Crusades against the Albigenses in the 13th Century*; *History of the French*; *The Battles of Cressy and Poitiers*; *Religious Opinions during the 19th Century*; *Julie Severe*, an historical novel, &c.]

If the eastern nations possess not the epic or the drama, they have been the inventors of a style of poetry which is related to the epic, and which supplies amongst them the place of the drama. We owe to them those tales of which the conception is so brilliant, and the imagination so rich and varied; tales which have been the delight of our infancy, and which at a more advanced age we never read without feeling their enchantment anew. Every one is acquainted with the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*; but, if we may believe the French translator, we do not possess the six-and-thirtieth part of the great Arabian collection. This prodigious collection is not confined merely to books, but forms the treasure of a numerous class of men and women, who, throughout the whole extent of the Mohammedan dominion, in Turkey, Persia, and even to the extremity of India, find a livelihood in reciting these tales

to crowds who delight to forget, in the pleasing dreams of imagination, the melancholy feelings of the present moment. In the coffee-houses of the Levant one of these men will gather a silent crowd around him. Sometimes he will excite terror or pity, but he more frequently pictures to his audience those brilliant and fantastic visions which are the patrimony of eastern imaginations. He will even occasionally provoke laughter, and the severe brows of the fierce Mussulmans will only unbend upon an occasion like this. This is the only exhibition of the kind in all the Levant, where these recitations supply the place of our dramatic representations. The public squares abound with these story-tellers, who fill up the heavy hours of the seraglio. The physicians frequently recommend them to their patients, in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep after long watchfulness; and these story-tellers, accustomed to sickness, modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently suspend them, as sleep steals over the sufferer.

The imagination of the Arabs, which shines in all its brilliancy in these tales, is easily distinguished from the imagination of the chivalric nations, though it is easy to perceive a certain resemblance between them. The supernatural world is the same in both, but the moral world is different.

The Arabian tales, like the romances of chivalry, convey us into the fairy-realms, but the human personages which they introduce are very dissimilar.

These tales had their birth, after the Arabians, yielding the empire of the sword to the Tartars, the Turks, and the Persians, had devoted themselves to commerce, literature, and the arts. We recognize in them the style of a mercantile people, as we do that of a warlike nation in the romances of chivalry. Riches and artificial luxuries dispute the palm with the splendid gifts of the fairies. The heroes unceasingly traverse distant realms, and the interests of merchandise excite their active curiosity, as much as the love of renown awakened the spirit of the ancient knights. Besides the female characters, we find in these tales only four distinct classes of persons—princes, merchants, monks or calenders, and slaves. Soldiers are scarcely ever introduced upon the stage. Valour and military achievements in these tales, as in the records of the East, inspire terror, and produce the most desolating effects, but excite no enthusiasm. There is, on this account, in the Arabian tales something less noble and heroic than we usually expect in compositions of this nature. But, on

the other hand, we must consider that these story-tellers are our masters in the art of producing, sustaining, and unceasingly varying the interest of this kind of fiction; that they are the creators of that brilliant mythology of fairies and genii, which extends the bounds of the world, multiplies the riches and strength of human nature, and which, without striking us with terror, carries us into the realms of marvels and of prodigies. It is from them that we have derived that intoxication of love, that tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and that reverential awe of women, by turns slaves and divinities, which have operated so powerfully on our chivalrous feelings. We trace their effects in all the literature of the south, which owes to this cause its mental character. Many of these tales had found their way into our poetical literature long before the translation of the *Arabian Nights*. Some of them are to be met with in our old Fabliaux, in Boccaccio, and in Ariosto; and these very tales which have charmed our infancy, passing from tongue to tongue, and from nation to nation, through channels frequently unknown, are now familiar to the memory, and form the delight of the imagination of half the inhabitants of the globe.

THE CHARM.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS.¹

When at Easter on thy lea
First thick-legged lamb thou see,—
If upon the greenwood side
Brock or crafty fox be spied,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the magpie, or the jay,
Or the lapwing cross thy way,
Or the raven from his oak
Ban thee hoarsely with his croak,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If when at the hearth thou sit
Spark from out the fire should fit,—
If, when wintry tempests beat,
Candle wear a winding sheet,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the wizard's ring appear
Round the moon, or if thou see her
Full or new,—or, worse mishap,
New with old upon her lap,
Goodman, turn thy money!

¹ *Brother Fabian's MS. and other Poems* (Macmillan & Co.)

If the salt thou chance to spill,
Token sure of coming ill,—
If thirteen sit down to sup,
And thou first have risen up,
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman true, wouldst fend thyself
From witchcraft and midnight elf?
Wouldst thou dree no fairy harm?
Keep in mind my simple charm,
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman, learn my charm and verse,
Learn to carry poke or purse!
And, that not in vain thou learn,
Somewhat keep therein to turn!—
Goodman, turn thy money!
Quoth Fabian.

A POPULAR AUTHOR'S MISERIES.

“—I'll print it,
And shame the rogues.”—*Pope*.

My friend Fosbrook,—Dick Fosbrook—for the abbreviation which his good-fellowship had won for him at Westminster and Cambridge did not desert him upon his entrance into the real man and woman world of society—was a very excellent personage. He was something more substantial than a mere “good fellow;” he was a well-informed, sensible man, with more originality of talent than a reserved disposition permitted to rise to the surface. His shyness at length took refuge behind a title-page; that which he found no courage to say, he resolved to write. “Some sin, his parents’ or his own,” indeed, had dipped him in ink very early in life; his infant elegy upon his mother’s favourite tabby had been wept over by every maiden aunt of the house of Fosbrook: his translations had been applauded by Busby; his prize-poems had been printed at Cambridge; he had lodged in the same house with Lord Byron; his grandmother was a Hayley; his bankers, Rogers, Towgood, & Co. Such a concatenation of impulses was irresistible, and Dick Fosbrook became an author! One fatal and highly unpoetical stumble befell him upon the very brink of Helicon. He married!—neither a muse, nor a Madame Dacier; but a very pretty girl,—reasonably rich, and unreasonably silly;—a professional alliance, however, for she was the daughter of a master in Chancery, and was already at the bar.

The duties of his legal vocation did not at present interfere with his homage to the Nine;

or, as his wife persisted in calling them, the foolish virgins. He wrote, he published, and wrote and published again; and if “the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes,” he was equally taciturn as to the amount of the printer’s bill, which he annually pocketed with a genuine Christmas groan! He flattered himself he wrote for immortality; that post-obit bond, the dishonouring of which falls so lightly on our feelings!—and his wife and her relations, who regarded authorship as a lawless and cabalistic calling, inimical to the interests of church and state, and an increasing family, exulted in the premature deaths which unfailingly awaited his literary progeny. I dined with him once or twice at this period of his domestic felicity and public misfortunes, and I never beheld a happier or more contented man; he laughed at my bad jokes upon withered laurels, and Lethe, and the stream of Time; he told me that the indulgent public was a dunce, “sans ears, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;” while his wife, half aside, whispered to me that the ingratitude of this senseless dunce had nearly alienated his mind from his former unprofitable studies.

“Sur ces entrefaites,” my own equally profitless pursuits led me to the Continent; and in the course of the three years I was vagabondizing through Italy, an incidental paragraph in Galignani’s Journal bore honourable mention of “Mr. Fosbrook, the popular author!” “Poor Dick!” said I, involuntarily, “no relation of thine, I fear!”

Yet ’twas the same—the very Dick I knew! One of his least meritorious works had made what is called a hit; he was now the “darling of the Muses;” and what is better still, of the booksellers; one of the literary ephemera, basking in the transient sunshine of modern fame.

Soon afterwards I landed at Dover, and after the due proportion of wrangling at the custom-house, and grumbling at the divers instalments of tough beef-steaks and muddy wine, where-with Messrs. Wright defy the patience of the returning exile, I arrived in town—heard the muffin-bell once more—that

“Squilla di lontano
Che paja ’l giorno pianger che si muore!”

—and deposited myself and my yellow valet, Gioacchino, in an hotel in Brook Street. The next day I wandered to my old club, which was grown as fine and uncomfortable as “Ninette à la cour;” heard my contemporaries observe, as they glanced towards a mirror, that I was miserably altered; lost my way in a wil-

derness of new streets, and my footing in a plunge through the puddles of a macadamized square; and just as I was recovering my equilibrium of body, if not of temper, I perceived a lank, rueful visage, gazing sympathizingly upon my mischance. 'Twas a strangely familiar face—'twas Fosbrook's; not Dick's, but the "popular author's!"

His dolorous physiognomy expanded into smiles on this unexpected recognition. He took my arm, and my way onwards, and we turned literally and figuratively to the passages of our youth, till he almost became Dick again by the force of reminiscence. Nay! had it not been for the deferential salutation of two wise men, two very learned pundits, and the raised hats of a bustling Westminster-ward Member or two, whom we met scuffling down Regent Street, his popularity and his authorship would have been forgotten between us. "Dine with me to-morrow," said he at parting, "we shall be alone, and can gossip over our Trinity days."

"With all my heart," I answered. "At five—in Gower Street?"

"No, no! at seven, in Curzon Street," but the words came not trippingly from his tongue.

The morrow came, and I was delighted to find that, among the various removes of the day, dear Old Bond Street had not changed its town residence, although "almost ashamed to know itself;" and as I re-paraded my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood, I was startled by the sight of poor Fosbrook's face frowning in all the panes of the print-shops. There, at least, he was no Dick of mine; for his worthy countenance was distorted into a most cynical sneer, and he looked as blue and yellow as an Edinburgh review. Rain came on, and I was driven to the cruel refuge of a morning-visit; when, having excused myself from an impromptu dinner invitation, through my "pre-engagement to my friend Mr. Fosbrook,"—"The popular author?"—I was amused to find that even to be his friend was a rising point in the thermometer of fashion; and my intervention was humbly prayed to render him my friend's friend too. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when I scarcely contrived to procure a third man to make up dummy whist with him; he was considered a chartered bore, by right divine, and according to the most approved authorities!

It was, however, with a feeling nearly amounting to respect for his new honours that I trod lightly upon the creaking step of my hackney-coach at the door of his new mansion, and was ushered by a sulky butler into a very literary-looking drawing-room. Over the marble sphinx-

ed chimney-piece hung a fine portrait of its master in oils, and by Lawrence! and over a buhl secretaire a spirited sketch by Hayter—being the original of the authorial print of the Bond Street windows. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when a paltry profile was the only copy of his countenance! Several proofs of splendid new engravings were "ordered to lie on the table," beside a few presentation copies of the latest works of the day. "Are they good for anything?" said I to Dick, who found me with a volume in my hands.

"I really cannot take upon me to say," he replied gravely, and with the air of a man who is afraid of committing himself. "One of the worst consequences of scribbling ourselves is, that we have no leisure to look over these light productions, which are sometimes far from unamusing?"

"We!"—thinks I to myself, editorial; while Richard (I will never Dick him any more) turned to the final page of the several works, and determined their length as the standard of their merits.

A very light production now entered the room—Mrs. Fosbrook; looking as dressy as the frontispiece of "*La Belle Assemblée*." But if her gown were *coulour de rose*, her brow was black as Erebus; the honours which had made him sad had made her cross. I did not care; I had never abbreviated *her* name; so as it was the May of a London summer, I turned for consolation towards a fire bright enough to roast St. Lawrence. This movement necessitated a glance towards the card-rack, and I observed that its prominent features were "At Homes" from L. House and D. House, and a "requests the honour" from the Dowager Lady C. "Ah! ah!" said I to myself, "your popular author is ever a diner out."

I trust my friend Fosbrook was an habitual one; or at least, that he did not affect to be "*L'Amphitryon ou l'on dine*." The solid joint and solid pudding of St. Pancras had been ill-exchanged, in his *menu*, for the unapproachable *filets* and *fricandeaux* of St. George's; and hot *sauterne* and iced *Lafitte* were abominable substitutes for the old Madeira and old port of old times. By the time the cloth and the lady were withdrawn I was as much out of humour as Mrs. Fosbrook with popular authorship. To judge by the lowering brow of my host, his feelings were turned to as doleful a key as my own. As we were *ille-à-ille*, I ventured an apostrophe to the memory of the Gower Street port; it was a fortunate digression; the butler was summoned; the cork squeaked beneath the screw, and Richard was himself again!

"You have an excellent house here, Fosbrook!"

"Why, yes;—the situation is good, and the distribution better; yet somehow or other, even in my perfection of a 'gentleman's room,' I always regret my Crusoe's cave in Gower Street. There I was never interrupted by importunate idlers; my books, ungilt and unprisoned behind the glittering wires of a library, came at my call; in short, I was able to read, and think, and write, as I liked."

"And as others liked," said I, courteously. "My return to England has discovered to me an old friend in the most popular author of the day."

Fosbrook literally shuddered at the word. "No more of that, an thou lovest me!" exclaimed he in a tone of acute sensibility. "Keep the name for the first dog you wish to see hanged."

"Pho! pho!" said I, "the mere cant of affected modesty! You have won your laurels bravely; do not wear them like a coward. They were long, it is true, in putting forth their verdant honours; but now it would seem as 'Birnam wood were come to Dunsinane.'"

Fosbrook shook his head despondingly; and his whole air was so completely that of Matthews' admirable hypochondriac, that, spite of myself, I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. By good luck it proved contagious, and having roared and shouted "à qui mieux mieux," a happy tone of confidence was immediately established between us.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," resumed Fosbrook, lowering his voice, "that I have led the life of a galley slave since I came to my title—"

"Title?"

"Of popular author! a title good for nothing but to expose one without redress to the insolence of every scribbler whose pen is the channel of his venom. No one presumes to insult a gentleman, or to tell a man that he is a fool; but a popular author is the property of the public—its goods, its chattels, its ox, its ass, its everything!—a culprit stuck up in the pillory of celebrity to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of the times."

"And yet I can remember your eyes being upturned towards the Temple of Fame, as a devotee gazes upon the sanctuary."

"Ay, ay; I looked at it through a telescope:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

and the farther the better! I had not then assumed the 'foolscap uniform turned up with ink; I had not donned the livery of the book-sellers to 'fetch and carry sing song up and

down!' I published, it is true—but what then? The ain lay dormant between you and me and the press! I lived secure from criticism—not a reptile of a magazine deigned to tickle me with its puny antennæ. My wife, however angry, borrowed no sarcasms from the leading reviews—'I found not Jeffrey's satire on her lips—I slept the next night well—was free—was happy.' On the strength of my uncut pages I passed for a literary man in my own select circle; my family took me for a genius, and my servants for a conjuror;—but now—my pages and myself are cut together."

"My dear Dick!" said I soothingly, for he had really talked himself into a fit of irritation, "remember how often and how philosophically you have declared yourself indifferent to the award of criticism."

"There you have me on the hip. My wife's family, and all the generation of bores at that, my former end of the town, are constantly reminding me that it is idle to value public opinion, since I have often proved to them that the world is an overgrown booby; to which I can only reply, like Benedict, that 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married.' When I wrote the public down an ass, I little expected to become a popular author!"

"But after all," I observed, "these are mere trivial vexations compared with the glories of the daily incense burned upon your altars—of the solid gains achieved by your exertions."

"I will show some of the daily incense," said Fosbrook, opening his pocket-book; "unfortunately it is made to be read first and burned afterwards. It is a paragraph from a morning paper."

"*Lege, Dick, lege.*"

"We copy the following interesting intelligence from the *Newcastle Mercury*:—'Mr. Fosbrook the popular author. We are happy to be the first to congratulate our townsmen upon the near and dear claim we can boast upon the parentage of this celebrated man. Richard Toppletoe, formerly a master tailor in North Lane, but at the period of his decease a much respected member of our corporation, proves to have been his maternal grandfather. Many still surviving among us retain a lively remembrance of the full-buckled flaxen wig and brocaded waistcoat of old Toppletoe; and there can be little doubt that from this eccentric knight of the shears Mr. Fosbrook derives much of his originality of mind, his baptismal name, and private fortune.'"

"Very provoking, certainly," said I, perceiving that some comment was unavoidable.

"Till I read that cursed paragraph," observed Fosbrook, "I had always believed and proclaimed myself to be of irreproachable descent, and the heir of an old Northumbrian family; had I never become a popular author I should have remained in ignorance that I had a Toppletoe for my mother! But listen to another of these precious bulletins of the state of my reputation.

"Bow Street. Mr. Fosbrook.—Another instance of the irregularities of genius came this morning before the attention of the bench. The above popular author, returning from a deep carouse with some brother wits—some choice spirits, who appear to have been partial to proof spirits—chancing to unite the rampart valour of Othello with the disastrous plight of Casio, fell into an outrageous affray with the guardians of the night—('Guardians! I wish they would make her a ward in Chancery!' ejaculated Dick)—and was at length victoriously lodged in the watchhouse. Our worthy chief magistrate considerably gave this delicate case a hearing in his private room; and after a few pertinent (*q. v.*) observations to the delinquent upon the respect due to public decency, even from the *genus irritabile*, he fined him five shillings, and dismissed him with costs; judging, probably, that Mr. Fosbrook had already received poetical justice in the shape of two black eyes."

"Very provoking," said I again. "And did you pass the night in the watchhouse?"

"Not I. I appeared before Sir Richard as a witness in favour of an Irish applewoman whom I had caught the parish beadle in the act of maltreating, by virtue of some Street Bill. Unfortunately, I was recognized by some dirty reporter, who doubled his morning's pay by compounding this scurrilous attack."

"But of course you remonstrated with the editor?"

"I did; and my very forbearing letter produced a second paragraph, headed 'Mr. Fosbrook. We are authorized by this gentleman to state that he did not appear before Sir Richard Birnie with two black eyes.'"

"Well, well!" said I, "these idle slanders, if they filch from you your good name, do not steal the trash from your purse. Think of the solid profits, my dear Dick."

"I do, and with regret; for they are all gone. Every poor relation (Toppletoes in particular), and every literary acquaintance I had in the world, gave me the preference of their first application for a loan, on the second edition of my last work; nor does there exist a literary institution, or an establishment for the

encouragement of the fine arts, for which my guineas have not been peremptorily claimed. Meanwhile, my law has long since left me in the lurch, and my father-in-law abhors me because I play shorta. He has persuaded my wife to send the boys to school lest I should undermine their morals, for the old gentleman holds that all modern authors are atheists."

"But what is become of your orthodox friend, the Dean of —?"

"We have not been on speaking terms these six months—he is persuaded he can detect my hand in the anatomization of his emancipation pamphlet in the new review."

"And Lorimer, our college chum?"

"Has basely deserted my cause; he goes about 'with his hand in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile,' whispering that I have been puffed beyond my strength; that I have no stamina for the tug of war, and shall run away, *à la* Goderich, at the first shot. All my old friends affect to suppose that I have risen above them; and since I have been noticed by half a dozen rhyming lords, my wife's relations say I am grown fine, and have given over inviting me; while Sophia, as if in retribution, will never visit half a mile from Russell Square—the land of ancestors! She is gone there to-night."

"Mrs. Fosbrook gone out!" I exclaimed.

"Then come with me to the opera; we shall be in time for Brocard."

"Willingly—I have a silver ticket."

We rose from table; the butler was hastily summoned, and entered with a huge and portentous packet in either hand. Dick broke the seal of the largest and read aloud—

"Albemarle Street.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to forward you the number of the — Review, which appeared this day, and which contains some strictures on your new work. Permit me to say that I consider them highly illiberal, and that I have always thought the editor an envious little man.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c."

"Don't read the article, my dear Dick. Pray don't. It will only make you bilious."

"I will not," he replied, resolutely tossing it aside. "Martin—call a coach."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the man, presenting the other pistol—packet I would say—"Mr. Colburn's printer has been waiting impatiently these two hours. He says it is the 24th of the month."

"The devil!" exclaimed the unhappy Fosbrook in dismay. "Well, my dear fellow, you must go and see Brocard without me; it is not the first time my patience has been 'put to the proof.'"

I left him alone with his glory; but sympathy forbade my attempting the opera. I

went home to bed, where, thanks to Dick's deplorable destiny, or deplorable claret, I had an excruciating nightmare;—and the most appalling vision suggested by its influence was, that I had attained to the honours of a popular author!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE LOVER REFUSED.

[Sir Thomas Wyatt, born at Allington Castle, Kent, 1503; died at Sherborn, 11th October, 1542. He is called the elder to distinguish him from his son of the same name who was involved in the rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary. He was sometime a favourite of Henry VIII., but was imprisoned on account of his friendship for Anne Boleyn. "He is reported to have occasioned the Reformation by a joke, and to have planned the fall of Cardinal Wolsey by a seasonable story." His latter years were passed in rural enjoyments at Allington Castle.]

The answer that you made to me, my dear,
When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,
Hath so appall'd my countenance, and my cheer,
That in this case I am all comfortless,
Since I of blame no cause can well express.

I have no wrong where I can claim no right,
Nought ta'en me from where I have nothing had,
Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite,
Namely since that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claim (I say) by former grant
That knoweth not of any grant at all;
And by desert, I dare well make a vaunt
Of faithful will, there is nowhere that shall
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good, then, call again that bitter word,
That touch'd your friend so near with plagues of pain,
And say, my dear, that it was said in bord.
Late or too soon, let it not rule the gain
Wherewith free-will doth true desert retain.

CONTRARIETIES OF LOVE.

I find no peace, and all my way is done;
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise,
And nought I have, and all the world I season,
That locks nor loatheth, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I 'scape no wise,
Nor lets me live, nor die at my device;
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tongue I plain,
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another and I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me, both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

A TALE OF THE OLD GORBALS.

[Alexander Whitelaw, born in Glasgow about 1796, died there in 1846. He was assistant to Dr. Robert Watt in the preparation of the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, and wrote a number of the lives in Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. He edited the *Casquet of Literary Gems* and the *Republic of Letters*—two admirable works which suggested the present compilation; *The Book of Scottish Song*—the most complete collection of Scottish songs yet published; and *The Book of Scottish Ballads*, which included the collections of Scott, Motherwell, Jamieson, and Peter Buchan. He was the author of *St. Kentigern*, a tale of the city of St. Mungo, and of many minor poems and prose sketches. Good taste and a sincere devotion to literature are apparent in his work; and he was amongst the first to recognize and to proclaim the genius of Wordsworth.]

The old barony of Gorbals, which now forms an important suburb of Glasgow, was in former times celebrated for its manufactory of swords, harquebusses, and other implements of war. People who could not command the real Ferraras were accustomed to uphold the blades of the Gorbals, as being little inferior to them in temper and delicacy of edge; and its harquebusses or hand-guns were on all hands admitted to equal those of Ghent, Milan, or Paris. Dim shadows of this ancient renown may be traced down even to the present day. Families still exist who through a long line of ancestry have figured as gunsmiths, cutlers, or turners; and it is a remarkable fact, that till about the beginning of this century the only individuals in the west of Scotland who manufactured guns were to be found in this old barony.

During the wars between England and Scotland, few places were busier or merrier than the Gorbals, or *Gorbells* as it was then called—a name perhaps derived in some way from *corbelle*, a term used in fortification and architecture. But at no time had it ever presented such an appearance of business and bustle as when the Regent Murray, in the year 1568, was lying at Glasgow with his forces, and news arrived of the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle. Night and day the smithy's furnace belched forth its sparkling smoke, and the cutler's wheel found no pause to its gyrations. The Laird of Elphinston was at that period Baron of the Gorbals, and formed one of the confederated lords who had compelled Mary to renounce her crown, and nominated Murray to the regency during the minority of her infant son. His castle or rather tower (which the modern Goths of the Gorbals first

converted into a police office and afterwards abandoned and dismantled) was situated in the heart of the village; and as it had a chapel attached to it, and numerous buildings belonging to the ecclesiastics,¹ he was able to accommodate a large proportion of the regent's followers. It was here, on the 12th of May, 1568, that the regent's army rendezvoused, and from this place it issued to meet and give battle to the queen's forces, who were, with their unfortunate lady, on their way to Dumbarton Castle. The queen's road from Hamilton to that stronghold passed through the village of Langeside, a place not two miles south from the Gorbals, and there Murray pitched his camp, with the resolution of disputing the passage. The result is well known. The queen's army was defeated, and she herself—obliged to flee—sought shelter and protection in England, where, to the everlasting infamy of her cousin Elizabeth, she only found a prison, an axe, and a block.

In Glasgow the sound of the cannon was distinctly heard, and from some of its elevations the movements even of the hostile armies were seen. Most of the people were of the reformed religion, and therefore in favour of the regent and his army; but still there were many hearts that sympathized with the cause of their young and beautiful queen, for, whatever wicked men may say, she had ever been gentle and generous to her people—no acts of oppression had stained her reign—and even in that which she held dearest—her religion—she had displayed more tolerance a thousand times than those who opposed her, and who boasted a purer faith. For two or three hours a dreadful anxiety prevailed as to the result of the contest, and rumours of every kind were afloat, till at first stragglers, and at length a portion of the regent's army, announced too truly that Mary Queen of Scotland was miserably defeated, and fleeing like a hunted deer before her savage subjects.

Though many wished such a result, there was little rejoicing over it; for however the queen's cause might be disliked while her fortunes were doubtful, now that she was driven to the wall and overtaken by calamity, old prejudices gave way to compassion, and all her grace and generosity—her youth, her beauty, and her accomplishments—her kind looks, words, and actions to high and low alike, even when insulted by rude and uncivil tongues, were remembered in her favour.

The women, especially, who are ever strong in gentle pity, and who judge of the right and wrong of a cause merely as it affects their own feelings, began to wail for their poor young queen, and some of them hesitated not to use the privilege of their tongues in attacking her triumphant enemies. As party after party of the regent's army returned to the Gorbals—some of them wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes—they were saluted by such exclamations as these:

"Hech, sirs! hech, sirs! bonny wark ye've been at, nae doubt, and manly—chasing out o' the kingdom a poor bit lassie, that was just owre gude for ye—and a' to favour that bastard brither o' hers, wha might think shame to haud up his head in honest men's company, seeing the way he has used her! Gae wa', and sing psalms, ye ill-faured loons, now that your thirty day's darg's owre; for, after what ye have done, ye dinna deserve to look a bonny lassie in the face again!"

Besides a sympathy in the fate of the queen, there were other causes at work to check any strong exultation over the victory. Many of the victors themselves had friends and relations in the queen's army, and now that the fervour of the combat was over a very natural interest arose regarding them. In this situation was Baron Elphinston, whose young son, Master Patrick as he was called, had, in the teeth of his father's will, espoused the cause of Queen Mary. Master Patrick was a universal favourite throughout the barony, being handsome, generous, brave, and accessible; and deep was the interest which all felt as to his probable fate. Rumours were abroad that he had fallen in the field, and some even went so far as to affirm, that they had seen him lying desperately wounded; but no certain or satisfactory intelligence could be gained respecting him, and several days passed over in this tantalizing state.

It might be nearly a week after the battle, when the excitement it created had in some measure subsided, that a numerous and heterogeneous party were assembled in the large hall of Mrs. Ogilvie's hostelry, which was dignified by the sign of the Boar's Head, and which then formed the only house of public entertainment in the Gorbals.² Many of the wounded had been carried there; and upon the numerous benches which graced the hall might be seen some lying with bandaged heads, or

¹ This place is still distinguished by the name of the Chapel Close.

² The building of this ancient hostelry was taken down years ago, and a common-place house erected in its stead. In the new building, there was a small tavern which retained the sign of the Boar's Head.

freshly amputated limbs, among whom stalked a surgeon, or physician, inquiring into their different cases. Others, apparently unhurt, were formed into clusters, and enjoying themselves over their "mugs of nappy ale," in discussing the signs of the times, and the accidents of the day. In one corner sat a core of cutlers, —fellows of infinite dexterity in giving an edge to a sword—who, after the great exertions which the battle called forth, thought themselves entitled to no measured relaxation. They were reckless dogs, all—caring little for any cause—and dividing their time between violent exertion at their grinding wheels, and violent drinking at the Boar's Head, the last being by far the heaviest work of the two. In spite of invalids, or any other consideration, one of them was singing, with clenched fists, shut teeth, and gleaming eye, the following ditty, which received no attention from any but his own company, who cheered him on by such exclamations as—"Well done, Ralph Munn!—Go on, my pretty fellow!"

Three things that do make a man lean—
Small beer, bread and cheese, and a bold quean,
And sing Fal!

Three things that do make a man fat—
Roast beef, boiled beef, and the ale tap,
And sing Fal!

(*Burthen*)—It's an auld sang, and a true sang,
Never let man trust woman too lang!
(*Chorus*)—Fal-lal-lillillilla, Fal-lal-lillillilla, &c. &c.¹

It would be impossible to convey to the reader any conception of the maniacal fury with which the chorus of "Fal-lal-lillillilla" was received. The cutlers simultaneously rose, and, flinging up their arms to heaven, screamed it out in yells that drowned every other noise in the hostelry. But they were speedily checked by the remonstrances of the landlady. "For shame, sirs! yelling at sic a rate, and your poor young mistress lying in a sick bed!"

"What! is pretty Mistress Martha ailing?" said one of the cutlers; for Martha, the daughter of their mistress, who carried on the business on the death of their master, was a mighty favourite with the workmen.

"Ailing? She has not had a hale hour ever since the battle—and it sets ye ill to be sitting therewith, as if there were na a sair head or a sair heart in the town."

"Nay, landlady, we did not know anything was wrong—and here we shall drink a bumper to pretty Martha's health; and if any one says she is not the prettiest as well as best

lady on both sides of the water, we shall hold his nose to the roughening stone."

"Well, that's spoken like civil gentlemen," said the landlady. "And now I will be able to let myself be heard. Dr. Macclutch!" she exclaimed, at the top of her voice. "Where's the doctor? Ay, doctor, there's an express here for you. You're to gang and wait on the baron without delay. Poor gentleman! I doubt he's takin' his son's death to heart."

The doctor—an officious, formal, good-natured man—was not a little gratified to find that he was in demand in such a high quarter, and particularly that the fact was made known to so many auditors. He buckled up a wound which he had been dressing, with little attention to the wry faces of his patient, and adjusting his cloak about him, proceeded with all decent dexterity to wait upon Baron Elphinstone.

The baron ushered him into one of his private apartments. "My son, doctor," said the baron—"poor Patrick—has at length been found. Some of my own knaves, whose hearts he had gained, have, it seems, been keeping him in hiding ever since the battle, for he was sorely wounded, and he instructed them not to disclose his situation. But he was yesterday seized with a giddy fever in consequence of his wounds, and his attendants became so alarmed as at length to lay the truth before me. I have seen him, doctor; but he is insensible to everything. Now, I have sent for you that you may attend him; but chiefly, as a trustworthy man, that you may have him conveyed to some more fitting and salubrious place than the hovel which he now occupies. He cannot be brought here without discovery, filled as the place now is by so many of the queen's enemies; and if he were taken, not even my influence could protect him from fine or imprisonment, or perhaps from death. Upon your fidelity, as I said, I rely, as well as upon your skill in treating him according to his need."

"My lord," said the doctor, "nothing would more gratify me than to shelter and treat Master Patrick under my own poor roof. But since the combat at Langaide my house has been frequently searched, in the hope of finding some of the queen's friends, who might be driven to seek my skill in chirurgery. I therefore could not insure him safety with me; but I bethink me of a worthy and charitable lady, who is furnished with all accommodations, and who would be proud to give him protection. May I mention the widow of good old Master Menzies, who made so much fame

¹ This was the favourite song of the last of the Gorbals cutlers.



Painted by Verelst

Engraved by W. Howland Edwards

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and money by his skill in cutting not only weapons of war but surgical instruments?"

"An excellent worthy woman," said the baron, "and rich withal. She is, I believe, of better lineage than her husband was; yet she disdains not to continue his business, through his workmen, and to keep up his ancient credit as a grinder in iron. Hie thee, good doctor, and make arrangements with all speed, for I shall not be at ease till poor Patrick is removed to a comfortable and safe dwelling."

The doctor found the widow in all respects agreeable—nay, eager to receive Master Patrick under her roof, "not only," as she said, "because of the honour it conferred on her humble dwelling, but because of the affection which she, in common with everybody, bore him:"—and accordingly, under cloud of night, the young master was unconsciously conveyed to the richly-furnished and commodious mansion of Mrs. Menzies. The strictest secrecy was enjoined and promised. "Indeed," said the old lady, "I cannot even acquaint my daughter Martha, for she, poor girl, is so unwell that she will not listen to anything. And it has occurred to me, doctor, as being in some degree fortunate, that your presence should be required here, for I wish to consult with you about my daughter's present unhappy state. She does not eat as much as would serve a sparrow, but lies tossing a-bed all day, fetching heavy sighs, and moaning in a most pitiful manner. I sent for Mrs. Ogilvie of the Boar's Head, who is skilled in all sorts of complaints, but Martha could not be prevailed on to take one single cup of her vegetable waters."

"I always supposed Mrs. Martha to be a sensible girl," said the doctor, "and now I know it. These vegetable waters, my good lady, are nothing but a devilish compound of syrup and poisonous roots, enough to sicken a dromedary, let alone a Christian. What, indeed, can Mrs. Ogilvie know of the noble arts of physic and surgery? Only let me see the young lady, and I will administer such medicaments as will, under Heaven's blessing, restore her to her wonted lustihood."

"If she would only take them," sighed the mother; "but alas! doctor, I fear me you would not commend her good sense, did you hear her foolish and inappropriate conversation, and see the manner in which she sometimes behaves. Indeed, I often think that the late unhappy battle has turned her head. She is ever inquiring about it, and takes no thought of household matters. Nay, she would be out one morning to search for the dead, as

she said, and she talked so wildly that I was obliged to make fast the door of her chamber. And when I have found her weeping, and asked her why she did so, she has answered, 'Is it not enough to make all people weep, to think of father fighting against son?'—and then she would say that all her tears could not wash out the dear blood that was shed at Langside."

"The case is not a little alarming," said the doctor, putting on one of his foreboding looks; "yet I would fain comfort myself with the hope that the poor young lady is not entirely crazed, and that proper treatment may yet bring her into her right judgment. Lead me to her incontinently, good Mrs. Menzies, for I doubt she is in a critical situation."

Martha was sitting by the bed-side, in a languishing and disconsolate posture, as her mother ushered in worthy Dr. Macclutch. She little expected the visit of a physician, and still less wished it; for her trouble was beyond the reach of doctors and drugs.

"Here, Martha, I have brought you our excellent friend Dr. Macclutch, to inquire into your state," said the mother.

"How is my fair young lady?" was the salutation of the good-natured leech.

"I am well—quite well—indeed, I am," said Martha, for the appearance of the doctor merely annoyed her.

"You look, it is true, in lusty health," was the answer, "and are in no measure emaciated; yet, my good young lady, these are but deceiving symptoms, and not at all to be trusted. Your worthy mother informs me that you are ailing: what is it you complain of?"

"I complain of nothing, doctor—of nothing," she added, weeping, "but a wretched world—a world full of strife and evil passions—where worth perishes, and hope is ever blasted—where might makes right, and love, and truth, and honour are trampled to the dust—where father fights against son, and the best blood of all the land is shed like water."

"True, lady, we must all lament the late unhappy struggle, by which I myself have been greatly embarrassed; but now that Mary, unquihle queen, has fled to England, we may look for peaceful and happy days."

"You may—I never can; for that which made life sweet to me, and the earth beautiful, is for ever lost, and no hope—no wish—remains to my poor fancy, except the grave."

The doctor now began to be assured that his patient's head was affected. "Suffer me, my dear young lady," he said, "to feel your pulse.

Ay, it is rather feverish, and we must phlebotomize. Where lies your chief ailment?"

Martha almost instinctively pressed her hand on her heart, while the doctor, unseen by her, touched his forehead significantly with his finger. At this last sign the poor mother fell a crying. "O Martha, love! what makes you lose your senses, and speak in that way? will you break my heart altogether! And what makes that weary battle afflict you so? You have lost no friend, and had no hand in it. If you had been cut on the head, you might have had some cause for raving, as poor Master Patrick is doing!"

"Hush!" said the doctor, holding out his hand, and the old lady checked herself instantaneously. But a name had struck the ear of Martha, too deeply cherished to pass unnoticed.

"Master Patrick!" she exclaimed, rising eagerly from her seat, "What said you of the young Master Elphinston?—Is he not lost—slain—dead? Or,—O merciful God!—does he yet live and breathe?"

"The young Master Patrick," stammered out the doctor, "is a gentleman of whom, my good young lady, it would be indecorous—I mean imprudent, to speak, seeing that his worthy father, the Baron"—

"He lives!" interrupted Martha. "Say that he lives, or my heart will burst!"

"That the young master lives," returned the doctor, "may be predicated or indeed affirmed, without breaking faith, or saying in what lady's house he lives, or what learned surgeon has been intrusted with his critical case."

"Enough—he lives," murmured Martha, sinking back into her chair, while her face, which before was highly flushed, became deadly pale. "But he is wounded," she added, recovering herself, after a pause—"dying, perhaps—I know it all—and under *your* care, doctor. I can see that—but in *what* lady's house? Is it indeed so? *Here?* within *these* walls? Do I guess aright, or is my head in truth deranged?"

"Who could have told you?" said the simple surgeon. "I am sure unless your mother has"—

"Nay, doctor," said the old lady, "blame me not, for unless it was yourself even now, I am sure—But, in truth, we have nothing to fear from Martha, and if it gives her comfort to know that young Master Patrick is under this roof, why should we withhold it?"

"Why, indeed, dearest mother?" said Martha, sinking into her arms, and giving vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. "Leave me,"

she added, "leave me for a little, until this foolish weakness is over. Master Patrick, you know, was an old friend—an acquaintance, whom we all thought lost, and blame me not if I should be moved to hear of his safety. Leave me for a little, that I may compose myself."

Scarcely had the mother and physician left the apartment—scarcely had the door closed upon them, ere Martha was on her knees, breathing a silent but heartfelt thanksgiving to Heaven, for restoring to this world of hope him upon whom all her happiness rested. She rose from her devotion with calm and elevated feelings, and proceeded to dress herself in simple attire. "I will attend him," she said to herself, "and administer to his wants; for what hand but mine should soothe his aching head?"

The young Master Elphinston had not had a conscious moment from the time he had been brought under the roof of Mrs. Menzies. The fever which had seized his brain was at its height, and he continued to rave as if he were still in the midst of the battle. But when Martha entered his apartment, and knelt by his bedside, he became suddenly silent, and gazed earnestly at her.

"Do you know me, Master Patrick?" she whispered tenderly, as she parted the raven locks that hung dishevelled over his burning brow.

"I know you," said the young man. "You are a vision from heaven of my own Martha, come to mock me when the battle's lost. But do not leave me, for even in dreams, and on the bloody field, would I see that sweet face!"

"O Patrick! this is no dream—no vision! You have been sorely wounded, and now lie in safety under my mother's roof."

"Ay, we fought it bravely—inch by inch. But where's the traitor brother? Has *he* escaped the sword? Down with the bastard—bastard in body and soul! And *she*—our queen! whither doth she flee? Are ye men, that ye would hunt the stricken deer? O, shame on your recreant souls! One bold struggle yet, my noble fellows, and the day is ours! Cowards! Do you shrink before these rebels? Follow me! The Queen—the Queen!"

"Alas! his mind still lingers in the giddy fight," said the mother. "Speak to him, Martha, of home."

But Martha could not speak; her heart was swelling, and she was obliged to bury her face in the clothes and sob aloud.

"Who weeps?" continued the young master. "Is it thee, Martha, my own love? You were ever tender-hearted, and well may weep to see the banner of our queen stricken in the dust. To horse! Did I not say I would save her? Ha, my father! why do you hold my arm? I dare not strike thee nor curse thee; but let me away! Would you have me play laggard in the fight, old man, and stain your family scutcheon? It must not be—let me off! Who is this that dares to hold me down! Knave! ruffian! who are you?"

"Your very good friend, Dr. Macclutch, Master Patrick," said the doctor, who was exerting himself strenuously to keep the young man in bed.

"Macclutch! Ha, ha, ha! That is good. How goes your market, doctor? Do you still poison as well as ever? Who is so fortunate as to be your grave-digger? What are your burial charges? Have you brought the coffin with you? Don't pinch it—who cares for fir—give the poor creature elbow-room; 'tis all he will ever require, since you have relieved him of his complaints. A fee? You will find it in his clenched fist. It won't open without the knife. Bravely done! What signify the fingers and thumbs of a dead man? But the teeth!—secure the teeth, doctor: they go for something, and, to speak truth, you have need of a few yourself. Hollo! Have you got a wife? Is she good at the needle, for she will be kept busy with shrouds."

"This, dear Master Patrick," said the doctor, somewhat mortified, "is good Mrs. Menzies, in whose house you are, and this is her daughter, Mrs. Martha."

"Martha!" echoed Patrick, sinking back in feebleness upon his couch, for his fits of raving were but of short duration; "Martha! I know it all. She is dead, for the doctor has been here, and I have seen her vision. Then, what have I to live for, since love and glory have departed from this earth. Come again, sweet vision! and hang over me in my dreams." And thus murmuring, he gradually fell into a slumber.

Two or three days passed over in this state, during which Martha was unwearied in her attendance at the sick bed of the young master. In the evenings the baron regularly visited his son, and spent several hours in his presence; for Patrick, although he had offended him by espousing the cause of Queen Mary, had all along been the favourite of his father. At length the danger of the fever was overcome by a vigorous constitution, and the young master became gradually conscious of

his situation. It was to him a delightful feeling to find himself tended by the one whom he loved best, and though weak and emaciated, never had he experienced so much calm bliss as during the days of his convalescence.

"For such a nurse," he said, "it is worth being unwell. And O Martha! when I am fairly better, my first care will be to make you mine for ever. You fear my father; but he is too deeply interested in me to stand in the way of my happiness, and were it otherwise, he must now know your excellence, and be proud to call you his daughter."

It was after a week or two had elapsed, and Patrick was so far recovered as to be able to walk about, although he still confined himself to the house, that the Baron Elphinston requested a private interview with Dr. Macclutch.

"I have sent for you, good doctor," he said, "in order to express my satisfaction at the attention you have paid poor Patrick during his severe illness, and the fidelity with which you have otherwise conducted yourself. This is but a poor recompense for your services," he added, placing a purse in the doctor's hand. "Nay, put it up. It was not on that account alone that I sent for you. What I wished to consult you about was another matter. During the height of Patrick's fever he repeatedly made use of expressions by which I could discern that he was deeply attached to the daughter of Mrs. Menzies, and indeed he has himself this morning stated so to me, and implored my sanction to their union. At another time, and under other circumstances, I might have strongly objected to such a union; but Patrick's happiness, I see, so much depends on its accomplishment, that I cannot refuse his request, especially now that Heaven has so mercifully restored him to me. Besides, I have had occasion to admire the conduct of the young lady during his long illness, and if she may not be, in point of lineage, a proper match to the young Master of Elphinston, she is in every other respect all that I could wish. Even in lineage, she is not altogether deficient, for, as you may be aware, she is well connected by the female side, and—what perhaps you may think of more consequence, in these troublous times, to the younger son of a poor baron—she is possessed, I am given to understand, of a very handsome dowry."

"My lord," said the doctor, "it gives me great satisfaction to know that you are inclined to sanction the espousals of Master Patrick and Mrs. Martha; for a more worthy and deserving young lady is not to be found in the kingdom;

and as you well remark, she has a heavy tocher of her own—a pretty penny, believe me.”

“Good Master John Knox,” interrupted the baron, “has been exerting himself stoutly with the regent to procure pardons for many of the queen’s friends. By his intercession the Hamiltons have been relieved from the death of traitors, and to his kindness I owe a manumission which I received yesterday of Patrick’s attainder, in consideration, as it stated, of his youth and of his father’s services in the right cause. Partick is therefore now at liberty; and I have been thinking that, in the event of his marriage, he might take possession of the small estate of Polmadie, which his mother by will has left him. As to the young lady’s mother, I have not yet consulted with her on the matter, but I doubt she will be very unwilling to part with her daughter, seeing that none other of the family remains.”

“She will indeed be very lonely,” said the doctor, “and of that I have been led to speak with her very frequently in private, when I observed the attachment of Master Patrick and Mrs. Martha.”

“So—so,” said the baron, smiling, “you have been already condoling with the widow on the subject, and you could not do less surely, doctor, than offer to cherish and comfort her in her apprehended loneliness, by taking her to wife.”

“I will not deny, my lord, that some such understanding may exist between us,” said the doctor, blushing as deeply as a bachelor of fifty could blush.

“Then all is well,—and we shall make two weddings of it at once, my old buck!” said the baron, poking the sides of the confused doctor with humorous glee.

The marriages, however, did not take place at the same time. The young master and the fair Martha were first espoused, and great was the rejoicing of the whole barony; for, in addition to the usual excitement of a marriage, the people were delighted at the restoration of their favourite, whom they had accounted lost, and at his union with one of their own native children. But great as was the rejoicing on this occasion, it did not equal the uproar which took place six weeks afterwards, when worthy Dr. Macclutch was united to widow Menzies. Every fire-arm was then in requisition to welcome the auspicious morn; mummeries, in which the cutlers played a distinguished part, were enacted on the streets; and the walls of the Boar’s Head shook with dancing and revelry for three successive nights.

WELL AND ILL WORKING.

[Nicholas Grimoald or Grimbald, died about 1563, the second English poet after Surrey who wrote in blank verse. He was the author of a Latin tragedy, *John the Baptist*, and of numerous translations from the Greek and Latin poets.]

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the winds shall lightly pass the pain,
But of the deed, the glory shall remain,
And cause your name with worthy wights to reign
In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain:
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
And still torments the mind both night and day.
No length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then ill suading pleasure’s baits untrue,
And noble virtue’s fair renown pursue.

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

[Plato, an Athenian, born B.C. 429; died B.C. 347. He was a disciple of Socrates, and after an adventurous career, serving some time as a slave, he settled at Athens. The following is from an old translation of the *Phædo*.]

Having talked awhile, he arose, and went into an inner room to wash himself: and Crito following him, enjoined us to stay and expect his return. We therefore expected, discoursing among ourselves of the things that had been commemorated by him, and conferring our judgments concerning them. And we frequently spake of the calamity that seemed to impend on us by his death: concluding it would certainly come to pass, that, as sons deprived of their father, so should we disconsolately spend the remainder of our life. After he had been washed, and his children were brought to him (for he had two sons very young, and a third, almost a youth), and his wives also were come, he spake to them before Crito, and gave them his last commands: so he gave order to his wives and children to retire. Then he came back to us. By this time the day had declined almost to the setting of the sun; for he had stayed long in the room where he washed himself. Which done, he returned, and sate to repose himself, not speaking much after that. Then came the Minister of the Eleven, the executioner; and addressing himself to him,

“I do not believe, Socrates,” said he, “that I shall reprehend that in you which I am wont to reprehend in others; that they are angry with me, and curse me, when by command of

the magistrates (whom I am by my office obliged to obey) I come and give notice to them that they must now drink the poison; but I know you to be at all times, and chiefly at this, a man both generous and most mild and civil, and the best of all men that ever came into this place, so that I may be assured that you will not be displeased with me, but (you know the authors) with them rather. Now therefore (for you know what message I come to bring), farewell, and endeavour to suffer as patiently and calmly as you can what cannot be avoided:" then breaking forth into tears, he departed.

And Socrates converting his eyes upon him, "And farewell thou too," saith he: "we will perform all things." Then turning to us again, "How civil this man is," saith he; "all this time of my imprisonment he came to me willingly, and sometimes talked with me respectfully, and hath been the best of all that belong to the prison; and now how generously doth he weep for me! But, Crito, let us spare him, and let some other bring hither the deadly draught, if it be already bruised; if not, let him bruise it."

Then said Crito, "I think the sun shines upon the tops of the mountains, and is not yet quite gone down;¹ and I have seen some delay the drinking of the poison much longer: nay more, after notice had been given them that they ought to despatch, they have supped, and drank largely too, and talked a good while with their friends; be not then so hasty; you have yet time enough."

"Those men of whom you speak, Crito," saith he, "did well; for they thought they gained so much more of life; but I will not follow their example, for I conceive I shall gain nothing by deferring my draught till it be later in the night; unless it be to expose myself to be derided for being desirous, out of too great love of life, to prolong the short remainder of it. But well, get the poison prepared quickly, and do nothing else till that be despatched."

Crito hearing this, beckoned to a boy that was present; and the boy going forth, and employing himself a while in bruising the poison, returned with him who was to give it, and who brought it ready bruised in a cup: upon whom Socrates casting his eye, "Be it so, good man," said he: "tell me (for thou art well skilled in these matters), what is to be done?"

"Nothing," saith he, "but after you have drank, to walk, until a heaviness comes upon your legs and thighs, and then to sit: and this you shall do."

And with that he held forth the cup to Socrates, which he readily receiving, and being perfectly sedate, "O Echecrates," without trembling, without change either in the colour or in the air of his face, but with the same aspect, and countenance intent and stern (as was usual to him), looking upon the man: "what sayest thou," saith he, "may not a man offer some of this liquor in sacrifice?"

"We have bruised but so much, Socrates," saith he, "as we thought would be sufficient."

"I understand you," saith he: "but yet it is both lawful and our duty to pray to the gods, that our transmigration from hence to them may be happy and fortunate." Having spoke these words, and remained silent [for a minute or two], he easily and expeditely drank all that was in the cup. Then many of us endeavoured what we could to contain our tears, but when we beheld him drinking the poison, and immediately after, no man was able longer to refrain from weeping: and while I put force upon myself to suppress my tears, they flowed down my cheeks drop after drop. So, covering my face, I wept in secret: deploring not his, but my own hard fortune, in the loss of so great a friend and so near a kinsman. But Crito, no longer able to contend with his grief, and to forbid his tears, rose up before me. And Apollodorus first breaking forth into showers of tears, and then into cries, howlings, and lamentations, left no man from whom he extorted not tears in abundance; Socrates himself only excepted: who said,

"What do ye, my friends? truly I sent away the women for no other reason but lest they should in this kind offend. For I have heard, that we ought to die with good men's gratulation: but re-compose yourselves, and resume your courage and resolution." Hearing this, we blushed with shame, and suppressed our tears. But when he had walked awhile, and told us that his thighs were grown heavy and stupid; he lay down upon his back; for so he who had given him the poison had directed him to do. Who a little time after, returns, and feeling him, looked upon his legs and feet: then pinching his foot vehemently, he asked him if he felt it? and when he said no, he again pinched his legs; and turning to us, told us, that now Socrates was stiff with cold: and touching him, said he would die so soon as the poison came up to his heart; for the parts about his heart were already grown stiff.

¹ By the Athenian law no man was to be put to death until after sunset, lest the sun, for which they had a singular veneration, might be displeased at the sight.

Then Socrates, putting aside the garment wherewith he was covered;

"We owe," saith he, "a cock to Æsculapius: but do ye pay him, and neglect not to do it." And these were his last words.

"It shall be done," saith Crito: "but see if you have any other command for us." To whom he gave no answer: but soon after fainting, he moved himself often [as in suffering convulsions]. Then the servant uncovered him: and his eyes stood wide open; which Crito perceiving, he closed both his mouth and his eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend and familiar, a man, as we in truth affirm, of all whom we have by use and experience known, the wisest and most just.

WINTER.

[Thomas Sackville, born at Buckhurst, Withiam, Sussex, 1537; died at Whitehall, 19th April, 1608. Statesman and poet. He became the first Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and author of the first genuine English tragedy—*Ferrex and Porrex*, afterwards called *Gorboduc*, and acted before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall by students of the Inner Temple. As a poet he is best known as the originator of the *Mirror for Magistrates*,¹ in which all the illustrious but unfortunate characters of English history were to pass in review before the poet, who, conducted by Sorrow, descends like Dante into hell. For this work Sackville wrote the *Induction* and one legend, which is the life of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The following stanzas are from the *Induction*.]

The wrathful winter 'proaching on a pace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seem
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And sweet fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blasts down blew,
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold:
And dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields whereas I walk'd about.

¹ This work supplied Shakespeare and other dramatists with many scenes and suggestions.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourish'd so before;
It taugt me well all earthly things be born
To die the death, for nought long time may last:
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

[Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, daughter of the late Mrs. E. S. Phelps, of Boston, who wrote numerous successful works for the young. Miss Phelps has written many short tales for the principal American magazines, and several novels. Her most popular works are: *The Gates Ajar*; *Hedged In*; and *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, from which we quote (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)]

There were but three persons in the car; a merchant, deep in the income list of the *Traveller*, an old lady with two handboxes, a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked into another car, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder, and walked in.

"Hi! Little Tommy Tucker
Plays for his supper."

shouted the young exquisite lounging on the platform in tan-coloured coat and lavender kid gloves.

"O Kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, I had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper at the sound of this *petit dialogue*, and the old lady smiled benignly: the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled.

Nobody would have thought, to look at that man in the corner, that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? O no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. A man, weak, unfortunate, discouraged, and selfish, as weak, unfortunate, and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. His panoramas never paid him for the use of his halla. His travelling tin-type saloon had trundled him into a sheriff's hands. His petroleum speculations had crashed like a bubble. His black and gold sign, *F. Harmon, Photographer*, had swung now for nearly a year over the dentist's rooms, and he had had the patronage of precisely six old women and three babies. He

had drifted to the theatre in the evenings, he did not care now to remember how many times—the fellows asked him, and it made him forget his troubles; the next morning his empty purse would gape at him, and Annie's mouth would quiver. A man must have his glass too, on Sundays, and—well, perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to go to work after it; and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! Why couldn't she scold or cry! These still women aggravated a fellow beyond reason."

Well, then the children had been sick; measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, mumps, he was sure he did not know what not; every one of them from the baby up. There was medicine, and there were doctor's bills, and there was sitting up with them at night—their mother usually did that. Then she must needs pale down herself, like a poorly-finished photograph; all her colour and roundness and sparkle gone; and if ever a man liked to have a pretty wife about it was he. Moreover she had a cough, and her shoulders had grown round, stooping so much over the heavy baby, and her breath came short, and she had a way of being tired. Then she never stirred out of the house—he found out about that one day; she had no bonnet, and her shawl had been cut up into blankets for the crib. The children had stopped going to school. "They could not buy the new arithmetic," their mother said, half under her breath. Yesterday there was nothing for dinner but Johnny-cake, nor a large one at that. To-morrow the saloon rents were due. Annie talked about pawning one of the bureaus. Annie had had great purple rings under her eyes for six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. He hated the sight of her, for the sight stung him. He hated the corn-cake and the untaught children. He hated the whole dreary, dragging, needy home. The ruin of it dogged him like a ghost, and he should be the ruin of it as long as he stayed in it. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work, and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, a plenty of it in her young, fresh days, before he came across her life to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a golden fortune, and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up; in theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his ill-luck

went westward with him, and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him, and be better off, and that would be the end of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes, and thinking about it.

"Hm-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance into the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his little fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle, and struck up a gay, rollicking tune—

"I care for nobody and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still. When it was over he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hie their shoulders, not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow himself least of all; but he tried this:—

"We've lived and loved together,
Through many changing years."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice, perhaps.

The train jarred and started slowly; the gloved exquisite, waiting hackmen, baggage-masters, coffee-counter, and station walls slid back; engine-house and prison towers, and labyrinths of tracks slipped by; lumber and shipping took their place, with clear spaces between, where sea and sky shone through. The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past, with the green water sucking at their piers; the city shifted by and out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together,"

played Tommy in a little plaintive wail,

"We've lived and loved"—

"Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk, and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. A dull sunset lay low on the water, burning like a bale-fire through the snaky trail of smoke that went writhing past the car windows. Against lonely signal-houses and little deserted beaches the water was plashing dearly, and playing monotonous basses to Tommy's wail:—

"Through many changing years,
Many changing years."

It was a nuisance this music in the cars. Why didn't somebody stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city

far behind now. He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely, venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, and thrust his head out to look back. Through the undulating smoke, out in the pale glimmer from the sky, he could see a low, red tongue of land, covered with the twinkle of lighted homes. Somewhere there, in among the quivering warmth, was one—

What was that boy about now? Not "Home, sweet home?" But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the car. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious sensation. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She!—ah, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like home,"

said Tommy's little fiddle,

"O, no place like home."

Now this fiddle of Tommy's may have had a crack or so in it, and I cannot assert that Tommy never struck a false note; but the man in the corner was not fastidious as a musical critic; the sickly light was flickering through the car, the quiver on the red flats was quite out of sight, the train was shrieking away into the west—the baleful, lonely west—which was dying fast now out there upon the sea, and it is a fact that his hat went slowly down over his face again, and that his face went slowly down upon his arm.

There, in the lighted home out upon the flats, that had drifted by for ever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be in to supper; she was beginning to wonder a little where he was; she was keeping the coffee hot, and telling the children not to touch their father's pickles; she had set the table and drawn the chairs; his pipe lay filled for him upon the shelf over the stove. Her face in the light was worn and white—the dark rings very dark; she was trying to hush the boys, teasing for their supper; begging them to wait a few minutes, only a few minutes, he would surely be here then. She would put the baby down presently, and stand at the window with her hands—Annie's hands once were not so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the

table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place; still she would go to the window, and stand watching, watching. Oh, the long night that she must stand watching, and the days, and the years!

"Sweet, sweet home,"

played Tommy.

By and by there was no more of "Sweet Home."

"How about that cove with his head lopped down on his arms?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once, then put his face down again. But he was awake, awake in every nerve; and listening, to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that; it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet, loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train!—

"'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, the man was thinking—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that when he went to see her on Sunday nights, before they were married—in her pink, plump, pretty days. Annie used to be very pretty.

Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it too, she did."

Ah, how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work and pain, the nights of watching, the patient voice, the quivering mouth, the tact and the planning and the trust for to-morrow, the love that had borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things, uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened for ever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And ne'er forget will I,"

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever

should forget; that he should be here to-night, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

But it was better for her to be free from him. He and his cursed ill-luck were a drag on her and the children, and would always be. What was that she had said once?

"Never mind, Jack, I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And here he was, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself. He wondered—

"And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee,"

sang the little fiddle, triumphantly.

Harmon shook himself, and stood up. The train was slackening; the lights of a way-station bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny and returned to his tax-list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening, "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you've done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? Well, I guess I've waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that is it," said Harmon, very distinctly, pushing up his hat, "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now and stopped. He emptied his purse into the little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes!" gasped Tommy, "that chap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a here! One, two, three—must have been crazy: that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station lights, and striking back through the night for the red flats and home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor, please God, shall she."

It was late when he came in sight of the house; it had been a long tramp across the tracks, and hard; he being stung by a bitter

wind from the east all the way, tired with the monotonous treading of the sleepers, and with crouching in perilous niches to let the trains go by.

She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand, her hands raised to her face, her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican, in the old story, hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, pale with her watching and fear.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theatre either this time. Some business, dear; business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am, Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie." He faltered, and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie, "why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire, and I will bring the coffee. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack; and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear for a minute, perhaps. He gulped down his coffee, choking.

"Annie, look here." He put down his cup, trying to smile and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal, and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it, if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

"But you couldn't care anything more for him, you know, Annie?"

"I don't know," said Annie, shaking her head with a little perplexed smile, "you would be just Jack, any how."

Jack coughed, took up his coffee-cup, set it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife, and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear, just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night, that's all."

And that is all that she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado,

PEACE.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er he fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Die in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er he fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

O, rest of rests! O, peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest; and thou changest never,
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy—for ever and for ever.

MARY HAMILTON.

[Robert Macnish, M.D., LL.D., born in Glasgow, 15th February, 1802; died there, January, 1837. He earned distinction as a writer of short tales in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the pseudonym of "A Modern Pythagorean." His chief works are: *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*; *The Philosophy of Sleep*; *The Book of Aphorisms*; and the *Introduction to Phrenology*. His tales, with a biography by D. M. Moir, were published shortly after his death. One critic said of him: "There was always a spring of life about him, that vivified his pages and animated and delighted his readers."]

During the persecutions in Scotland, consequent upon the fruitless attempt to root out Presbyterianism and establish Episcopacy by force, there lived one Allan Hamilton, a farmer, at the foot of the Lowther mountains in Lanarkshire. His house was situated in a remote valley, which, though of small extent, was beautiful and romantic, being embosomed on all sides by hills covered to their summits with rich verdure. Around the house was a considerable piece of arable ground, and behind it a well-stocked orchard and garden. A few tall trees grew in front, waving their ample foliage over the roof, while at each side of the door was a little plot planted with honeysuckle, wall-flower, and various odoriferous shrubs.

The owner of this neat mansion was a fortunate man; for the world had hitherto gone well with him, and if he had lost his wife—an affliction which sixteen years had mellowed over—he was blessed with an affectionate and virtuous daughter. He had two male and as many female servants to assist him in his farming operations; and so well had his industry been rewarded, that he might be considered one of the most prosperous husbandmen in that part of the country.

Mary Hamilton, his only child, was, at the time we speak of, nineteen years of age. She was an extremely handsome girl, and, though living in so remote a quarter, the whole district of the Lowthers rang with the fame of her beauty. But this was the least of her qualifications, for her mind was even fairer than her person; and on her pure spirit the impress of virtue and affection was stamped in legible characters.

Allan, though a religious man, was not an enthusiast; and, from certain prudent considerations, had forborne to show any of that ardent zeal for the faith which distinguished many of his countrymen. He approved secretly in his heart of the measures adopted by the Covenanters, and inwardly prayed for their success; but these matters he kept to his own mind, reading his Bible with his daughter at home, and not exposing himself or her to the machinations of the persecuting party.

It was on an August evening, that he and his daughter were seated together in their little parlour. He had performed all his daily labours, and had permitted his servants to go to some rural meeting several miles off. Being thus left undisturbed, he enjoyed with her that quiet rest so grateful after a day spent in toil. The day had been remarkably beautiful; but towards nightfall the heavens were overcast with dark clouds, and the sun had that sultry glare which is so often the forerunner of a tempest. When this luminary disappeared beneath the mountains, he left a red and glowing twilight behind him; and over the firmament a tissued of crimson clouds was extended, mingled here and there with black vapours. The atmosphere was hot, sickening, and oppressive, and seemed to teem with some approaching convulsion.

"We shall have a storm to-night," Allan remarked to his daughter. "I wish that I had not let the servants out; they will be overtaken in it to a certainty as they cross the moora."

"There is no fear of them, father," replied Mary; "they know the road well: and at any

rate the tempest will be over before they think of stirring from where they are."

Allan did not make any answer, but continued looking through the window opposite to which he was placed. He could see from it the mountain of Lowther, the highest in Lanarkshire: its huge shoulders and top were distinctly visible, standing forth in grand relief from the red clouds above and behind it. The last rays of the sun, bursting from the rim of the horizon, still lingered upon the hill, and, casting over its western side a broad and luminous glare, gave to it the appearance of a burnished pyramid towering from the earth. This gorgeous vision, however, did not continue long. In a few minutes the mountain lost its ruddy tint, and the sky around it became obscurer. Shortly afterwards a huge sable cloud was observed hovering over its summit. "Look, Mary," cried Allan to his daughter, "did you ever see anything grander than this? Look at yon black cloud that hangs over Lowther." Mary did so, and saw the same thing as was remarked by her father. The cloud came down slowly and majestically, enveloped the summit of the mountain, and descended for some way upon its sides. At last, when it had firmly settled, confirming, as it were, its dismal empire, a flash of fire was seen suddenly to issue from the midst of it. It revealed for an instant the summit of Lowther; then vanishing with meteor-like rapidity, left everything in the former state of gloom. Mary clung with alarm to her father.

"Hush, my dear," said Allan, pressing her closely to him, "and you will hear the thunder." He had scarcely pronounced the word when a clap was heard, so loud that the summit of the mountain appeared to be rent in twain. The terrific sound continued some time, for the neighbouring hills caught it up, and re-echoed it to each other, till it died away in the distance. A succession of flashes and peals from different quarters succeeded, and in a short time a deluge of rain poured down with the utmost violence.

The two inmates did not hear this noise without alarm. The rain beat loudly upon the windows, while, every now and then, fearful peals of thunder burst overhead. Without, no object was visible: darkness alone prevailed, varied at intervals with fierce glares of lightning. Thereafter gusts of wind began to sweep with tumult through the glen; and the stream which flowed past the house was evidently swollen, from the increased noise of its current rushing impetuously on.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated

violence, when a knock was heard at the door. Allan opened it, expecting to find his domestics; but to his astonishment and dismay he beheld the Rev. Thomas Hervey, one of the most famous preachers of the Covenant. He was a venerable old man, and seemed overcome with fatigue and want, for he was pale and drooping, while his thin garments were drenched with rain. Now, though Allan Hamilton would yield to no man in benevolence, he never, on any occasion, felt so disposed as at present to outrage his own feelings, and cast aside the godlike virtue of charity. Mr. Hervey, like many other good men, was proscribed by the ruling powers; and persecution then ran so high that to grant him a night's lodging amounted to a capital crime. Many persons had already been shot for affording this slight charity to the outlawed Covenanters: Allan himself had been an unwilling witness of this dreadful fact. It was not, therefore, with his usual alacrity that he welcomed in the way-worn stranger. On the contrary, he held the door half shut, and in a tone of embarrassment asked him what was wanted.

"I see, Mr. Hamilton," said the minister calmly, "that you do not wish I should cross your threshold. You ask me what I want. Is that Christian? What can anyone want in a night like this, but lodgment and protection? If you grant it to me, I shall pray for you and yours; if you refuse it, I can only shake the dust off my feet and depart, albeit it be to death."

"Mr. Hervey," said Allan, "you know your situation and you know mine. I would be loath to treat the meanest thing that breathes as I have now treated you; but you are an outlawed man, and a lodging for one night under my roof is as much as my life is worth. Was it not last month I saw one of my nearest neighbours cruelly slain for doing a less thing—even for giving a morsel of bread to one of your brethren? Mr. Hervey, I repeat it, and with sorrow, that you know my situation, and that for the sake of my poor daughter and myself I have no alternative."

"Yes, I know your situation," answered the preacher, drawing himself up indignantly. "You are one of those faint-hearted believers who, for the sake of ease and temporal gain, have deserted that glorious cause for which your fathers have struggled. You are one of those who can stand by coolly and see others fight the good fight—and when they have overcome you will doubtless enjoy the blessed fruits of their combating. You have held back in the time of need: you have abetted prelacy and

persecution, in so far as you have not set your shoulder to the wheel of the Covenant. Now, when a humble forwarder of that holy cause craves from you an hour of shelter, you stand with your door well-nigh closed and refuse him admittance. I leave God to judge of your iniquity, and I quit your inhospitable and unchristian mansion."

He was moving off, when Mary Hamilton, who had listened with a beating heart to this colloquy, rushed forward and caught him by the arm. Her beautiful eyes were wet with tears, and she looked at her parent with an expression in which entreaty and upbraiding were mingled together.

"You will not turn out this poor old man, father? indeed you will not. You were only jesting. Come in, Mr. Hervey; my father did not mean what he said;"—and she led him in by the hand, pushing gently back Allan, who still stood by the door. "Now, Mr. Hervey, sit down there and dry yourself; and, father, shut the door."

"Thank you, my fair maiden," said the minister. "The Lord, for this good deed, will aid you in your distresses. You have shown that the old may be taught by the young; and I pray that this lesson of charity which you have given to your father, may not turn out to your scathe or his."

Allan said nothing: he felt that the part he had acted was hardly a generous one, although perhaps justified by the stern necessity of the times. His heart was naturally benevolent, and in the consciousness of self-reproach every dread of danger was obliterated.

The first attention of him and Mary was directed to their guest. His garments having been thoroughly dried, food was placed before him, of which he partook, after returning thanks to God in a lengthened grace, for so disposing towards him the hearts of his creatures. When he had finished the repast, he raised his face slightly towards heaven, closed his eyes, and clasping his hands together, fervently implored the blessings of providence on the father of that mansion and his child. When he had done this he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some of the most affecting passages of the Old Testament, decanting upon them as he went along: how God fed Elijah in the wilderness; how he conducted the Israelites through their forty years of sojourn; how Daniel, by faith, remained unhurt in the lions' den; and how Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace, and not even their garments were touched by the flames. Allan and Mary lis-

tened with the most intense interest to the old man, whose voice became stronger, whose form seemed to dilate, and whose eyes were lit up with a sort of prophetic rapture, as he threw his spirit into those mysteries of Holy Writ.

After having concluded this part of his devotions, and before retiring to rest, he proposed that evening prayer should be offered up. Each accordingly knelt down, and he commenced in a strain of ardent and impassioned language. He deplored the afflicted state of God's kirk; prayed that the hearts of those who still clung to it might be confirmed and made steadfast; that confidence might be given to the wavering; that those who from fear or worldly considerations had held off from the good cause, might be taught to see the error of their ways; and that all backsliders might be reclaimed, and become goodly members of the broken and distressed Covenant. "O Lord," continued he, "thou who hast watched over us in all time—who from thy throne in the highest heaven hast vouchsafed to hearken to the prayers of thy servants, thou wilt not now abandon us in our need. We have worshipped thee from the depths of the valley, and the rocks and hills of the desert have heard our voices calling upon thy name. 'Where is your temple, ye outcast remnant?' cry the scorners. We answer, O Lord! that we have no temple but such as thou hast created; and yet from that tabernacle of the wilderness hast thou heard us, though storms walked around. We have trod the valley of the shadow of death, and yet thou hast been a light in our path; we have been chased like wild beasts through the land, yet thy spirit hath not deserted us: armed men have encompassed us on all sides, threatening to destroy, yet our hearts have not failed; neither have the prison nor the torture had power to make us abjure thy most holy laws."

During the whole of his supplication, which he poured forth with singular enthusiasm, the storm continued without, and distant peals of thunder were occasionally heard. This convulsion of elements did not, however, distract his thoughts; on the contrary, it rendered them more ardent; and in apostrophizing the tempest he frequently arose to a pitch of wild sublimity. Mary listened with deep awe. Her feelings, constitutionally warm and religious, were aroused, and she sobbed with emotion. Allan Hamilton, though not by nature a man of imagination, was also strongly affected; he breathed hard, and occasionally a half-suppressed groan came from his breast. He could not help feeling deep remorse for the luke-

warmness he had shown to the great cause then at stake.

The night, though fearfully tempestuous, did not prevent slumber from falling on the eyes of all. Each slept soundly, and the old minister, perhaps, more so than any. Many months had elapsed since he had stretched himself on such a couch as that which Mary Hamilton had prepared for him; for he was a dweller in the desert, and had often lain upon the heath, with no other shelter than his plaid afforded. His slumbers, therefore, were delicious; but they were not long, for no sooner had the morning light begun to peep through the window of his chamber than he was up and at his devotions. Allan, though an early riser, was still in bed, and not a little astonished when he heard his door open and saw the old man walk softly up to his side.

"Hush! Allan Hamilton, do not awaken the dear maiden, your daughter, in the next room. I have come to thank you and bid you farewell. The morning sun is up, and I may not tarry longer here, consistent with my own safety or yours. There are spies through all the country, but peradventure I have escaped their observation. I am going a few miles off near the Clyde, to meet sundry of my flock who are to assemble there. May God bless you, and send better times to this afflicted land."

When Allan and his daughter sat down to their homely breakfast, the morning presented a pleasing contrast to the previous night. The sky was perfectly clear and serene. Every mountain sparkled, and the earth had a peculiar freshness diffused over its surface. The few clouds visible were at a great elevation, and were hurrying away, as if not to leave a stain on the transparent concave of heaven. There was little wind on the lower regions, scarcely sufficient to ruffle the surface of a slumbering lake. The dampness of the grass, the clay washed from the pebbles, and the rivulet swollen and turbid, were the only relics of the tempest. The weather continued beautifully serene, and when the sun was at his height, one of the finest days was presented that ever graced this most gorgeous month of the year.

It was about the middle of the day when Mary, who happened to look out, perceived six armed troopers approaching. They were on foot, their broadswords hanging at their sides, and carbines swung over their shoulders. In addition to this, each had a couple of pistols stuck in his belt. As soon as she saw them she ran in to her father with manifest looks of alarm, and informed him of their approach.

Allan could not help feeling uneasy at this intelligence; for the military were then universally dreaded, and whenever a number were seen together, it was almost always on some errand of destruction. He went to the door; but just as he reached it the soldiers were on the point of entering. The leader of the body he recognized to be the ferocious Captain Clobberton, who had rendered himself universally infamous by his cruelties; and who, it was reported, had in his career of persecution caused no less than seventeen persons to be put to death in cold blood, without even the formality of a trial. He was one of the chief favourites of Dalzell, who used to call him his "lamb." This man's aspect did not belie his heart, for it was fierce, lowering, and cruel. His companions, with a single exception, seemed well suited to their leader, and fit instruments to carry his bloody mandates into execution. Allan, when he confronted this worthy agent of tyranny, turned back, followed by him and his crew into the house.

"Shut the door, my dear chucks," cried Clobberton; "we must have some conversation with this godly man. So, Mr. Hamilton, you have taken up with that pious remnant: you have turned a psalm-singer, eh! Come, don't stare at me as if you saw an owl: answer my question—yes or no."

Allan looked at him with a steady eye. "Captain Clobberton, you have asked me no question. I shall not scruple to answer any thing which may be justly demanded of me."

"Answer me, then, sir," continued the captain: "were you not present at the field-preaching near Lanark, when one of the king's soldiers was slain in attempting, with several others, to disperse it?"

"I was not," answered Allan; "I never in my life attended a field-preaching."

"Or a conventicle!"

"Nor a conventicle either."

"Do you mean to deny that you are one of that precious hypocritical set, who preach their absurd and treasonable jargon in defiance of the law? In a word, do you deny that you are one of the sworn members of the Covenant?"

"I do deny it, stoutly."

"Acknowledge it, and save your wretched life. Acknowledge it, or I will confront you with a proof which will perhaps astonish you, and cost you more than you are aware of."

"I will tell no untruth, even to save my life."

"Then on your own stupid head rest the consequences. Do you know one Hervey, a preacher?"

"I do," said Allan, firmly.

"Ha, here it comes! you have then spoken to that man, most godly Allan?"

"I have spoken to him."

"He has been in your house?"

"I do not mean to deny that he has."

"Has he not sung psalms in your house, and prayed in your house, and lodged in your house? Eh?—and was it not last night that these doings were going on?"

"I will gainsay nothing of what you have said."

"Then, Allan Hamilton," said the other, "I tell you plainly that you have harboured a traitor; and that unless you deliver him up, or tell where he may be found, I shall hold you guilty of treason, and punish you accordingly."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered Hamilton, with a deep sigh. "What I did was an act of common charity. The old man applied to me in his distress; and it would have been cruel to have closed my door against him. Wreak your will upon me as it pleases you. Where he has gone I know not; and though I did know, I would hardly consider myself justified in telling you."

"Then we shall make short work with you!" rejoined Clobborton with an oath. "Roe, give him ten minutes to say his prayers, and then bind up his eyes. It is needless to palaver with him. We have other jobs of a like kind to manage to-day."

Here Mary, who stood in a corner listening with terrified heart, uttered a loud scream when she heard her father's doom pronounced. She rushed forth into the middle of the room, and fell upon her knees before Clobborton.

"O! Captain, do not slay my father! Take my life. It was my fault alone that the old man was let into the house. My father refused to admit him. Take my life and save his. I shall be his murderess if he die—for I brought him into this trouble."

She continued some moments in this attitude, gazing up at him with looks of fear and entreaty, and clasping his knees. He had, however, been too long accustomed to scenes of this afflicting nature to be much moved; and he extricated himself from the unhappy girl with brutal rudeness. She fell speechless at his feet.

"Confound the wench! was there ever seen the like of it! She takes me for one of your chicken-hearted milksops: out of the way with the ninny."

He was about to lay rough hands upon her, when a trooper stepping forward raised her gently up and placed her on a seat. This was

the only one of Clobborton's followers whose appearance was at all indicative of humanity. He was a handsome and strongly built young man of six feet. His countenance was well formed; but its expression was rather dissolute, and rendered stern, apparently by the prevalence of some fierce internal passion. The marks of a generous heart were, notwithstanding, imprinted upon its bold outlines; and whoever looked upon him could not help thinking that his natural disposition had been perverted by the wicked characters and scenes among which he was placed.

"Captain," said he, "I do not see the use of shooting this old fool. I begin to feel that we have had a surfeit of this work. Besides, if what the girl declares is correct, there is no great matter of treason in the case. At all events, I would vote to leave the business to the Justiciary."

"Graham," said Clobborton, eying him sternly, "give me none of your cursed whining palaver. What the — is your liver made of? When there is anything in the way of justice to be done, you are as mealy and cream-faced as if you saw the devil. A fine fellow to wear the king's uniform! If you say another word," added he, with a frightful oath, "I'll have you reported to the general!"

"Captain," said Graham, stepping modestly but firmly forward, "you may speak of me as you please; you are my officer—(though neither you nor any man of the regiment need be told, that when my service was needed in real danger I was never behind); but I cannot stand by unmoved and see downright butchery. If you have anything to urge against this man, let him be brought to Edinburgh, and there tried by the commission, which will punish him severely enough, in all conscience, if he be really guilty. I have assisted in some of these murders; but my conscience tells me that I have done wrong: and, whatever the consequences be, I shall assist at them no more."

"Ay!" said Clobborton, "you are a pretty dainty fellow—fitter to strut about in regimentals before wenches than behave like a man; but, Mr. John Graham, let me tell you that your eloquence, instead of retarding, hastened the fate of this rascally traitor. And, let me tell you farther, that on my arrival at head-quarters I shall have you arraigned for mutiny and disobedience of orders.—Roe, blindfold Hamilton and lead him out."

His command was instantly executed; while Mary, in a fit of distraction, flew up to her father, cast her arms round his neck, and kissed him with the most heart-rending affliction.

"My father, my father, I am your murderess! I will die with you! Ye cruel-hearted men, will none of you save him from this bloody death?"

"My dear Mary, may God protect you and send you a happier lot than mine," was all that the unhappy parent could articulate. He was then torn from her with violence, and hurried out to the green before the house. Mary, on this separation, fell into a short swoon; on awaking from which she found herself in the chamber with no one except Graham. His face was flushed with anger, and he walked impatiently up and down. By a sudden impulse she ran to the window, and the first sight which caught her eye was her father kneeling down, and opposite to him the four troopers, seemingly waiting for the signal of Clobberton, who looked intently at his watch. At this terrifying spectacle, and in an agony of desperation, she threw herself on her knees before the soldier.

"Young man—young man, save my father's life! O try, at least, to save him! I will love you, and work for you, and be your slave for ever! Blessings on your kind heart, you will do it—yes, you will do it!"

And she rose up and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. A tear rolled from Graham's manly eye, and his soul was moved with compassion for the lovely being who clung to him and implored him so feelingly. He turned an instant to the window.

"Let me go, my dear—the accursed miscreant is putting up his watch and has told them to present; there is not a second to lose."

Without saying another word, he unslung his carbine, rushed to the open air—and shot Clobberton dead on the spot.

The troopers were confounded at this sudden action. They lowered the weapons which they had that instant raised to their shoulders, and stood for some time gazing confusedly at each other—then at Graham—then at the body of their captain. When they recovered their self-possession they raised up the latter to see if any spark of life remained. He was perfectly dead. The following colloquy then ensued between them.

Russell. "Whoy, I thinks as how he be dead."

Smith. "Dead! ay as dead as Julius Cæsar. I wonder what old Dalzell will say when he hears of his dear lamb being butchered thus."

Russell. "Now, down it, Smith, don't speak ill of the captain. He was a worthy man, that is to say, after his own fashion; and no one

ever sarved his country better in the way of ridding it of crop-eared preachers: he was worth a score of hangmen."

Ross. "Gentlemen, there is no occasion to stand jesting and talking nonsense. Here is as pretty a piece of murder as ever was committed; and it remains for us to decide what we will do, first with the traitor Hamilton, and secondly with the murderer Graham."

Graham. "Whatever you do with me, I hope you will not harm that poor man. Let him go, and thus do a charitable action for once in your lives."

Russell. "I always, do you zee, gentlemen, goes with the majority. Down it, shoot or not is all one to Dick Russell. If you make up your minds to let him go scot free, whoy, I see not oppose it."

Jones. "Well, well, let him go and sing psalms in his own canting fashion."

The fact is, these men were getting sick of shedding innocent blood, and although ready to spill more on being ordered, rather shunned it than otherwise—especially when their victims were unresisting.

"I see, comrades, you are agreed to let the old fool go unharmed," said Ross. Then walking up to Allan, who still knelt—his daughter, with her arms around him, awaiting in terrible suspense the result of their deliberation—"Get up," said he, "and bless your stars; but take care in future of your treasonable covenanting tricks under the cloak of charity. It is not every day you will get a young fellow to shoot your executioner and save your life. As for you, Graham," turning to his companion, "I hold you prisoner. You must accompany us to head-quarters, and there take your trial for this business. You have committed a black murder on the body of your officer; and if we failed to bring you up, old Dalzell would have us shot like so many piets the minute after."

Graham's carbine and pistols were immediately taken from him, and his hands tied behind his back by the remaining troopers.

"Farewell, young woman," said he to Mary, who looked at him with tears of gratitude; "farewell! I have saved your father's life and forfeited my own: don't forget Jack Graham."

The unfortunate girl was distracted at this heart-rending sight; and she rushed forward to entreat his guards to give him liberty. One of them presented his carbine at her.

"Off, mistress; blast my heart, if it were not for your pretty face I would send an ounce of cold lead through you. What, haven't we spared your father's life, and you would have

us connive at the escape of a murderer, to the risk of our own necks!"

"Do not distress yourself about me, my sweet girl," cried Graham—"farewell, once more!"

And she turned back weeping, while the troopers held their way towards the western outlet of the valley.

Mary was too generous to be happy in the safety even of her father, when that was bought with the life of his brave deliverer. When Graham was taken away she felt a pang as if he had been led to execution. Instead, therefore, of indulging in selfish congratulation, her whole soul was taken up in the romantic and apparently hopeless scheme of extricating him from his danger. There was not a moment to lose; and she asked her father if he could think of any way in which a rescue might be attempted.

"Mary, my dear, I know of none," was his answer. "We live far from any house, and before assistance could be procured they would be miles beyond our reach."

"Yes, father, there is a chance," said she with impatience. "Gallop over to Allaster Wilson's on the other side of the hills. He is a strong and determined man, and, as well as some of his near neighbours, is accustomed to contest. You know he fought desperately at Drumclog; and though he blamed you for not joining the cause, he will not be loath to assist in this bitter extremity."

Allan at these words started up, as if awakened from a reverie. "That will do, my dear bairn. I never thought of it; but your understanding is quicker than mine. I shall get out the horse; follow me, on foot, as hard as you can."

This was the work of a minute. The horse was brought from the stable, and Allan lashed him to his full speed across the moor. Most fortunately he arrived at Allaster's house as the latter was on the point of leaving it. He carried a musket over his shoulder, and a huge claymore hung down from a belt girded around his loins.

"You have just come in time," said this stern son of the Covenant, after Allan had briefly related to him what had happened. "I am on my way to hear that precious saint, Mr. Hervey, hold forth. You see I am armed to defend myself against temporal foes, and so are many others of my friends and brethren in God, who will be present on that blessed occasion. Come away, Allan Hamilton: you are one of the timid and faint-hearted flock of Jacob, but we will aid you as you wish, and

peradventure save the young man who has done you such a good turn."

They went on swiftly to a retired spot at the distance of half a mile: it was a small glen nearly surrounded with rocks. There they beheld the Reverend Mr. Hervey standing upon a mound of earth, and preaching to a congregation, the greater part of the males of which were armed with muskets, swords, or pikes; they formed, as it were, the outworks of the assembly, the women, old men, and children being placed in the centre. These were a few of the devoted Christians who, from the rocks and caves of their native land, sent up their fearless voices to heaven—who, disowning the spiritual authority of a tyrannic government, thought it nowise unbecoming or treasonable to oppose the strong arm of lawless power with its own weapons; and who finally triumphed in the glorious contest—establishing that pure religion, for which posterity has proved, alas, too ungrateful! In the pressing urgency of the case Allaster did not scruple to go up to the minister in the midst of his discourse. Such interruptions, indeed, were common in these distracted times, when it was necessary to skulk from place to place, and perform divine worship as if it was an act of treason against the state. Mr. Hervey made known to his flock in a few words what had been communicated to him, taking care to applaud highly the scheme proposed by Wilson. There was no time to be lost, and, under the guidance of Allaster, the whole of the assemblage hurried to a gorge of the mountains through which the troopers must necessarily pass. As the route of the latter was circuitous, time was allowed to this sagacious leader to arrange his forces. This he did by placing all the armed men, about twenty-five in number, in two lines across the pass. Those who were not armed, together with the women and children, were sent to the rear. When, therefore, the soldiers came up, they found to their surprise a formidable body ready to dispute the passage.

"What means this interruption?" said Rosa, who acted the part of spokesman to the rest. Whereupon Mr. Hervey advanced in front—"Release," said he, "that young man whom ye have in bonds."

"Release him!" replied Rosa. "Would you have us release a murderer? Are you aware that he has shot his officer?"

"I am aware of it," Mr. Hervey answered, "And I blame him not for the deed. Stand forth, Allan Hamilton, and say if that is the soldier who saved your life—and you, Mary Hamilton, stand forth likewise."

Both, to the astonishment of the soldiers, came in front of the crowd. "That," said Allan, "is the man, and may God bless him for his humanity." "It is the same," cried his daughter; "I saw him with these eyes shoot the cruel Clobberton. On my knees I begged him to sue for mercy, and his kind heart had pity upon me, and saved my father."

"Soldiers," said Mr. Hervey, "I have nothing more to say to you. That young man has slain your captain, but he has done no murder. His deed was justifiable; yea, it was praiseworthy, in so far as it saved an upright man, and rid the earth of a cruel persecutor. Deliver him up and go away in peace, or peradventure ye may fare ill among these armed men who stand before you."

The troopers consulted together for a short time, till, seeing that resistance would be utter madness against such odds, they reluctantly let go their prisoner. The first person who came up to him was Mary Hamilton. She loosened the cords that tied him, and presented him with conscious pride to those of her own sex who were assembled round.

"Good bye, Graham!" cried Ross, with a sneer. "You have bit us once, but it will puzzle you to do so again. We shall soon *harry* you and your puritanical friends from your strongholds. An ell of strong hemp is in readiness for you at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. Take my defiance for a knave, as you are!" added he, with an imprecation.

He had scarcely pronounced the last sentence when Graham unsheathed the weapon which hung at his side, sprang from the middle of the crowd, and stood before his defier.

"Ross, you have challenged me, and you shall abide it—draw!"

Here there was an instantaneous movement among the Covenanters, who rushed in between the two fierce soldiers, who stood with their naked weapons, their eyes glancing fire at each other. Mary Hamilton screamed aloud with terror, and cries of "Separate them!" were heard from all the women. Mr. Hervey came forward and entreated them to put up their swords, and he was seconded by most of the old men; but all entreaties were in vain. They stood fronting each other, and only waiting for free ground to commence their desperate game.

"Let me alone," said Graham furiously to some who were attempting to draw him back; "am I to be bearded to my teeth by that swaggering ruffian?"

"Come on, my sweet cock of the Covenant," cried Ross, with the most insulting derision, "you or any one of your canting crew—or a dozen of you, one after the other."

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"Let Graham go," was heard from the deep stern voice of Allaster Wilson; "let him go, or I will meet that man with my own weapon. Mr. Hervey, your advice is dear to us all, and well do we know that the blood of God's creatures must not be shed in vain; but has not that man of blood openly defied us, and shall we hinder our champion from going forward to meet him? No, let them join in combat and try which is the better cause. If the challenger overcomes, we shall do him no harm, but let him depart in peace; if he be overcome, let him rue the consequences of his insolence."

This proposition, though violently opposed by the women and the aged part of the crowd, met the entire approbation of the young men. Each felt himself personally insulted, and allowed, for a time, the turbulent passions of his nature to get the better of every milder feeling. A space of ground was immediately cleared for the combat, the friends of Ross being allowed to arrange matters as they thought fit. They went about it with a coolness and precision which showed that to them this sort of pastime was nothing new. "All is right—fall on," was their cry, and in a moment the combatants met in the area. The three troopers looked on with characteristic *sang froid*, but it was otherwise with the rest of the by-standers, who gazed upon the scene with the most intense interest. Some of the females turned away their eyes from it, and among them Mary Hamilton, who almost sunk to the earth, and was with difficulty supported by her father.

The combat was desperate, for the men were of powerful strength, and of tried courage and skill in their weapons. The blows were parried for some time on both sides with consummate address, and neither could be said to have the advantage. At length, after contending fiercely, Ross exhibited signs of exhaustion—neither guarding himself, nor assaulting his opponent so vigorously as at first. Graham, on noticing this, redoubled his efforts. He acted now wholly on the offensive, sending blow upon blow with the rapidity of lightning. His last and most desperate stroke was made at the head of his enemy. The sword of the latter, which was held up in a masterly manner to receive it, was beat down by Graham's weapon, which descended forcibly upon his helmet. This blow proved decisive, and Ross fell senseless upon the ground. His conqueror immediately wrested the weapon from him, while a shout was set up by the crowd in token of victory. The troopers looked mortified at this result of the duel, which was by them

evidently unexpected. Their first care was to raise up their fellow-comrade. On examination, no wound was perceived upon his head. His helmet had been penetrated by the sword, which however did not go farther. His own weapon had contributed to deaden the blow, by partially arresting that of Graham in its furious descent. It was this only which saved his life. In a few minutes he so far recovered as to get up and look around him. The first object which struck him was his opponent standing in the ring wiping his forehead.

"Well, Rosa," said one of his companions, "I always took you to be the best swordsman in the regiment; but I think you have met your match."

"My match? confound me!" returned the vanquished man, "I thought I would have made minced meat of him. There, for three years have I had the character of being one of the best men in the army at my weapon, and here is all this good name taken out of me in a trice. Blast my eyes, how mortifying—and to lose my good sword too!"

"Here is your sword, Ross, and keep it," said Graham. "You have behaved like a brave man; and I honour such a fellow, whether he be my friend or foe. Only don't go on with your insolent bragging—that is all the advice I have to give you; nor call any man a knave till you have good proof that he is so."

"Well, well, Graham," answered the other, "I retract what I said; I have a better opinion of you than I had ten minutes ago. Take care of old Dalzell—his *lambs* will be after you, and you had better keep out of the way. Take this advice in return for my weapon which you have given me back. It would, after all, be a pity to tuck up such a pretty fellow as you are; although I would care very little to see your long-faced acquaintances there dangling by the necks. Give us your hand for old fellowship, and shift your quarters as soon as you choose. Good bye." So saying, he and his three comrades departed.

After these doings, it was considered imprudent for the principal actors to remain longer in this quarter. Mr. Hervey retired about twenty miles to the northward, in company with Allan Hamilton and his daughter, and Allaster Wilson. Graham went by a circuitous route to Argyleshire, where he secreted himself so judiciously, that though the agents of government got information of his being in that county, they could never manage to lay hand upon him. These steps were prudent in all parties; for the very day after the rescue a strong body of dragoons was sent to the

Lowthers to apprehend the above-named persons. They behaved with great cruelty, burning the cottages of numbers of the inhabitants, and destroying their cattle. They searched Allan Hamilton's house, took from it everything that could be easily carried away, and such of his cattle as were found on the premises. Among other things, they carried off the body of the sanguinary Clobberton, which they found in the spot where it had been left, and interred it in Lanark churchyard with military honours. None of the individuals, however, whom they sought for were found.

For a short time after this, the persecution raged with great violence in the south of Lanarkshire; but happier days were beginning to dawn; and the arrival of King William and dethronement of the bigoted James put an end to such scenes of cruelty. When these events occurred, the persecuted came forth from their hiding-places. Mr. Hervey, among others, returned to the Lowthers, and enjoyed many happy days in this seat of his ministry and trials. Allan and his daughter were among the first to make their appearance. Their house soon recovered its former comfort; and in the course of time every worldly concern went well with them. Mary, however, for a month or more after their return, did not feel entirely satisfied. She was duller than was her wont; and neither she nor her father could give any explanation why it should be so. At this time a tall young man paid them a visit, and, strange to say, she became perfectly happy. This visitor was no other than the wild, fighting fellow Graham—now perfectly reformed from his former evil courses, by separation from his profligate companions, and by the better company and principles with which his late troubles had brought him acquainted.

A few words more will end our story. This bold trooper and the beautiful daughter of Allan Hamilton were seen five weeks thereafter going to church as man and wife. It was allowed that they were the handsomest couple ever seen in the Lowthers. Graham proved a kind husband; and it is hardly necessary to state that Mary was a most affectionate and exemplary wife. Allan Hamilton attained a happy old age, and saw his grandchildren ripening into fair promise around him. His daughter, many years after his death, used to repeat to them the story of his danger and escape which we have here imperfectly related. The tale is not fictitious. It is handed down in tradition over the upper and middle wards of Lanarkshire, and with a consistency which leaves no doubt of its truth.

COUNT UGOLINO.

[Dante Alighieri, born at Florence, May, 1265; died at Ravenna, July or September, 1321. The author of the *Divine Comedy*, or *The Vision of Hell, Purgatory*, and *Paradise*. He also wrote the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convivio*, or *The Banquet*, and other works; but it is by the *Vision* that his memory is perpetuated. The following is from Cary's translation.¹ Of the many English versions of this poem Longfellow's is the most recent. Count Ugolino, who relates his sufferings to the poet, was the chief of one of three parties who were competing for the sovereignty of Pisa. By treachery he became victor, only to be himself betrayed by the Archbishop Ruggieri, who reported to the people that their castles had been sold to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. The count was seized, cast into prison with two of his sons and two grandsons, and they were all starved to death.²]

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words
That I may utter shall prove seed, to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayest be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was taken
And after murder'd, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With leau brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged

Lenfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tuaks gore their sides. When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I desoried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear:
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo to my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding.

The Inferno—Canto xxxiii.

THE MIGRATIONS OF A SOLAN GOOSE.

BY MISS CORBET.

"Well, Bryce," said Mrs. Maxwell one day to her housekeeper, "what has the gamekeeper sent this week from Maxwell Hall?"

"Why, madam, there are three pair of partridges, a brace of grouse, a woodcock, three hares, a couple of pheasants, and a solan goose."

"A solan goose!" ejaculated the lady;

¹Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., born at Birmingham, 1772; died in London, 14th August, 1844. Educated at Oxford; sometime vicar of Bromley Abbat's, Staffordshire; and afterwards assistant-librarian in the British Museum. In his latter years he enjoyed a pension of £200 a year from government. He won much reputation by his translations, and especially by his version of *The Divine Comedy*, which Southey said was "a translation of magnitude and difficulty, executed with perfect fidelity and admirable skill."

²This is the subject of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's most powerful paintings.

"what could induce him to think I would poison my house with a solan goose?"

"He knows it is a dish that my master is very fond of," replied Mrs. Bryce.

"It is more than your mistress is," retorted the lady; "let it be thrown out directly before Mr. Maxwell sees it."

The housekeeper retired, and Mrs. Maxwell resumed her cogitations, the subject of which was how to obtain an introduction to the French noblesse who had recently taken up their abode in Edinburgh.

"Gracious me!" said she, as she hastily rung the bell, "how could I be so stupid?—there is nothing in the world that old Lady Crosby is so fond of as a solan goose, and I understand she knows all the French people, and that they are constantly with her.—Bryce," she continued, as the housekeeper obeyed her summons, "is the goose a fine bird?"

"Very fine indeed, madam; the beak is broken, and one of the legs is a little ruffled, but I never saw a finer bird."

"Well, then, don't throw it away, as I mean to send it to my friend Lady Crosby, as soon as I have written a note."

Mrs. Bryce once more retreated, and Mrs. Maxwell, having selected a beautiful sheet of note-paper, quickly penned the following effusion:

"My dear Lady Crosby,—Permit me to request your acceptance of a solan goose, which has just been sent me from Maxwell Hall. Knowing your fondness for this bird, I am delighted at having it in my power to gratify you. I hope that you continue to enjoy good health. This is to be a very gay winter. By the bye, do you know any one who is acquainted with the French noblesse? I am dying to meet with them. Ever, my dear Lady Crosby, yours truly,
M. MAXWELL."

Lady Crosby being out when this billet reached her house, it was opened by one of her daughters.

"Bless me, Maria!" she exclaimed to her sister, "how fortunate it was that I opened this note; Mrs. Maxwell has sent mamma a solan goose!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Eliza; "I am sure if mamma hears of it she will have it roasted immediately, and Captain Jeremy, of the Lancers, is to call to-day, and you know a roasted solan goose is enough to contaminate a whole parish.—I shall certainly go distracted!"

"Don't discompose yourself," replied Maria; "I shall take good care to send it out of the house before mamma comes home; meanwhile,

I must write a civil answer to Mrs. Maxwell's note. I daresay she will not think of alluding to it; but if she should, mamma, luckily, is pretty deaf, and may never be a bit the wiser."

"I think," said Eliza, "we had better send the goose to the Napiers, as they were rather affronted at not being asked to our last musical party; I daresay they will make no use of it, but it looks attentive."

"An excellent thought," rejoined Maria. No sooner said than done; in five minutes the travelled bird had once more changed its quarters.

"A solan goose!" ejaculated Mrs. Napier, as her footman gave her the intelligence of Lady Crosby's present. "Pray, return my compliments to her ladyship, and I feel much obliged by her polite attention. Truly," continued she, when the domestic had retired to fulfil this mission, "if Lady Crosby thinks to stop our mouths with a solan goose, she will find herself very much mistaken. I suppose she means this as a peace-offering for not having asked us to her last party. I suppose she was afraid, Clara, my dear, you would cut out her clumsy daughters with Sir Charles."

"If I don't, it shall not be my fault," replied her amiable daughter. "I flirted with him in such famous style at the last concert, that I thought Eliza would have fainted on the spot. But what are you going to do with the odious bird?"

"Oh, I shall desire John to carry it to poor Mrs. Johnstone."

"I wonder, mamma, that you would take the trouble of sending all the way to the Canongate for any such purpose; what good can it do you to oblige people who are so wretchedly poor?"

"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "to tell you the truth, your father, in early life, received such valuable assistance from Mr. Johnstone, who was at that time a very rich man, as laid the foundation of his present fortune. Severe losses reduced Mr. Johnstone to poverty; he died, and your father has always been intending, at least promising to do something for the family, but has never found an opportunity. Last year, Mrs. Johnstone most unfortunately heard that he had it in his power to get a young man out to India, and she applied to Mr. Napier on behalf of her son, which, I must say, was a very ill-judged step, as showing that she thought he required to be reminded of his promises, which, to a man of any feeling, must always be a grating circumstance; but I have often observed, that poor people have very little delicacy in such points; how-

ever, as your papa fancies sometimes that these people have a sort of claim on him, I am sure he will be glad to pay them any attention that costs him nothing."

Behold, then, our hero exiled from the fashionable regions of the West, and laid on the broad of his back on a table, in a small but clean room, in a humble tenement in the Canongate, where three hungry children eyed with delight his fat legs, his swelling breast, and magnificent pinions.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the children, skipping round the table, and clapping their hands, "what a beautiful goose! how nice it will be when it is roasted! You must have a great large slice, mamma, for you had very little dinner yesterday. Why have we never any nice dinners now, mamma?"

"Hush, little chatter-box," said her brother Henry, a fine stripling of sixteen, seeing tears gather in his mother's eyes.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Johnstone, "it goes to my heart to think of depriving these poor children of their expected treat, but I think we ought to send this bird to our benefactress, Lady Bethune. But for her, what would have become of us? While the Napiers, who owe all they have to your worthy and unfortunate father, have given us nothing but empty promises, she has been a consoling and ministering angel, and I should wish to take this opportunity of showing my gratitude; trifling as the offering is, I am sure it will be received with kindness."

"I am sure of it," replied Henry; "and I will run and buy a few nuts and apples to console the little ones for losing their expected feast."

The children gazed with lengthened faces as the goose was carried from their sight, and conveyed by Henry to the house of Lady Bethune, who, appreciating the motives which had dictated the gift, received it with benevolent kindness.

"Tell your mother, my dear," said she to Henry, "that I feel most particularly obliged by her attention, and be sure to say that Sir James has hopes of procuring a situation for you: and if he succeeds, I will come over myself to tell her the good news."

Henry bounded away as gay as a lark, while Lady Bethune, after having given orders to her butler to send some bolls of potatoes, meal, and a side of fine mutton, to Mrs. Johnstone, next issued directions for the disposal of the present she had just received.

"La, madam!" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, as she once more made her appearance before her

mistress, "if here be not our identical solan goose come back to us, with Lady Bethune's compliments! I know him by his broken beak and ruffled leg; and as sure as eggs are eggs, that's my master's knock at the door!"

"Run, Bryce! fly!" cried Mrs. Maxwell in despair; "put it out of sight! give it to the house-dog!"

Away ran Mrs. Bryce with her prize to Towler; and he, not recollecting that he had any favour to obtain from any one, or that he had any dear friends to oblige, received the present very gratefully, and, as he lay in his kennel,

"Lazily mumbled the bones of the dead;"

thus ingloriously terminating the migrations of a solan goose.

THE KNIGHT'S TALE

[Geoffrey Chaucer, born in London, 1328; died there 25th October, 1400. "The Father of English poetry." There are few authentic records of his life; but it seems to be generally accepted that he studied at Oxford and Cambridge; visited the Continent—as a soldier, according to some accounts—entered the Inner Temple to study law, and was "fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street;" was a favourite of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose sister-in-law became his wife; and he received an annuity of twenty marks from Edward III. He was appointed comptroller of wool at the port of London, and was sent as an envoy to Genoa. At another time he was sent to France to treat of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and a daughter of the French king. In the early years of the reign of Richard II. he became involved in political disturbances, and fled to Holland. He returned to London soon after, and was committed to the Tower, but was released on disclosing the names of his associates in the late conspiracy. He subsequently became master of the works at Westminster, and soon after at Windsor. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the chapel of St. Bennet. His chief poems are: *The Canterbury Tales*; *The Romaunt of the Rose*, translated from the French; *Troilus and Creseide*; *The Court of Love*; *The Complaint of Pite*; *The Assembly of Foules*; *The House of Fame*; *The Legend of Good Women*; *The Flower and the Leaf*; *Chaucer's Dream*, &c. Thomas Warton wrote: "His genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety; and his merit was not less in painting familiar manners with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions, and representing the beautiful or grand objects of nature with grace and sublimity." In the following extracts, the orthography is, as far as possible, modernized.]

[Theseus, Duke of Athens, captured in war two cousins of Thebes, Palamon and Arcite, and condemned them to perpetual imprisonment. From the window of their cell the prisoners saw Emelie, sister of the queen, and

love of her filled their hearts. This caused the first misunderstanding that had ever arisen between these faithful friends. Arcite was released from prison, but exiled from the realms of Theseus.]

"O dear cousin Palamon, quod he,
Thine is the victory of this aventure;
Full blissfully in prison to endure:
In prison? Nay certes, but in paradise.
Well hath fortune yturned thee the dice,
That hath the sight of her, and I the absence.
For possible is, since thou hast her presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by some chance, since fortune is changeable,
Thou mayest to thy desire sometime attain:
But I that am exiled, and barreyne
Of all grace, and in so great despair,
That there n' is water, earth, fire ne air,
Ne creature that of them maketh is,
That may me help or comfort in this.

Alas! why plainen men so in commune
Of purveance, of God, or of fortune,
That giveth them full oft in many a guise
Much better than they can themselves devise?
Some man desireth for to have riches,
That cause is of his murder or great sickness;
And some man would out of his prison faine,
That in his house is of his servants alain.
Infinite harmes ben in this matere;
We wot never what thing we prayen here."

[Arcite at length returned in disguise to Athens, and entered the Duke's household as a servant, where he was privileged to see his lady every day. He became a favourite and was promoted, but not discovered. Palamon, meanwhile, escaped from prison, and, whilst hiding in the woods, encountered his rival. They were to engage in a duel, but were interrupted by Theseus, who, upon learning the truth, appointed a tournament in which the knights might decide their claims to the lady. The day came: Arcite had placed himself under the protection of Mars; Palamon had obtained that of Venus. A hundred knights followed each leader.]

Up goth the trumpets and the melodye;
And to the liste ride the companie
By ordinance, through the city large,
Hanging with cloth of gold and not with serge
Full like a lord this noble Duke can ride,
And these two Thebans upon either side;
And after rode the queen and Emelie;
And after them of ladies another companie;
And after them of commons after their degree.
And thus they passeden through that city,
And to the liste comen they be-time:
It was not of the day yet fully prime,

When set was Theseus full rich and high,
Ipollita, the queen, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees about.
Unto the seats presseth all the rout,
And westward thorough the gates of Mart,
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With banners red, is enter'd right anon;
And in that same moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, eastward in the place,
With banner white and hardy cheer and face.

In all the world to seeken up and down,
So even without variation,
There never were such companies twy;
For there was none so wise that coude say
That any had of other advantage
Of worthiness, nor of estate, nor of viage,
So even were they chosen for to guess:
And in two ranges (ranks) fair they them dres.
When that their names read were every one,
That in their number gulle were there none:
Then were the gates shut and cried was loud—
"Do now your devoir, young knights proud."

The heralds left their pricking up and down.
Now ringin trumpets loud and clarion.
There is no more to say, but east and west
In gooth the spears steadily in the rest;
There, see men who can joust and who can ride:
In gooth the sharp spur into the side:
There shiveren shaftes upon shields thick:
He feeleth through the heartes soon the prick:
Up springen spears twenty foot on high;
Out gon the swordes as the silver bright:
The helms they to-hewen and to-shred;¹
Out burst the blood with stern streames red;
With mighty maces the bones they to-braste;²
He through the thickest of the throng 'gan thrust:
There stumble steedes strong, and down can fall;
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball:
He presseth on his foe with a truncheon,
And he him hurtleth with his horse adown:
He through the body hurt is and sith then take
Maugre his head, and brought unto the stake,
As forword (agreement) was, right there he met
Another lad is on that other side: [abule.
And sometime bids them, Theseus, to rest,
Them to refresh and drinken if them lest (li-t').

Full oft a-day have these same Thebans two
Together met and wrought each other woe:
Unhorsed hath each other of them twy.
There was no tiger in the vale of Galgopley,
When that her whelp is stole when it is lite (little),
So cruel on the hunt as is Arcite,
For jealous heart, upon this Palamon:
Nor in Belmarie there n' is so fell lion
That hunted is, or for his hunger wud (mad),
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood.
As Palamon to slay his foe Arcite:
The jealous strokes on their helmets bite:
Out runneth blood on both their sides red.

¹ To hew and cut to pieces.

² Broke in pieces.

Sometime an end there is of every deed :
 For ere the sun unto the roste went
 The strong King Emetrius 'gan hent¹
 This Palamon as he fought with Arcite,
 And made his sword deep in his flesh to bite ;
 And by the force of twenty is he take,
 Unyielding, and is drawn to the stake :
 And in the rescue of this Palamon
 The strong King Ligurgius is borne adown :
 And King Emetrius, for all his strength,
 Is borne out of his saddle his sword's length,
 So hit him Palamon ere he were take :
 But all for nought, he was brought to the stake.
 His hardy heart might him helpen nought ;
 He must abide when that he was caught
 By force and eke by composition.

Who sorroweth now, but woeful Palamon,
 That must no more go again to fight?
 And when that Theseus had seen that sight,
 Unto the folk that foughten thus each one
 He cried, "Ho!—no more, for it is done.
 I will be true judge and not partie.
 Arcite of Thebes shall have Emelie,
 That by his fortune hath her fairly won."

And there is a noise of people begun
 For joy of this, so loud and high withal,
 It seemed that the liftes (skies) would fall.

What can now fair Venus do above?
 What smyth she now? what doth this queen of love
 But weepeth so for wanting of her will,
 Till that her teares in the liftes fill.
 She said, "I am a-shamed, doubtless."

Saturnus said, "Daughter, hold thy peace :
 Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his boon,
 And by mine head, thou shalt be eased soon."

The trump'eters with the loud minstrelay,
 The heralds that so loudly yell and cry,
 Be in their joy for weal of Dan² Arcite.
 But hearkeneth me and stay the noise a lit'e,
 What a miracle there befell anon.

This fierce Arcite hath off his helm ydone,
 And on his courser for to show his face
 He pricketh end-long in the large place,
 Looking upward upon this Emelie,
 And she again cast him a friendly eye,
 (For women as to speaken in commune,
 They follow all the favour of fortune)
 And was all his in cheer as in heart.
 Out of the ground a fury infernal start—
 From Pluto sent at the request of Saturno—
 For which his horse for fear 'gan to turn,
 And leapt aside and fundered as he leap ;
 And ere that Arcite may take any kepe (care)
 He pitched him on the pomel (top) of his head,
 That in the place he lay as he were dead.

[Arcite, dying, sent for Emelie and Palamon.]

"Alas the woe, alas the paines strong
 That I for you have suffered and so long!
 Alas the death, alas my Emelie!
 Alas, departing of our companie!
 Alas mine hearte's queen, alas my wife!
 Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
 What is this world, what asken men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his cold grave
 Alone withouten any companie.
 Farewell my sweet, farewell mine Emelie!
 And soft, take me in your armes tway,
 For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

"I have here with my cousin Palamon
 Had strife and rancour many a day agone
 For love of you, and eke for jelousie ;
 And Jupiter so wis my soule gie³
 To speaken of a servant properly,
 With all circumstances truly,
 That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthede,
 Wisdom, humbl'esse, estate and high kindrede,
 Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,
 As in this world right now we know I non'
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That serveth you, and will do all his life ;
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, that gentle man."

And with that word his speech to fall began. . . .
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye ;
 His last word was, "Mercy, Emelie."

Infinite ben the sorrows and the tears
 Of old folk and folk of tender years,
 In all the town for death of this Theban—
 For him there weepeth both child and man.

[Emelie, Palamon, and Theseus were the
 chief mourners for the dead knight, and their
 grief endured long. But—]

By processe and by length of certain years,
 All stenten is the mourning and the tears.

[The Duke summoned Emelie and Palamon
 to his presence, and spoke thus :—]

"The first Mover of the cause above
 When he first made the fair chain of love,
 Great was th' effect and high was his intent ;
 Well wist he why and what thereof he meant ;
 For with that fair chain of love he bond
 The fire, the water, the air, and eke the lond,
 In certain bonds that they may not flee :
 That same Prince and Mover eke (quod he)
 Hath 'stablished in this wretched world adoun
 Certain of days and duration
 To all that are engendered in this place. . . .
 "Lo, the oak that hath so long a nourishing
 From the time that it 'ginneth first to spring,

¹ Catch or attack ; Emetrius being one of Arcite's supporters.

² Lord.

³ So direct me.

And hath so long a life, as we may see,
 Yet at the last wasted is the tree.
 Considereth eke how that the harde stone
 Under our feet, on which we tread and go'n,
 It wasteth as it lieth by the way;
 The broad river sometime waxeth dry;
 The great towns see we wane and wend:
 Then may we see that all thing hath an end.

Of man and woman see we well also,
 That wendeth in one of this termes two:
 That is to say, in youth or else in age,
 He must be dead, the king as shall a page;
 Some in his bed, some in the deep sea,
 Some in the large field as men may see:
 There helpeth nought, all goeth thilke way:
 Then may I say that all thing shall die.
 What maketh this but Jupiter the king.
 The which is prince and cause of all thing.
 Converting all unto his proper will,
 From which it is derived, sooth to tell?
 And here against no creature alive,
 Of no degree, availeth for to strive.

Then is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
 To maken virtue of necessitee,
 And take it well, that we may not eschew,
 And namely that that to us all is due;
 And whoso grudgeth ought he doeth folleie,
 And rebel is to him that all may gi'e.
 And certainly a man hath most honour
 To dien in his excellence and flower,
 When he is siccar of his good name;
 Then hath he done his friend, ne him, no shame;
 And gladder ought his friend ben of his death
 When with honour is yielded up his breath,
 Than when his name appalled (made pale) is for age,
 For all forgotten is his vasaalage;
 Then is it best as for a worthy fame,
 To dien when a man is best of name.
 The contrary of all this is wilfulness.
 Why grudgen we? Why have we heaviness,
 That good Arcite, of chivalry the flower,
 Departed is with worship and honour,
 Out of this foule prison of this life?
 Why grudgeth here his cousin and his wife
 Of his welfare, that loven him so well?
 Can he them thank? Nay, God wot, never a del,
 That both his soul and eke himself offend,
 And yet they may their lustres not amend.

"What may I conclude of this long serie,
 But after woe I rede us to be merry,
 And thanken Jupiter of all his grace;
 And ere that we departen from this place,
 I rede that we make of sorrows two
 One perfect joy lasting evermo:
 And looking now where most sorrow is herein,
 There will we first amenden and begin.

"Sister (quod he) this is my full assent,
 With all th' advice here of my parlement,
 That gentle Palamon, your owen knight,
 That serveth you with heart, and will, and might,
 And ever hath done since first time you him knew,

That ye shall of your grace upon him rue,
 And take him for your husband and for lord:
 Lend me your hand, for this is our accord.

"Let see now of your womanly pitee,
 He is a king's brother's son, pardee;
 And though he were a poor bachelera,
 Since he hath served you so many a year,
 And had for you so great adversity,
 It must be considered, trusteth me,
 For gentle mercy ought to passen right."

Then said he thus to Palamon, the knight:
 "I trow there needeth little sermoning
 To maken you assenten to this thing.
 Come near, and take your lady by the hond."

Betwixen them was makid anon the bond
 That highte matrimony or marriage,
 By all the council of the baronage.
 And thus with blis and eke with melody
 Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
 And God, that all this world hath wrought,
 Send him his love that hath it dear ybought.
 For now is Palamon in alle weal,
 Living in blis, in riches, and in heal';
 And Emelie him loveth so tenderly,
 And he her serveth so gently,
 That never was there no word them between
 Of jealousy, ne of none other tene (grief).

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
 And God save all this fair companie.

FEATHERED LIFE IN AMERICA.

[John Burroughs, an American ornithologist, who, following in the footsteps of Wilson and Audubon, is helping to extend our knowledge of the characteristics of the winged tribes. The following is from an article in the New York *Galaxy Magazine*, August, 1899.]

Years ago, when quite a youth, I was rambling in the woods one Sunday with my brothers, gathering black-birch, wintergreens, &c., when, as we reclined upon the ground, gazing vaguely up into the trees, I caught sight of a bird that paused a moment on a branch above me, the like of which I had never before seen or heard of. It was probably the blue yellow-backed warbler, as I have since found this to be a common bird in those woods; but to my young fancy it seemed like some fairy bird, so curiously marked was it, and so new and unexpected. It seemed like an integral part of the green beech woods. I saw it a moment as the flickering leaves parted, noted the white spot in its wing, and it was gone. How the thought of it clung to me afterward! It was a revelation. It was the first intimation I had had that the woods we knew so well held birds that we knew not at all. Were our eyes

and ears so dull, then? There was the robin, the blue-jay, the blue-bird, the yellow-bird, the cherry-bird, the cat-bird, the chipping-bird, the woodpecker, the high-hole, an occasional red-bird, and a few others, in the woods or along their borders, but who ever dreamed that there were still others that not even the hunters saw, and whose names no one had ever heard?

When, one summer day later in life, I took my gun and went to the woods again in a different, though perhaps a less simple spirit, I found my youthful vision more than realized. There were indeed other birds, plenty of them, singing, nesting, breeding, among the familiar trees, which I had before passed by unheard and unseen.

It is a surprise that awaits every student of ornithology, and the thrill of delight that accompanies it, and the feeling of fresh, eager inquiry that follows, can hardly be awakened by any other pursuit. Take the first step in ornithology, procure one new specimen, and you are ticketed for the whole voyage. There is a fascination about it quite overpowering. It fits so well with other things—with fishing, hunting, farming, walking, camping-out—with all that takes one to the fields and woods. One may go a blackberrying and make some rare discovery; or, while driving his cow to pasture, hear a new song, or make a new observation. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. Expectation is ever on tip-toe. What no man ever saw before may the next moment be revealed to you. What a new interest the woods have! How you long to explore every nook and corner of them! You would even find consolation in being lost in them. You could then hear the night birds and the owls, and in your wanderings might stumble upon some unknown specimen.

In all excursions to the woods or to the shore, the student of ornithology has an advantage over his companions. He has one more resource, one more avenue of delight. He, indeed, kills two birds with one stone, and sometimes three. If others wander, he can never go out of his way. His game is everywhere. The cawing of a crow makes him feel at home, while a new note or a new song draws all care. Audubon, on the desolate coast of Labrador, is happier than any king ever was; and on shipboard is nearly cured of his sea-sickness when a new gull appears in sight.

One must taste it to understand or appreciate its fascination. The looker-on sees nothing to inspire such enthusiasm. Only a little feathers

and a half-musical note or two; why all this ado? "Who would give a hundred and twenty dollars to know about the birds?" said an Eastern governor, half contemptuously, to Wilson, as the latter solicited a subscription to his great work. Sure enough. Bought knowledge is dear at any price. The most precious things have no commercial value. It is not, your excellency, mere technical knowledge of the birds that you are asked to purchase, but a new interest in the fields and woods, a new moral and intellectual tonic, a new key to the treasure-house of nature. Think of the many other things your excellency would get; the air, the sunshine, the sylvan fragrance and coolness, and the many respites from the knavery and turmoil of political life.

The ornithologists divide and subdivide the birds into a great many families, orders, genera, species, &c., which, at first sight, are apt to confuse and discourage the reader. But any unprofessional person can acquaint himself with most of our song birds by keeping in mind a few general divisions, and observing the characteristics of each. By far the greater number of our land birds are either Warblers, Vireos, Fly-catchers, Thrushes, or Finches.

The Warblers are, perhaps, the most puzzling. These are the true *Sylvia*, the real wood-birds. They are small, very active, but feeble songsters, and, to be seen, must be sought for. In passing through the woods, most persons have a vague consciousness of slight chirping, semi-musical sounds in the trees overhead. In most cases these sounds proceed from the Warblers. Throughout the Middle and Eastern States, half a dozen species or so may be found in almost every locality, as the red-start,¹ the Maryland yellow-throat, the yellow-warbler (not the common goldfinch, with black cap and black wings and tail), the hooded-warbler, the black and white creeping-warbler; or others, according to the locality and the character of the woods. In pine or hemlock woods, one species may predominate; in maple or oak woods, or in mountainous districts, another. The subdivision of ground warblers, the most common members of which are the Maryland yellow-throat, the Kentucky-warbler, and the mourning-ground warbler, are usually found

¹ I am aware that the red-start is generally classed among the Fly-catchers, but its song, its form, and its habits are in every respect those of a Warbler. Its main fly-catcher mark is its beak, but to the *muscipapa* proper it presents little or no resemblance to the general observer.

in low, wet, bushy or half-open woods, often on, and always near the ground.

Audubon figures and describes over forty different Warblers. More recent writers have divided and subdivided the group very much, giving new names to new classifications. But this part is of interest and value only to the professional ornithologist.

The finest songster among the *Sylvia*, according to my notions, is the black-throated greenback. Its song is sweet and clear, but brief.

The rarest of the species are Swainson's warbler, said to be disappearing; the cerulean-warbler, said to be abundant about Niagara; and the mourning-ground warbler, which I have found breeding about the headwaters of the Delaware in New York.

The Vireos, or Greenlets, are a sort of connecting-link between the Warblers and the true Fly-catchers, and partake of the characteristics of both.

The red-eyed vireo, whose sweet soliloquy is one of the most constant and cheerful sounds in our woods and groves, is, perhaps, the most noticeable and abundant species. The Vireos are a little larger than the Warblers, and are far less brilliant and variegated in colour.

There are four species found in most of our woods, viz. the red-eyed vireo, the white-eyed vireo, the warbling-vireo, and the solitary-vireo—the red-eyed and warbling being most abundant, and the white-eyed being the most lively and animated songster. I meet the latter bird only in the thick, bushy growths of low, swampy localities, where, eluding the observer, it pours forth its song with a sharpness and a rapidity of articulation that are truly astonishing. This strain is very marked, and, though inlaid with the notes of several other birds, is entirely unique. The iris of this bird is white, as that of the red-eyed is red, though in neither case can this mark be distinguished at more than two or three yards. In most cases, the iris of birds is a dark-hazel, which passes for black.

The basket-like nest, pendent to the low branches in the woods, which the falling leaves of autumn reveal to all passers, is, in most cases, the nest of the red-eyed, though the solitary constructs a similar tenement, but in much more remote and secluded localities.

The general colour of this group of birds is very light ash beneath, becoming darker above, with a tinge of green. The red-eyed has a crown of a bluish tinge.

Most birds exhibit great alarm and distress, usually with a strong dash of anger, when you

approach their nests; but the demeanour of the red-eyed on such an occasion is an exception to this rule. The parent birds move about softly amid the branches above, eyeing the intruder with a curious, innocent look, uttering now and then a subdued note or plaint, solicitous and watchful, but making no demonstration of anger or distress.

The birds, no more than the animals, like to be caught napping, but I remember, one autumn day of coming upon a red-eyed vireo that was clearly oblivious to all that was passing around it. It was a young bird, though full grown, and it was taking its *siesta* on a low branch in a remote heathery field. Its head was snugly stowed away under its wing, and it would have fallen an easy prey to the first hawk that came along. I approached noiselessly, and when within a few feet of it paused to note its breathings, so much more rapid and full than our own. A bird has greater lung capacity than any other living thing, hence more animal heat, and life at a higher pressure. When I reached out my hand and carefully closed it around the winged sleeper, its sudden terror and consternation almost paralyzed it. Then it struggled and cried piteously, and when released hastened and hid itself in some near bushes. I never expected to surprise it thus a second time.

The Fly-catchers are a larger group than the Vireos, with stronger-marked characteristics. They are not properly Songsters, but are classed by some writers as Screechers. Their pugnacious dispositions are well known, and they not only fight among themselves but are incessantly quarrelling with their neighbours. The king-bird, or tyrant fly-catcher, might serve as the type of the order.

The common pewee excites the most pleasant emotions, both on account of its plaintive note and its exquisite mossy nest.

The phoebe-bird is the pioneer of the Fly-catchers, and comes in April, sometimes in March. It comes familiarly about the house and out-buildings, and usually builds beneath hay-sheds or under bridges.

The Fly-catchers always take their insect prey on the wing, by a sudden darting or swooping movement; often a very audible snap of the beak may be heard.

These birds are the least elegant, both in form and colour, of any of our feathered neighbours. They have short legs, a short neck, large heads, and broad flat beaks, with bristles at the base. They often fly with a peculiar quivering movement of the wings, and when at rest oscillate their tails at short intervals.

There are found in the United States nineteen species. In the middle and eastern districts one may observe in summer, without any special search, about five of them, viz., the king-bird, the phoebe-bird, the wood-pewee, the great-crested fly-catcher (distinguished from all others by the bright ferruginous colour of its tail), and the small green-crested fly-catcher.

The Thrushes are the birds of real melody, and will afford one more delight perhaps than any other class. The robin is the most familiar example. Their manners, flight, and form are the same in each species. See the robin hop along upon the ground, strike an attitude, scratch for a worm, fix his eye upon something before him or upon the beholder, flip his wings suspiciously, fly straight to his perch, or sit at sundown on some high branch carolling his sweet and honest strain, and you have seen what is characteristic of all the Thrushes. Their carriage is pre-eminently marked by grace, and their songs by melody.

Beside the robin, which is in no sense a wood-bird, we have in New York the wood-thrush, the hermit-thrush, the veery or Wilson's thrush, the olive-backed thrush, and, transiently, one or two other species not so clearly defined.

The wood-thrush and the hermit stand at the head as songsters, no two persons, perhaps, agreeing as to which is the superior.

The cast of their songs is so much alike, that any but an experienced observer might easily confound the two. But hear them both at the same time and the difference is quite marked. The song of the hermit is on a higher key, and is more simple, and more wild and ethereal. His instrument is a silver horn, which he winds in the most solitary places. The song of the wood-thrush is more golden and leisurely. Its tone comes nearer to that of some rare stringed instrument.

One feels that perhaps the wood-thrush has more compass and power, if he would only let himself out. His tone is certainly richer; but, on the whole, I am inclined to think that he falls a little short of the pure, serene, hymn-like strain of the hermit.

Under the general head of Finches Audubon describes over sixty different birds, ranging from the sparrows to the grosbeaks, and including the buntings, the linnets, the snow-birds, the cross-bills, and the red-birds.

We have nearly or quite a dozen varieties of the sparrow in the Atlantic States, but perhaps no more than half that number would be discriminated by the unprofessional observer. The

song-sparrow, which every child knows, comes first, at least his voice is first heard. And can there be anything more fresh and pleasing than this first simple strain heard from the garden fence, or a near hedge, on some bright, still March morning?

The field or vesper-sparrow, called also grass-finch, and bay-winged sparrow, a bird slightly larger than the song-sparrow, and of a lighter gray colour, is abundant in all our upland fields and pastures, and is a very sweet songster. It builds upon the ground, without the slightest cover or protection, and also roosts there. Walking through the fields at dusk I frequently start them up almost beneath my feet. When disturbed by day they fly with a quick, sharp movement, showing two white quills in the tail. The traveller along the country roads disturbs them earthing their wings in the soft dry earth, or sees them skulking and flitting along the fences in front of him. They run in the furrow in advance of the team, or perch upon the stones a few rods off. They sing much after sundown, hence the aptness of the name vesper-sparrow, which a recent writer, Wilson Flagg, has bestowed upon them.

In the meadows and low wet lands the savannah-sparrow is met with, and may be known by its fine, insect-like song. In the swamp, the swamp-sparrow.

The fox-sparrow, the largest and handsomest species of this family, comes to us in the fall, from the north, where it breeds. Likewise the tree or Canada-sparrow, and the white-crowned and white-throated sparrows.

The social-sparrow, *alias* "hair-bird," *alias* "red-headed chipping-bird," is the smallest of the sparrows, and, I believe, the only one that builds in trees.

A favourite sparrow of my own, but little noticed by bird writers, is the wood, or bush-sparrow, usually called *spizella pusilla* by the ornithologists. Its size and form are nearly that of the *socialis*, but in colour it is less distinctly marked, being of a duller reddish tinge. It prefers remote bushy fields, where its song is one of the sweetest to be heard. Its strain is sometimes very noticeable, especially early in spring. I have sat in the still leafless April woods when one of these birds would suddenly strike up, sending its voice through the woods like a clear soft whistle. On such an occasion, of course, its song is all the more noticeable and charming for being projected upon such a broad unoccupied page of silence.

This song is like the words *fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, fe-o*, uttered at first

high and leisurely, but running very rapidly toward the close, which is low and soft.

The Finches, as a class, all have short conical bills, with tails more or less forked. The purple-finch heads the list in varied musical ability.

Beside the groups of our more familiar birds which I have thus hastily outlined, there are numerous other groups, more limited in specimens, but comprising some of our best-known songsters. The Bobolink, for instance, has properly no congener. The famous Mocking-bird of the Southern States belongs to a genus which has but two other representatives in the Atlantic States, viz. the Cat-bird and the long-tailed or ferruginous Thrush.

The Wrens are a large and interesting family, and as songsters are noted for vivacity and volubility. The more common species are the house-wren, the wood-wren, the marsh-wren, the great Carolina-wren, and the winter-wren, the latter perhaps deriving its name from the fact that it breeds in the north. It is an exquisite songster, and pours forth its notes so rapidly, and with such sylvan sweetness and cadence, that it seems to *go off* like a musical alarm.

Wilson called the Kinglets Wrens, but they have little to justify the name except their song, which is of the same continuous, gushing, lyrical character as that referred to above. Dr. Brewer was entranced with the song of one of these tiny minstrels in the woods of New Brunswick, and thought he had found the author of the strain in the blackpoll-warbler. He seems loath to believe that a bird so small as either of the kinglets could possess such vocal powers. It may indeed have been the winter-wren, but from my own observation I believe the golden-crowned kinglet quite capable of such a performance.

The Cuckoo, of which we have two species, the yellow-billed and black-billed, the latter abounding in New York, and the former further south, is an interesting bird, though no more a songster than a crow is. Its characteristic sound is a long loud call, which it repeats with a peculiar weird and monkish effect in the depths of the forest. It sometimes suggests the distant voice of a turkey. When near at hand it is like this, *k-k-k-k-kow, kow, kow-ow, kow-ow, kow-ow*. Like all natural sounds it has a charm of its own, and soon becomes associated in the mind with all that is delightful in summer days and woods. The European species is larger than ours, and differently marked; but its habits and call resemble those of our black-billed so closely that

Wordsworth's lines have the same beauty and accuracy in America that they have in England.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! ah! I call thee bird?
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note amites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

Thrice welcome darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery.

More recent writers and explorers have added to Audubon's list over three hundred new species, the greater share of which belong to the northern and western parts of the continent. Audubon's observations were confined mainly to the Atlantic and Gulf States and the adjacent islands; hence the Western or Pacific birds were but little known to him, and are only briefly mentioned in his works.

As the paramount question in the life of a bird is the question of food, perhaps the most serious troubles our feathered neighbours encounter are early in the spring, after the supply of fat, with which nature stores every corner and by-place of the system, thereby anticipating the scarcity of food, has been exhausted; and the sudden and severe changes in the weather which occur at this season make unusual demands upon their vitality. No doubt many of the earlier birds die from starvation and exposure at this season. Among a troop of Canada-sparrows which I came upon one March day, all of them evidently much reduced, one was so feeble that I caught it in my hand.

During the present season a very severe cold spell, the first week in March, drove the blue-birds to seek shelter about the houses and out-buildings. As night approached, and the winds and the cold increased, they seemed filled with apprehension and alarm, and in the outskirts of the city came about the windows and doors, crept behind the blinds, clung to the gutters and beneath the cornice, flitted from porch to porch, and from house to house, seeking in vain for some safe retreat from the cold. The street pump, which had a small opening just over the handle, was an attraction which they could not resist. And yet they seemed aware of the insecurity of the position, for no sooner would they stow themselves away into the interior of the pump, to the number of six or

eight, than they would come rushing out again, as if apprehensive of some approaching danger. Time after time the cavity was filled and refilled, with blue and brown intermingled, and as often emptied. Presently they tarried longer than usual, when I made a sudden sally and captured three, that found a warmer and safer lodging for the night in the cellar.

In the fall birds and fowls of all kinds become very fat. The squirrels and mice lay by a supply of food in their dens and retreats; but the birds, to a considerable extent, especially our winter residents, carry an equivalent in their own systems, in the form of adipose tissue. I killed a red-shouldered hawk one December, and on removing the skin found the body completely encased in a coating of fat one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Not a particle of muscle was visible. This coating not only serves as a protection against the cold, but supplies the waste of the system when food is scarce, or fails altogether.

The crows at this season are in the same condition. It is estimated that a crow needs at least half a pound of meat per day, but it is evident that for weeks and months during the winter and spring they must subsist on a mere fraction of this amount. I have no doubt a crow or hawk, when in their fall condition, would live two weeks without a morsel of food passing their beaks; a domestic fowl will do as much. One January I unwittingly shut a hen under the floor of an out-building, where not a particle of food could be obtained, and where she was entirely unprotected from the severe cold. When the luckless Dominick was discovered, about eighteen days afterward, she was brisk and lively, but fearfully pinched up, and as light as a bunch of feathers. The slightest wind carried her before it. But by judicious feeding she was soon restored.

The circumstance of the blue-birds being emboldened by the cold, suggests the fact that the fear of man, which now seems like an instinct in the birds, is evidently an acquired trait, and foreign to them in a state of primitive nature. Every gunner has observed, to his chagrin, how wild the pigeons become after a few days of firing among them; and, to his delight, how easy it is to approach near his game in new or unfrequented woods. Professor Baird tells me that a correspondent of theirs visited a small island in the Pacific Ocean, situated about two hundred miles off Cape St. Lucas, to procure specimens. The island was but a few miles in extent, and had probably never been visited half a dozen times by human beings. The naturalist found the birds and

water-fowls so tame that it was but a waste of ammunition to shoot them. Fixing a noose on the end of a long stick, he captured them by putting it over their necks and hauling them in to him. In some cases not even this contrivance was needed. A species of mocking-bird in particular, larger than ours, and a splendid songster, made itself so familiar as to be almost a nuisance, hopping on the table where the collector was writing, and scattering the pens and paper. Eighteen species were found, twelve of them peculiar to the island.

Thoreau relates that in the woods of Maine, the Canada jay will sometimes make its meal with the lumbermen, taking the food out of their hands.

Yet, notwithstanding the birds have come to look upon man as their natural enemy, there can be little doubt that civilization is on the whole favourable to their increase and perpetuity, especially to the smaller species. With man come flies and moths, and insects of all kinds in greater abundance; new plants and weeds are introduced, and, with the clearing up of the country, are sowed broadcast over the land.

The larks and snow-buntings that come to us from the north, subsist almost entirely upon the seeds of grasses and plants; and how many of our more common and abundant species are field birds, and entire strangers to deep forests?

In Europe some birds have become almost domesticated, like the house-sparrow, and in our own country the cliff-swallow seems to have entirely abandoned ledges and shelving rocks as a place to nest, for the eaves and projections of farms and other out-buildings.

The European house-sparrow, by the way, has been introduced with entire success in this country, and in New York and the adjacent cities is already quite numerous, and is rapidly increasing. Before I was aware of this fact I was much puzzled, a couple of years ago, by a bird I saw in the streets of Jersey City. I had occasion one June morning, at a very early hour, to walk from the depot out into the suburbs toward Bergen Hill, and all along the streets, picking up food about the feet of the horses, alighting on the curb-stones, and on the houses, quite unmindful of the passers-by, feeding their young with much chattering, and quarrelling with the martins, with loud squeaking, my attention was attracted by these strange birds, evidently sparrows. The figures of some of the rarer species of buntings, like henslows and the black-throated, kept recurring dimly to my mind, but only to make the puzzle more puzzling, as both these species are shy field

birds. The matter remained a mystery till I heard of the introduction of this house-sparrow. These birds are said to be performing a rare service in the parks of New York, and for the fruit growers round about, by utterly exterminating the canker-worm, and other pests of this kind. I hear they have been introduced in the island of Cuba, with like beneficial results. An importer in Havana, indignant at the duties imposed upon his feathered freight, liberated the birds in the faces of the custom-house officials, when they showed themselves masters of the situation, and at once made themselves at home. Attempts to introduce the English skylark into this country have been less successful, owing largely to the extent to which the birds suffer on the passage over.

THE MANGO-TREE.

[The Rev. Charles Kingsley, born at Holne Vicarage, Devon, 12th June, 1819. Educated at Cambridge, where, subsequently, he filled the chair of modern history for several years (1859-69). He is now chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, and to the Prince of Wales, and canon of Chester. In the church and in literature he has worked with much industry; and his interest in the labouring classes has found fervent expression in his books. He has won high distinction as preacher, poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. His chief works (published by Macmillan & Co) are: *The Saint's Tragedy*, and *other Poems*; *Alton Locke*, *Tailor and Poet*—a novel which obtained much favour, and helped to earn for the writer the name of the "Chartist parson;" *Yeast*; *Westward, Ho!* *Hyppatia*; *Glaucus*; *Two Years Ago*; *The Water Babies*; *Hereward*, the Last of the English; *The Heroes*; or *Greek Fairy Tales*; *Miscellanies*: *At Last*, a Christmas in the West Indies, &c. &c. He has also published several volumes of sermons. His works are characterized by originality of thought and force of expression.]

He wiled me through the furzy croft;
He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
Until I told him mine again.

We married, and we sailed the main;
A soldier and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain;
We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his—God keep it safe from harm.
He toiled, and dared, and earned command,
And those three stripes upon his arm
Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure he would win some great renown:
Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
One night the fever struck him down.
I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children—one, two, three.
One week I had them, blithe and sound.
The next—beneath this mango-tree,
By him in barrack burying-ground.

I sit beneath the mango-shade;
I live my five years' life all o'er—
Round yonder stems his children played;
He mounted guard at yonder door.

'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead.
They live; they know; they feel; they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save I, are full of life:
The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
The moukeys, in their foolish strife;
The swooping hawks, the swinging vests.

The lizards basking on the soil,
The butterflies who sun their wings;
The bees about their household toil,
They live, they love, the blissful things.

Each tender purple mango shoot,
That folds and droops so bashful down;
It lives, it sucks some hidden root;
It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms; and the children cry—
"Watch when the mango-apples fall."
It lives; but rootless, fruitless, I—
I breathe and dream;—and that is all

Thus am I dead; yet cannot die:
But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale blue evening sky;
A furzy croft; a sandy lane.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry—a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest significantly declares, “she should be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to are as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer;—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shak-

speare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley’s daughter of Clapton—who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on

her coldness of yesterday, she confessed with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*), and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female like myself might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependant—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should de-

mand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *revere her sex*.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

[Sir Robert Aytoun, born in Fifeshire, 1570; died in London, March, 1638. A courtier and poet, a friend of Ben Jonson, and acquainted with all the wits of his time. He served James I. and Charles I., and was knighted by the first-named monarch. He was an ancestor of W. Edmondstone Aytoun. Several of his poems are quoted in Watson's *Scottish Poems*, 1706—11, and in Riton's *Caledonian Muse*.]

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine:
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught our prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee.
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging at a beggar's door.¹

¹ Burns took from this poem the idea for his song.
"I do confess thou art *sae* fair."



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THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.
CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BLACKIE & SON LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

ROTTERDAM.

BY ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

Rotterdam is the birth-place of Desiderius Erasmus, the reviver of learning, and within its magnificent cathedral sleep the patriotic De Witts. These are the first thoughts which, to the man of letters, occur regarding Rotterdam, yet they are small matters in the eyes of its honest inhabitants, who value their town for its more substantial attractions—its comprehensive canals, its accommodating wharfs, its many-piled stores, and its heavy-termed argosies. The merchant there is the honourable of the earth. This claim to distinction is not founded alone on his individual resources or aggrandizement: he has, in most cases, a long line of ancestry to boast of, being himself but the latest link of an unbroken family chain, which reaches back to the brightest ages of the Dutch republic. He is no upstart speculator—no builder of his own fortune. His father and his father's father held the same situation which he holds, and he only continues a business the foundations of which were laid ages before he was born. To this circumstance may be attributed much of that repose and placidity which characterize the Dutch merchant. He has not, as others have, his way to make in the world; his road is carved out for him, his path smoothed; and he is consequently free from that anxiety and bustle which mark his less favoured fellow-traders.

Of all the families of Rotterdam that of the Slows was one of the most ancient, and had from time immemorial possessed a reputable store and wharf near the cathedral of St. Lawrence.¹ Its latest descendant was Mynheer Van Double Slow, in whose person the name was like to become extinct. Mynheer had married, it is true, but the only result was a daughter, who could not be supposed to support either the name or the mercantile distinction of the family. This circumstance harassed Mynheer, so far as it was possible for a man of his enviable disposition to be harassed. He loved Agatha, but he lamented that he had no son to continue the honours of his line. In the absence of one, he took under his pro-

tection a young man distantly related to him, whom he instructed in all the mysteries of his merchandise. This young man was named Carl Van Speed, and was in every respect worthy of the patronage bestowed on him. As he lived under the same roof with his master, and sat at the same table, he had every opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with the daughter. The consequence was that they fell speedily in love with one another, which was the more remarkable, that nothing could be more natural or appropriate.

Whether the father wished or contemplated this result, no one could gather from his conversation, for more silent and unfathomable than Delphic oracle was Mynheer Van Double Slow. He was, indeed, the most philosophic of Dutch Pythagoreans. Not only was he never known to utter an unnecessary word, but he even refrained from articulating those which were necessary. An explanation from him was hopeless—the human pyramid! To speak, interfered with the business of his life, which was to smoke. Yet three smokes were all that he required in the day—one, when he rose till breakfast-time—another, from breakfast-time till dinner-time—and another, from dinner-time till he went to bed. In bed he was never known to use the meerscham, except when he happened to be awake!

Agatha, his daughter, bore the same relation to her father that a rainbow does to a cloud. She owed her existence to him, yet was sprightly and beautiful as he was sombre and gross. No maiden of Rotterdam stepped so lightly—laughed so merrily—or held in her bosom so generous a spirit.

"My father loves you, Carl," she said one day to her lover, who was insisting on their speedy union; "I know it from the manner in which he puffs in your face; but it is almost hopeless to expect that he will ever exert himself so far as to approve of our marriage. I sometimes imagine he is on the eve of advising it, but his resolution dies away in the smoke of the pipe. Still, let us give him four weeks of trial longer, and if in that time he says nothing, why I suppose we may—just marry without him."

All the world of Rotterdam visit the tea-gardens once a week. Parties are there held of every description; for a Dutchman's home is sacred from friendly intrusions, and it is only in public where he displays his hospitality. Mynheer Van Double Slow was not behind the world of Rotterdam. He had a favourite bower in the tea-gardens, where, with his daughter and her lover, he regularly spent his

¹ The church, which has been recently restored, is a brick structure of 1472 in the later Gothic style. The interior is of fine proportions, and contains numerous monuments of Dutch naval heroes. Its organ possesses three keyboards, 72 stops, and 4763 pipes, the largest of which is 52 feet long and 17 inches diameter.

Saturday afternoons. While he enjoyed himself with his schnaps and meerscham, Carl played divinely on the fiddle, and Agatha danced like an angel. The old man generally indicated his satisfaction by a grunt or an extra prolific puff; but on the first week after the resolution of Agatha recorded above, he approached the subject on which the lovers' souls were bent.

"Carl, my prince," he said, "would you wish to marry?"

Carl's heart leaped to his mouth, as he bowed an acquiescent affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Next Saturday, Mynheer again enjoyed his meerscham in his favourite bower—again Carl played divinely on the fiddle—and again Agatha danced like an angel. Again, also, was Mynheer moved to open his mouth.

"Agatha, my dove," he said, "would you?"

Agatha blushed and curtailed an affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Another Saturday came with its usual enjoyments, and again did Mynheer open his mouth.

"In that case," he said, laying down his pipe, "you had better"—

He took up his pipe again—lay back in his seat—and sacrificed the sentence in beatific puffs.

The fourth Saturday came. Carl played more divinely than ever on the fiddle, and Agatha danced with tenfold grace and vigour. Mynheer had at length reached his goal. He opened his mouth, and concluded his last week's sentence.

"—marry one another," he said.

"We are married already, father," said Agatha. "This morning we went to the church of St. Lawrence, and took our vows."

"That's good children," said Mynheer Van Double Slow, relapsing into his pipe, as of old.

Months have now passed. Mynheer Van Double Slow still spends his Saturday afternoons in the bower, and Carl Van Speed still plays divinely on the fiddle, but Agatha is scarcely so nimble in the dance. People shake their heads, and talk of the march of intellect, which only means that the SPEEDS are likely to supplant the SLOWS.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING; OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

[Alexander Smith, born in Kilmarnock, 31st December, 1830; died at Wardie, Edinburgh, 5th January, 1867. He was the son of a pattern designer, and was apprenticed to that business; but before he had attained his majority he had written the *Life Drama*, which secured for him immediate recognition as a poet of high promise, thanks to the enthusiasm of the Rev. George Gilfillan. He was then appointed secretary to the University of Edinburgh, which appointment afforded him a settled income and some leisure for composition. *City Poems* (from which we quote) and *Edwin of Deira* were his next important poetical works (Macmillan & Co.) His chief prose writings were: *Dreamthorpe*; *Alfred Hagger's Household*; and *A Summer in Skye*. "On the whole, then, we think Mr. Smith a true poet, and a poet of no common order."—*North British Review*.]

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toes in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like autumn 'mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour,—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart fill'd with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the panay blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past,—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new

Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm.

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth).
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done.—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blacken'd ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuff'd with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Fill'd with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding-morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lighten'd is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,—
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be follow'd by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendours, set,
And die into my wedding-day.

THE DILEMMA.

BY H. G. BELL.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malham-dale.

He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and saw the last beams of the setting sun playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and, a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her, he sighed. I won-

der why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families), they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—

"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler Morgan ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer Juno, and so will my pony Troilus;—a pretty figure, by-the-by, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstasy as soon as I present myself before him;—and Julia—poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttle-cock. Heigho!—I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but now—O Rosalind! dear—delightful!"

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed. "The poor girl will go mad: she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of

honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, beautiful object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence!"

Here his voice became again inarticulate, and, as he wended down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast (for notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite), and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the Elder Fitzclarence:

"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence."

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons.

"La! ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."

"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing.

"O! yes, ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars."

"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I'm sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!"

"To be sure, ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence

must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."

"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he dotes upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it, he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed next morning?"

History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements, but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred

immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years, I think, since we parted."

"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir!"

"That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind."

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you, I swear to you by"—

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have *both* been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I

cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her resistless."

"Well, I believe you are right; and, besides, *de gustibus*—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

[William Edmondstone Aytoun, D.C.L., born in Edinburgh, 21st June, 1813; died at Blackhills, Elgin, 4th August, 1865. He was a descendant of Sir Robert Aytoun, a poet who lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. He studied at the university of his native city, and was called to the bar in 1840. He gave early indication of his taste for literature, and in 1832 issued a small volume, entitled *Poland, Homer, and other Poems*. He was appointed professor of belles-lettres and rhetoric in the Edinburgh University in 1845; and his services to the Conservative party were recognized in 1852 by his appointment as sheriff of Orkney. As joint author with Mr Theodore Martin of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*,¹ and by his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, Professor Aytoun won for himself a distinguished place in literature. He was for a number of years a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and he produced many translations, chiefly from the German poets Uhland and Goethe. Of his other works the most notable are: *Firmilian*, a spasmodic tragedy by T. Percy Jones—a satire upon the spasmodic school of poetry; *Bothwell*, a poem; *Norman Sinclair*, a novel; *Life and Times of Richard I.* (1840); and he edited a collection of Scottish Ballads. Mr T. Martin, who was Aytoun's partner in many bright sketches, poems, and translations, and who has written the biography of his friend, says: "Fashions in poetry may alter, but so long as the themes with which they deal have an interest for his countrymen, his *Lays* will find, as they do now, a wide circle of admirers. His powers as a humourist were perhaps greater than as a poet. They have certainly been more widely appreciated. His immediate contemporaries owe him much, for he has contributed largely to that kindly mirth without which the strain and struggle of modern life would be intolerable."²]

The Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—
"Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o'er?"

¹ "Some of the best of these were exclusively Aytoun's, such as "The Massacre of the M'Pherson," "The Rhine of Sir Lancelot Bogle," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Red Friar and Little John," "The Lay of Mr. Colt," and that best of all imitations of the Scottish ballad, "The Queen in France."—*Biography by T. Martin*.

² This poem is founded upon an exploit performed by a company of Scottish gentlemen, who, having been officers in the army of Dundee, escaped to France upon the defeat of that general, and took service under the standard of the French King. A work published in London in 1714, entitled *An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France*, by an Officer of the

For not alone the river's sweep
Might make a brave man quail:
The foe are on the further side,
Their shot comes fast as hail.
God help us, if the middle iale
We may not hope to win!
Now is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in?"

"The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island-shore lies wide:
Nor man nor horse could stem its force,
Or reach the further side.
See there! amidst the willow-boughs
The serried bayonets gleam;
They've flung their bridge—they've won the
iale;
The foe have crossed the stream!
Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet,
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead?"

Army, thus describes the adventure: "In December, 1697, General Stirk, who commanded for the Germans, appeared with 16,000 men on the other side of the Rhine, which obliged the Marquis de Sell to draw out all the garrisons in Alsace, who made up about 4000 men; and he encamped on the other side of the Rhine, over against General Stirk, to prevent his passing the Rhine and carrying a bridge over into an island in the middle of it, which the French foresaw would be of great prejudice to them. For the enemy's guns, placed on that island, would extremely gall their camp, which they could not hinder for the deepness of the water, and their wanting of boats—for which the Marquis quickly sent; but

Thou art the leader of the Scots—
 Now well and sure I know,
 That gentle blood in dangerous hour
 Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow.
 And I have seen thee in the fight
 Do all that mortal may:
 If honour is the boon ye seek,
 It may be won this day—
 The prize is in the middle isle,
 There lies the adventurous way.
 And armies twain are on the plain,
 The daring deed to see—
 Now ask thy gallant company
 If they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
 And nothing did he say,
 But he turned him to his little band—
 Oh few, I ween, were they!
 The relics of the bravest force
 That ever fought in fray.
 No one of all that company
 But bore a gentle name,
 Not one whose fathers had not stood
 In Scotland's fields of fame.

All they had marched with great Dundee
 To where he fought and fell,
 And in the deadly battle strife
 Had venged their leader well:
 And they had bent the knee to earth
 When every eye was dim,
 As o'er their hero's buried corpse
 They sang the funeral hymn;
 And they had trod the Pass once more,
 And stooped on either side
 To pluck the heather from the spot
 Where he had dropped and died;
 And they had bound it next their hearts,
 And ta'en a last farewell
 Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
 Where Scotland's glory fell.
 Then went they forth to foreign lands
 Like bent and broken men,
 Who leave their dearest hope behind,
 And may not turn again.

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep,
 And stubborn is the foe—
 Yon island-strength is guarded well—
 Say, brothers, will ye go?"

arriving too late, the Germans had carried a bridge over into the island, where they had posted above 500 men, who, by order of their engineers, intrenched themselves; which the company of officers perceiving, who always grasped after honour, and scorned all thoughts of danger, resolved to wade the river, and attack the Germans in the island; and for that effect, desired Captain John Foster, who then commanded them, to beg of the Marquis that they might have liberty to attack the Germans in the island; who told Captain Foster, when the boats came up, they should be the first that attacked. Foster courteously thanked the Marquis, and told him they would wade into the island, who shrunk up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do what they pleased. Whereupon the officers, with the other two Scottish companies, made themselves ready; and, having secured their arms round their necks, waded into the river hand in-hand, "according to the Highland fashion," with the water as high as their breasts; and, having crossed the heavy stream, fell upon the Germans in their intrenchment. These were presently thrown into confusion, and retreated, breaking down their own bridges, whilst many of them were drowned. This movement, having been made in the dusk of the evening, partook of the character of a surprise; but it appears to me a very remarkable one, as having been effected under such circumstances, in the dead of winter, and in the face of an enemy who possessed the advantages both of position and of numerical superiority. The author of the narrative adds:—"When the Marquis de Bell heard the firing, and understood that the Germans were beat out of the island, he made the sign of the cross on his face and breast, and declared publicly that it was the bravest action that ever he saw, and that his army had no honour by it. As soon as the boats came, the Marquis sent into the island to acquaint the officers

that he would send them both troops and provisions, who thanked his excellency, and desired he should be informed that they wanted no troops, and could not spare time to make use of provisions, and only desired spades, shovels, and pickaxes, wherewith they might intrench themselves—which were immediately sent to them. The next morning, the Marquis came into the island, and kindly embraced every officer, and thanked them for the good service they had done his master, assuring them he would write a true account of their honour and bravery to the court of France, which, at the reading his letters, immediately went to St. Germain, and thanked King James for the services his subjects had done on the Rhine."

The company kept possession of the island for nearly six weeks, notwithstanding repeated attempts on the part of the Germans to surprise and dislodge them; but all these having been defeated by the extreme watchfulness of the Scots, General Stirr at length drew off his army, and retreated. "In consequence of this action," says the chronicler, "that island is called at present Isle d'Ecosse, and will in likelihood bear that name until the general conflagration."

Two years afterwards, a treaty of peace was concluded; and this gallant company of soldiers, worthy of a better fate, was broken up and dispersed. At the time when the narrative, from which I have quoted so freely, was compiled, not more than sixteen of Dundee's veterans were alive. The author concludes thus:—"And thus was dissolved one of the best companies that ever marched under command! Gentlemen who, in the midst of all their pressures and obscurity, never forgot they were gentlemen; and whom the sweets of a brave, a just, and honourable conscience rendered perhaps more happy under those sufferings than the most prosperous and triumphant in iniquity, since our minds stamp our happiness."

From home and kin for many a year
 Our steps have wandered wide,
 And never may our bones be laid
 Our fathers' graves beside.
 No children have we to lament,
 No wives to wail our fall;
 The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
 Have reft our hearths of all.
 But we have hearts, and we have arms,
 As strong to will and dare
 As when our ancient banners flew
 Within the northern air.
 Come, brothers! let me name a spell
 Shall rouse your souls again,
 And send the old blood bounding free
 Through pulse and heart and vein.
 Call back the days of bygone years—
 Bé young and strong once more;
 Think yonder stream, so stark and real,
 Is one we've crossed before.
 Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
 Rise up on either hand—
 Again upon the Garry's banks,
 On Scottish soil we stand!
 Again I see the tartans wave,
 Again the trumpets ring;
 Again I hear our leader's call—
 'Upon them for the King!'
 Stayed we behind that glorious day
 For roaring flood or linn?
 The soul of Græme is with us still—
 Now, brothers! will ye in?"

No stay—no pause With one accord
 They grasped each other's hand,
 Then plunged into the angry flood,
 That bold and dauntless band.
 High flew the spray above their heads,
 Yet onward still they bore,
 Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
 And shot, and cannon-roar—
 "Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear,
 Since earth and sea began,
 Was never such a daring deed
 Essayed by mortal man!"

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
 And faster flashed the flame:
 The water plashed in hissing jets
 As ball and bullet came.
 Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers
 All stern and undismayed,
 With thousand armed foes before,
 And none behind to aid.
 Once, as they neared the middle stream,
 So strong the torrent swept,
 That scarce that long and living wall
 Their dangerous footing kept.
 Then rose a warning cry behind,
 A joyous shout before:

"The current's strong—the way is long—
 They'll never reach the shore!
 See, see! they stagger in the midst,
 They waver in their line!
 Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
 And overwhelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
 When the blast is sounding shrill,
 And the whirlwind reels in fury
 Down the gorges of the hill?
 How they toss their mighty branches,
 Struggling with the tempest's shock;
 How they keep their place of vantage,
 Cleaving firmly to the rock?
 Even so the Scottish warriors
 Held their own against the river;
 Though the water flashed around them,
 Not an eye was seen to quiver;
 Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
 Not a man relaxed his hold:
 For their hearts were big and thrilling
 With the mighty thoughts of old.
 One word was spoke among them,
 And through the ranks it spread—
 "Remember our dead Claverhouse!"
 Was all the Captain said.
 Then, sternly bending forward,
 They wrestled on awhile,
 Until they cleared the heavy stream,
 Then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
 The German arm is strong;
 The German foot goes seldom back
 Where armed foemen throng.
 But never had they faced in field
 So stern a charge before,
 And never had they felt the sweep
 Of Scotland's broad claymore.
 Not fiercer pours the avalanche
 Adown the steep incline,
 That rises o'er the parent-springs
 Of rough and rapid Rhine—
 Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
 Than came the Scottish band
 Right up against the guarded trench,
 And o'er it sword in hand.
 In vain their leaders forward press—
 They meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine—
 Where seed was never sown,
 What harvest lay upon thy sands,
 By those strong reapers thrown?
 What saw the winter-moon that night,
 As, struggling through the rain,
 She poured a wan and fitful light
 On marsh, and stream, and plain?

A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
 And bayonets glistening round;
 A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
 A bare and battered mound;
 And one huge watchfire's kindled pile,
 That sent its quivering glare
 To tell the leaders of the host
 The conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
 For those who fought so well?
 And did they honour those who lived,
 And weep for those who fell?
 What meed of thanks was given to them
 Let aged annals tell.
 Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
 Why crown the cup with wine?
 It was not Frenchman's blood that flowed
 So freely on the Rhine—
 A stranger band of beggared men
 Had done the venturous deed:
 The glory was to France alone,
 The danger was their meed.
 And what cared they for idle thanks
 From foreign prince and peer?
 What virtue had such honeyed words
 The exiled heart to cheer?
 What mattered it that men should vaunt
 And loud and fondly swear,
 That higher feat of chivalry
 Was never wrought elsewhere?
 They bore within their breasts the grief
 That fame can never heal—
 The deep, unutterable woe
 Which none save exiles feel.
 Their hearts were yearning for the land
 They ne'er might see again—
 For Scotland's high and heathered hilla,
 For mountain, loch, and glen—
 For those who haply lay at rest
 Beyond the distant sea,
 Beneath the green and daisied turf
 Where they would gladly be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle
 In Rhine's impetuous flood
 Has ta'en another name from those
 Who bought it with their blood:
 And, though the legend does not live—
 For legends lightly die—
 The peasant, as he sees the stream
 In winter rolling by,
 And foaming o'er its channel-bed
 Between him and the spot
 Won by the warriors of the sword,
 Still calls that deep and dangerous ford,
 The Passage of the Scot.

MARJORIE DAW.

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich, born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 11th November, 1836. An American miscellaneous writer and poet. *Daisy's Necktie*; *The Ballad of Baby Bell*; *The Course of True Love*; *Pamphile*, and other poems; *Out of His Head*, a romance; *The Story of a Bad Boy*, and other prose works, have obtained much popularity. The following story has been translated into French, and published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, in which the translator says Mr. Aldrich's "style is lively, and even in his easiest sentences there is a certain acid and savage savour which is agreeable to blasé palates."]]

I.

*Dr. Dillon to Edward Delaney, Esq., at
 The Pines, near Rye, N.H.*

August 8, 187—.

My dear Sir,—I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically*; but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up by his sofa, to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon these lemons than he fell into such a rage as I cannot describe adequately. This is only one of his moods, and the least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb; silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on him—and it

sometimes lasts all day—nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat; does not even read the newspapers; books—except as projectiles for Watkins—have no charms for him. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family dependent on his daily labour, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money, and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anesthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Fleming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, &c.

II.

*Edward Delaney to John Fleming, West
38th Street, New York.*

August 9. —

My dear Jack,—I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It's deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will

write you a whole post-office full of letters if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I haven't anything to write about. It isn't as if we were living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with hosts of sea-godesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farm-house, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian-harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a story with the odours of the forest and the breath of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's—what's his name?—Turguénieff, Turguenev, Toorguniff, Turgénjew; nobody knows how to spell him. (I think his own mother must be in some doubt about him.) Yet I wonder if even a Liza, or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would rush down to the Surf House and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built perhaps in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides—a self-possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, with its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza, with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a hammock over there—of pine-apple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has gold hair, and dark eyes, and a blue illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chausée* like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendour goes into that ham-

mock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bedroom looks down on that piazza, and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long, quiet letter. If you are violent or abusive I'll take the law to you.

III.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 11, —.

Your letter, dear Ned, was a god-send. Fancy what a fix I am in; I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices, and smothered in layers of fine linen like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation.—I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of *César Birotteau*. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of *Sainte-Beuve*, or the *Dictionnaire Universel*, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand. But I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Château Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber with that colourless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines; is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased. Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this con-

finement—a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile, and purr, and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, a week ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed perhaps, but very pretty. I didn't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbour, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages, and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and lo! there are lyrics, and sonnets, and canzonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of short love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to india-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup with an appropriate inscription would be a delicate attention on your part. In the meantime write!

IV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 12, —.

The sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so! If the story-teller becomes prolix and tedious—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here, except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going.

Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard; elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks nine years ago. Old, rich family the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first; doesn't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbours before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favourite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise, not unmixed with haughtiness. Will anub me, in fact. All this for thy sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree! . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlour—you know the kind of parlours in farm-houses on the coast; a sort of amphibious parlour, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbours. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face, and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave the colonel delivered himself of an invitation, as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming at 4 p.m., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground), and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honour them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house). My father declines, on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis*! Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter; and send me along word how's your leg.

V.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 13, —

The party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are: the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Sea-shell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars, and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of the lady in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprised.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshipped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful possible. There is in it a subtle sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half-past ten, and saw the moon rise on the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice. In the far distance the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The polar regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you*! The weather has been disagreeable for several days past—and so have

you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it had frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans were. Then I described you; or, rather, I didn't. I spoke of your amiability; of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how you heroically sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary the cook, and your man Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you wouldn't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.

Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation; a high and tender nature, if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character too.

I am glad the Daws are such pleasant people. The Pines is an isolated place, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here rather monotonous before long, with no other society than that of my excellent sire. It is true I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I haven't a taste for artillery, *moi*.

VI.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 17. —

For a man who hasn't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I haven't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library.

He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression. You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes, they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of The Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for you are great friends by this time, I take it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines, or that young Stillwater parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, couldn't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite* from her album—she must have an album, you know—and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

Oh—my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

VII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 20, —.

You are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbours. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room, or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack; I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unknown quantity, a woman neither beautiful, nor wealthy, nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were shipwrecked together on an uninhabited island—let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be picturesque—I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and coconuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups; but I wouldn't make love to her—not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on thread-laces and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now). If such were not my feeling there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises, and consequently in my conclusions; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned on you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when

I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded; her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme—I did it several times as an experiment—and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect which, you tell me, was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock, is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favourable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend!

I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbour. The lieutenant of the navy—he is stationed at Rivermouth—sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I should not be surprised if he had an eye to the heiress; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen cloth of frieze victorious in the lists where cloth of gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie in *passé-partout*, on the drawing-room mantle-piece. It would be missed at once if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace on a charge of petty larceny.

P.S.—Inclosed is a spray of mignonette, which I advise you to treat tenderly. Yes, we talked of you again last night as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 22, —.

Your letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen—with a shadow, a chimera? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earth earthy; and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this careful light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry bushes. I never saw anything more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the red of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat. I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead,

"When she is good,
She is very, very good,
And when she is bad, she is horrid!"

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly coloured, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which, of course, the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight doesn't inclose flowers in his letters—to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish one at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

IX.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 23, —.

I have just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprised. I accept things as people do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion,—the black masses of shadow under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the hammock!

It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy to write more.

Tuesday Morning.—My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days

at the Shoals. In the meanwhile you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the Colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

X.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 23, —.

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favour of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Apple-dore, that enchanted island,—at four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in your mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candour, dear Flemming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream—a dream from which the slightest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you inclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here—under the circumstances.

Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest way. She stopped at the door a moment this afternoon in the carriage; she had been over

to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an impression that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy. . . . I end this, leaving several things unsaid, to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine,—and mine!

XI.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 29, —.

I write in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain,—you must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything! I saw her for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the garden; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these: Lieutenant Bradley—that's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth—has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradley,—urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father—well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter, and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why: I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything,—except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at all events, do not dream of joining me. . . . Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather ferocious. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.

XII.

*Edward Delaney to Thomas Dillon, M.D.,
Madison Square, New York.*

August 30, —.

My dear Doctor: If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighbourhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough, my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret co-operation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, &c. &c.

XIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 31, —.

Your letter announcing your mad determination to come here has just reached me. I beg of you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation to R. W. D.; and, though he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. Wait and see what happens. Moreover, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV.

TELEGRAMS.

September 1, —.

1.—To Edward Delaney.

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground.

J. F.

2.—To John Flemming.

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me.

E. D.

3.—To Edward Delaney.

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her.

J. F.

4.—To John Flemming.

Do not think of it. It would be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview.

E. D.

5.—To Edward Delaney.

Locked her in her room! That settles the question. I shall leave by the 12.15 express.

J. F.

On the 2d of September, 187—, as the down express due at 3.40 left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farmhouse, a few miles from the station, the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farmhouse and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Edward Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There was a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with a letter.

XV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

September 1, —.

I am horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a Pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father

doesn't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come—when you arrive! For O, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock,—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!!—*Atlantic Monthly*.

SUNDAY.

[Rev. George Herbert, born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, 3d April, 1593; died at Bemerton, 1633. He was the fifth of seven sons, a descendant of the Pembroke family, and his elder brother, Edward, who distinguished himself in the camp, the court, and in literature, became Lord Herbert of Cheshire. George was educated at Westminster and Cambridge, took orders, and was presented by Charles I. to the living of Bemerton. The immediate cause of his early death was consumption. Isaac Walton in his biography sums up Herbert's character: "Thus he lived, and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alma-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life." *The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, were first published in 1633. His chief prose works are: *A Priest to the Temple*, or the Country Parson, his *Character and Rule of Holy Life*; and *Jaculi: Pudentium*, or Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, &c., selected by George Herbert.]

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our saltness,
And did unbinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

TREES.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Trees are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. The man who loves not trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them (once more a school-boy)—would make no bones of murdering Mrs. Jeffs. In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colours of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—dropping direct, soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative, from

heaven. Without trees, how in the name of wonder could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy-chairs, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessities, conveniences, or comforts of life? Without trees, one man might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle.

Tree by itself Tree, "such tents the patriarchs loved,"—*Ipsæ nemus*,—"the brotherhood of Trees,"—the Grove, the Coppice, the Wood, the Forest,—dearly, and after a different fashion, do we love you all!—And love you all we shall, while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur, of the leaves, or our imagination hear at midnight, the far-off swing of old branches groaning in the tempest. Oh! is not Merry also Sylvan England? And has not Scotland, too, her old pine forests, blackening up her Highland mountains? Are not many of her rivered valleys not unadorned with woods,—her braes beautiful with their birken shaws? And does not stately ash or sycamore tower above the kirk-spire in many a quiet glen, overshadowing the humble house of God, "the dial-stone aged and green," and all the deep-sunk, sinking, or upright array of grave-stones, beneath which

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!"

We have the highest respect for the ghost of Dr. Johnson; yet were we to meet it by moonlight, how should we make it hang its head on the subject of Scottish trees! Look there, you old, blind, blundering blockhead! That Pine Forest is twenty miles square! Many million trees there have at least five hundred arms each, six times as thick as ever your body was, sir, when you were at your very fattest in Bolt Court. As for their trunks—some straight as cathedral pillars—some flung all awry in their strength across cataracts—some without a twig till your eye meets the hawk's nest diminished to a black-bird's, and some overspread, from within a man's height of the mossy sward, with fantastic branches, covered, and green as emerald—what say you, you great, big, lumbering, unweildy ghost you, to trunks like these? And are not the Forests of Scotland the most forgiving that ever were self-sown, to suffer you to flit to and fro, haunting unharmed their ancient umbrage? Yet, Doctor, you were a fine old Tory every inch of you, for all that, my boy; so come glimmering away with you into the gloom after us—don't stumble over the roots—we smell a still at work—and neither you nor I

—shadow nor substance (but, prithee, why so wan, good Doctor? Prithee, why so wan?) can be much the worse, eh, of a caulker of Glenlivat?

Every man of landed property, that lies fairly out of arm's length of a town, whether free or copyhold, be its rental above or below forty shillings a-year, should be a planter. Even an old bachelor, who has no right to become the father of a child, is not only free, but in duty bound to plant a tree. Unless his organ of philoprogenitiveness be small indeed, as he looks at the young tender plants in his own nursery-garden his heart will yearn towards them with all the longing and instinctive fondness of a father. As he beholds them putting forth the tender buds of hope, he will be careful to preserve them from all blight—he will "teach the young idea how to shoot,"—and, according to their different natures, he will send them to different places to complete their education, according as they are ultimately intended for the church, the bar, or the navy. The old gentleman will be surprised to see how soon his young plants have grown as tall as himself, even though he should be an extraordinary member of the Six Feet Club. An oak sapling of some five or six springs shall measure with him on his stocking-soles, and a larch considerably younger, laugh to shake its pink cones far over his wig. But they are all dutiful children, never go stravaiging from home after youthful follies; and standing together in beautiful bands, and in majestic masses, they will not suffer the noon-day sun to smite their father's head, nor the winds of heaven to "visit his face too roughly."

People are sometimes prevented from planting trees by the slowness of their growth. What a mistake that is! People might just as well be prevented from being wed, because a man-child takes one-and-twenty years to get out of his minority, and a woman-child, except in hot climates, is rarely marriageable before fifteen. Not the least fear in the world, that Tommy and Thomasine and the tree will grow up fast enough—wither at the top—and die! It is a strange fear to feel—a strange complaint to utter—that any one thing in this world, animate or inanimate, is of too slow growth; for the nearer to its perfection, the nearer to its decay.

No man who enjoys good health at fifty, or even sixty, would hesitate, if much in love, to take a wife, on the ground that he could have no hope or chance of seeing his numerous children all grown up into hobbledohs and Priscilla Tomboys. Get your children first,

and let them grow at their own leisure afterwards. In like manner, let no man, Bachelor or Benedict, be his age beyond the limit of conversational confession, fear to lay out a nursery-garden,—to fill it with young seedlings, and thenceforward to keep planting away, up hill and down brae, all the rest of his life.

Besides, in every stage how interesting, both a wood and sap tree, and a flesh and blood child! Look at pretty, ten-year-old, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired Mary, gazing, with all the blue brightness of her eyes, at that large dew-drop, which the sun has let escape unmelted even on into the meridian hours, on the topmost pink-bud, within which the teeming leaf struggles to expand into beauty,—the topmost pink-bud of that little lime-tree, but three winters old and half a spring!—Hark! that is Harry, at home on a holiday, rustling like a roe in the coppice-wood, in search of the nest of the blackbird or mavis;—yet ten years ago that rocky hillside was unplanted, and “that bold boy, so bright and beautiful,” unborn. Who, then, be his age what it may, would either linger, “with fond, reluctant, amorous delay,” to take unto himself a wife, for the purpose of having children, or to inclose a waste for the purpose of having trees.

At what time of life a human being—man or woman—looks best, it might be hard to say. A virgin of eighteen, straight and tall, bright, blooming, and balmy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beautiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless her, and pray that she may be as happy as she is innocent. So, too, is an Oak-tree about the same age, standing by itself, without a twig on its straight, smooth, round, glossy, silver stem for some feet from the ground, and then branching out into a stately flutter of dark-green leaves; the shape being indistinct in its regular but not formal over-fallings, and over-foldings, and over-hangings, of light and shade. Such an Oak-tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its tenderness, gracefulness, and delicacy—ay, a delicacy almost seeming to be fragile—as if the cushat, whirring from its concealment, would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive almost as the gossamer, with which every twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff, we bless it, and call it even by that very virgin's name; and ever thenceforth behold Louisa lying in its shade. Gentle reader, what it is to be an old, dreamy, visionary, prosing poet!

Let any one who accuses trees of laziness in growing only keep out of sight of them for a

few years; and then, returning home to them under cloud of night, all at once open his eyes, of a fine, sunny, summer's morning, and ask them how they have been since he and they mutually murmured farewell! He will not recognize the face or the figure of a single tree. That sycamore, whose top-shoot a cow, you know, browsed off, to the breaking of your heart, some four or five years ago, is now as high as the “riggin” of the cottage, and is murmuring with bees among its blossoms quite like an old tree. What precocity! That wych elm, hide-bound as it seemed of yore, and with only one arm that it could hardly lift from its side, is now a Briareus. Is that the larch you used to hop over?—now almost fit to be a mast of one of the fairy fleet on Windermere! You thought you would never have forgotten the Triangle of the Three Birches, but you stare at them now as if they had dropped from the clouds! And since you think that beech—that round hill of leaves—is not the same shabby shrub you left sticking in the gravel, why call the old gardener hither, and swear him to its identity on the Bible?

Before this confounded gout attacked our toe we were great pedestrians, and used to stalk about all over the banks and braes from sunrising to sunsetting, through all seasons of the year. Few sights used to please us more than that of a new Mansion-house, or Villa, or Cottage ornee, rising up in some sheltered, but open-fronted nook, commanding a view of a few bends of a stream or river winding along old lea, or rich holm ploughed-fields,—sloping uplands, with here and there a farm-house and trees,—and in the distance hill-tops quite clear, and cutting the sky, wreathed with mists, or for a time hidden in clouds. It set the imagination and the heart at work together to look on the young hedgerows and plantations, beits, clumps, and single trees, hurdled in from the nibbling sheep. Ay, some younger brother who, twenty, or thirty, or forty years ago, went abroad to the East, or the West, to push his fortune, has returned to the neighbourhood of his native vale at last, to live and to die among the braes where once, among the yellow broom, the school-boy sported glad some as any bird. Busy has he been in adorning—perhaps the man who fixes his faith on Price on the Picturesque, would say in disfiguring—the inland haven where he has dropped anchor, and will continue to ride till the vessel of life parts from her moorings, and drifts away on the shoreless sea of eternity. For our own parts, we are not easily offended

by any conformation into which trees can be thrown—the bad taste of another must not be suffered to throw us into a bad temper—and as long as the trees are green in their season, and in their season purple, and orange, and yellow, and refrain from murdering each other, to our eye they are pleasant to look upon—to our ear it is music, indeed, to hear them all a-murmur along with the murmuring winds. Hundreds—thousands of such dwellings have, in our time, arisen all over the face of Scotland; and there is room enough, we devoutly trust, and verily believe, for hundreds and thousands more. Of a people's prosperity what pleasanter proof! And, therefore, may all the well-fenced woods make more and more wonderful shoots every year. Beneath and among their shelter, may not a single slate be blown from the blue roof, peering through the trees, on the eyes of distant traveller, as he wheels along on the top of his most gracious majesty's mail-coach;—may the dryads soon wipe away their tears for the death of the children that must, in thinnings, be “wede away;”—and may the rookeries and heronries of Scotland increase in number for the long space of ten thousand revolving years!

Not that we hold it to be a matter of pure indifference how people plant trees. We have an eye for the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, and cannot open it without seeing at once the very spirit of the scene. O ye who have had the happiness to be born among the murmurs of hereditary trees! can ye be

blind to the system pursued by that planter—Nature? Nature plants often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can command the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still with hundreds of hidden cataracts. And Nature often plants on a small scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, among the sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands dishevelled there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from the pool of pearls and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens. But man is so proud of his own works that he ceases to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read; although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualized. After a few years' such lessons you may become a planter; and under your hands not only shall the desert blossom like the rose, but murmur like the palm, and if “southward through Eden goes a river large,” and your name be Adam, what a sceptic not to believe yourself the first of men, your wife the fairest of her daughters Eve, and your policy Paradise!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

[John Greenleaf Whittier, born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1808. A member of the Society of Friends, and one of the most distinguished of American poets. His early years were occupied in the labours of his father's farm; he then engaged in newspaper work, and distinguished himself as an earnest student, and as an earnest advocate for the abolition of slavery. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he continues to reside (1873). Numerous editions of his works have been published in America, and several in England; of these the most important are: *Mosses from the Old Manse*; *The Bridal of Pennacook*; *Legendary Ballads*; *Voices of Freedom*; *Songs of Labour*; *The Chapel of the*

Hermits; *The Panorama*; *Home Ballads*; *Poems and Lyrics*; *In War Time*; *Snow-Bound*; *The Tent on the Beach*; *National Poems*; *Among the Hills*; *Miriam*; *Poems for Public Occasions*; *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*: the foregoing works, with the miscellaneous poems, have been issued in one volume complete by Messrs. Osgood & Co., Boston. Dr. Channing wrote: “His poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet.” H. T. Tuckerman says: “He is a true son of New England; and, beneath the calm fraternal bearing of the Quaker, nurses the imaginative ardour of a devotee, both of nature and of humanity.”]

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbour in the shallop “Watch and Wait.”

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
With the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock, and wood, and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word!—
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!—
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord!

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven and let me enter in!"

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near.
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken, swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall!

CALEB WILLIAMS.

[William Godwin, born at Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, 3d March, 1766; died in London, 7th April, 1836. He laboured for five years as a dissenting minister, and then devoted himself to authorship. His political opinions were of the advanced liberal school, and he openly sympathized with the French revolution at a time when it was dangerous to avow such sympathy. He was not prosecuted, however, and his talents as an author won reputation, and obtained for him in his closing years a lucrative appointment in one of the public offices. His works are: *Political Justice*; *Life of Geoffrey Chaucer*; *Life of the Earl of Chatham*; *On Population*, being an answer to the celebrated theory of Malthus; *History of the Commonwealth of England*, &c. His novels are: *Caleb Williams*; *St. Leon*; *Mandeville*; *Cloudeley*; and *Fletwood, or the New Man of Feeling*. He wrote a tragedy, *Faulkner*, which was hissed off the stage. *Caleb Williams* achieved extensive popularity. Sir T. N. Talfourd wrote of it: "There is no work of fiction which so rivets the attention—no tragedy which exhibits a struggle more sublime, or sufferings more intense than this; yet to produce the effect no complicated machinery is employed."]]

[Falkland, a country gentleman of generous disposition but morbidly sensitive to every wind that might tarnish his personal fame, was publicly insulted and struck by a big boorish squire. Falkland in his frenzy of shame killed the man. Two peasants were charged with the murder and hung. Falkland, a prey to keenest remorse, devoted his life to charity, and to the fostering of that good name for which he had sacrificed so much. His secretary, Caleb Williams—who narrates the events—surprised the secret. Then followed persecution on the part of Falkland, and wild efforts on the part of Williams to escape beyond his influence. At length, worn out and despairing, having been in prison and denounced as a thief, Caleb is resolved to bring matters to a crisis.]

All is over. I have carried into execution my meditated attempt. My situation is totally changed. I now sit down to give an account of it. For several weeks after the completion of this dreadful business, my mind was in too tumultuous a state to permit me to write. I think I shall now be able to arrange my thoughts sufficiently for that purpose. How wondrous, how terrible are the events that have intervened since I was last employed in a similar manner! It is no wonder that my thoughts were solemn, and my mind filled with horrible forebodings!

Having formed my resolution, I set out from Harwich for the metropolitan town of the county in which Mr. Falkland resided. Gines (a detective), I well knew, was in my rear.

That was of no consequence to me. He might wonder at the direction I pursued, but he could not tell with what purpose I pursued it. My design was a secret, carefully locked up in my own breast. It was not without a sentiment of terror that I entered a town which had been the scene of my long imprisonment. I proceeded to the house of the chief magistrate the instant I arrived, that I might give no time to my adversary to counterwork my proceeding.

I told him who I was, and that I was come from a distant part of the kingdom for the purpose of rendering him the medium of a charge of murder against my former patron. My name was already familiar to him. He answered, that he could not take cognizance of my deposition; that I was an object of universal execration in that part of the world; and he was determined upon no account to be the vehicle of my depravity.

I warned him to consider well what he was doing. I called upon him for no favour; I only applied to him in the regular exercise of his function. Would he take upon him to say that he had a right at his pleasure to suppress a charge of this complicated nature? I had to accuse Mr. Falkland of repeated murders. The perpetrator knew that I was in possession of the truth upon the subject; and knowing that, I went perpetually in danger of my life from his malice and revenge. I was resolved to go through with the business, if justice were to be obtained from any court in England. Upon what pretence did he refuse my deposition? I was in every respect a competent witness. I was of age to understand the nature of an oath; I was in my perfect senses; I was untarnished by the verdict of any jury, or the sentence of any judge. His private opinion of my character could not alter the law of the land. I demanded to be confronted with Mr. Falkland, and I was well assured I should substantiate the charge to the satisfaction of the whole world. If he did not think proper to apprehend him upon my single testimony, I should be satisfied if he only sent him notice of the charge, and summoned him to appear.

The magistrate, finding me thus resolute, thought proper a little to lower his tone. He no longer absolutely refused to comply with my requisition, but condescended to expostulate with me. He represented to me Mr. Falkland's health, which had for some years been exceedingly indifferent; his having been once already brought to the most solemn examination upon this charge; the diabolical malice in which alone my proceeding must have ori-

ginated; and the tenfold ruin it would bring down upon my head. To all these representations my answer was short. "I was determined to go on, and would abide the consequences." A summons was at length granted, and notice sent to Mr. Falkland of the charge preferred against him.

Three days elapsed before any further step could be taken in this business. This interval in no degree contributed to tranquillize my mind. The thought of preferring a capital accusation against, and hastening the death of, such a man as Mr. Falkland, was by no means an opiate to reflection. At one time I commended the action, either as just revenge (for the benevolence of my nature was in a great degree turned to gall), or as necessary self-defence, or as that which, in an impartial and philanthropical estimate, included the smallest evil. At another time I was haunted with doubts. But in spite of these variations of sentiment, I uniformly determined to persist! I felt as if impelled by a tide of unconquerable impulse. The consequences were such as might well appal the stoutest heart. Either the ignominious execution of a man whom I had once so deeply venerated, and whom now I sometimes suspected not to be without his claims to veneration; or a confirmation, perhaps an increase, of the calamities I had so long endured. Yet these I preferred to a state of uncertainty. I desired to know the worst; to put an end to the hope, however faint, which had been so long my torment; and, above all, to exhaust and finish the catalogue of expedients that were at my disposition. My mind was worked up to a state little short of frenzy. My body was in a burning fever with the agitation of my thoughts. When I laid my hand upon my bosom or my head, it seemed to scorch them with the fervency of its heat. I could not sit still for a moment. I panted with incessant desire that the dreadful crisis I had so eagerly invoked were come, and were over.

After an interval of three days, I met Mr. Falkland in the presence of the magistrate to whom I had applied upon the subject. I had only two hours' notice to prepare myself; Mr. Falkland seeming as eager as I to have the question brought to a crisis, and laid at rest for ever. I had an opportunity, before the examination, to learn that Mr. Forester was drawn by some business on an excursion on the continent; and that Collins, whose health when I saw him was in a very precarious state, was at this time confined with an alarming illness. His constitution had been wholly broken by his West Indian expedition. The audience

I met at the house of the magistrate consisted of several gentlemen and others selected for the purpose; the plan being, in some respects, as in the former instance, to find a medium between the suspicious air of a private examination, and the indelicacy, as it was styled, of an examination exposed to the remark of every casual spectator.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance; immediately after which he sunk back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks; but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practical expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Till the moment that Falkland was presented to my view my breast was steeled to pity. I thought that I had coolly entered into the reason of the case (passion, in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be coolness to him in whom it domineers), and that I had determined impartially and justly. I believed that, if Mr. Falkland were permitted to persist in his schemes, we must both of us be completely wretched. I believed that it was in my power, by the resolution I had formed, to throw my share of this wretchedness from me, and that his could scarcely be increased. It appeared therefore to my mind, to be a mere piece of equity and justice, such as an impartial spectator would desire, that one person should be miserable in preference to two; that one person rather than two should be incapacitated from acting his part, and contributing his share to the general welfare. I thought that in this business I had risen superior to personal

considerations, and judged with a total neglect of the suggestions of self-regard. It is true, Mr. Falkland was mortal; but, notwithstanding his apparent decay, he might live long. Ought I to submit to waste the best years of my life in my present wretched situation? He had declared that his reputation should be for ever inviolate; this was his ruling passion, the thought that worked his soul to madness. He would probably therefore leave a legacy of persecution, to be received by me from the hands of Gines, or some other villain equally atrocious, when he should himself be no more. Now or never was the time for me to redeem my future life from endless woe.

But all these fine-spun reasonings vanished before the object that was now presented to me. "Shall I trample upon a man thus dreadfully reduced? Shall I point my animosity against one whom the system of nature has brought down to the grave? Shall I poison, with wounds the most intolerable to his ears, the last moments of a man like Falkland? It is impossible. There must have been some dreadful mistake in the train of argument that persuaded me to be the author of this hateful scene. There must have been a better and more magnanimous remedy to the evils under which I groaned."

It was too late: the mistake I had committed was now gone past all power of recall. Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and, thus situated, I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I however believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began:—

"Why cannot I recall the last four days of my life? How was it possible for me to be so eager, so obstinate, in a purpose so diabolical? Oh, then I had listened to the expostulations of the magistrate that hears me, or submitted to the well-meant despotism of his authority! Hitherto I have been only miserable; henceforth I shall account myself base! Hitherto, though hardly treated by mankind, I stood acquitted at the bar of my own conscience. I had not filled up the measure of my wretchedness!

"Would it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart.

"No penitence, no anguish, can expiate the folly and the cruelty of this last act I have perpetrated. But Mr. Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have revered him; he was worthy of reverence: I have loved him; he was endowed with qualities that partook of divine.

"From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of my affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune.

"What shall I say?—He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel; he suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty. After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale!

"Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and to conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct.

"You began in confidence; why did you not continue in confidence? The evil that resulted from my original imprudence would then have been comparatively little. You threatened me: did I then betray you? A word from my lips at that time would have freed me from your threats for ever. I bore them for a considerable period, and at last quitted your service, and threw myself a fugitive upon the world in silence. Why did you not suffer me to depart? You brought me back by stratagem and violence, and wantonly accused me of an

enormous felony! Did I then mention a syllable of the murder, the secret of which was in my possession?

"Where is the man that has suffered more from the injustice of society than I have done? I was accused of a villany that my heart abhorred. I was sent to jail. I will not enumerate the horrors of my prison, the lightest of which would make the heart of humanity shudder. I looked forward to the gallows! Young, ambitious, fond of life, innocent as the child unborn, I looked forward to the gallows! I believed that one word of resolute accusation against my patron would deliver me, yet I was silent; I armed myself with patience, uncertain whether it were better to accuse or to die. Did this show me a man unworthy to be trusted?

"I determined to break out of prison. With infinite difficulty, and repeated miscarriages, I at length effected my purpose. Instantly a proclamation, with a hundred guineas reward, was issued for apprehending me. I was obliged to take shelter among the refuse of mankind, in the midst of a gang of thieves. I encountered the most imminent peril of my life when I entered this retreat, and when I quitted it. Immediately after, I travelled almost the whole length of the kingdom, in poverty and distress, in hourly danger of being re-taken and manacled like a felon. I would have fled my country; I was prevented. I had recourse to various disguises; I was innocent, and yet was compelled to as many arts and subterfuges as could have been entailed on the worst of villains. In London I was as much harassed and as repeatedly alarmed as I had been in my flight through the country. Did all these persecutions persuade me to put an end to my silence? No: I suffered them with patience and submission; I did not make one attempt to retort them upon their author.

"I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants that are nourished with human blood. In this terrible situation I for the first time attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt.

"I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage.

"I acknowledge that, in various ways, Mr. Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed towards my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my dis-

charge, when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation.

"The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene.

"I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that, if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety, in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty?

"Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes: in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkineses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul is poured out. I despaired, while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth.

"I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world, that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious

of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer.—I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please! I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!"

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity; for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man? Before I began he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, but this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him thus, as it might be, to the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

"Williams," said he, "you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault and not yours—that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of

momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs; but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now,"—turning to the magistrate—"and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years (I know not how long) dragged on a miserable existence in insupportable pain. I am at last, in recompense for all my labours and my crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope—the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. It was worthy of such a life, that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If however you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice; for, as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together."

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserved them, but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived this dreadful scene but three days. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise my patience, who has fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful in comparison if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But, atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been! I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping, I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that, so short a time ago, boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evil that had so long attended me. I thought that, if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that, if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished; and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Here followeth the history of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It happened in the year 914 that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two-and-thirtieth, of the archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine aforementioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barn, and, like a most accursed and merciless catiff, burned up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease if those unprofitable beggars, that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were despatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this heinous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself into the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swam unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those silly creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the mice is shown to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situate in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to the town of Bing.¹ and is commonly called in the German tongue, the MOWSE-TURN.—*CORVAT'S Crudities*, p. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the bishop was eaten by rats.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell,
His granaries were furnish'd wall.

¹ *Hodie* Bingen.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day,
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he.
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times furlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm.
He had a countenance white with alarm,
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday."

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes;—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat:
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she was screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,

And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[R. Sullivan, a miscellaneous writer for the annuals and magazines between 1825-35. He was the author of *The Lover's Quarrels*.]

I passed my five-and-twentieth birthday at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply-regretted place. Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bedrooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give a sample of a day.—We rose at seven (it was July), and wandered amongst moss roses, velvet lawns, and seques-

tered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast-table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat just large enough to hold two, and hidden round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. *Sans doute*, I was a little overrated. My riddles were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then followed our "equestrian exercises." Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand, for fear she should tumble off. Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhyme or on canvas. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of simile. Of course, we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been, excepting Barbara.

"Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the general!"

Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different thing to be guide to her good young friend, the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the

best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought the lights and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was now nothing hoydenish in her behaviour, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? Besides there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of, so I de-

termined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Amongst other things, Lady Betty signalized me by a purse and pencil case, and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in which I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it: casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting-place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another head-long! Of my own case I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drove four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, and his manner had a *je ne sais quoi* of languid impertinence which was a great deal too overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connection of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his forefinger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my commonplace appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara were a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks, and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the veneration she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that before the day was over she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S——. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her; and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to the mercy of Lord S——, to whom walking was a low-lived amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping-fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S—— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing candle and flannel petticoats for the workhouse. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other.

What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment. My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer; she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly-whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry. A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had the vanity to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's caligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little fineness to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite

sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated prettily the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

"REASON THE FIRST.

"A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends."

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

"REASON THE SECOND.

"Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband; and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of labouring for that end."

Conceited and ill-favoured! My head began to swim.

"REASON THE THIRD.

"I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives.—Heigh-ho!"

Furies!

"REASON THE FOURTH.

"I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be really love; but, as pity is next a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken."

Pity!

"REASON THE FIFTH.

"I pity him, because it is necessary that I should place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit, for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting."

Place me on the shelf!!

"REASON THE SIXTH.

"I pity him, because if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M—— to the mortification of a dismissal."

!!!

"REASON THE SEVENTH.

"I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome."

!!!!

"REASON THE EIGHTH.

"I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him."

!!!!!!

"REASON THE NINTH.

"I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S—— will tell everybody that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four.—Heigh—heigh-ho."

!!!!!!

"REASON THE TENTH.

"I pity him, because he has so kindly consented to meet me on my return from the charity-school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man.—Ah, well-a-day!"—

And ah, well-a-day!!!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man henceforth endeavour to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horse after the barouche, and shoot Lord S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and "a grave where four roads meet," Lady Barbara came dancing in, to request my assistance upon her drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty, and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple, gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it. *She* now should be the partner of my declining years,

the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn.

"She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to do." She paused for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy.

"Why," I exclaimed, "why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession." Barbara regained her courage.

"Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!"

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or to cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning, and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return from the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S—— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health; she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

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So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honour of manhood I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behaviour was very materially sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this.

"I go," said I, "I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my *presence becomes troublesome*—I will not oblige you to *put me on the shelf*—I will not be too encroaching upon your *temperate regard*—*Heigh—heigh—ho!*"

With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanours, and found the total, even *before* the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless, and not at all uncommon;

and I vow, that had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done anything to insure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

THE INVITATION.

[Cornelius Webbe, miscellaneous writer, and author of *Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town*; *Lyric Leaves*; *Glances at Life in City and Suburb*; &c. He was for many years proof-reader of the *Quarterly Review*. "He has feeling and fancy—an eye and a heart for nature."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.]

Mary, when the sun is down,
Steal unnoticed from the town,
Through the dew of daisied green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Unto where the lilled-rill
Winds around the woody hill,—
Giving to thy lover's arms,
Truth, and youth, and sacred charms.

When the night doth darken eve,
Thou thy bower mayst safely leave:—
Thou canst have no dread of night,
Having thoughts as pure as light!
Vice may then not be a-bed,
But the wicked have a dread
Of a chaste-eyed maiden's frown,
That keeps ruder passions down.

When the bat hath tired his wing,
And the cricket ceased to sing,
And the sad, sweet nightingale
'Gins to tell her tender tale;
Steal thy path across the green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Or a late-returning dove
Winging lonely to her love.

When the first star of the night
Beams with rays of ruddy light,
(Like the lashes of thine eyes
Startling sleep, that sweetly lies
As the bee upon his bed,
Nestling by a blue-bell's head.)
Steal thy way through green and grove,
Silent as the moon doth move.

When the dew is on our feet,
Then the woodland walk is sweet:
When no eye but Heaven's doth see,
Then 'tis sweet with thee to be:
We have passed long hours alone,
Overseen and heard by none;
And may wile a many more,
Till our life, not love, be o'er.

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE:

THE DOMINIE'S TALE.

[Andrew Picken, born in Paisley, 1788; died in London, 23d November, 1833. After various experiences in trade in the West Indies, in Ireland, Glasgow, and Liverpool, he settled in London as a professional author in 1826. His works obtained a fair portion of success, and he was rapidly winning a good position in literature when he was suddenly stricken by apoplexy. He wrote *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, in which first appeared, *Mary Ogilvie*; *The Sectarian*, or *The Choir and the Meeting House*, a novel; *The Dominie's Legacy*, a collection of tales, from which we quote; *Travels and Researches of English Missionaries*; *The Club Book*, a collection of tales to which G. P. R. James, D. M. Moir, John Galt, Tyrone Power, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and William Jerdan contributed; *Reveries in Canadas*, compiled from memoranda supplied by Galt; *Waltham*, a romance; and *The Black Watch*, a novel, completed shortly before the author's death, and containing the history of the 42d Regiment.]

Really when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befell several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specified conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say, with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a well-speaked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children: so the old man, seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ringleader of every trick

that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humouredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobblesheaf of diversion. How to master this was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half learned in his preliminary humanities, his father and he had taken some scheme into their heads, and he was removed from me and sent to the college.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and was likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now began to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honour of preparing for the world most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had befallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil, Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backwards, faith, I could neither read it backwards nor forwards, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominie, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it, and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie; a very different life from chapping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in at all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the forementioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side I saw a team of horses pulling a plough towards me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yoking and yawning of the man who followed it. Something struck me that I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up I discovered, under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clay hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the dominie!" and truly, he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominie, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdashery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life. I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on

his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough; so here I am, happier than ever; besides, barkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Pooh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming already, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid, Mr. Cheap!"

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years' lease. I'll grow gray as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominie. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself, as I walked up the lane from the farm-house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when, coming towards the same neighbourhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander towards it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house

and stared in my face, as a Scottish lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longriggs, which is occupied by one Mr. Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thiefless smile, and without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flower from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longriggs?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighbourhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eye-winkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of flour. "Is it possible, Dominie, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks.—"really this beats everything! and so, Charlie, ye're now turned into a miller."

"As sure's a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominie! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a miltre out of every man's sack, and levies his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labour of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water-wheel works for me all night, so if I don't get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my hairs learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day, he's aye bringing till her—
His ample hand's in ilk man's pock,
His mill grinds muckle siller,
His wife is dressed in silk and lawn,
For he's aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr. Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man's case—and a little argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I; "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but, Lizzy," he added to his wife, "what are you standing glowering there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was two years older, and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story, and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have

exhausted worlds, and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not, in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that, it had taken from him all his private joys, in the *hope* of one day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it; but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at nothing whatever, his children turned the house upside down in their ecstasy at being rich; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence for being so unreasonably kind to this family; while thousands around them struggled incessantly in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy; for I had seen so many who would, for any little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were

able to attain thereto; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy, than the fool.

FREELY GIVE.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matthew x. 8.
 "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts xx. 35.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
 Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
 Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
 Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
 Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
 Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed car-cas,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom repose?
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
 Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking.
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
 Soon heaven's river thy soul-ferver alaking,
 Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

THE FOIL.

If we could see below,
 The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
 As plainly as that above doth show;
 This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
 To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning.
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PLAYS AND PURITANS.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Puritans held too exclusively to one pole of a double truth. They did so, no doubt, in their hatred of the drama. Their belief that human relations were, if not exactly sinful, at least altogether carnal and unspiritual, prevented their conceiving the possibility of any truly Christian drama, and led them at times into strange and sad errors, like that New England ukase of Cotton Mather's, who punished the woman who should kiss her infant on the Sabbath-day. Yet their extravagances on this point were but the honest revulsion from other extravagances on the opposite side. If the undistinguishing and immoral Autotheism of the playwrights, and the luxury and heathendom of the higher classes, first in Italy and then in England, were the natural revolt of the human mind against the Manichæism of Popish monkery, then the severity and exclusiveness of Puritanism was a natural and necessary revolt against that luxury and immorality: a protest for man's God-given superiority over nature, against that Naturalism which threatened to end in sheer brutality. While Italian prelates have found an apologist in Mr. Roscoe, and English playwrights in Mr. Gifford, the old Puritans, who felt and asserted, however extravagantly, that there was an eternal law which was above all Borgias and Machiavels, Stuarts and Fletchers, have surely a right to a fair trial. If they went too far in their contempt for humanity, certainly no one interfered to set them right. The Anglicans of that time, who held intrinsically the same anthropologic notions, and yet wanted the courage and sincerity to carry them out honestly, neither could nor would throw any light upon the controversy; and the only class who sided with the poor playwrights in asserting that there were more things in man, and more excuses for man, than were dreamt of in Prynne's philosophy, were the Jesuit Casuists, who, by a fatal perverseness, used all their little knowledge of human nature to the same undesirable purpose as the playwrights: namely, to prove how it was possible to commit every conceivable sinful action without sinning. No wonder that in an age in which courtiers and theatre-hunters were turning Romanists by the dozen, and the priest-ridden Queen was the chief patroness of the theatre, the Puritans should have classed players and Jesuits in the same category, and deduced the

parentage of both alike from the father of lies.

But as for these Puritans having been merely the sour, narrow, inhuman persons they are vulgarly supposed to have been, credit Judean. There were sour and narrow men enough among them; so there were in the opposite party. No Puritan could have had less poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than Laud himself. But is there no poetry save words? no drama save that which is presented on the stage? Is this glorious earth, and the souls of living men, mere prose, as long as "carent rate sacro," who will, forsooth, do them the honour to make poetry out of a little of them (and of how little)! by translating them into words, which he himself, just in proportion as he is a good poet, will confess to be clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual? Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of everyday human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheeks the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his searoving ancestors who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boot: but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby-field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his mustache and imperial, and bright-red coat, and cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he ate his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vani-

ties" rise in his heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work" in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Round-head, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother, and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there, down that long dark lode, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brothers skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef-bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it.—How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse-hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like the race-horse's, to the dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from Heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that

thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich peean ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled softly wailing before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of Heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the strait fen-bank, and fled upstairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the courtyard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled, is but one," than if he had filled pages with son-

nets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds, and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's "Evangeline" itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirled up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round, with staring eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of "The Lord's great dealings" by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest gentlemen, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought—they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds. — *Miscellanies.*

THERE'S MAGIC IN THAT LITTLE SONG.

BY REV. J. M'GEORGE.

There's magic in that little song;
Its simple liquid melody
Can chase the gloom of care away,
And make grief's phantoms fly.
When gnawing pain around my couch
Keeps sleepless watch the drear night long,
My brain will cool and calm, if thou
But sing that little song.

When fortune hides her fickle face,
When sunshine friends turn cold away,
When first-love's holy vow is broke
Like foam on ocean spray;
When youth's bright hopes, by gaunt despair,
Are crushed as by a giant strong,
I will not curse my lot, if thou
But sing that little song.

There's magic in that little song;
It soothes each stormy passion down,—
The hopes which bless'd me when a boy
Again my day-dreams crown.
Sweet visions of departed joys
Fantastic on my memory throng;
I am a child again when thou
Dost sing that little song.

GRAVE DOINGS.

[Samuel Warren, D.C.L., Q.C., born in Denbighshire, 1807. Educated at the Edinburgh University, at first with a view to the medical profession, but subsequently entered the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1837. He became Recorder of Hull, 1852, and M.P. for Midhurst in 1856, re-elected in the following year, and resigned his seat in 1859, upon being appointed one of the two Masters in Lunacy. He has published a number of legal works, and contributed many miscellaneous articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His principal works in fiction are: *The Diary of a Late Physician* (from which we quote); *Ten Thousand a Year: Now and Then*; and *The Lily and the Bee*, an apologue of the Crystal Palace in unrhymed verse. Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of Europe*, says: "Mr. Warren has taken a lasting place among the imaginative writers."]]

My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "Physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices—that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how*! You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil or sink a shaft! Is this fair, fair reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied diagnosis. Now, it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now, an ossification—then this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As

soon as her friends were apprised of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir —— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent, in exaggerated terms, the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion, but in vain; and at last said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she die with you as with us."

"Well—we'll *troy* that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir ——'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that, come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow!—if you have *spirit* enough—dangerous," &c. &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us, he felt himself so curious about the matter that if fifty pounds would be of use to us in furthering our purpose, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *éclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "*grab*"—that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach provided with all "appliances and means to boot." During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered so severely from an overnight's excess as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew

were absent on *professional tours*! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of “ne'er-do-weel” hanger-on at the hospital—whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and, in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half-a-guinea for his evening's work—and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet *douceur* in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip—under the effects of which he became quite “bouncible,” and *ranted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder, and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that, in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated quite as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then Sir ——'s cunning hint about the “danger”—and our “spirit!”

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple—glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it were standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate—Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, none of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hair-brained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave? They were not likely to stand on much cere-

mony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us spoke our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was tolerably significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

“Come, Tip,” said I, “out with you.”

“Get out, did you say, sir? To be sure I will—Och! to be sure I will.” But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for, while I was speaking I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to warn us against what we were going to do.

“’Tis a cowl'd night, yer honours,” said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if anything was stirring but ourselves. “’Tis a cowl'd night—and—and—and,” he stammered.

“Why, you cowardly old scoundrel,” grumbled M——, “are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane.”

“Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murderous cruel thing. I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep.” He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprised of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously. As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half-way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite spirit and dis-

tinctness; E—— remarked to me that he always thought a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable; and I talked about *business*—"soon be over"—"shallow grave"—&c. &c.

"Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers *SHOULD* be there?" said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders, elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, "Whisht!—whisht!—By my soul, *what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little overhead.

"Fait—an' wasn't it somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Poh—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense; and if we mean really to *do* anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our greatcoats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed, in a second or two, by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cockchafer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering *Paternosters*. We could scarcely help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. "Now, look ye, gentlemen," said he, still squatting on the ground,

"do you mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? An' will you put her back again as ye found her? 'Case, if you won't, blood an' oons"——

"Hark ye now, Tip," said I sternly, taking out one of a brace of *empty* pistols I had put into my greatcoat pocket, and presenting it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of your nonsense, by —— I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad-luck to me that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if iver I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the doctors in the world? If I don't, divel burn me!" We all laughed aloud at Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation."

"Come, sir, mount! over with you!" said we, helping to push him upwards. "Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and, to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—"the compunctious visitings of remorse"—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which, I had no doubt, were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group, for an instant, under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our greatcoats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally grumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy

doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarcely see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined together a long iron screw or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet remained to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be done by the morning!" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged. Oh, how earnestly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, so startled me, that I protest I thought I should have dropped down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger let fall our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ass, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh. The brute was actually close upon us, and had given tongue from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury and fear lest the noise should lead to our discovery I could have killed the brute if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered, in an affrightened whisper—"Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black divel of a baste! The murderous, thundering"—and a great

many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whisky as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of two or three minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the graveside. Before proceeding to use our screws or wrenchers, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing anything we set to work, prized off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded inmate—all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrist. Thus were we engaged, when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasped, "Oh, my God! there they are!" and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter whither his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily toward us. "Well, we're discovered, that's clear," I whispered as calmly as I could. "We shall be murdered!" groaned E—— "Lend me one of the pistols you have with you," said M—— resolutely; "by ——, I'll have a shot for my life, however!" As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. "Hush—hush!" said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew that they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon with-

drew the small scantling of light she had been doing out to us, and sank beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded!" two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, in a subdued tone, "Where are they? where? Sure I saw them! Oh, there they are. Halloo—halloo!"

That was enough—the signal of our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprang, like small-shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarcely knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then tumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels, panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and, finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my encasing myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch-dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight, that then I might step into the arms of my captors? What was become of my companions?—While turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh! Och, murder! murder! murder!"—another splash—"and isn't it dead, and drowned, and kilt I am!"—

Whew! *Tip* in trouble, thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor *Tip*, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright

could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

"Och, *Tip*, ye ould divel! Don't it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous ould coffin-robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be trated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!" A loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he were readjusting his footing—"Och! an' I'm catching my dith of cowl! Fait, an' it's a divel a drop o' the two bottles o' whisky I'll ever see—Och, och, och!"—another splash—"och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! Murder and oons!—if ever I come out of this—sha'n't I be dead before I do?"

"*Tip—Tip—Tip!*" I whispered in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "*Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?*" No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"Where am I! by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that's all!"

"*Tip—Tip—Tip!*" I repeated, a little louder.

"*Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad-luck to ye—whoever ye are—but it's divel a word I'll be after spaking to ye.*"

"*Tip, you simpleton! It's I—Mr. —.*"

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Whoo! whoo! an' is't you, sweet Mr. —! What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are you doing, *Tip*? Where are you?"

"Fait, an' it's being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honour ever saw!" A noise of scuffling, not many yards

off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E—, calling out—"Help, M—!" (my name)—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, when both of us hurried towards the spot whence the sound came. By the faint moonlight I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them both fell down, locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E—'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had so discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, it seems—when we must all have understood one another—when lo! we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E—. Finding all quiet, he and E—, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c., in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful, impious mockery!—and consigned it once more to its resting-place, Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently—"An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!" The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M—, and E—, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence were

throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right. On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards farther in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—the whole body off the ground—and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoil within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that "shovelling in was surprisingly easier than shovelling out!" We took great pains to leave everything as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried away each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town, and a wretched coach company we looked, all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who nevertheless snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be "the devil's own dear self only that should timpt me out again *to-day snatching!*"¹

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

J. G. WHITTIER.

¹ On examining the body, we found that Sir —'s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart, but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers.

"COME, DINE WITH ME."

Joseph Hall, born at Bristow Park, Aashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, 1st July, 1574; died at Higham, near Norwich, 8th September, 1656. Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, successively, and the first English writer of satire. In the prologue to his satires he says:

"I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

He also wrote numerous sermons, meditations, and epistles.]

The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
'Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?'
I yielded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayn'd it, as many use:
Loath for to grant, but loathier to refuse.
"Alacke, sir, I were loath; another day,—
I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you may."
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wise;
(That's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
My dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greates expence;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
'Oh, Cleoparical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Dedic, that erst Hercules held for finest fare:
Porke for the fat Boeotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Gosse-liver for the likorous Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quaille, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou eere there before?
Never.—I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about

him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the form is always seen, and not as in most men an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting not advancing, resisting not co-operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

CHORUS OF THANKFUL CHILDREN.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

From the German of MARTIN RINCKART (1636).—
Translation by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

TITO'S TROUBLES.

[Frederick William Robinson, born in London, 1830. Novelist. His principal works are: *Grandmother's Money*; *No Church*; *Church and Chapel*; *A Woman's Ransom*; *Milly's Hero*; *Under the Spell*; *Woodleigh*; *Anne Judge*, *Spindler*; *For Her Sake*; *Wrayford's Ward*, and other Tales (from which we quote); *Slaves of the Ring*; &c. &c. A review in *Blackwood*, referring to *Church and Chapel*, said: "Such novels have a higher use than the sensations of the moment. If due pains and care were bestowed upon them, we see no reason why they should not rank next to biography—works of more than amusement—contributions towards the history of the inexhaustible yet unchanging race."]

You are all aware that my first school was not a fashionable academy for young gentlemen. Family reverses, not to mention an exceedingly large family, prevented my father from placing me in a high-class, high-priced, high-pressure seminary, when I arrived at that objectionable age which necessitated my becoming a nuisance at home to my parents, and to all my little brothers and sisters. It was absolutely necessary that I should go somewhere, everybody said; and after much hard study of advertisements in the daily papers,

and personal inspection by my father of half a-hundred establishments, I found myself one morning settled at Mr. Price's, Belvoir House, Flatborough-on-the-Sea, an establishment where boys under fourteen years of age were educated, boarded, and generally attended to, for the sum of eight-and-twenty pounds per annum. This was not a fashionable price, as it was not, in consequence, a fashionable school. It was, indeed, rather an unfashionable school; the pupils were not highly trained and were never "civilly examined," and the master had not thought of deposing "quarters" and taking to "terms." There were no extras: there was not a resident mathematical master, and the principal himself taught us all the French he knew, and left the pronunciation a great deal to our tastes.

Still, looking back, I am disposed to think that this was a good school—an old-fashioned school, perhaps, but where the master worked hard in the midst of his boys, crammed no particular clique to the detriment of the rest, and at least did his best—and he was a clever man in his way—to give us a sound English education. As a start in a boy's life, possibly not as a finishing school, Belvoir House was particularly suitable; and as the situation was healthy, the terms low, and the master well known as a man kind to his pupils and interested in his profession, Mr. Price had always some sixty or seventy boys beneath his care.

Mr. Price was not a rich man; indeed report said that, owing to indiscreet investments in public companies, he had lost the little that he had managed to save, before his own large family—twelve "grown ups" sat down to dinner every day of their lives, and there were four boys under fourteen in the school itself—prevented him putting anything more by for a rainy day.

It was at this school that I met Tito Zalez—and it is Tito's school-life and strange school-troubles in which I am about to attempt to interest you. I suppose that I took readily to Tito because he arrived at Belvoir House on the same day as myself, and we both sat in a waiting-room, on chairs much too high to allow of our feet touching the ground, staring sheepishly at one another, whilst our parents were in solemn conclave with the master in the drawing-room. I was eleven years of age, and Tito, I learned afterwards, was ten. I was a thin, gawky, bullet-headed youth, for my age; Tito was big and plump, with a dark skin, black curly hair, a nose that young ladies, I believe, call "dubby," and two little bead-like eyes which rolled a great deal in his head,



TEARFUL CHERUBS.

BLACKIE & SON LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

and somewhat alarmed me after my father had shut me in with him.

Our conversation was disconnected and terse. The following was the dialogue that ensued between us, with an interval of about three minutes and a half before either committed himself to a reply.

"What's your name?"

"Joe Simmons. What's yours?"

"Tito Zalez."

"Oh, is it?"

I thought that it was a very odd name, and that I should not like to have it myself, and that the boys would be very severe upon it presently in the playground, and "chivey" him. After considering the matter in all its details, I told him the result of my deliberations, and he opened his eyes a little wider with amazement and said—

"Do you think so, really?"

I said that I really did.

Another long pause, and just as it struck me that he was going to sleep, and likely to pitch off his chair on to the smallest boy's box that I had ever seen, he said,—

"Where do you come from?"

"Reigate."

Of course I asked him where he came from, and he said London.

He was a very curious boy, or else he was anxious to show off that afternoon, and impress me with his importance, knowing that my questions were simply an echo of his own.

"What's your father?" he said.

"He's in a bank. He scoops money out and in—gold money!"

"Lor!"

"What's your father?"

"He's a gentleman."

"Oh!"

I believe this was all the conversation in which we indulged until my father, and Tito's father, and old Price—we always called him old Price, and intended nothing disrespectful thereby—came in to us again. I looked at Tito's father, and was greatly impressed by him at first sight, and though exceedingly flattered by his notice, secretly wished that he would have stared at me a little less. He was a tall, thin man, with a long gray mustache, and with a face very sallow and wrinkled,—so seamed and knotty a face that it reminded me at once of the carved knob of an eccentric walking-stick which had belonged to my grandfather, and was treasured by my father for old associations as well as for its ugliness.

He came to me after he had shaken hands with Mr. Price.

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"You and Tito begin life together," he said, with a strong foreign accent, "and will have your way to fight together. Tito is younger than you, and you must not let the big boys bounce—I think you boys call it 'bounce'—over him too much. This little fellow of mine, Master Simmons, has never been away from home before, and so I leave you to take care of him."

I believe that I said, "Thank you, sir;" and after he had shaken hands with me, he took Tito up in his arms, kissed him once or twice, and then marched with his head very erect out of the room, followed, after adieux had been exchanged, by my father. This was my first introduction to Belvoir House, and when Mr. Price had taken a hand of each, and led us into the playground, the ordeal of the great change was completed, and we were at home before the night had fallen on our new world. I do not know that Tito was quite at home, although he had been lively in the playground, and had laughed a little—and a very fat laugh he had too, which made one laugh to hear it—for when we were in "dormitory six," somebody began crying in the night, and the junior usher, who slept in a large crib in the corner, sat up in bed and asked who was making that noise, but getting no answer save muffled sobs and strange effervescent sounds, as of a youth in the agonies of strangulation, he lighted a candle, and came shivering along the line of iron bedsteads until he found Tito, with his mouth full of sheet and blanket, crying all over his clean pillow-case.

"Now then, Zalez, what's the matter?"

"Oh, please, sir, I wa-a-ant to go ho-o-ome."

"Go home?" said the usher, kindly; "why, you've only just come. Besides, see how cross your father would be after all the trouble he has taken!"

"N-n-no, sir, he would-n't. He's too-too-too fo-ond of me."

The usher—Mr. Banstock was his name—sat down and tried to reason with Tito, but with very little effect. He told him that he would soon get used to the change; that he was keeping the other boys awake; that I, Joseph Simmons, from Reigate, was not crying; that Mr. Price would be very cross if he heard him; and that he himself, who was a martyr to rheumatism, would be laid up in the morning if he sat there any longer. But Tito continued to cry, and to make desperate attempts to suffocate himself with the bedding, until Mr. Banstock, as it appeared to me very improperly, promised that he should return home by the first train in the morning.

Tito was calm after that, and stammered forth, by way of apology for his disorderly outburst, that he knew his papa would be glad to see him back, now that his mother had only just gone away, you know, and left him so much alone, sir!

"Gone away—where?" I heard Mr. Banstock ask.

"Why, to heaven, sir, papa says."

Mr. Banstock asked no more questions, but went back to his bed, where I heard him tumbling about restlessly, with all the sleep clean out of him, for half an hour afterwards. Once I heard him say, "Poor little chap!" but when I ventured to look over the bedclothes, and say, "Did you speak, sir?" he told me very sharply to hold my tongue, and that if I did not mind he would give me three cube-roots in the morning. I thought that I did not mind, and that I was very much obliged to him; and I went to sleep at last, wondering whether Mr. Banstock would have to get up early and dig his roots out of the garden, and what possible use they would be to me after he had digged them. However, I did not get my cube-roots the next morning, although I found out all about them before the first quarter was over my head, and did not congratulate myself upon the discovery.

Tito and I were firm friends before the first quarter had expired, for he did not go home in the morning, but had a little talk with Mr. Price in the ante-room again, and came out more composed in mind after the master's gentle reasoning, and very red round the eyelids, like a rabbit. Tito, I may add, was a general favourite after his three months' sojourn at Belvoir House: he was a good-tempered, affectionate boy, not particularly clever at his lessons, and getting into difficulties at times concerning them, but taking the ills that academic flesh is heir to with philosophy, and doing better next time, and making up by perseverance for his want of genius. At the end of three months, Colonel Zalez called. We knew by that time that Tito's father was, or had been, a colonel somewhere, and we felt that he would have greatly obliged the boys of Belvoir House by coming to see his son in full regimentals. I remember that he entered the playground one Saturday afternoon, that Tito suddenly gave a scream of delight, broke a window of the schoolroom with his elbow in his haste to leap down from the sill on which he and I had placed ourselves, and went with a mad plunge at his father's long legs.

Colonel Zalez lifted the boy up in his arms, and kissed him all over his fat face, till some

of us certainly burst out laughing; and then he walked up and down the playground for a few minutes, holding Tito's hand, and looking down at him with grave interest. It struck me—it struck two or three of us even—that Colonel Zalez's boots were somewhat down a heel, a fact which was accounted for by young Miles saying that no doubt the colonel had been marching a good bit lately, which we thought immediately he had. He came to us soon after this discovery, and to my surprise and confusion, and to the infinite amusement of my contemporaries, he stooped down and kissed me, tickling me very much with his bristly gray mustache.

"Tito says that you have been very kind to him, Master Simmons," he said, shaking hands with me after his embrace; "I thank you very much, young gentleman."

I should like to have told him not to mention it, but remained red and silent.

"I have asked permission of Mr. Price to take you and Tito for a stroll this afternoon, and to the circus in the evening, if you would like to go with us."

I found my voice then, and my hearty "Thank you," was very conclusive evidence that I should like to go with them very much indeed.

That was a memorable holiday, eclipsing the holiday last week which I had had with my father, who had not asked Tito to join us, as Tito's father had asked me. A holiday marked with a white stone in my calendar of recollections—bright, sunshiny, ineffaceable—which described to the boys afterwards, rendered some of them raving mad with jealousy, and heaped Tito for the next three months with attentions that he could scarcely bear up against, the impression being general that Tito's father had determined to reward munificently all little Tito's friends. We had buns and almond cakes at the pastry-cook's, both in our best clothes; Tito in a new suit of black that his father had brought with him. We went for a sail on the great calm sea before the sun went down; we went back to the pastry-cook's and had tea, with buns and almond cakes; we went for a drive in a hired fly before the homemanship commenced, and Colonel Zalez lay back and smoked paper cigarettes so furiously that I thought he would set himself on fire before the circus was opened; we went back to the pastry-cook's, and had two bottles of lemonade, and some buns and almond cakes; we attended the performance in the circus and saw wonders upon wonders, and screamed with laughter at the clowns, and thought it was odd—at least

I did—that the dark grim face at which we looked when a good joke was uttered, did not change more frequently; we went back to the pastry-cook's to supper, and had buns and almond cakes, and weak sherry and water as a parting stimulant; and finally we were walking on tiptoe through dormitory six—absent-with-leave fellows—looking down compassionately on boys who had been asleep for hours! It was a great holiday; it was the only one I ever had with Tito. At Christmas, Tito's father came in a hurry to Mr. Price, settled the bill, and then went away again, leaving Tito behind him, after many embraces, and much whispered advice. It began to be understood, after he had departed, that Tito's father was going abroad—going to battle, Tito said, very proudly—and that Tito was to be left at school all through the Christmas holidays. We bade him good-bye, and felt very sorry for him, and my last glimpse of Flatborough-on-the-Sea that "half" was a curve of the embankment, a steep green hill, and Tito jumping about thereon and waving his handkerchief to me.

Next "half" Tito's father did not appear, and Mr. Price began to look anxious when Tito spoke of his papa; but at the beginning of the next quarter, when the midsummer holidays were over, a letter came from abroad that appeared to relieve our master's mind, and that contained a second epistle, which Tito used to read to me and to himself, until it became worn out by constant reference, and by being kept along with his marbles, a pocket-knife, and a pegtop.

It was an English letter, of course, for Tito had been born and bred in England, and had seen no other country; and it was a very kind, fatherly, humorous kind of epistle, full of hope in his return to England before the next quarter was at an end, and of his anticipation of another holiday with his son and his little friend Simmons, if Simmons were still at Belvoir House. I hoped that he would come back soon, and that a circus would be in the town at the time; but the circus came and went away again, and no Colonel Zalez appeared to keep his promise to us.

"He can't be fighting all this time, Tit," I said in mild remonstrance at Tito's father's behaviour; but Tito shook his head, and said he wasn't so sure of it.

The quarter was past, and the second was approaching its termination. Christmas was upon us again; we were talking evermore of the holidays and home. Tito's father was still absent, and Mr. Price regarded Tito very

thoughtfully when the boy said his lessons to him. We went away and left Tito at school—we came back and found Tito there, looking somewhat pale, and his black school suit more than a trifle rusty.

Tito told me confidentially, on my return, that he had received no letter from his father, and that he had heard Mrs. Price say at dinner one day to Mr. Price that she thought it strange, and that Mr. Price had answered that he was inclined to think it rather strange himself, and that he, Tito, was sure that they had been talking about his papa, because they had spoken in whispers, and looked very much at him. I said that it must be fancy, and he tried to agree with me, but hoped that his papa would come to see him soon, for he was out of pocket-money, and his wardrobe was in need of considerable repair. But Colonel Zalez never came, and only Tito his son remained sanguine at last of his return.

I know now, what I did not know in all its details then, that the Prices, *père et mère*, were becoming very anxious concerning the whereabouts of Tito's father—that two quarters were in arrear, that the extra keep during Tito's holiday was added to the account, and that a third quarter had commenced. I knew afterwards that Mr. Price had written to an out-of-the-way place in Central America, where the colonel had dated his last letter, and that no answer had been returned; that he had written to a British consul and elicited the information that no such person was known within his jurisdiction, and I heard Mr. Price speak once of civil wars and general political confusion, and of the fear that Colonel Zalez had disappeared in a revolutionary vortex for ever.

Lady-day quarter passed, bills were paid, and Tito, waxing shabbier and shabbier, and still wondering why his father never wrote to him, got up every morning with a marvellous confidence in his parent's coming to see him before the day was out. Tito scarcely took into consideration the expense that he was to Mr. Price; he knew nothing of school-bills, and Mr. Price was too tender-hearted a man to show his dissatisfaction to the child himself. Mr. Price was puzzled what to do with him, or how long he was to allow this to last, and he looked more thoughtfully at the small enigma every day, and could not see his way to a solution. One day Mr. Price went to London, to the old town address of Colonel Zalez, and made many inquiries at his last lodgings, I learned afterwards, and returned baffled at all points. Tito's father had paid his bill and disappeared about nine months since, without

leaving a clue to his whereabouts. A telegram from abroad had led to his sudden departure, it was elicited, and Colonel Zalez, packing up his boxes, and putting on his boots, probably more down at heel than ever, had departed on his mission, whatever it was, to a foreign state, wherever that might be.

Tito became so very shabby after Lady-day that the master found excuses to leave him at home when the boys went out for their airings or their cricket-matches, and finally, one of our boys spoke positively to a few high words which he had heard exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Price one evening, with reference to the former's suggestion that he thought he should risk a suit of clothes for Tito.

The high words at all events ended in the suit of clothes being provided for poor Tito, who accompanied us in our walks again, and looked for the tall, sun-burnt, gray-mustached man at the corner of every street we passed.

Midsummer and the holidays came round, Tito was left at school, and Mr. Price's blank look at the unclaimed one assumed by several degrees more stoniness of aspect. Once more the busy hum of school, old pupils and new ones,—and Tito still on the establishment, and Tito's father nowhere. By degrees the story of the boy's forlorn position had found its way amongst the scholars, and Tito was pitied very much by the majority, and laughed at by a few thoughtless ones, who thought it rare fun for a boy to have a father who had run away from him. Tito's position was not an enviable one, but he bore it pretty well, and only fretted to himself a little, and with not half the noise which he had made on the night when he had missed his father for four hours. I was his counsellor and his comforter, and I kept up his hopes at last by strange legends of various fathers and mothers' returns after years of absence from their children, and was continually ransacking story-books for parallel cases to his own.

One day, Mrs. Price and her lord and master began to have a few words again concerning the unfortunate Tito, and Wickers, who was the boots of the school by day, and a page radiant in sugar-loaf buttons at night, came to Tito with the news.

"There's been a jolly row about you, Master Zalez," he said; "and they've thought it over—only don't you say that I told you, mind—and they think your father is a wenturer, and they're going to send you to the workua."

Tito stared, and finally walked away, keeping from the playground and his playfellows all day. In the evening he came to me when

I was deep in geography, and wrestling with "principal towns," and whispered—

"Joe, I want you."

"What is it, Tit?"

"You heard Wickers say that they were going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Yes—but I don't believe it."

"I'm going to ask the master now—come with me."

"Oh, lor!"

"He's at the desk there looking over the 'Themes,' and I want you to hear what he says."

"Very well."

So I left my place at the imminent risk of getting six bad marks for inattention to my lessons, and went with Tito to Mr. Price's desk. I shall never forget the look of astonishment and discomfiture on the master's face when Tito put the question very straightforwardly, and with wonderful composure.

"If you please, sir, is it true that you are going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Bless my soul!—who—who told you that, Tito?"

"I would rather not say who told me, sir—it's all about the school."

"Dear me—how vexing—how very unfortunate! My poor Tito, I should like to speak to you to-morrow morning, about seven. What are you doing out of your place, Simmons?" he asked, catching sight of me at last.

"I came to take care of Tito, sir."

"Six bad marks."

I knew that I should have them, therefore the promulgation of my sentence did not take me very much by surprise. Tito might have made matters worse by getting himself into a scrape and informing Mr. Price that he had asked me to leave my place with him, had not a look from me silenced one who had quite enough troubles of his own. Tito went the next morning to Mr. Price's room, meeting Wickers by the way, who told him that the master and the missus had been "at it" again, and that Mrs. Price was sick of boys whose fathers never paid. Of the particulars of Tito's conference with Mr. Price, these are the principal, as detailed to me by Tito between twelve and two.

It had all been arranged, and Mr. Price broke the news to him in as gentle a manner as he could, and wiped his own eyes once or twice surreptitiously with his pocket-handkerchief. He told Tito that he was not a rich man, that the school was the support of himself and a large family, and that it was beyond his power to keep Tito any longer at his own

expense. He had consulted with his solicitor, who had advised him to hand over Tito to the parish authorities of Flatborough, who would pass Tito over to the parish authorities of the district in London where Colonel Zalez had resided for many years. He told Tito that the parish would use every exertion, and take far greater pains to find his father than he could do with a great school on his mind, and that he was taking the best and surest means to put Tito in his father's hands once more. He had no doubt that the parish would treat Tito very well, and that Tito would be very happy; but his auditor having his own opinion on this subject, went away discomfited. His last inquiry was—

"When is this to be, Mr. Price?"

"Oh, not this week," said the master assuringly, "or the next. Not till Michaelmas, at any rate."

Somehow the fate that loomed before Tito became known also to the boys, and was canvassed during play-hours, and generally set down as a "jolly shame," not any of us taking into consideration the ways and means of Mr. Price, and the appetite—always a good one—of Tito Zalez, and the rapid growth upwards and sideways—for Tito kept filling out rapidly—of the unfortunate pupil, who was out of his clothes again before any one knew where he was. Once the bright idea occurred to us of getting up a subscription to pay his arrears amongst ourselves and our parents, but the united contributions only amounting, after all the harass of canvassing, to eight shillings and threepence three farthings, it was thought advisable to return the subscriptions to the Tito fund. The second idea was entirely my own, and consisted in suggesting to my father, in a friendly and persuasive note, that Tito would be worth adopting, being a very nice and amiable boy, whom everybody would like at home. This idea was dashed to the ground by my father's courteous but decisive reply in the negative, and Tito, who had built a little on this letter, said, "Never mind, Joe," and asked whether Michaelmas-day always fell on the 29th of September.

On the twenty-eighth, in the dusky evening, which steals upon us so early at this date, and when the boys were strolling about the playground, waiting for the bell to ring them to tea, Tito suddenly came to me with the bottoms of his trowsers tucked up, and his threadbare jacket buttoned to the chin, in a way that looked like business, and said,

"Good-bye, Joe—I'm off."

"Off!—off where?"

"Hush! don't make a noise; but I can't stand the notion of a workhouse—I'm afraid of it; and—ugh!—the skilley! To-morrow's Michaelmas-day, and I'm going to run away."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

"But what's to become of you?"

"I shall enlist for a drummer, perhaps, or turn farmer's boy, or something. I'm off at once, through the school window, over the washhouse tiles, and so into the back lane."

Tito's sudden resolution took all my breath away; the novelty of the expedition aroused my love of adventure, and regardless of consequences, future hardships, future punishment from the hands of Mr. Price, and the sin of disobedience to my pastor and master, I said—

"I'll go a little way with you, Tit, and come back again before they shut up for the night."

"But how you will catch it!"

"Yes, I know that; but I should not like you to start alone."

"Thank you, Joe; it's very kind of you; but I think you had better stop."

I thought so also, but I went with Tito; and we succeeded in getting from the school by the way which my small friend had ingeniously sketched out. When we were outside the playground wall, and heard the boys' voices welling to our ears from the other side, our hearts sank a little at the boldness of the step, and we hurried on somewhat crestfallen to the sea-shore, and went on by long low-lying sands, knowing that the tide was out, and that we were not likely to meet anybody at that hour to stop us before we reached the King's Gap. This was a cleft in the cliffs, where I was to part with him, and wish him God-speed on his journey. Tito had a bundle with him, in which he had packed a small great-coat, his socks, one shirt, a cricket-ball, a large bag of marbles—the boys were always giving him marbles, by way of token of their respect for him—a few halfpenny prints which he had coloured, and a volume of fairy-tales that his father had given him. The night was soon upon us, and we grew less stout-hearted in the darkness, and were doubtful if the sea might not come up more quickly than we had bargained for, and cut us off from the King's Gap before our tired legs could wade through the deep sand towards it. But we reached the gap in safety, crept past the coast-guard house on the station, and then paused to consider the next step. This was the place of parting; but a look back at the dark country road I had to traverse, and a sudden remembrance of all the

horrible stories I had heard of travellers being assassinated in lonely districts, and of children being stripped by gipsies of their clothes, and turned adrift to die of cold, deterred me from returning to Belvoir House till daylight. I said that I would go on with Tito; and Tito, who had looked diamally in his direction also, said, "Thank you, Joe," and was evidently grateful for my company.

We were both becoming very nervous, but we kept up appearances for a while. We took the wrong turning, and found ourselves on the edge of the cliff again. We made a short cut across a field to "try back" for the roadway, and lost ourselves completely. We went wandering about meadows and turnip fields in vain efforts to get off farmers' property, and failed. We were frightened almost to death by a white cow that bellowed suddenly over a hedge at us, and Tito dropped his bundle in his hurry, and we had to creep back cautiously for it, but were never able from that night to set eyes upon it again. We were overtaken by the rain—a heavy, steady down-pour, that washed the last atom of courage from our hearts.

"Joe," said Tito suddenly, "I wish I hadn't come."

"So do I," I assented; and then, with our heads very much bent forward, to keep the rain from our faces, and to allow it more easily to find its way down the backs of our necks, we, two foolish miserable hearts, trudged on, doubtful if we were walking over cross-country to London, or back again to Flatborough. When it came to thunder and lightning along with the rain, the climax had arrived, and Tito burst into tears, and wished that he was in his comfortable workhouse, and that I was out of trouble; and then the friendly shelter of an old shed, with the doors off, suddenly coming across our path, we darted into it, and huddled together in one corner, praying for the daylight. How the long night passed we never knew. We went to sleep at last, with our arms round each other's neck, and thought of "The Children in the Wood." We were scared once more by the white cow, who came in with stately tread out of the rain also, and snorted and sniffed about us, and finally lay down across the doorway, barring our egress, and pretending to go to sleep. Tito said that it might take us unawares when we followed its example. We did not know that it was a cow till the morning, our impression being that it was a bull of the very maddest description, and one to be especially wary of, if we set any value on our lives.

Somehow we dozed off to sleep at last,

despite our fears; and when we woke again, hearing the hum of voices near us, we found that it was morning, and raining hard still, and that a red-faced man and a rosy-faced girl with milk-pails were looking down upon us in intense astonishment.

"Lawks!" the girl said; "what are you a-doing here? What boys are you?" I looked at Tito, and he returned my glance; our spirits were at zero, and it seemed necessary to give in.

"We're from Mr. Price's school at Flatborough, and should be glad to get back," said Tito.

"Flatborough—why, that's fifteen miles from here," said the farmer's man. "You don't mean to say that you two little chaps have been a-playing truant—good gracious!"

But we did mean it; and Tito said that, if they could put his friend Joe in the right road for the school, they might drop himself at the nearest workhouse, when they went that way, as it was all the same, and he was expected there; a piece of information which gave our listeners the impression that we were from the lunatic asylum five miles off. The farmer was sent for, and as he knew Belvoir House well, and was going to Flatborough on business that morning we were in a fair way towards the end of our adventure, and its unsatisfactory results.

We drove to the school after a breakfast which we were not in a fair condition to enjoy; and Mr. Price, his wife, the assistants, half the boys, and Wickers, were in the hall to see our ignominious return.

"You dreadful boys," Mr. Price said; "what a terrible fright you have given me, and what a deal of trouble! The county police are looking everywhere for you. What made you go away?"

"Please, sir, Tito was afraid of the workhouse," I explained; "and as he did not know his way to London, I thought that I would just put him on his road."

"I'll talk to you presently, Simmons," said Mr. Price, meaningly; and then he turned to Tito and said—"You need not have been afraid of Michaelmas-day, Tito, for I had made up my mind to risk another quarter; but your anxiety of mind was to a certain extent excusable, and I shall not punish you severely."

I felt a twittering all along my spine, but said not a word against his manifest partiality.

"And, my boy, I am very happy to relieve you from a great suspense this morning," said Mr. Price, laying his hand on Tito's curly head. "Here is to-day's paper, with a telegraphic despatch from Central America."

As he unfolded the paper and pointed to one item of intelligence in the top corner of the right-hand column, I bent forwards with Tito, and read, in large letters, the following news concerning a small state, that at this late stage of my story I need not particularly allude to.

"Great Revolution in ——. Release of Colonel Zalez. His election as President of the Republic."

Tito's troubles were ended from that day. The next mail brought a letter from President Zalez, whose political intrigues had thrown him into prison, and then had placed him at the head of a government, and Mr. Price's account was settled in due course.

I met President Zalez at an hotel in New York, whither he had gone for a holiday, two years ago, and his son Tito was then a bigger fellow than his father. We laughed over Tito's troubles at a princely banquet which the great man gave us, and, as he smoked his paper cigarettes, we reminded him of our first treat together in the little town of Flatborough-on-the-Sea.

"When you were Tito's best friend," he said, holding out his hand to me across the table. "Thank you, Master Simmons!"

I was afraid that he would have kissed me again in his gratitude, but he sat down, sighed as though the cares of government were a little in the way of the peace and rest that he had found in England, leaned back in his chair, and lighted another cigarette.

FLORA'S HOROLOGE.

[Mrs. Charlotte Smith, born in London, 4th May, 1749; died at Tilford, 28th October, 1806. Novelist and miscellaneous writer; author of *Ethelinde*; *Celestina*; *Diamond*; and *The Old Manor House*, which is considered the best of her novels. Robert Chambers said of her works: "The keen satire and observation crined in her novels do not appear in her verse; but the same powers of description are displayed."]]

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid nest,
And hees, reflected in the stream,
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines, in ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiant flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble arenaria creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland alopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee crimson-tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike silene, who declines
The gariah noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betridden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

RENSTERN.

(Henry David Inglis, born in Edinburgh, 1795; died in London, 20th March, 1835. He wrote various books of travels in Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Ireland, Spain, &c. His most important works are: *The New Gil Blas*, presenting graphic sketches of life in Spain; *Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*; and *Tales of the Ardennes*, from which our extract is taken. Although an able and industrious author, his life was one of hardship and ill-requited labour.)

Renstern was born to the inheritance of all the lands of Frankenthall. They extend from Ranstadt in Bavaria as far as Eindort; and he who could walk round them, from morning to his evening meal, would earn it well. Renstern was of an inquiring mind, more given to his studies than to his pleasures; for though his father left him in unrestricted possession at eighteen, he was rarely a partaker in those amusements and pursuits which his youth might have been supposed to incite him to, and which his fortune would have enabled him to follow. Renstern, though a philosopher, was not indifferent to the charms of woman. Philosophy, indeed, generally gave way in the beginning, but in the end it was sure to regain its ascendancy. A fearful inroad, however, was made upon his studies by the charms of Ermance Rosenheim, just growing into woman, the daughter of the Baron Rosenheim, a Bavarian. There may, perhaps, have been lovelier girls than Ermance Rosenheim, but never one more gentle and innocent. She had that, too, which beauty sometimes wants,—that perfect charm of youth and freshness, which seems as if sorrow never could shadow it. Her smile was like the daybreak on an Italian landscape, and the melody of her voice seemed an emanation from the harmony of her soul. Often would Renstern sit down to his metaphysics in the castle of Frankenthall, and remain absorbed in study, till suddenly, the image of Ermance presenting itself, he would close his books, order his horse, and gallop over to Eindort, to press a silky hand, and admire fair tresses. Do not imagine that, because Renstern was a philosopher, he knew not how to woo;—Renstern could say as gallant things as any man in Bavaria; but it was not gallantry he spoke to Ermance. He had an easy task; for he was sincere, and Ermance smiled upon him. It was often late when Renstern returned to Frankenthall; but finding his books lying as if waiting to be read, he would relight his lamp, and plunge into meta-

physics again, and morning would often surprise him at his studies. But this could not last. Renstern married Ermance on his twenty-first birth-day; she was seventeen; and for more than a year he forgot in her arms all his metaphysics and theology. But the dominant passion of the human mind will continue to be dominant. Love is only an episode in a man's life; it cannot occupy his existence. The other sex give up all to the affections, and many of them can live for ever upon their exercise; but they are always deceived. Gentle, kind, affectionate woman! we are too hard-hearted to be your mates: it is true we can love ardently; but it is you alone who know to love constantly. Renstern was again often among his books, and Ermance wondered that he was so often absent from her, and so silent when with her. Renstern still loved Ermance: he mingled in no amusement in which she was not a partaker, nor could he have found any pleasure where she did not share it. He thought he loved her as much as on the day when he led her from the altar in maiden bashfulness and beauty; and if his affection had depended upon her charms and her bashfulness, he would have been right; for Ermance was as lovely and as bashful as ever. But Renstern deceived himself; Ermance could no longer satisfy his existence. Ermance was no metaphysician: he could not talk to her of first causes and future contingents. The marriage state gives rise to many subjects of conversation less elevated than that which precedes it; and it is not wonderful that Renstern should often be silent and thoughtful in her company, since domestic affairs, or even tenderer topics, would cut but a sorry figure in the mind of a man who had just been travelling in the immensity of time and space, and whose mind was occupied with eternal existences, and the nature of a Supreme Intelligence.

Renstern betrayed, indeed, no want of affection, excepting that she had little of his company: his time was divided betwixt study and reverie. Poor Ermance! she was often given up to reverie too; for often did she think of the first months that succeeded her marriage, and often did she recall the words of Renstern, that he had attained the summit of happiness in possessing her. Alas! he spake too truly:—happiness cannot continue at one elevation.

Six months had passed away. One evening said Renstern to Ermance,

“Ermance, there is no reason why we should not live as our fortune and rank entitle us to do. We must enjoy life, my love.”

"Do we not, Otto?" replied she. "How would you that we should live?"

"I would carry you to Vienna," replied he; "I would introduce you at court; I would show you the world."

Ermance did not see that living in greater splendour, or being introduced at the court of Vienna, would add to her enjoyment. Her happiest days had been spent at Frankenthall; and if Renstern would be again the Renstern he had once been, she could be as happy as ever. The recollection of those days, however, led her to indulge an undefined hope, that perhaps a change of scene might produce good. Besides, Ermance was too affectionate to oppose anything which Renstern might desire, whatever might be her own wishes. She immediately, therefore, expressed her willingness to go to Vienna.

Their journey might be called a happy one.—Rensfern was himself again, and with Ermance former days were renewed. Renstern had an end in view, and all was novelty to Ermance. She was astonished, pleased, and affrighted by turns; she felt all that exhilaration of spirit, and infantine enjoyment, in crossing the boundaries of another kingdom, which every young person experiences when it is the first time it has happened. There is no circumstance in life which draws closer the affections than travelling. In everything that occurs there is a certain degree of common sympathy; and numerous occasions arrive in which the protector must show an interest in the protected. There was nothing to distract Renstern's mind; and the simplicity and astonishment and happiness of Ermance pleased and occupied him. Never had she appeared more charming either. The excitement had restored for a season that tint to her cheek which reminded him of Eindort; and one of the chains which had originally bound Renstern was beauty. Let no one speak lightly of the charm of beauty: it is fragile indeed; and what is not? Are health and youth more durable? and do we despise them? Is the painted flower we gaze upon less perishable? Beauty may be perchance a fatal dowry, and at rare times it may interpret falsely, like the Pontine marshes, which are covered with verdure and flowers; but how beautifully is an angelic soul reflected in celestial features!

Behold the Baron Renstern of Frankenthall and the fair Ermance at the court of Vienna. The manners of Vienna are not those of Rantstadt. There, as in every other capital city, innocence and simplicity are despised,—vice and virtue are judged by the changing verdict

of fashion, in place of at the eternal tribunal of truth,—and things can no longer be recognized by their names. Ermance found herself singular in her opinions, and for their correctness she appealed to Renstern; but Renstern saw no distinction betwixt vice and virtue.

The ladies of Vienna are not more virtuous than those of Paris or London. In Paris the spur to intrigue is *éclat*, and therefore there is no concealment. In London, it is the love of it, and therefore there is a great deal of hypocrisy. In Vienna, fashion and inclination conjoin. Judge, then, how much intrigue there must be in Vienna.

Ermance had lost nothing of the beauty which had first captivated Renstern; a slight shade of sadness perhaps added to it, like the *chiaro scuro* which augments the beauty of a *Claude*. She possessed the attraction of novelty, besides, which, if it could not increase the lustre of her charms, had the effect of adding to their *éclat*. It may easily be supposed, therefore, that many were the worshippers of her beauty, and many the suitors for her favour; but it was soon discovered that she loved her husband; a circumstance that had never been imagined. The ladies of Vienna were sufficiently jealous of the beautiful stranger. They were jealous of her charms, and hated her for her virtue. Virtue has perhaps no triumph so great as the hatred of the vicious towards those who practise it; but as Ermance was virtuous and loved her husband, his fall might satisfy jealousy and expiate her faults; and Renstern being rich, and one of the handsomest men of his age, this revenge would neither be devoid of interest nor reward.

Six months of Vienna ruined Renstern. No one in Vienna gave such magnificent entertainments; no one was more distinguished for the splendour of his equipages. These, however, his fortune could have supported; but he gave magnificent presents to his favourites—gambled—and was ruined.

During this period what were the feelings and occupations of Ermance? Alas! sadness had begun to grow to her heart, and had already overcast her brow. Her charms were more touching than ever, though the light of her beauty was gone, like the charm of a southern night, whose beauty testifies to the splendours of the day which preceded it. She had mingled in gaiety without relish, and in society she had found no friend. The flattery she met with disgusted her, and the court that was paid to her fatigued her. She had seen

her husband play deep, and she feared that he played deeper when she saw him not. Of his intrigues she knew nothing, and suspected nothing. She was too innocent to suppose it possible that her husband would forget his vows, and plight his faith to others; but she saw that he too often preferred to hers the society of others; and she wished that she possessed their charms, or that she had never left Frankenthall.

"Ermance," said Renstern to her one morning, "we must leave Vienna."

Ermance was delighted to hear the intelligence. "I have no desire to remain in Vienna," replied she; "I love Frankenthall better."

"But we shall not go to Frankenthall," said he; "Frankenthall is no longer mine."

The truth flashed upon Ermance; but her looks expressed affection and resignation, not reproach. Renstern was for a moment touched by her charms and her goodness, and fondly took her hand, and called her his dear Ermance, and embraced her. It is strange how mysteriously pain and pleasure are sometimes mingled. In the moment of learning her ruin, Ermance tasted a moment of perfect happiness; and Renstern, in communicating it, forgot in that moment that he was ruined. There is a certain point at which the human mind gathers strength from its calamity; it grasps, as with giant strength, the very shaft that pierces; and, in the consciousness of its power, rises for a time above humanity, and consequently above that calamity which is human. But Renstern had told the truth:—the lands of Frankenthall had passed into other hands. Renstern, however, like all gamblers, thought it possible that his fortune might be regained, and therefore made it a condition of the sale, that he should have a power of redeeming his possessions within one year.

In a few days after this communication, Renstern and Ermance left Vienna, and retired to the village of Holt in Swabia, in the neighbourhood of which his uncle resided, who had offered Renstern a house upon his property. The Comte Font-barre was a man of immense fortune, of retired habits, and of a philosophical turn of mind; he had been long a widower, and his only son had, a few years before, married contrary to his father's wish, and gone abroad under his displeasure: but Font-barre often talked of forgiving him, and of recalling him, to cheer the evening of his days. It was impossible that Renstern's uncle should not disapprove of the conduct which

had brought his nephew to ruin; but he felt so much interest in Ermance, that he would not wound her feelings by looking cold upon her husband; and it may be also, that he was too happy to have a philosophical companion, to dwell much upon the cause which brought about the event.

For some time after Renstern arrived at Holt he was silent and gloomy, seeming to enjoy nothing, and to exist without interest. He had joined in pleasures whose enjoyment is a fever, but which leaves an apathy and a void more insupportable than the agonies which attend it; and he had tasted of unholy joys, which had left the memory of their intoxication. Renstern, in the village of Holt, was differently regarded by the world from Renstern in the castle of Frankenthall; and he knew not that the world's homage was sweet, until it was refused to him. One pang, the severest of all, his principles spared him,—the consciousness that his misfortunes were the fruit of his own misconduct. He laid them at the door of destiny; but he had forgotten to acquire that philosophy, the most important of all, which teaches man to accommodate himself to the lot which that destiny shall point out.

Suddenly a change was visible in the manners of Renstern:—he was often more cheerful than he was ever remembered to have been. He was still sometimes thoughtful, but he was no longer gloomy or morose; and at times there was a playfulness in his manner which reminded Ermance of happier days. It would have required a deeper discernment of human character than Ermance, to have discovered that it was like an occasional ripple upon deep water, which hinders its profundity from being seen. She was rejoiced at the change:—she had more of Renstern's company than she had had since the first year of their marriage; and though she was somewhat surprised at its suddenness, it was not the less agreeable on that account, and she fondly flattered herself that former times were about to be renewed. She could not, however, help remarking one circumstance as somewhat extraordinary; it was, that when Renstern was with his uncle his gaiety was unbounded, and even unnatural to his character; but that before and after his visit he was always thoughtful, gloomy, and absent. The circumstance would have remained unnoticed by Ermance had it not been that these occasional reminiscences of former days were painful to her. They were all that she had now to complain of; and as her husband's change of manner

had restored to her almost all her former familiarity, she determined to ask the reason.

"Otto," said Ermance one morning, extending to him in sweet confidence her fair hand, "how I rejoice to see your spirits so much improved!" She paused a moment, and then timidly added, "There is now only one occasion on which you are gloomy."

"What is that, my love?" demanded Renstern.

"Before and after visiting your uncle; and you are always so gay when with him."

Before Ermance had finished the sentence, Renstern had risen, and walked across the room; but he immediately returned, and said—

"I am not aware, Ermance, of my being either gay or sad on these occasions; but is it not natural to be gay when with our friends, and sorry when we leave them?"

Ermance asked no further explanation, and hardly thought more of it. It passed rapidly across her mind, indeed, that one ought not to be sad before visiting one's friends, and that quitting those whom we are to see next day is hardly a cause for sadness,—but the thought passed away.

About the commencement of Renstern's change of manner, a circumstance occurred which it is necessary to notice. One evening, when Renstern and Ermance were with Font-barre, he addressed his nephew thus:—

"Ranstern," said he, "I feel that I can forgive my son; but the overture must come from him. Do you write to your cousin, and say you have reason to think that, if he would ask his father's pardon, it would be granted." Renstern promised; and often since, the good man had expressed his disappointment that there was yet no answer from his son.

It was now ten months since Renstern had left Vienna. He had gone to Ulm on account of some little affair, and returned upon the day which he and Ermance were in the weekly habit of passing with Font-barre.

"Ermance," said he, "I have some business to talk over with my uncle to-day, and I have brought you some baubles from Ulm to amuse you in my absence."

Ranstern returned late from his uncle's, and found Ermance reading her prayers. Next morning Font-barre was no more. An early summons informed Renstern of his loss. Being the nearest relation on the spot, he acted as executor; and a will was discovered, by which Font-barre's son was disinherited, and Renstern made heir to his uncle's wealth. Ermance trusted that her lord would be gene-

rous to his cousin,—she was sure he would; but is it to be wondered at, that she was pleased at an event which restored her husband to the rank which she thought him so worthy to hold?

The year was about to expire within which Renstern had the power to redeem his lands. The gold was told out, and Renstern was again lord of Frankenthall.

Do you hear how merrily the bells of Ranstadt are ringing? Children strew flowers on the streets; and the sound of welcome and rejoicing fills the air, as the magnificent equipage drives under the Munich gate. Six horsemen, upon richly-caparisoned Hungarians, ride before, blowing silver trumpets; six horses in magnificent trappings lead rapidly on the chariot, where sit the Baron of Frankenthall and the fair Ermance; and twelve of the chief vassals upon prancing steeds bring up the rear, arrayed in the colours of the house, and bearing its trophies. Sweetly did Ermance smile, and kiss her hand to the people who adored her, as she passed along the streets; and often did the Baron bow in affable dignity.

It was a beautiful May day: the sun looked out joyfully, and the gaiety of external nature seemed to invite happiness to harmonize with it. Never had the abode of Renstern looked more lovely. The trees were covered with leaves and blossoms; the earth was full of flowers, the last of the spring, and the first-born of summer; the perfumes of the hawthorn and the violet mingled together, and made harmony of sweet smells, as the birds made harmony of sounds. Ermance was happy.

There was a great feast that day at Frankenthall: all Ranstadt and Eindort were invited to partake of it, and many nobles came from far to renew their friendship with its possessor. The feast was loud and joyous, and long after the vassals had retired the hall resounded with the mirth of the nobles; but at length it was past, and all was silent, and Renstern walked forth to taste the cool of the night air. He looked down upon Ranstadt and Eindort: the fires yet blazed on the neighbouring heights, the illuminations were not quite extinct, and the sound of distant mirth occasionally broke upon the silence:—around and above all was calm and still.

It had been intended that Renstern and Ermance should remain a short time at Frankenthall, and then repair to Vienna. Sad as were Ermance's associations with Vienna, she looked forward to the time with eagerness and

joy; for, alas! she was miserable at Frankenthall. Renstern was hardly ever with her, and his presence brought no comfort with it. All day long he would walk or ride over the country, and it was only when day closed that he returned to Frankenthall. When Ermance spoke to him, he seemed hardly to hear her: he was in a state of constant restlessness: the least noise seemed to alarm him; and if at night a knock was heard at the gate, he would start from his chair. He invited the neighbouring gentry to the castle; but they liked not the visit, and seldom came. Renstern, they said, was changed; he seemed absent and uncourtly, and looked upon his guests suspiciously. Sometimes he would drink deep, Ermance the only witness; and then he would laugh loud, and speak of the pleasures of Vienna, and call her his sweet mistress, and declare that life must be enjoyed. Remorse is like a cancer: it eats life away;—the mind becomes a volcano. The flame may burn low; but the fire lives on; and, beneath an outward calmness, there is hell.

All was mystery to Ermance; but she was miserable. How changed was her smile! They came, like unlooked for strangers, to those lips, where, in former days, they lay enamoured, like the golden clouds that worship around the sun. They came suddenly, as if to keep tears down in the fountain of sorrow; they were like sunbeams falling upon thick mists, or like the lamps which illumine a sepulchre. Often would her tears choke the utterance of her prayers; and then she would raise her streaming eyes to heaven, and think of the goodness of God, and the misery of her husband; that misery which, though hidden from her, was no mystery to the Eternal. Often would she wander slowly among the beautiful environs of the castle, to try if the beauty and calmness of nature would communicate tranquillity to her soul. Alas! the charm of nature can soothe that sorrow alone whose pangs would yield to time; but the sorrows which are mingled with uncertainty the calmness of nature cannot still. Sometimes she was on the point of telling her misery to Renstern,—of throwing herself into his arms, and asking leave to console him; but his looks were forbidding, and she feared to learn evil. At last the misery of uncertainty triumphed over her diffidence and her fears.

"Otto," said she, fearfully and with a trembling voice, "when we drove through Ranstadt I thought we should be happy at Frankenthall."

Renstern made no reply; but she could no

longer hide her wretchedness and her tears: she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and sobbed bitterly. Renstern did not repulse her.

"Ermance," said he, "my kind one, I shall be less gloomy to-morrow, and then you will be happier."

The morrow came, and Ermance perceived a change in his manner: he remained at Frankenthall all day, and spoke more, and looked with more kindness upon her than she had remembered for a long time.

It was the evening, and they were sitting together, and alone; a bright fire blazed on the hearth, and Ermance felt that a ray of hope and happiness had entered her heart.

"Ermance," said Renstern to her, "I will tell you a story. There was once a Silesian, and this Silesian was an atheist. You know, Ermance, what an atheist is?"

"Yes," replied she, "but I do not wish to hear a story about atheists."

"This Silesian," continued he, "inherited great possessions; but they passed from him, no matter how. The Silesian had a rich relative, who had an only son; but the son was in a foreign land; and what do you think the Silesian did?"

"I know not," said Ermance.

"Nay, but guess," said he; "the sequel is the best of it."

"Indeed I cannot; but look less wildly, Otto."

"He forged a will in his own favour, and poisoned his uncle."

"His uncle, did you say!" interrupted Ermance.

"I know not," continued he; "his relative; but it matters not: the Silesian recovered his lands, and he thought he should then enjoy himself."

"Enjoy himself!" interrupted Ermance: "how could a murderer hope to enjoy himself?"

"But I have told you," continued Renstern, "that the Silesian was an atheist. He knew that the deed could not be discovered in this world; and as he did not believe in any other, he thought he had nothing to fear."

"He had his conscience to fear," said Ermance.

"I know not," continued Renstern; "but the Silesian was deceived. He became the slave of fear, and he knew not of what, but yet he was miserable. He was afraid to look around him, lest he should see his uncle; but his fear was foolish, for he knew his uncle could not rise from his grave. He heard for ever a silent talking in the air—a horrid silence, which was not silence. The most

common things became in his eyes objects of terror; even the implements of household use took, in his imagination, shapes of hideous deformity, which he dared not look upon. The least noise would alarm him."

Ermance trembled: the traits of resemblance had produced no suspicion;—still the resemblance affrighted her; and an undefined horror thrilled through her.

"Renstern, Otto," said she, "finish this dreadful tale."

"Presently," continued he. "The Silesian dreaded his sleeping hours the most; and he tried to keep himself awake. His dreams!—but they were too dreadful to tell you. He thought of requesting his wife to awake him when he slept."

"Alas! he had a wife then?" said Ermance.

"He had," continued Renstern; "but she knew nothing of his deeds until the day when he poisoned himself."

"Alas! his poor wife!" said Ermance.

"The Silesian found existence insupportable; and he knew that death would terminate his misery. It might be in the evening, about this time, that the Silesian entered the room where his wife was, after he had drunk poison, and he said he would tell her the story of a Bavarian who—"

Renstern stopped—death was upon his cheek—his eyes closed.

"Mercy!" cried Ermance,—and she sprang to him. But death kept his prey. He was buried at the old churchyard of Ranstadt, and Ermance lived a life of sorrow, loved and lamented by all, and said daily masses for the soul of Renstern.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

"It is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek salant, see rivers flow of gold
Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveller go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous
land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S COMPLAINT.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mour'n'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want;
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;

If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear the part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

BY ALARIO A. WATTS.

Next to the election of a lady as "a companion for life," there is, perhaps, nothing on earth so perplexing as the choice of a house. The requisites admitted, by universal consent, to be indispensable both for the comfort and convenience of persons of even moderate ambition, are of so multiform and diverse a nature, that it is next to impossible to find them united in any one tenement (however eligible it may appear on a first "view") under the canopy of heaven. It is in vain that you fortify your memory with all the *desiderata* which the most experienced House-hunter may have in his power to suggest for your information; for, although the eligibilities turn out to be ever so numerous and important, there is always some little piddling nuisance to weaken and impair the freshness of a "first impression"—some objection which, to borrow the language of the law, is sure to be "fatal," and to overturn all our plans of colonization. Sometimes, indeed, the point is "reserved" for the opinion of that most righteous of all "judges," a discreet wife: but one trifling evil in *posse*, in such cases at least, is uniformly allowed to counterbalance a whole host of conveniences *in esse*.

Now, as I have the good fortune to be united to a woman who is allowed by all her neighbours to be one of the best managers in the country, and whose opinion on every question of domestic economy is (according to her own belief) infallible, it will readily be believed that the vexations and disappointments which I have been called upon to endure, in the course of my various changes of domicile, have been such as no ordinary foresight could have averted. Blessed with an adviser of surpassing clearness of perception, I must inevitably have escaped all inconvenience, had not my perplexities been of a very peculiar character.—But I am anticipating the disclosure of my miseries.

Some few months ago, a maiden aunt of my wife, from whom we had, in reality, no reasonable expectations (although my penetrating

spouse has repeatedly declared, that she should not be *surprised* if aunt Grizzly were to leave us something comfortable), died, and bequeathed us two thousand pounds in the three per cents. This God-send, for such indeed it was to us, occasioned a good deal of discussion in our little circle. The point in debate was not whether we wanted such an accession to our fortune—for it was admitted, *vera con.* that nothing could have been more seasonable—but to what purposes it should be applied! After repeated deliberations, it was proposed by my daughter Monimia (a lively girl of sixteen), and seconded by her mother, that we should straightway remove to a larger and more commodious residence. They both affected to feel convinced, that the difference of rent between a small and what they were pleased to term a *respectable* house, would be more than compensated for by the increased convenience to papa, for whose fatiguing walks to and from town they had just then begun to feel the most poignant concern. Independently of this, and other weighty reasons which I was not prepared to controvert, the dearness of all the necessaries of life at our distance from the great city, and the impossibility of passing a social evening with a friend, or of witnessing a new play, or a new opera, without a most grievous taxation in the shape of coach-hire (not to mention the shoe-leather destroyed, and dresses dilapidated in wading through suburban mire), were all thrown into the scale; no wonder, therefore, that it should have kicked the beam in the twinkling of an eye. To say the truth, although I affected to object to our removal, I was by no means inclined to oppose it *à l'outrance*. So far from it, indeed, that I had a strong inclination to locate in a more agreeable neighbourhood myself, and was only restrained from giving expression to my sentiments by the apprehension, that my too ready acquiescence might produce an unfavourable alteration in my wife's opinions; who, notwithstanding that she is possessed of innumerable good qualities, is not without the common failing of her sex. Perhaps, too, I was the more anxious that the matter should appear to originate solely with herself, as I was well assured that if it did not turn out quite so favourably as we anticipated, she would lay the whole burden of the failure entirely at my door:—for, although I am allowed a very limited share in the credit of any new scheme that may happen to be successful in its results, of which I am the author, I am pretty secure of bearing the full brunt of the odium, should it chance to miscarry.

The question of expediency having been decided in the affirmative, the next point for consideration was, when we should carry our intentions into effect, and where we should choose a "place of rest" better suited to the improved state of our finances and the increased importance of our station in society, than the hovel (for such Monimia was pleased to entitle it) in which we had been vegetating for so many years. This was a knotty point, and one upon which we found it extremely difficult to agree. I intimated my preference to the east end of London, on account of its proximity to my place of business; but my wife and daughter were excruciated at the idea.

"Surely, papa," expostulated Monimia, "you would never think of settling within the sound of Bow bells! We had better remain where we are, than migrate to so vastly ungenteel a neighbourhood. We have only four rooms and a half that are habitable, in our present residence, it is true—but then we have a string of excellent excuses always at hand for whatever inconveniences we may sustain, in the extraordinary salubrity of the air; our proximity to an excellent friend Lady Dashwood (who, by the way, had only done us the honour of calling upon us once, and then merely to shelter herself from a shower of rain, which had overtaken her before she could reach her own lodge-gate); the great facility of conveyance to and from the metropolis, &c. &c. The East—my gracious! I see mamma is ready to expire at the thought! If it come to that, we shall certainly be exhibited along with Mr. Deputy Dip, of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in some future lucubration of the Smiths."

Here my wife took up the strain: "Beside, my dear, there's our Monimia is just verging into womanhood, and must be *introduced*. She is older, and a far greater proficient on the harp than Dr. Tympanum's daughter, who was brought out a year ago. What advantages, in the way of society, shall we be able to afford her, if we take up our abode in the purlieus of all that is odious and disagreeable? Only reflect, now, 'Mrs. and Miss —', one door from the pump, at Aldgate," when read upon a card. For any sake, my love, abandon the idea of immolating our gentility at the shrine of vulgar mercantile convenience! What think you of some nice street out of Portland Place? or leading to either Portman, Cavendish, or Grosvenor Squares? or—"

She would have proceeded with her enumeration, but I cut her short by reminding

her that the rent and taxes of a house in any one of the fashionable situations for which she appeared to have imbibed so peculiar a predilection, would amount to something more than our entire annual income,—a consideration worthy the attention of matter-of-fact people addicted to the plebeian practice of eating and drinking. This poser appeared to startle her not a little; and as it was an argument which no ingenuity could controvert, she made a virtue of necessity, and like a good housewife, as she is, admitted the importance of the objection with all imaginable deference and good humour. It was, however, mutually agreed, that there must be a number of quiet streets in the west end (for on this point she continued inexorable), in which it might not be difficult to meet with a habitation suited both to our means and our ambition. It was accordingly resolved, that we should devote a certain portion of every day of the ensuing week to various peregrinations of discovery. The lease of our Cottage *Ormeau* had, to be sure, two years to run; but we entertained no doubt whatever of letting it at a few days' notice.

Determined not to proceed precipitately or unadvisedly in the matter, we consumed nearly the whole of Sunday (a breach of propriety to which the pious reader will no doubt refer all our subsequent mishaps) in concocting and digesting a series of questions for our guidance in House-hunting, which would, we fondly imagined, secure us from the possibility of mischance. In this memorandum we fancied we had glanced at every "particular" to which it could be necessary to advert in taking a house. It was as follows:—

I. The annual rent; and whether there be an after-clap in the shape of a premium?

II. The amount of taxes—for some parishes are rated lower than others; and whether the preceding tenant will be disposed to produce his receipts for the same, up to the period of his departure,—parish officers not being particular as to whether the taxes have been incurred by you or your predecessor, provided there be enough of your furniture on the premises to satisfy their claims?

III. The character of the said predecessor? For if he have left the neighbourhood in debt, you will stand a fair chance of being cheated by your trades-people, to make amends for his defalcations.

IV. Do the chimneys smoke?

V. Has the house an offensive breath? In other words—are the sewers and cesspools adequate to the purposes for which they were excavated?

VI. What quantity of old iron, brass cocks, and leaden mains is to be foisted upon you, under the denomination of "fixtures?" and whether you are to take them at a *fair* valuation—which means twice as much as you are ever likely to get for them again;—or at your landlord's own estimate—which is sure to be half as much again as they cost at first hand?

VII. Whether the floors and walls are given to cold perspirations? And, above all, whether a boat will be necessary, at certain periods of the year, to enable your servants to navigate your kitchen and cellars?

VIII. Whether the house is in good and tenantable repair?

With this document reduced to black and white, and tucked into one of my gloves, in order that we might be able to refer to it at a moment's notice, did my wife, my daughter, and myself, commence our first day's peregrinations. Not a single empty house, from about the scale we considered likely to suit us, to the town mansion of the peer, did we suffer to escape our observation. To paraphrase a passage in Scott's admirable translation of Burger's "*Leonora*,"—

Tramp-tramp along the path we sped,
Splash-splash across the road!

Wherever we saw a placard, containing the words "This house to be let—Inquire within," thither did we forthwith direct our steps. It was in vain that I reminded my companions that many of the edifices into which they seemed bent upon penetrating, were obviously too large and too expensive for our means; they would persist in tramping through them, in order to see "what kind of places they were." "Beside, my dear," my wife would sometimes exclaim, "who knows but we *may*, some day or other, want such a house!" Our first day's expedition afforded us a tolerable insight into the mysteries of House-hunting: and what with ascending and descending stairs, and exploring cellars and servants' offices, we found ourselves pretty considerably fatigued before we reached home.

To attempt to give anything like a detailed account of our adventures would be to fill a volume. Some persons were most obsequious in their civilities; others, surveying us with a degree of scrutiny which seemed by no means unmingled with suspicion, demanded (before we had passed the threshold of their doors) if we *really* considered the house *likely to suit us*. Mr. A. was at breakfast, and could not be disturbed! Mrs. B. had no objection to our viewing her sitting-rooms, but the bed-chambers (the black-holes of her establishment),

were in a state of confusion, which rendered it impossible that we could be allowed to inspect them! Mrs. C. had the chimney-sweepers in her kitchen! (it was just then under water and might have impressed us with an ugly prejudice against the general comfort of the tenement) so that we were not allowed to penetrate lower than her dining-room. Mrs. D. was at dinner; and wondered how people could expect to obtain admittance at so unseasonable an hour. Here, the landlord had put a capricious rent of twice its real value upon his house, and had taken an oath that it should rot to the foundation before he would let it for less. There, an officer's lady, whose husband was with our army in India (in what regiment it might be difficult to ascertain), wished to dispose of her lease and furniture, in order that she might join her spouse? In one place, the house had grown too large for the family—in another, the family had grown too large for the house! Under any other circumstances, the party would not have vacated it for the world. At this place we were informed, that Mr. E.'s sole reason for leaving his residence was, that he wished to retire into the country:—at the other, that the increase of Mr. F.'s professional avocations would not admit of his living at so great a distance from the Inns of Court. In no single instance was any motive assigned, which could possibly invalidate the supposed eligibility of the tenement. Our queries (which, whenever there appeared to be the slightest chance of our suiting ourselves, were always at our fingers' ends) were answered, for the most part, satisfactorily. Where a servant or charwoman had the care of a house, the common reply to our various inquiries was, "Yes, ma'am; for aught I have *heard* to the contrary!" and "No, ma'am; not as I *know* of." For all the more important particulars, however, we were, in such cases, usually referred to "my master," or, "the gentleman puts me in;"—living some six or seven English miles from the scene of action.

At first we found it difficult to account for the extraordinary candour of the people who had the letting of houses for agents and upholsterers; for, however fervent they were in their general recommendations of the premises, they had always some little candid communication to make at our second visit, which was sure to save us the trouble of calling again. "It was true that the chimneys *did* smoke a little, and the kitchens were shocking damp." While we were yet green in our vocation we considered ourselves bound, in common gratitude, to present our informant with a shilling,

as a premium for her timely intimation; but we soon found that it was the common trick of the profession. The Mrs. Candid in question had house rent-free, and, so much a week for taking care of the premises, to say nothing of an odd shilling every now and then for telling the whole truth, and sometimes a little more than the truth! Where is the starving and homeless wretch who would have been proof against such a temptation?

But I shall not fatigue my reader with minutiz. It is sufficient for all useful purposes to remark, that after six days' peregrinations, just as we were about to make up our minds that such a domicile as we were in search of—like happiness—was not to be met with in this world, our attention was attracted by a placard in the window of a genteel-looking house, in — Street, — Square: and although it did certainly appear a cut above our means, we determined (on my wife's favourite principle) to take a peep at it. We accordingly knocked at the door, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where we were informed that "Mrs. Varnish" would wait upon us without delay. In the meantime, we had leisure to survey the apartment. My wife and daughter were in ecstasies. If the rent should prove at all moderate, it was just the very thing we wanted.—We were here interrupted by the *entrée* of a smart, smirking lady of a "certain age," who, tripping across the room with more than fairy lightness, addressed me with, "I fear, sir, you will be disappointed, if you have called respecting the house, as it is, I have reason to believe, already let. Indeed, the rent is so *extremely* low, considering its size and conveniences, that I might have parted with it half a dozen times over, had I been less fastidious than I am."

This rent was, she then informed us, one hundred pounds per annum (twenty pounds beyond the limit I had prescribed as our ultimatum); and there were a few fixtures—better, she declared, than new; including her carpets and curtains, which, as they were planned to the rooms, it would be "a thousand pities to disturb." Here my daughter manifested considerable impatience to know if the house was *really* let; and Mrs. Varnish (all compliance as she was) rang the bell, to catechise her servant (who had of course her cue), as to whether Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington had sent his definitive answer that morning or not;—when it turned out that he had not, but that he considered the matter as all but settled, and would call and make the final arrangements in person at two o'clock. Mrs. V. expressed great satis-

faction that she had it still in her power to oblige us, as the house seemed to suit us so entirely. She must, however, beg to show the two ladies through her sleeping apartments before she could allow us to form any decision.

On their return, they appeared to have made the most of their time, for they had grown as intimate as if they had known each other a dozen years. "What a delightful woman!" whispered Monimia, aside, to me. I nodded my assent; for, in truth, Mrs. V. did appear to me to be a most fascinating creature. She was all delicacy and disinterestedness! She even offered to give us a day for consideration; but this my wife declared would be taking an unfair advantage of her generosity, considering her situation with respect to Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington. We accordingly brought the matter to an issue upon the spot. To save the trouble and expense of appraisal, Mrs. V. proposed to take 20 per cent. off the cost price of her fixtures, &c. 'She had spent a vast deal of money on ornamental repairs, but for this she should charge nothing; neither would she require a premium, notwithstanding the extraordinary cheapness and eligibility of the house. In short, she was a paragon of a landlady; and we seemed mutually charmed with each other, until we got fairly in,—and then—but I must make short work of a long story.

It is quite true, that Mrs. Varnish had guaranteed us, in her memorandum of agreement, against any of the nuisances referred to in the schedule I have already presented to my readers; but, gracious goodness! we had to encounter horrors without number, which nothing short of the wisdom of Solomon would have enabled us to avert.

Imprimis.—The house had the dry-rot; and although it was impossible to prove that it was not in "tenantable repair" when we took it, it was equally so to affirm with truth that it might not, some day or other, suddenly tumble about our ears. To add to our confusion, our tenure was a "repairing lease."

Secondly.—Our opposite neighbour kept a private mad-house; and although his patients were not quite so turbulent as some of Mr. Warburton's maniacs, they were sufficiently so to be extremely troublesome, on summer evenings more especially. Several of them, too, had an ugly trick of grinning, showing their teeth, and otherwise distorting their features, at the windows, to such a degree, that we could not occupy our front rooms in the daytime, without the risk of being horrified by their demoniacal gesticulations.

Thirdly.—Our next-door neighbour, on the right hand, was no other than our worthy friend Dr. Tympanum, the professor of music; a circumstance which, however auspicious it appeared when we first heard of it, turned out in the event to be a most intolerable nuisance. My good neighbour (whose eminence in his art had been rewarded by a musical diploma) had begun to teach upon the Logerian system, just three days after we were fairly housed. My readers are no doubt aware of the slender texture of a single-brick London party-wall! His classes commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and continued (with the exception of an hour's intermission for dinner) until eight in the evening. Merciful Heaven! I thought all the devils in Pandemonium had broken loose, and were conspiring to torment me. Strum! strum! strum!—crash! crash! crash!—from no less than twenty pair of hands, from morning to night!

Fourthly.—To escape the annoyance,—at least partially, for to flee from it wholly was impossible—I resolved to make a study of my back drawing-room; but here another evil awaited me. The rear of my house looked directly upon the yard of a "Statuary Mason," who had no less than two brace of desperadoes employed constantly in sawing blocks of marble into slabs. No powers of the pen could do justice to a quartetto of such performers. Suffice it to say, that it quite eclipsed the most violent *crescendos* of Dr. Tympanum's concerts.

Fifthly.—My house had been built with green wood. The consequence of which was, that there was not a door that had not shrunk beyond the reach of the latch-bolt; so that we could only keep them closed by setting chairs or tables against them; to say nothing of the windows, which admitted the breezes of heaven in all directions. As to the flooring, it was one continued series of *crevasses*, or abysses, through which the wind rushed with such amazing impetuosity, that it was impossible for a lady to walk over any part of the room uncovered by the carpet, without having her petticoats puffed up like an air balloon. I once read (I think it was in the *Morning Post*) of a respectable old lady who was carried up to a second-floor window in the Strand, by means of the wind and her tenacious adherence to her umbrella; and after what I have seen of the operation of the same element in my own house, I can believe anything of it.

Sixthly.—My left-hand neighbour was a good enough sort of a man, of quiet habits and highly respectable character; but a nuisance

of the most overwhelming description notwithstanding. He was a wholesale wax and tallow chandler, and what with his "Melting Days" and "Evenings in Grease" (for his warehouse is directly contiguous to the premises of my friend "The Statuary Mason") well nigh stunk me into a consumption. Nay, the bare mention of his name, at this distance of time, is equivalent to a dose of emetic tartar.

Seventhly.—But no!—I can stand it no longer. My fire is out—my candle is expiring—and I am almost frozen to an icicle. I have a score more evils yet to enumerate. Pandora found Hope at the bottom of her budget, but I fear I have no such luck. However, as *revoir*, my dear reader; for I have groans without number still to pour into thy kindly-sympathizing ear.—*Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.*

SERIOUS COUNSEL.

[Sir John Davies, born at Chingrove, Wiltshire, 1576; died in London, 7th December, 1626. "He was a lawyer, judge, and a poet. *The Immortality of the Soul* (from which we quote) is his principal poem. He also wrote *Hymns to Astræa*—a series of adulatory acrostics to Queen Elizabeth—and *The Orchestra*, an explanation of the antiquity and excellence of dancing.]

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
 Look'd up within the casnet of thy breast?
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
 What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
 Honour and pleasure both are in my mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
 Mar not her sense with sensuality:
 Cast not her wit on idle things:
 Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
 Think not that death against her nature is:
 Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou wou'st to bide.

And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare

Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:

Steady the best and highest things that are,

But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise

The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:

Use all thy pow'r, that blessed pow'r to praise,

Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

CAPTURING A WHALE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

The cockswain cast a cool glance at the crests of foam that were breaking over the tops of the billows, within a few yards of where their boat was riding, and called aloud to his men—

"Pull a stroke or two; away with her into dark water."

The drop of the oars resembled the movements of a nice machine, and the light boat skimmed along the water like a duck, that approaches to the very brink of some imminent danger, and then avoids it at the most critical moment, apparently without an effort. While this necessary movement was making, Barnstable arose, and surveyed the cliffs with keen eyes, and then, turning once more in disappointment from his search, he said—

"Pull more from the land, and let her run down, at an easy stroke, to the schooner. Keep a look-out at the cliffs, boys; it is possible that they are stowed in some of the holes in the rocks, for it's no daylight business they are on."

The order was promptly obeyed, and they had glided along for near a mile in this manner, in the most profound silence, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air and a dash of water, seemingly at no great distance from them.

"By Heaven! Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the

gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make head-way, and be off."

"No, sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom;

"I saw his spout; he threw up a pair as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-but, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, turned himself away from the tempting sight, and tried to look at the cliffs; and then unconsciously bent his eyes again on the sluggish animal, who was throwing his huge carcass at times for many feet from the water, in idle gambols. The temptation for sport, and the recollection of his early habits, at length prevailed over his anxiety in behalf of his friends, and the young officer inquired of his cockswain—

"Is there any whale-line in the boat to make fast to that harpoon which you bear about with you in fair weather or foul?"

"I never trust the boat from the schooner without part of a shot, sir," returned the cockswain; "there is something nat'ral in the sight of a tub to my old eyes."

Barnstable looked at his watch, and again at the cliffs, when he exclaimed in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water,

waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow report of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightened with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted with singular earnestness—

"Stern all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no

such resistance; ignorant of his power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manoeuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large logger-head that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life. It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean!"

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits: "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

"No, sir, no—he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry!"

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these effects subsided, and, when the discoloured water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BEAUTY'S PRAYER.

[Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, born in Boston, U.S., 1812; died in New York, 12th May, 1850. A favourite American poet; author of the *Casket of Fate*; *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*; and editor of several volumes of poetry.—"Grace of expression, and delicacy of moral feeling pervade all she ever wrote."—*Sarah J. Hale*.]

Round great Jove his lightning shone,
Rolled the universe before him,
Stars, for gems, lit up his throne,
Clouds, for banners, floated o'er him.

With her tresses all untied,
Touched with gleams of golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed, and sighed,
While she told her piteous story.

"Hear! oh, Jupiter! thy child:
Right my wrong, if thou dost love me!
Beast, and bird, and savage wild,
All are placed in power above me.

"Each his weapon thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it:
Why bestow, Supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me with naught to shield it?

"Even the rose—the wild-wood rose,
Fair and frail as I, thy daughter,
Safely yields to soft repose,
With her lifeguard thorns about her."

As she spake in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glistened;
Yet her red lip dimpling smiled,
For the god benignly listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Try the weapons Nature gave thee;
And if danger near thee tread,
Proudly trust to them to save thee.

"Lance and talon, thorn and spear:
Thou art armed with triple power,
In that blush, and smile, and tear!
Fearless go, my fragile flower.

"Yet dost thou, with all thy charms,
Still for something more beseech me?—
Skill to use thy magic arms?
Ask of Love—and Love will teach thee?"

MILLY LANCE.

[Dutton Cook, born in London, 1831. Novelist. *Paul Foster's Daughter*; *A Prodigal Son*; *The Trials of the Tredgolds*; *Leo*; *Sir Felix Foy, Baronet*; *Hobson's Choice*; *Over Head and Ears*; *Dr. Muspratt's Patients*, and other Tales (from which we quote); and *Art in England*, a Series of Essays and Studies, are his principal works. Mr. Cook's stories display the genius of pathos and humour in a remarkable degree.]

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Dendy was not good-looking. He might even have been called ugly, but that there is an excellent precept impressed on all well-cared-for minds in their nursery stage of formation, to the effect that no one may be so offensively described, except it be a certain notorious personage whom it will not be necessary to name. Let us say, therefore, that Dr. Dendy was plain.

He was a physician in large practice. Jocosse people said of him that, in the course of his professional career he had had occasion to thrust so many guineas into his pockets that eventually the gold coin, carried so much about his person, had got into his own circulation, and affected the colour of his skin. Certainly his complexion was deeply tinged with yellow. He was very bald, with a narrow festoon of iron-gray hair at the back of his head. His small, neat, wiry figure was always clothed in black—his coat being invariably buttoned tightly across his chest. He was of middle age, perhaps a little better; which expression, as applied to age, is generally understood to signify a little worse, or older. He lived in a grand, gaunt, murky house in Harley Street, seldom setting foot in more than two rooms in it, however—his library and his bedroom. He was the author of an admired Treatise on the Pathology of the Heart, to which work he was constantly adding annotations and commentaries, with a view to completely exhausting and settling the subject. When he was able to devote a little more time to it, his book, he was satisfied, would be the only authority on the heart—physiologically and pathologically considered.

But his time was very much occupied. He saw patients at his own house almost before he had swallowed his breakfast; later in the day, he saw other patients at their own homes; he was one of the physicians to St. Lazarus Hospital, and gave lectures on *Materia Medica*, course after course, to the students of that excellent institution; he was a Fellow, or a

Member, of all sorts of scientific societies, and on certain days in the week he attended the boards of various Assurance companies, examined papers, and passed or rejected lives proposed for insurance. He was hard-working and prosperous. Few men in the profession, it was said, made so large an income. Go to what part of the town you would, you seemed to be for ever encountering Dr. Dendy's two-horse carriage rattling along at a great pace, going to or from patients and the accompanying golden fees.

When the doctor started in the morning, he gave his coachman a list of the places he was to drive to. In this list the coachman had known entered now for some months a certain house in Calthorpe Street. You called it Calthorpe Street, Russell Square, if you were desirous of consulting the predilections of its inhabitants; if you were heedless in that respect, you spoke of it with perhaps greater accuracy as Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road. Dr. Dendy always appeared to prefer the first-mentioned designation.

The coachman treated himself to a furtive smile whenever he read Calthorpe Street in his list. The doctor had a patient there, of course. But then, as the coachman noted, his master went there oftener and stayed there longer than anywhere else. Of course the patient might be in a more deplorable state, might stand more in need of protracted visits from a medical adviser than any other of Dr. Dendy's patients; but the coachman was inclined to think that such was not the case.

On the first floor of the house in Calthorpe Street visited by Dr. Dendy, there lodged one Captain Lance, a retired Indian officer, and his only child, Miss Milly Lance. Captain Lance was in feeble health from a distressing asthma, and from other infirmities of a painful nature. He did not bear his sufferings patiently; was, indeed, very peevish and petulant and hard to please; exhibited all the selfishness and want of consideration which a long course of ill-health is apt to develop in almost any one, however great may have been his original stock of equanimity and good-nature. But Captain Lance had not begun with much excellence of temper; and now, a confirmed invalid, it may be said of him that he had no temper at all, except of the very worst sort. He was attended, however, with a ceaseless solicitude, an untiring affection, by his daughter Milly, a slim, fair girl of eighteen or so, not very remarkable-looking, beyond that she possessed a profusion of glossy brown hair, and a pair of large, luminous, dove-like eyes.

No wonder she was pale. She was always by the side or within call of her invalid father. She was hardly ever permitted to stir from his sick room. It was dull, tiring work. "Don't go, Milly," he would say, sharply; "I may want you; there's no knowing." She could only escape when he dozed: his asthma lulled for a while by anodynes. Awake, he would have her ever near him, waiting on him, slaving for him, nursing him. Now and then he would upbraid her bitterly for some fancied neglect of him, the poor child with a twitching face patiently standing by him the while, replying only by her tears, her caresses, and her increased exertions for his comfort. Then he would make her the audience of his repinings, tell over and over again the story of his sufferings, bursting out occasionally into passionate lamentations over his broken health and ruined fortunes. What could she say? What could she do? It was tiring, cruel work for poor Milly Lance.

The Captain was poor. The fact was too often harped on and groaned over for Milly not to be conscious enough of it.

Yet it must be said that Dr. Dendy had made no inroads on the sick officer's straitened means.

"No, my dear," he said to Milly, on his first visit, putting from him with a smile the proffered fee, "it musn't be. We doctors have all our crotchets. Each of us has his free list. One enters clergymen upon it; another, authors; a third, artists. For my part, I never take a fee from a soldier. I should be ashamed to do it. My father was a soldier, and served in India, as your father has served; only he was more fortunate. He was a general of division when he died. Don't let us hear any more talk about fees. It musn't be thought of for a moment."

"Oh, Dr. Dendy, how good of you! But—you'll come and see him again?" Milly said, timidly thankful, yet alarmed. Would so great a man as the physician be content to continue labouring without his due reward?

"My dear, I shall come again and again, as often as possible, till between us we've made poor papa quite well again."

This was on the occasion of Dr. Dendy's first visit to Calthorpe Street. Milly's gratitude seemed to know no bounds. And then, thanks to Providence and the doctor's remedies, her invalid's health had certainly mended of late. He had not scolded her for nearly three days, and for about a quarter of an hour he had been almost cheerful. Indeed, she had reason to be grateful

CHAPTER II.

The doctor left Milly Lance with a fluttering sensation about his heart, such as he had taken no account, made no mention of whatever, in his famous treatise upon that organ. He returned to Calthorpe Street often. He alleged that it was very necessary for him to watch closely the effect of his prescriptions upon his patient. And each time that he saw Milly Lance—and he now felt a curious desire to see her as frequently as possible—he experienced a return of that strange fluttering sensation in the cardiac region. He was not alarmed at it; he did not think it was disease; and if it was, he didn't care, for it was not at all disagreeable. Indeed, he liked it. Professionally, he was inclined to regard it as a new development of action—quite healthy in its nature.

For the first time he felt the chosen pursuits of his life not sufficiently attractive or absorbing. Thoughts of a new kind broke in upon his studies, disturbed his practice, interrupted the flow and harmony of his lectures. His great house seemed to him very dreary, his existence very desolate. "Who would nurse and tend me," he asked himself, "if I were to fall ill like that poor Captain Lance?" Yet he dismissed the reflections suggested by that inquiry as selfish and unworthy. "No," he said, "I couldn't wish to chain a fair young creature like that to my side only to be my nurse and my servant. If I fall ill—which Heaven forbid!—I must have a paid attendant from the hospital; that will be quite good enough for me. It isn't for such a reason I should wish to make her mine."

For it had come to that. He wished to make Milly Lance his wife.

It was love that was so restless in his heart—playing as many pranks with him as "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow" among "maidens of the villagery," housewives and night wanderers. At least, he surmised that love was the disturbing cause of his heart's pulsing. He had had no experience of the sort of thing before; but still he thought he could hardly be mistaken. His disorder must arise from what people generally called Love.

It got to be more than he could bear at last. So he plucked up courage, and in an old-fashioned formal way he spoke to Captain Lance on the subject, and besought permission to address himself to Miss Lance. And

he named a very handsome sum which he proposed to settle on his future wife—if he might regard Miss Lance in that light.

"It shall make no difference to you, captain," he said in conclusion, with an adroit consideration for his patient's selfishness. "There's plenty of room in my house. You must pitch your tent there. You shan't be deprived of your nurse. And your medical attendant will be on the spot always. We'll soon make you your old self again."

"I congratulate you, Milly," Captain Lance said presently to his daughter, the doctor having taken his departure. "You'll accept him, of course. He's ill-looking enough, but he can't help that, and one gets accustomed to ill looks. I don't think him nearly so plain as I first thought him. And he's old; he can't help that either, and he'll the sooner make you his widow. And he's rich, Milly; very rich. Thank goodness, we shall have done with this infernal poverty! You'll accept him at once?"

"You wish it, papa?"

Her face was very white, and there was a sort of choke in her throat as she spoke.

"Of course I do," he answered sharply. "You must be a fool to ask. You don't expect such another chance, do you? And there's no one else in the way. You don't love any one else?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"I congratulate you. You'll be a happy woman. You'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. The luck's turned at last. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll drink your health and his."

She obeyed; then stooped to kiss him, by way of thanks for his good wishes. Soon she made an excuse to quit the room. She did not want him to see how fast the tears were streaming down her face.

The doctor received a favourable answer to his suit. Milly only pleaded in a faint voice, with a frightened look on her face, that there might be no hurry—that time might be allowed her—because—because she so wanted her father's health to improve before she left him, if only for a day.

"Certainly, certainly," said the elated doctor. "Your will is my law," he added, gallantly; but, at the same time, he thought she need not have seemed quite so much scared at him. Then, not a little embarrassed at so unaccustomed a performance, he kissed her on the forehead. It was hard to say which was the more blushing and confused, the kisser or the kissed.

CHAPTER III.

After this the doctor was more than ever at the captain's lodgings in Calthorpe Street. His care for his patient was unremitting. Captain Lance mended—slowly, but certainly.

The doctor's coachman treated himself to more and more smiles of a furtive sort, especially when the doctor persuaded Milly now and then to take a drive, and accompany him on a round of professional calls; she remaining in the carriage, of course, while he saw his patients, wrote prescriptions, and fingered pulses and fees. The coachman even ventured to confide to a few favoured intimates his opinion that there would, before long, be a "young miss" presiding over the establishment in Harley Street.

Dr. Dendy was very happy. Perhaps he wished, now and then, that Milly would look a little less grave; but then he consoled himself with the reflection that it was best so.

"It would be too absurd, at my time of life, to marry a romping, giggling girl. I have no right to expect from her extravagant affection. I must work for her love and earn it. In that way I shall surely gain it at last; at present it is a little too like gratitude. But time will change that—time and my own great affection for her. Dear little Milly!"

He was himself a staid, forbearing, rather stately lover. In such wise he surely recommended himself to Milly, and obtained a ready grant of all her regard and esteem. For her love he was content to wait, and labour, and hope.

Like most men of great mental activity, the doctor was always very busy with his fingers. His abundant vitality demonstrated itself in a certain restlessness of body and limb. As he talked he liked to curl up a string, or fold up a pipelight, or snip paper with a pair of scissors. He toyed with Milly's tapes and cottons, let loose her needles from their case, stuck pins into her pin-cushion in curious forms and patterns. One day as he sat by her in a playful mood (Captain Lance being asleep in an adjoining room), he turned her workbox over bodily, strewing its contents all about the table.

He took up a carved ivory card-case, and examined it curiously.

"That was a present from Hong-Kong. Is it not beautifully cut?" Milly demanded.

There was a flush upon her cheek as she spoke. He had opened the card-case, which was deemed, perhaps, too good for use; indeed,

Milly had few friends upon whom to call and leave cards, and her case contained none; but a photograph fell out.

"That is my cousin, Mark Lance. He it was who sent me the card-case. He represents a mercantile house at Hong-Kong." Her voice trembled a little as she volunteered this explanation.

"Has he been out there long?" the doctor asked, quietly.

"He came home two years ago. He went out first of all quite as a boy."

"A very good-looking young fellow."

The doctor closed the card-case. He next took up a small, carefully tied-up packet.

"Those are Mark's letters," said Milly, rather breathlessly. "He generally writes about every other mail. Of late, however, he has not been so regular. I thought we should have heard from him last week; but no letter came."

The doctor looked thoughtful. Had not something like a sigh escaped her as she said that no letter had come? Did she, then, long so very much to have tidings of her cousin? He turned the letters over and over, poising them in his hand.

"I see they are addressed to you, Milly," he said. There was further inquiry in the expression of his face.

"Would you like to read them?" she asked, simply. "Mark writes very amusing letters. He gives such a capital account of his life at Hong-Kong. I think it would amuse you to read it."

"No, thank you, Milly." And he pressed her hand tenderly, as he gave her back the letters. For a moment he had doubted her; but he dismissed his doubts. Still he could not repress a feeling of jealousy in regard to this cousin of Milly's—this Mark Lance. It was a comfort to reflect, however, that Hong-Kong was a very long way off.

CHAPTER IV.

In the course of a few days there was another visitor calling in Calthorpe Street. Mark Lance had arrived from Hong-Kong. He had written no letter, it appeared, because he was coming in person.

Dr. Dendy, attending his patient with customary punctuality, found the young man in the drawing-room, and recognized him at once. Only, the doctor was not especially pleased to discover the photograph hardly did Mr. Mark Lance justice. He was, in truth, far handsomer than he appeared in his *carte de visite*—a tall, broad, muscular gentleman, with a

sunburnt skin, bright, unflinching, blue eyes, and a very white and perfect set of teeth.

Milly seemed nervous and ill at ease, avoided her cousin's gaze, answered him monosyllabically. He had brought with him all sorts of presents for her—shawls, scarfs, fans, feathers, paintings, Oriental curiosities, and valuable knick-knackery. She hardly looked at these treasures, however; could with difficulty return her cousin common words of thanksgiving. She was at pains to avoid conversing with him—sought excuses for quitting him. He surveyed her with surprised eyes. "Was this Milly?" he was asking himself. And he felt wronged and hurt.

Dr. Dendy cast searching glances at the cousins.

"I must go now," said Mark, abruptly. "I have business at the ship's agents in the city."

"I suppose we shall see you again soon?" Milly asked, in faint tones, looking away from him as she spoke.

"I suppose so," he answered, carelessly.

"I'm going your way into the city—to the Ostrich Insurance Office, in Cornhill," said Dr. Dendy to the young man. "Let me give you a lift in my brougham; you'll find I go faster than most cabs."

They went away together.

"I'm a madman and a fool, that's what I am!" said Mark Lance, impetuously, as he sat in the doctor's carriage.

"How so?"

"I can't, of course, expect you to understand or sympathize with a lover's miserable imbecilities," the young man went on. "You have never loved as I have. You don't know what love is, as I know it."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," said the doctor, with perfect composure.

"I must speak out," cried Mark. "I must tell some one—any one—what I suffer, or I shall go mad! Do you know why I came home so suddenly? Because I loved that girl; because I was sick and dying for love of her; because I couldn't bear to live longer away from her; because it seemed to me that, at all costs, I must set eyes on her again; speak to her of my love for her, whole and true and tender as it is, and entreat her to give me some portion of her love in return. I have been mastered by my love; it has possessed me—it possesses me now, absolutely. To what end? What good has come of it all? You saw how she treated me. She shrinks from, loathes, despises me. I have come home for that!"

"You have loved her long?"

"I have loved her all my life. As a child and a schoolboy I loved her—years, years ago. I used to long, while we were playing together, that some wild beast might spring upon her, so that I might destroy it, and save her or perish for her. I would have done anything for her even then. Any mad task she set me I strove to execute. I was delighted to peril life or limb in her cause. Any mischief that she did, I took the blame of, ever. I have been horsewhipped for her many a time. What did I care for the pain, so long as Milly came afterwards to comfort me and dry my tears? What suffering would not yield to a kiss from her, a smile, or a kindly word? But I am a fool to complain—I gave her my heart for a plaything. She has put it from her now with the rest of her playthings ruined and broken—quite done with. I had no right to expect she would do otherwise."

"She knew of your love?"

"How could she not know of it? Yet I was wrong, perhaps, not to speak out. I ought to have put it plainly before her. No; she does not know of my love. I have never dared to speak openly to her concerning it. I was too poor when I came home before—or, rather, I wanted to be richer, and so in some sort worthy of her, before I spoke to her. I thought she cared for me then a little. But that is all over now. Her love for me, if she ever felt any, has quite died out of her heart now. It is hard, very hard to bear. I have toiled only for her; I am rich now. Even her father, my uncle, he is an exacting gentleman enough—but even he would own that I am now rich enough to think of marrying even his daughter. And now it seems it is too late. What have I got by my toils, my long waiting, my forbearance? Nothing. A great gulf has opened between Milly and me, I know not how or why. I have lost all hope of her. I am the most miserable fellow on this earth."

And Mark Lance covered his face with his hands.

"I am, I know, a fool, a weak fool, to talk like this," he said, presently recovering himself. "What must you think of me? What are my sorrows to you? What can you care for a lover's troubles, and longings, and despair? What is my heart to you? What can you know or care about it? Nothing, of course not; nothing."

"Nothing, of course not," the doctor echoed, mechanically. "No; I know nothing of the human heart."

CHAPTER V.

From the city Dr. Dendy, having parted with Mark Lance, returned to Calthorpe Street.

As he entered the drawing-room with the cautious and noiseless tread of a man well used to sick chambers and acutely sensitive patients, he heard a faint moaning sound.

Milly Lance, with tearful eyes, was reading over once again her cousin's letters—was contemplating once more the photograph contained in the ivory card-case. She started, with a half-scream, as she found the doctor at her side.

"Forgive me!" she cried, in an agonized voice. "I—I am going to burn them." And then, hardly knowing what she did, she seemed to be trying to fall on her knees at the doctor's feet. He raised her up with tenderness.

"Calm yourself, Milly," he said.

She made an effort to throw the letters into the fire-place, but her courage or her strength failed her, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Have mercy," she moaned; "have mercy."

"You are ill, Milly," he said, gently. "Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I wouldn't wrong you or pain you for the world. Calm yourself: dry your eyes. Come, that's better. But what a pulse! Give me a sheet of note-paper. I must write you a prescription at once. Mind, you must obey my instructions to the letter. He scribbled a few lines. "Read that, Milly," he said.

She glanced at the paper, expecting to find the usual unintelligible medical hieroglyphics. She started. To her amazement, she found she could understand the prescription—it was written in English, being the first and last prescription which Dr. Dendy in the whole course of his professional career had written out of the Latin tongue.

It ran something in this wise—

R. Take cousin Mark to church with you as soon as possible, and make him your husband. God bless you.

(Signed) JOHN DENDY, M.D.

How her heart beat!

"But does he love me?"

"You know he does. And you love him. Tell him so when he comes this evening. You needn't speak; only let him read it in your eyes."

"And my father?"

"He shall give his consent. I'll take care of that."

With a cry of joy, she threw herself into his arms. She could not speak her thanks, but this action of hers was sufficiently explicit.

He kissed her on the forehead. She put up her lips to him; but he didn't, or wouldn't, or couldn't see what she meant.

He went away sighing, very grave in aspect, and yet lightened and comforted by the thought that he had acted rightly.

"Perhaps I shall be able to finish that book of mine now," he said, gravely. "It's time it was done. One thing—I know more about it than I did. It's but a poor, weak, troublesome organ, after all, the heart. And its ache is very hard to bear. I don't believe there's any certain cure for that in the whole range of the pharmacopæia."

Poor Dr. Dendy looked very miserable. "This won't do," he said, presently. "I must prescribe for myself. Hard work; that's my best medicine. It cures a good many complaints. At any rate, it prevents the patient having time to think about them."

THE BLIND LINNET.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The sempstress's linnet sings
At the window opposite me;—
It feels the sun on its wings,
Though it cannot see.
Can a bird have thoughts? May be.

The sempstress is sitting,
High o'er the humming street,
The little blind linnet is flitting
Between the sun and her seat.
All day long
She stitches wearily there,
And I know she is not young,
And I know she is not fair;
For I watch her head bent down
Throughout the dreary day,
And the thin meek hair o' brown
Is threaded with silver gray;
And now and then, with a start
At the fluttering of her heart,
She lifts her eyes to the bird,
And I see in the dreary place
The gleam of a thin white face,
And my heart is stirr'd.

Loud and long
The linnet pipes his song!
For he cannot see
The smoky street all round.
But loud in the sun sings he,
Though he hears the murmurous sound;
For his poor, blind eyeballs blink,
While the yellow sunlights fall,
And he thinks (if a bird can think)
He hears a waterfall,

Or the broad and beautiful river
Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
Through the woods where he was born;
And his voice grows stronger,
While he thinks that he is there,
And louder and longer
Falls his song on the dusky air.
And oft, in the gloaming still,
Perhaps (for who can tell?)
The musk and the muskatel,
That grow on the window sill,
Cheat him with their smell.

But the sempstress can see
How dark things be;
How black through the town
The stream is flowing;
And tears fall down
Upon her sewing.
So at times she tries,
When her trouble is stirr'd,
To close her eyes,
And be blind like the bird.
And *then*, for a minute,
As sweet things seem,
As to the linnet
Piping in his dream!
For she feels on her brow
The sunlight glowing,
And hears nought now
But a river flowing—
A broad and beautiful river,
Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
Through the woods where she was born—
And a wild bird winging
Over her head, and singing!
And she can smell
The musk and the muskatel
That beside her grow,
And, unaware,
She murmurs an old air
That she used to know!

London Poems.

CONTENT.

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;
Come on, I'll show thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
By thine own use and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish:
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compared with thee.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (from *Martial*).

DAVID SWAN.—A FANTASY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was

there; some merely granted that way, without admitting the slumberer among their best thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have

brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her boom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade.

How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down askant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head!"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pahaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger!" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly through their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available.—*Thrice-Told Tales.*

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.¹

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Calm on the breast of Loch Maree

A little isle reposes;

A shadow woven of the oak

And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,

Set round with stony warders;

A fountain, gushing through the turf,

Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,

With care or madness burning,

Feels once again his healthful thought

And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,

Unquiet and unstable,

That holy well of Loch Maree

Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,

Its glaring sunshine blindeth,

And blest is he who on his way

That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will

And contrite heart are o'er it;

Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—

On Faith's white stones before it.

¹ Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

REPLY TO A LETTER INCLOSING A
LOCK OF HAIR.

[Frederick Locker, born at Greenwich Hospital, 1821. Poet. He belongs to an old Kentish family; his father was a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and his grandfather was Captain W. Locker, R.N., under whom Lord Nelson and Lord Collingwood served. His works are: *Lyra Elegantiarum* and *London Lyrics* (Strahan & Co.) The latter volume, which has gone through many editions, has won for the author the laureateship amongst writers of *vers de société*. "Mr. Locker seems most deservedly characterized by two epithets which no one dreams of applying to Prior, and we think must be denied to Fraud—earnest and tender. He is well furnished at all points that only by comparison a any deficiency perceptible, and when perceived it will be disregarded, in view of his higher excellences."—*Contemporary Review*.]

"My darling wants to see you soon,"—
I bless the little maid, and thank her;
To do her bidding, night and noon
I draw on Hope—Love's kindest banker!"
Old MSS.

Yes, you were false, and though I'm free,
I still would be the slave of yore;
Then join'd our years were thirty-three,
And now—yes now I'm thirty-four.
And though you were not learn'd—well,
I was not anxious you should grow so;—
I trembled once beneath her spell
Whose spelling was extremely so-so!

Bright season! why will memory
Still haunt the path our rambles took,—
The sparrow's nest that made you cry,
The lilies captured in the brook?
I'd lifted you from side to side,
(You seem'd as light as that poor sparrow;)
I know who wish'd it twice as wide,
I think you thought it rather narrow.

Time was, indeed a little while,
My pony could your heart compel;
And once, beside the meadow-stile,
I thought you loved me just as well;
I'd kiss'd your cheek; in sweet surprise
Your troubled gaze said plainly, "Should
he!"
But doubt soon fled those daisy eyes,—
"He could not wish to vex me, could he?"

The brightest eyes are soonest sad,
But your fair cheek, so lightly sway'd,
Could ripple into dimples glad,
For O, my stars, what mirth we made!
The brightest tears are soonest dried,
But your young love and dole were stable;
You wept when dear old Rover died,
You wept—and dream'd your dolls in sable.

As year succeeds to year, the more
Imperfect life's fruition seems;
Our dreams, as baseless as of yore,
Are not the same enchanting dreams.
The girls I love now vote me slow—
How dull the boys who once seem'd witty!
Perhaps I'm getting old—I know
I'm still romantic—more's the pity!

A vain regret! To few, perchance,
Unknown, and profitless to all:
The wisely-gay, as years advance,
Are gaily-wise. Whate'er befall,
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple;
At yours, at mine—our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

I'm fond of fun, the mental dew
Where wit, and truth, and ruth are blent,
And yet I've known a prig or two,
Who, wanting all, were all content.
To say I hate such dismal men
Might be esteem'd a strong assertion;
If I've blue devils now and then,
I make them dance for my diversion.

And here's your letter debonair.
"My friend, my dear old friend of yore,"
And is this curl your daughter's hair?
I've seen the Titian tint before.
Are we the pair that used to pass
Long days beneath the chestnut shady?
You then were such a pretty lass!
I'm told you're now as fair a lady.

I've laugh'd to hide the tear I shed,
As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
We hear the jingle of his bells.
A jesting vein your poet vex'd,
And this poor rhyme, the Fates determine,
Without a parson or a text,
Has proved a rather prosy sermon.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly baak'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low!"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back!"

MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SMOGURNEY.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

[Nathaniel Parker Willis, born in Portland, Maine, 20th January, 1806; died at Idlewild, on the Hudson, 20th January, 1867. Poet, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. He travelled much in Europe. His chief works are: *Melanie*, *Lady Jane*, and other poems; *Pencilings by the Way*; *Inklings of Adventure*; *Romance of Travel*, comprising *Tales of Five Lands*; *People I have Met*, or *Pictures of Society and People of Mark*; *A Health-trip to the Tropics*; *Out-doors at Idlewild*; *Paul Fane*, or *Parts of a Life else Untold*: a Novel; &c. "As a writer of 'sketches' properly so called, Mr. Willis is unequalled. Sketches—especially of society—are his forte, and they are so for no other reason than that they afford him the best opportunity of introducing the personal Willis—or more distinctly because this species of composition is most susceptible of impression from his personal character."—*Edgar A. Poe.*]

Elizabeth Latimer, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest development; and this, with a graceful person and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect. With this view he engaged a gentleman who had been a classmate of his, and who had devoted himself to literature, to take up his abode with him and assist him in cultivating his daughter's mind.

"You will easily understand," he wrote to Mr. Elliot, "with what different eyes I look upon this subject from those with which I regarded it twenty years ago. To have mind enough to love and obey me, and, withal, think me supremely wise, was quite mind enough in a wife, but I am willing to pay it greater respect since I find it in my darling Elizabeth. As I am as anxious about her moral as her intellectual education, I dread lest, being an only child and surrounded by all that will tend to her gratification, she may form habits of selfishness, against which no

warnings, no precepts will avail. A companion of her own age would secure her from this risk, and I can think of no one so well suited, on all accounts, to be brought up with my little girl as your own Marianne. I need not assure you how entirely like my own daughter she shall be considered."

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire anything like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr. Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr. Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a step-mother, jealous of her, of her gentle friend Marianne, of Mr. Elliot, of everything that her husband loved. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs. Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son, and expired, leaving all the family with just such sensations as one feels on awaking from an uncomfortable dream, and Elizabeth and her father heaved a sigh of relief as they inwardly responded "Amen!" to the clergyman of the village who came to pay them a visit of consolation.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning.

"Why," thought she, "should Miss C— be permitted, nay, solicited, to display her playing and singing, both excellent enough to excite envy, while all the powers that I possess must be so sedulously concealed? However, as there is no reasoning to any purpose on this apparent inconsistency, I will try to resemble the greater part of the world I am going to mingle with;" and in imagination she behaved with perfect discretion, occupied only in veiling the mistakes of the ignorant, in drawing out the talents of the timid, nicely discriminating when and with whom to talk seriously or lightly, and gliding through society with all the tact which only a knowledge of the world,

ruined by one's own experience and much practice in that world, can give.

But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have gone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt, and as the silence of persons who are known or supposed to be able to talk well, is looked upon with an invidious eye, she felt a degree of restraint, whether she spoke or not, which prevented her ever taking much pleasure in the amusements of the world. But there were some whom she did please, and that in no moderate degree. The cultivated and intelligent found a charm in her manner that they recollected with pleasure long after she had retired from society. Elizabeth lost her friend Marianne, who married an English gentleman and accompanied him to England. Mr. Elliot was persuaded to join them, and Mr. Latimer found his household reduced to a small number. But his mind seemed too much occupied to miss his companions, and, to Elizabeth's grief, she discovered that her father was bent upon making a fortune for his son Louis. In vain she urged that Louis would never want, and the possession of wealth might only check exertion by depriving him of a stimulus to industry. She represented to him the risk he ran by engaging so deeply in speculations, none of which had hitherto been successful; but Mr. Latimer had the rambling fit so strong upon him, that he looked forward to seeing his ships riding the ocean laden with the treasures of the Asiatic islands, and realizing the wildest dreams of his avarice. Elizabeth deplored this for his own and for Louis' sake. She saw how the fluctuations of hope and despair, the pangs of suspense and repeated disappointments, preyed upon her father's health and spirits, and she anticipated for Louis and herself the loss of all they had considered their own.

But these fears were transient. We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. She retired from the world and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and

sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr. Latimer had ventured the remains of his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense the news reached Mr. Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, griping fingers on us; and in the present excited state of her feelings the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear as difficult as she afterwards proved it. Her idea of submission to the will of Heaven was not confined to subduing a murmur, when death has removed by a stroke the desire of our eyes. She had been accustomed to exercise it in all the disappointments and sorrows of her life; for who, at twenty-four, has not tasted of the bitterness of the waters of life? A few passages of her letter to Marianne will show how schooled her mind had been, by being early taught of Heaven.

"You know, dearest Marianne, your excellent father often cautioned us against trusting to our perceptions of Heaven's justice. With him we were accustomed to trace in the records of history the hand of Infinite Wisdom guiding all things onward to some great end, that should vindicate his ways to future ages. Ah! how easy it is for the thoughtful mind to pursue this truth through events that have passed away! how much easier than to acknowledge it when our idols have been overthrown! We are personal only in those things which can do us no good. Let me now lay those lessons to heart, and follow the obvious track which Providence has marked out for me. It seems very plain—I must support myself and the darling object of my lost parent's love. The manner of doing this is very embarrassing. My mind is full of energy, but where to bestow it costs me days and nights of anxious thought."

Mr. Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had con-

sented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility everything she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in ——— Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of everything. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect.

"A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long."

Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs. Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructor whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs. Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau idéal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate. Mrs. S—— gave her a week's suspense, then found her way into Elizabeth's parlour one morning, with a "How d'y'e do, Miss Latimer—for I suppose that's you. I believe I've made you wait for an answer, but I've been so beset. People are so anxious to get to me, as if I could take a hundred. But, before we go any further, we must settle one thing—you're a musician, of course?"

The colour that had been deepening on Elizabeth's cheeks became crimson as she faintly answered,

"No, madam."

"No! gracious goodness! what could you be thinking of when you offered yourself a governess? Such a salary as I give, and pay a music master besides!"

"Then reduce the salary," Elizabeth began, but Mrs. S—— stopped her—

"What! and get a master for the girls? What's that to the purpose. You ought to be able to superintend their practising. Well, that sets the matter at rest. Good morning, ma'am," and Mrs. S—— made her exit as abruptly as her entrance, leaving Elizabeth a foretaste of what she afterwards suffered from other applications and other disappointments.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoe-making to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr. Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dullness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocket-books and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He was usually wont to speak with a deliberateness that fell upon the ear like the strokes of a hammer, but now he spoke with a rapidity that made him quite unintelligible. With an uneasy looking about as if he dreaded being overheard, at last he abruptly asked her if money had been her object in wishing to procure a situation as governess.

"Certainly," said Elizabeth; "what else could induce me to undertake such an office?"

He muttered something about his sorrow at her wanting it and his wish to serve her, then opened his business, prefaced, however, by desiring a promise of secrecy. Elizabeth, in-

wardly provoked at his solemn foppery, promised all he required, and he then informed his impatient auditress, that several of his literary friends were about to establish a critical journal, in which all the best talents of the city were to be displayed—"and you will not be surprised," said he, "to hear, that much is expected from me, particularly in the department of the belles-lettres. I hope you are not surprised," he continued, as he saw the astonishment painted on Elizabeth's countenance.

"No, I am never surprised at people's expectations, and I am sure Mr. Warren will not disappoint those formed by his well-judging friends; but, pray, proceed."

"Everybody says to me, 'Warren! now is your time. This is the opportunity for you to show your critical acumen. Seize the moment, Warren! and give us something that will be read a hundred years hence.' I am pressed on all sides, and I begin to feel that I really ought, in justice to myself, to do something to keep up the credit of this journal."

"He is mad," thought Elizabeth, "or has been in the hands of some dexterous quizzer;" and she sighed as she thought that he could have nothing to say that could interest her, for he had at first hoped that he might bring her occupation. However, Warren went on:—

"My health, you know, is delicate, and my vocations very numerous; and from various causes I am afraid I shall not be able to write until the spring; but, in the meantime, my dear Miss Latimer, I will make use of your pen. Our minds—I say it without flattery, believe me—our minds are somewhat of the same order, allowing for the difference of sex and education. Now, all I ask of you is this: just give me, from time to time, a critique upon some modern writer, and now and then we will review an old one. I leave the choice of subjects to you; of course you will have the advantage of my additions and corrections. Well, what say you? Does the scheme appear feasible? However, I see you are taken by surprise? An hour's reflection will be necessary. Good morning. This evening you shall see me again."

"He has made me laugh, at least," said Elizabeth, after an impatient "pshaw!" "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

Elizabeth did not, at first, give his plan a second thought. The idea of being joined with Warren in a work which she knew would be conducted by men of learning and science,

was absurd in the last degree, and she began her letter to the publisher, but her reluctance to undertake this laborious kind of occupation increased every moment. She threw down her pen and abandoned herself to despondency. Then, in spite of herself, Warren's plan recurred to her. It was not as ridiculous as she had thought. There had been, she recollected, instances of starving authors in a garret, while the indolent or empty were building up a reputation upon their labours. Besides, Warren would not be the first fool who had thrust himself into the place of wiser men. They are to be found everywhere—in the halls of legislators, in the cabinet of ministers. They have had their followers and their eulogists, and we have only to look behind the scenes to exclaim with Oxenstiern, *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!* At all events it would not be Warren, but herself who would write, and though she doubted her own capacity for the task, still she wished to try. It offered a means of accomplishing her grand object, keeping Louis at school, and it had the charm of privacy; for, since her unsuccessful attempts to escape from her gloomy closets, she had shrunk into them with a feeling more allied to love than to distaste.

By the time Warren returned Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dulness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named the probable sum.

"You rate intellectual labour very low," said she, "but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate."

He professed himself willing to be guided by her in everything, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Elizabeth began her task with great animation, but she soon found it more difficult than

she had anticipated. Her mind was full, yet she was puzzled and distressed. She wanted the habit of writing, which alone, according to Lord Bacon, insures correctness. She found great difficulty in arranging and condensing her ideas, and preserving a degree of order, without which even the writings of the learned and brilliant appear a chaotic mass. She had to weigh well all she said, lest she should be guilty of error or presumption. Her subject was a comparison between the writers of the reign of Anne and the present day. It was not without some timidity that she expressed opinions opposed to the prevailing cant which raves about the march of mind. Physical science is in its glory, and philosophy has made such magnificent presents to the arts, that knowledge is carried with winged speed from the college to the cottage; but mind, alas! must have its limits, must obey the law, which says, "So far shalt thou come and no farther."

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonym with dulness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming,

"Mr. Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr. Warren, is this yours?"

The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr. Leslie hastened to apologize. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight which he felt in the same degree with Harpagon—that of "touching something"—he hastened in a transport of generosity to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first-fruits of her industry to his master.

Dr. B——'s seminary was a mile out of town, and the fresh air of the country, the song of the birds, the very sight of the sky, made her heart glow again with hope and peace. She had something to look forward to Louis would one day reward her toils. She should one day recount to him how, for his sake, she had conquered the indolence and love of leisure which she foresaw would be a stumbling-block in his way. To see Louis kindling at the tale of her difficulties and promising to repay them all, to hear him spoken of with distinction, and to witness his happiness and success in life, now formed her daily reveries. Her pen often fell from her hand while indulging in these dreams. Dreams they were indeed.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr. Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr. Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience. "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant on themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud.

"I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

Among the many causes she was attributing her diminished resources to, the true one never occurred to her. She knew, of course, from

Warren's imposing on Mr. Leslie and the public that he was not a man of much principle. Indeed, a fool cannot have strict principles. He cannot distinguish sufficiently between right and wrong; but, in the broad path of honesty, she thought he might find his way.

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis' school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. Sweet is the sleep of the labouring man; but it must be that labour which feels the breath of heaven fan the brow—alternate motion and rest. But when, after a whole day has been passed in mental exercise, the fevered head is laid upon its pillow, and the stretched and burning eyelids refuse to close; when the glare of white paper, or interminable rows of letters dance before the throbbing eyeballs, and one idea haunts the brain till its repetition becomes maddening—these, these are the pains and penalties of mind that make us wish to have been born among those whose hands alone are employed to procure their daily bread. Elizabeth had been accustomed to study and reflection, but there is something very different between study in a large and airy chamber where light and shade are pleasantly blended, when the first sensations of fatigue may be dissipated by exercise or conversation, and leaning incessantly over a flat, low table, by the side of a little window where light is struggling with darkness. She felt her health languish, her head ached incessantly, but still she went on for several months, indulging herself now and then with a walk to Dr. B——'s, and an evening spent at Mrs. Graham's. This lady had often a little circle of friends around her, whose society would have been of service to Elizabeth's spirits, but she shrunk from company, and, with an irritability peculiar to the unfortunate, who feel lonely, neglected, and unappreciated, often repulsed those who wished to be kind to her.

"My temper is growing savage," said she, one evening, while she was putting on her hat to go to her friends: "I believe I answered that kind and lovely-looking woman who spoke so sweetly to me the last time I was at Mrs. Graham's, with a canine growl. But, alas! I felt a horrid kind of envy at seeing a creature so happy and apparently so beloved by every one present. Her happiness did not seem to be put on for the occasion, but the abiding expression of her face, and while I was

contrasting her situation with mine, to hear her speak to me with that easy, confiding tone of voice that came from a heart at ease—oh! she would have forgiven me if she had seen the wretchedness of mine!" and Elizabeth sat down and wept in penitence at having given way to such feelings.

She hoped to meet Mrs. Leslie again, and was disappointed to find Mrs. Graham alone. She dared not speak of Mrs. Leslie, for she felt her voice falter as she thought of her. Yet she tried to induce Mrs. Graham to begin the subject. But as she was drawing a portrait of gentleness and beauty which made her friend exclaim, "Why, one would think you were acquainted with Mrs. Leslie," Mr. Graham came in, and after expressing his pleasure at seeing Elizabeth, whose absence from his little parties had pained him, he turned to Mrs. Graham and asked her if she had any idea to whom she was indebted for the pleasure of her morning's reading.

"No," said she; "I am glad you remind me of it, for I thought of Elizabeth while I was reading. It is," she continued, turning to her friend, "a very well-written essay upon simplicity, real and affected; and contrasts the strong, manly simplicity of Crabbe with the childish, unmeaning prattle of Wordsworth, in almost the same words which I have heard you make use of in arguing with Marianne."

Elizabeth trembled. She suspected Mr. Graham alluded to her, but he went on.

"I would ask you to guess the author, but I should be weary of seeing you puzzled. Know, then, that Warren—Philip Augustus Warren—is the principal contributor to Mr. Leslie's journal."

"Now, I am not surprised," said his wife, "for it is impossible to make me believe such a tale. You forget we both know Warren, and know that he is ignorant as well as dull. I question much if he knows what poetry is, unless he attaches some idea of rhyme to it."

"I thought so myself, but listen. This morning I was talking with Mr. Leslie, who was in his library, where, to my surprise, I found Warren taking down books and turning over leaves with quite the air of an author. Something was said about the miseries of authors:—'They are no longer pecuniary miseries,' said Leslie. 'The times are changed since Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas a piece.' Here Warren turned briskly round, exclaiming, 'Two guineas! bless me! times are changed. Why, Mr. Leslie, I receive more than triple that sum for some of

my humble contributions to your journal.' I looked at Leslie with as much amazement as if I had heard him proclaim himself the Emperor of China; but Leslie did not look surprised, he only said, 'Very true.' I waited a long time for Warren to go away, that I might understand this mystery, and at length I learned that he regularly carries Mr. Leslie every month a paper for his magazine. He pointed them out to me in some of the numbers, and I assure you they were the same I have frequently heard you admire."

"Even now," said Mrs. Graham, "I do not believe it. He is vain as well as foolish, and he has either stolen those pieces, or hired some one to write them."

"That is what I hinted to Leslie; but he told me that he had once offended Warren by expressing his own doubts on the subject, and that his assurances of their being his were so positive that he felt he had no right to accuse him of falsehood till he had proved it. One thing that disgusted me in Warren was his counting up the money he had received, and muttering every now and then, "Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas! Why, I have made two hundred dollars in the last six months." That entirely convinced me that he is speculating in the talents of some one he keeps concealed."

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr. Leslie's library.

"Now, Mr. Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your

service; mine writes not another word for you."

It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting of making more by his pen than Dryden by his prologues.

And now what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr. Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snow-ball. I must not think of such redress; but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator.

The courteousness of her reception encouraged her, but he looked dubious as to the success of her plan. "Translations did not take," he said, "at present—almost everybody read French, and the best novels were already translated."

"But," said Elizabeth, hurriedly, "I do not confine myself to French or to novels. I know several languages, and have the habit of writing. Let me undertake any work that you will risk the publication of; and if you are not satisfied I will give it up."

For several minutes she waited in suspense while he knit his brows, tapped upon the table, and gave evident signs of hesitation. At length he said, "Well, madam, there is a work of Herder's that you may try."

"May try!" Elizabeth rose, then sat down again. At last, summoning all her fortitude, she said, "My object is neither amusement nor reputation, sir. I simply write for my support, and came to know if you would give me occupation, with a moderate compensation."

Mr. C—— was touched by the look of pain and weariness on her countenance, and agreed immediately to give her a hundred dollars for an elegant translation. The sum sounded magnificent, and she retraced her steps with a lightened heart.

But her task proved tedious and difficult. The extreme attention it required fatigued her mind. There were subjects for verbal criti-

cism that required a great deal of thought, and, in the present state of her health, thought and study completely overpowered her. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. There were times when she felt such a dying away of her mental powers that she feared her faculties were leaving her. She sought to revive her sinking spirits by going oftener to Mrs. Graham's, and by frequent walks to Dr. B——'s, but the exertion now became a toil, and panting for breath she would sit on a bank at some distance from the school, hoping that chance or sport might lead her darling in that direction. One evening he did discover her, and rushing into her arms reproached her for her long absence.

"You must ask leave to come and see me, Louis. This walk is not a short one, you know, and I am apt to be tired."

Louis looked at her and attempted to speak, but turned his head away and burst into tears. Elizabeth soothingly inquired into his distress, and found that he wished to be taken from school. Oh! do not deny me, dearest Elizabeth. It is for me you look so thin and pale. Instead of living in comfort, you are spending all you have upon me. Now take me from school and bind me to some trade. Don't look so shocked! I have been reading the *Life of Franklin*, and if he, from being an apprentice to a printer, rose to be such a great man, why should I despair? Do, dear sister, bind me to a printer. It is the best trade—at least, the most agreeable trade I can think of, and some years hence I may repay all your goodness."

"Louis—Louis—dear, generous boy! do not pain me by such language. You can requite me better by applying to your studies, than by trying the uncertainty of rising from obscurity into eminence. You forget Dr. Franklin had a wonderful mind, and lived in times to draw forth powerful energies. The probability is, dear Louis, that if you are a printer at fifteen, you will still be a printer at thirty; but another time we will speak of this. The sun is setting and I have far to walk."

It was with feeble steps she regained her dwelling, and, with a reluctant pen, resumed her task, which became daily more difficult. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave

her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr. C—— she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts till Mr. C—— came in.

"Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last." Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr. C——, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr. C——, saying in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting"—she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers and she hurried away.

Mr. Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table.

"A singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognized that of Warren's manuscripts.

Everything was the same—the folding of the paper, the very silk with which it was

fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed; "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B—— and T——."

Upon making inquiries Mr. Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr. C——'s parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for sometime hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more. Oh! that sinking of the heart, when, after struggling with ill fortune, we find ourselves at the very spot from which we set out, like the shipwrecked wretch who, after buffeting the waves through a long night of darkness, sees himself at morning in the midst of a shoreless ocean, with hope and strength exhausted.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr. Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and everything he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr. Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr. Leslie.

"Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune, but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one

of Heaven's best gifts were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances."

"This indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood, a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of reaction came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes, and on the morrow, when Mrs. Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs. Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slope made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long, gloomy hours in —— Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn—a season she had always loved better even than

———"The music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December.

Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love.

Mrs. Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure. One felt in her presence that something good was near, yet there was no parade of goodness about Mrs. Leslie—not obvious, not obtrusive, and only seen—

———"In all those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions."

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid, pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut; "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together."

Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be in the presence of God. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and perhaps before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer—but God's will be done!"

Mrs. Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep and press their hands. "My generous friends! may his future life thank you! may he rise up with your own and call you blessed!"

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs. Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and after a brief interval followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side; her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs. Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward—but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle for ever.—*The Legendary.*

VIEW FROM A HALTING-PLACE.¹

A stretch of bleak December heath,
And one lone being o'er it wending
After his shadow, which but tells him
The sun is fast descending;—
A very cheering piece of news
To one with travel bending,—
And many a mile between him plac'd
And any hope of ending.

The small birds wander here and there—
And yonder goes a falcon floating
Along the rough rocks by the stream,—
Each nook and cranny noting
Where haply some unlucky wretch
May harbour, little woting
That such a visitor is near,
On his destruction doating.

The crowding mountains far away
Look very cold and melancholy
Beneath their snow locks—while the wind
Scarce brings the rushing volley
Of their hoar cataracts, which rave
For aye, like sprites unholy—
All things, in short, have bid a truce
To aught of mirth or folly.

The cattle seem in musing mood,
To gaze on distance, with slow-winking
And languid eyes:—one almost knows
They cannot but be thinking
Of summer with its shiny days,
And grass with dew-drops twinkling,
And wild bees from the fragrant flowers
The honey-treasure drinking.

The clouds are marble—like above—
So also is the gray ground under—
The heron on the marsh stone stands
Lost in a dreamy wonder
Why such a thing as ice should keep
The fish and him asunder,—
And fears that old dame Nature now
Has got into a blunder.

So this is Highland winter—well
He has a solemn air about him
Among these desert plains and steeps,—
And rules it sternly, I don't doubt him—
That's right:—fire—candles—and the tea-cups.
And *Blackwood*—who could do without him?
Sweet "May-day"—"Cottages"—and "Birds;"
If winter ventures here, we'll rout him.

¹ Rev. Thomas Brydson, died about 1856. Whilst labouring as minister of Kilmalcolm he contributed in prose and verse to various periodicals. The above is from his volume entitled *Pictures of the Past*.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?

Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

—Songs of Labour.

THE WAR-TRUMPET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand
And waved the sign of fire!
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast,
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth!
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye;—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride!
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

DYSPEPSY.

"O cookery! cookery! that kills more than weapons, guns, wars, or poisons, and would destroy all, but that physic helps to make away some."—ANTHONY BREWER.

Ye who flatter yourselves that indolence and luxury are compatible with the enjoyment of health and hilarity of spirits, that the acquisition of the means of happiness is to be happy, and that the habitual pampering of the senses is not for ever paid for by the depression of the immortal soul, listen to my story, and be wise.

People talk of the mischiefs of drinking; invent remedies and preventives, and institute societies, as if eating was not ten times more pernicious. There are a hundred die of eating to one that dies of drinking. But gluttony is the vice of gentlemen, and gentlemanly vices require neither remedies, preventives, nor societies.

It was my good fortune, as the world would call it, to meet with a young man of capital, who wanted a partner skilled in the business to which I had been trained. We accordingly entered into partnership, and our business proved exceedingly profitable. In a few years I had more money than I required for my wants. And with the necessity for exertion ceased the inclination. When a man has been toiling for years to get rich, and dreaming all the while that riches will add to his enjoyment, he must try and realize his dreams after his exertions have been crowned with success. I had proposed to myself a life of ease and luxury as the reward of all my labours. Accordingly, finding myself sufficiently wealthy, I retired from the firm as an active partner, continuing, however, my name to the connection, and receiving a share of the profits, in return for the use of my capital.

I am now my own master, said I, as I shook the dust of the counting-house from my feet. I can do as I please, and go where I please. Now a man that has but one thing to do, and one place to go to, can never be in the predicament of the animal between two bundles of hay; nor puzzled to death in the midst of conflicting temptations. At first I thought of going to Europe; but before I could make up my mind the packet had sailed, and before another was ready I had altered my mind. Next I decided for the Springs; then for the Branch; then for Schooley's Mountain; and then, in succession, for every other "resort of

beauty and fashion" in these United States. In conclusion, I went to none of them. I made but two excursions; one to the Fireplace, to catch trout, where I caught an ague; and the other to Sing Sing, to see the new state prison, where I missed the ague and caught a bilious fever. Thus the summer had passed away, and I may say I did nothing but eat. That is an enjoyment in which both ease and luxury are combined, and my indisposition had left behind a most voracious appetite. Towards the latter end of autumn I began to feel, I can scarcely tell how. I slept all the evening, and lay awake all the night; or if I fell asleep, always dreamed I was suffocating between two feather-beds. I was plagued worse than poor Pharaoh. I had aches of all sorts; stiff necks, pains in the shoulders, sides, back, loins, head, breast; in short, there never was a man so capriciously used by certain inexplicable, unaccountable infirmities as I was. I dare say I had often felt the same pains before without thinking of them, because I was too busy to mind trifles; for it is a truth which my experience has since verified, that the most ordinary evils of life are intolerable, without the stimulus of some active pursuit to draw us from their perpetual contemplation. What was very singular, I never lost my appetite all this time, but ate more plentifully than ever. Indeed eating was almost the only amusement I had ever since I became a man of pleasure; and it was only while eating that I lost the sense of those innumerable pains that tormented me at other times.

I went to a physician, who gave me directions as to the various modes of treatment in these cases. "You are dyspeptic," said he, "and you must either eat less, exercise more, take physic, or be sick." As to eating less, that was out of the question. What is the use of being rich unless a man can eat as much as he likes? As to exercise, what is the use of being rich if a man can't be as lazy as he pleases? The alternative lay between being sick and taking physic, and I chose the latter. The physician shook his head and smiled; but it is not the doctor's business to discourage the taking of physic, and he prescribed accordingly. I took medicines, I ate more than ever; and what quite discouraged me, I grew worse and worse. I sent for the doctor again. "You have tried physic in vain; suppose you try exercise on horseback," said he.

I bought a horse, cantered away every morning like a hero, and ate more than ever; for what was the use of exercise except to give one impunity in eating? I never worked half so

hard when I was an apprentice, and not worth a groat, as I did now I was a gentleman of ease and luxury. It was necessary, the doctor said, that the horse should be a hard trotter; and accordingly I bought one that trotted so hard, that he actually broke the paving-stones in Broadway, and struck fire at every step. O reader! gentle reader, if thou art of Christian bowels, pity me. I was dislocated in every joint, and sometimes envied St. Barnabas his gridiron. But I will confess that the remedy proved not a little efficacious; and it is my firm opinion that, had I persevered, I should have been cured in time, had I not taken up a mistaken notion, that a man who exercised a great deal might safely eat a great deal. Accordingly I ate by the mile, and every mile I rode furnished an apology for a further indulgence of appetite. The exercise and the eating being thus balanced, I remained just where I was before.

I sent for the physician again. "You have tried medicine and exercise, suppose you try a regimen. Continue the exercise; eat somewhat less; confine yourself to plain food, plainly dressed; abstain from rich sauces, all sorts of spices, pastes, confectionaries, and puddings, particularly plum-puddings, and generally every kind of luxury, and drink only a glass or two of wine."

"Why, zounds! doctor, I might as well be a poor man at once. Why, what is the use of being rich if I can't eat and drink, and do just as I like? Besides, I am particularly fond of sauces, spices, and plum-puddings."

"Why, so you may, do as you like," replied he, smiling. "You have your choice between Dyspepsy and all these good things."

The doctor left me to take my choice, and after great and manifold doubts, resolutions, and retractions, I decided on trying the effects of this most nauseating remedy. I practised the most rigid self-denial; tasted a little of this, a very little of that, a morsel of the other, and ate moderately of everything on the table; cheating myself occasionally by tasting silyly a bit of confectionary, or a slice of plum-pudding. Now and then, indeed, when I felt better than usual, I indulged more freely, as indeed I had a right to do; for what is the use of starving at one time, except to enable one's self to indulge at another? The physician came one day to dine with me at my boarding-house, the most famous eating place in the whole city, and the most capital establishment for Dyspepsy. He came, he said, on purpose to see how I followed his prescription. I was extremely abstinent that day, only eating a mouthful of

everything now and then. The doctor, I observed, played a glorious knife and fork, and seemed particularly fond of rich sauces, spices, paste, and plum-pudding.

"Well, doctor," said I, after the rest of the company had retired, "am not I a hero—a perfect anchorite?"

"My dear sir," said he, "I took the trouble to count every mouthful. You have eaten twice as much as an ordinary labourer, and tasted of everything on the table."

"But only tasted, doctor; while you—you gave me a most edifying example! Faith, you displayed a most bitter antipathy to pies, custards, rich sauces, and most especially plum-pudding!"

"My dear Ambler," said the doctor, "you are to follow my prescriptions, not my example. But, by the way, that was delightful wine, that last bottle—Bingham, or Marston, ey!"

I took the hint, and sent for another bottle, which we discussed equally between us, glass for glass. I felt so well I sent for another, and we discussed that too. "My dear fellow," said the doctor, who by this time saw double, "my dear friend, mind, don't forget my prescription; no sauces, no paste, no plum-pudding, and above all, no wine. Adieu! I am going to a consultation."

That night I suffered martyrdom; nightmare, dreams, and visions of horror. A grinning villain came, and seizing me by the toe exclaimed, "I am Gout; I come to avenge the innocent calves who have suffered in forced meat-balls, and mock-turtle, for your gratification." Another bleary-eyed, sneering rogue gave me a box on the ear, that stung through every nerve, crying out, "I am Catarrh, come to take satisfaction for the wine you drank yesterday." While a third, more hideous than the other two, a miserable, cadaverous, long-faced fiend, came up, touching me into a thousand various pains, and crying in a hollow, despairing voice, "I am Dyspepsy, come to punish you for the gluttony of yesterday." I awoke next morning in all the horrors of indigestion and acidity, which lasted several days, during which time I made divers excellent resolutions, forswearing wine, particularly old wine, most devoutly.

This time, however, I had one consolation. The doctor and not I was to blame. It was he that led me into excesses for which I was now paying the penalty. I felt quite indignant. "I'll let him know," said I, "that I am my own master, and not to be forced to drink against my inclination." So I discharged the doctor who set me such a bad example,

and called in three more, being pretty well assured that I should now hear all sides of the question.

But it would not do, though I continued my system of abstinence, and only barely tasted a little of everything; at the same time compromising matters with my conscience by drinking twelve half-glasses of wine instead of six whole ones. The doctors, on the whole, did me more harm than good. My spirits began to sink; for I considered that I had now tried all remedies, and that my case was hopeless. The fear of death, swelled into a gigantic and disproportioned magnitude of evil, came upon me. I never heard of a person dying of a disease, let it be what it would, that I did not make that the bugbear of my imagination, and feel all the symptoms appropriate to it. Thus I had by turns all the diseases under the sun; sometimes separately, sometimes all together. The sound of a church bell conjured up the most gloomy associations, and the sight of a churchyard withered every feeling of hilarity in my bosom; in short, there were moments of my life when I could fully comprehend the paradox of a human being seeking death as a relief from its perpetual apprehension.

It is one of the most melancholy features of the disease under which I laboured, that it creates a most disproportioned apprehension of death—a vague and horrible exaggeration, if possible ten times worse than the reality. In most other disorders the pain of the body supercedes that of the mind; in this the mind predominates over the body, and the sense of apprehension of the future swallows up the present entirely. This was the case with me; and often have I welcomed an acute fit of rheumatism, or colic, as a present cure for anticipated evils. I had another enemy to contend with, and that was the want of sympathy. People laughed at my complaints, when they saw me eat my meals with so good an appetite; for the world seldom gives a man credit for ailing when he can eat his allowance; nor is it easy to persuade the vulgar that there is such a disease as appetite. Besides, a man who is always complaining and never seeming to grow worse, is enough to tire the patience of Job, much more of such friends as Job and most afflicted people are blessed with. My mind was in a perpetual state of fluctuation. One day I threw all my phials, and boxes, and doses into the street, determined to take no more physic; and the next, perhaps, sent for some more, and renewed my potions. I had lost by this time all confidence in physicians, but still continued to believe in physic.

For a while white mustard seed was a treasure to me, and such was my firm reliance on its wonderful virtues, that I actually indulged myself in a few extra glasses, and a few extra luxuries, on the credit of its prospective operation. I read all the guides to health, and all the lectures of Dr. Abernethy. In short I took every means but the only proper ones to effect a cure. I proportioned my eating and other indulgences to my faith in the workings of my favourite panacea. When I took a dose of physic, I considered myself as fairly entitled to take a small liberty the day after; and when I rode or walked farther than usual, I made the old wine, and the sauces, and plum-pudding pay for it. It was thus that I managed to keep myself in a perfect equilibrium, and, like another Penelope, undid in the afternoon the work of the morning. I found, after all, nothing did me so much good as laughing; but, alas! what was there for me to laugh at in this world!

The summer of my second year of ease and luxury I was advised to go to the Springs, where all the doctors send those patients who get out of patience at not being cured in a reasonable time. Here I found several companions in affliction, and was mightily comforted to learn that some of them had been in their present state almost a score of years, without ever dying at all. We talked over our infirmities, and I found there was a wonderful family resemblance in them all, for not one of us could give a tolerable account of his symptoms. One was bilious, another rheumatic, a third was nervous, and a fourth was all these put together.

"Why don't you exercise in the open air?" said I, to this last martyr, one day.

"I catch cold, and that brings on my rheumatism."

"In the house then?"

"It makes me nervous."

"Why don't you sit still?"

"It makes me bilious."

I thank my stars, thought I, here is a man to grow happy upon; he is worse off than myself. He became my favourite companion; and no one can tell how much better I felt in his society.

We formed a select coterie, and managed to sit next each other at meals, where we discussed the subject of digestion. We were all blessed with excellent appetites, and particularly fond of the things that did not agree with us.

"Really, Mr. Butterfield, you are eating the very worst thing on the table."

"I know it, my dear sir, but I am so fond of it."

"My good friend, Mr. Creamwell, how can you taste that hot bread?"

"My dear sir, don't you see I only eat the crust."

"Let me advise you not to try that green corn, Mr. Ambler. It is the worst thing in the world for dyspeptic people."

"I know it, my dear Abstract, but I always take good care to chew before I swallow it."

Thus we went on discussing and eating, and I particularly noticed that every one ate what he preferred, because the fact was, he was so particularly fond of that particular dish he could not help indulging in it sometimes. However we talked a great deal on the subject of diet, and not a man of us but believed himself a pattern of abstinence. I continued my custom of riding every fair day, and occasionally met a fat lady fagging along on a little fat pony, with a fat servant behind her. One day when it was excessively hot I could not help asking her how she could think of riding out in the broiling sun. "Oh, sir, I've got the dyspepsy." I happened to see her at dinner that day, and did not wonder at it.

I passed my time rather pleasantly here with my companions in misfortune. We exchanged notes, compared our infirmities, and gave a full and true history of their rise, progress, and present state, always leaving out the eating. By degrees I became versed in the history of each. One gentleman's diseases were so provokingly contrasted, that what was good for one was bad for the other. Being one day interrogated on the subject, he began:—"I was born in the lap of—" here he yawned pathetically, "and I shall die in the arms of—" here he gave another great yawn, "but really, gentlemen, I feel so nervous, and bilious, and rheumatic this morning—I am sure the wind is easterly—pray excuse me—some other time." So saying, he yawned once more, and went to see which way the wind blew.

My readers, if they are such readers as alone I address myself to, in looking back on the progress of whatever wisdom and experience time and opportunity may have bestowed on them, will have observed that a particular branch of knowledge, or a special conviction of the understanding, will often baffle our pursuit for a long while. We grope in the dark—we lose ourselves—and lose sight of the object of our pursuit—yet still we are gaining upon it unknown and imperceptibly to ourselves. The light is hidden, though just at hand, and finally all at once bursts upon us,

illuminates the mind, and brings with it the full, perfect perception. Thus was it with me. I had read all the most approved books, to come at the mystery of a man being always sick and always hungry; and I had taken all the steps, save one, which they recommended, either as cures or palliatives. I was still in the dark, but I was approaching the light. The history of my complaining friends at once put me upon the right path. I saw in them what I could not see in myself.

On comparing their autobiographies I could not but perceive a family likeness in all. They had commenced the world with active ardent pursuits before them, and were all too busy as well as too poor in their youth to become gluttons; and again they had each, without exception, attained at mid age the means of enjoying a life of luxury and ease. They had arrived at stations in which they could enjoy both, without the necessity of exertion either of body or mind, and they did enjoy them. But they wanted something still—they wanted a hobby-horse, a stimulant of some kind or other, sufficiently ardent to carry their minds along without dragging on the ground, and wearing them out with the labour of nothingness.

Next to the necessity for exertion, is a hobby—a pursuit of some kind or other, something to awake the sleeping mind, if it be only to get up and play puss in a corner. I know a worthy gentleman who has kept off ennui, and its twin sister Dyspepsy, by a habit of going every day round all the docks, counting the vessels, and reading the names on the stern. Another distances the foul fiend, which is as lazy as a pampered house-dog, by walking up one street and down another, examining all the new houses that are building, counting the number of rooms, closets, and pantries, and noting divers other particulars. But in my opinion the wisest of all my friends was a wealthy idler, who was fast sinking into the embraces of the besetting fiend of the age. He all at once bethought himself of altering his dinner hour, and afterwards went about telling it to all his friends. Let not the dingy moralists, who send out their decrees for the acquisition of happiness from the depths of darkness, and know no more of the world than a ground mole, turn up their noses at these my especial friends. Did they know what they ought to know before they set themselves up as teachers; did they only know that when men have made their fortunes by industry and economy, when they have paid their debt to society in useful and honourable pursuits, there

comes a time when the bow must be unstrung, when amusements, or at least light occupations, become indispensable, and trifles assume the importance, because they exercise the influence of weighty circumstances on our happiness. It is then that he who can find out an innocent mode of living, and innocent sources of amusement, which interfere with no one's happiness and contribute to his own—which keep his mind from preying on itself, and his body healthy, is better entitled to the honours of philosophy than inexperienced people are aware.

What would have been the effect of the new light which had thus broke in upon me, whether habit would have yielded to conviction, or whether, as is generally the case with old offenders, I should have continued to act against my better reason, I know not. Happily, as I now know, I was not left to decide for myself; fortune took the affair in her own hands. I one morning received a letter apprising me of the failure of our house, and the probable ruin it would bring upon myself. That very day I set out for the city.

Arriving in town, I plunged into a sea of troubles. The younger partner of our house, being in a hurry to grow rich, had encouraged a habit of speculating which, unfortunately for us all, produced a pernicious habit of gambling in schemes of vast magnitude. Having thrown doublets two or three times in succession, he did not, like a wise calculator, conclude that his luck must be nearly exhausted, and retire from the game with his winnings. He doubled again, and lost all. I will not fatigue my readers with the details of a bankruptcy of this kind. It will be sufficient to say, that I took the business directly in hand; nearly deranged my head in arranging my affairs, and by dint of extraordinary industry, and I will say extraordinary integrity, managed to do what only three men before me in similar circumstances had ever done in this city, since the landing of Hendrick Hudson. I paid the debts of the firm to the last farthing, leaving myself nothing but a good name, a good conscience, and a large farm in the very centre of the Highlands. I worked every day in the business like a hero, and took no care what I should eat or what I should drink. My mind was fully occupied, and I was perpetually running about, or engaged in my affairs at the counting-house.

I went to pay off my last and greatest debt to my last creditor, a hard-featured, hard-working, gigantic Scotman, who had the reputation of being a most inflexible dealer. When all was settled he said,

"Mr. Ambler, of course you mean to begin business again. Remember that my credit, ay, sir, my purse is at your service. You have gained my confidence."

"I thank you, Mr. Hardup," replied I, "warmly, sincerely, for I know you are sincere in your offers. But I mean to retire into the country with what I have saved from the wreck of my fortune. I am tired of business, and too poor to be idle. I have a farm in the mountains, which, I thank God, is mine; for my creditors are all paid. You, sir, are the last."

"Very well, very well," replied Mr. Hardup, stamping about as was his custom, "but is your farm stocked, and all that?"

I was obliged to answer in the negative. It was almost in a state of nature. Mr. Hardup said nothing more, and I bade him farewell with a feeling of indignation at his idle inquiries. The next day I received the following note, inclosing a cheque for a sum which I shall not mention:—

Sir,—You must have something to stock your farm. Pay the inclosed when you are able. I shall come and see you one of these days, when you are settled. Send me neither receipt nor thanks for the money. There is more where that came from. You have gained my confidence, I repeat again; and no man ever gained that without I hope being the better for it, sooner or later.—Your friend and servant,

ALEXANDER HARDUP.

P. S. Get up early in the morning, see to matters yourself; and never buy anything dear except a good name.—A. H.

A worthy man was this Mr. Hardup; and I shall never, while I live, again judge of anybody by the expression of the face, or the common report of the world.

It was in the spring of the year that I bade adieu to the city, and went to take possession of my farm, where I arrived just when the sun was gilding the mountain tops with his retreating rays, as he sunk behind the equally high hills on the opposite side of the river. The scene indeed was beautiful to look at, but by no means encouraging to a man who was going to sit down here and labour for a livelihood. I was received by an old man and his wife, who had occupied my farm a long time at a very moderate rent. The aspect of the house was melancholy. Broken windows, broken chairs, and a broken table. But there was plenty of fresh air, and I slept that night on a straw bed, and studied astronomy through the holes in the roof. The dead silence too that reigned in this lonely retreat, contrasted

with the ceaseless racket of the town, to which I had been so long accustomed, had a mournful effect on my spirits, and disposed my mind to gloomy thoughts of the future. The fatigue of my journey, however, at last overpowered me, and I fell asleep with the certainty of waking next morning with some terrible malady, arising from my exposed situation. It is a singular fact, that I slept that night more sweetly than I had done ever since I determined upon the enjoyment of a life of luxury and ease; and what is equally singular, I waked early in the morning without either a sore throat, a swelled face, or a rheumatic headache. I am certain of this, for I felt my throat, shook my head to hear if it cracked, and looked in a bit of glass to see if my face retained its true proportions. I confess I was rather disappointed. "But never mind," thought I, "I shall certainly pay for it to-morrow."

The morrow came, however, and I was again disappointed. I was sure it would come next day. But wonderful as it may seem, I thought I felt better than when I had slept on a feather-bed, and in a warm room. I began to be encouraged, and by degrees became reconciled to the enormity of sleeping on a straw bed, in a room where the air was playing about in zephyrs, without catching cold. My reader, if he chance to be in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, will shrink with horror from my dinners, which consisted of a piece of salt pork and potatoes for the first course, and some bread and butter, or bread and milk for the dessert. At first I was certain the pork would produce indigestion; but I suppose, as there was nothing particularly inviting in it, I did not eat enough to do me any harm, for I certainly felt as light as a feather after my meals, and instead of dozing away an hour in a chair, was ready for exercise at a minute's warning.

The old couple welcomed me to my "nice place," and were exceedingly eloquent in praise of my nice, comfortable house, the nice pork, the bread and butter, and the milk, all equally "nice." By degrees I began to be infected with their unaffected content, and sometimes actually caught myself enjoying the scanty comforts before me. I did not reason on the matter, and cudgel myself into an unwilling submission to necessity; but I benefited by the example of the honest old couple, without reasoning at all about it. Reason and precept are a sort of pedagogues, that at best but bring about a grumbling acquiescence; but example comes in the shape of a gentle guide, himself pursuing the right way, and not

commanding us to follow but beckoning on us with smiles.

I confess, when I looked around on my domain, I despaired of ever bringing it into order, beauty, or productiveness. I knew not the magic of labour and perseverance; nor did I dream that the fields around me, which seemed only fruitful in rocks and stones, could ever be made to wave in golden grain or green meadows. The only spot of all my extensive estate that seemed susceptible of improvement was about twenty acres that lay directly before my door, between two shelving rocky mountains, and through which ran a little brook of clear spring water. But even this was so sprinkled with rocks which had rolled down from the neighbouring hills, that it was sufficiently discouraging to a man who had for several years worn spatterdashes, because he shrunk from pulling on his boots. I spent a month nearly in pondering on what I should first undertake, and ended in despairing to undertake anything.

One day I was leaning over the bars at the entrance to my house, when a tall raw-boned figure, with hardly an ounce of flesh to his complement, came riding along, on a horse as hardy and raw-boned as himself. He stopped at the bars, and bade me good morning. In justice to myself I must say, that though proud enough in all conscience, I am not one of those churls who, because they have a better coat on their backs, which by the way often belongs to the tailor, think themselves entitled to receive the honest salute of an honest man with coldness or contempt.

"Good morning, good morning," said the tall man on the tall horse, and "Good morning, good morning," replied I, repeating the salutation twice, not to be outdone in courtesy.

"I believe you don't know me," said he, after a short pause, which, short as it was, proved the longest he ever afterwards made in his conversations with me. "I believe you don't know me. My name is Lightly, and I am your next neighbour over the mountain yonder."

"And my name is Ambler," said I, "and I am heartily glad to have you for a neighbour. Won't you alight?"

"Why, I don't care if I do; it was partly my business to come and have a talk with you."

Mr. Lightly accordingly dismounted, and fastening his horse under a tree, to protect him from the sun, which was waxing hot, followed me into the house. After taking something, he looked about, first at one mountain, then at another, and at length began, "A rough country this you've got into, Mr. Ambler."

"Very," replied I, "so rough that I am afraid I shall never make any part of it smooth."

"No!" said Mr. Lightly, "why not?"

"Look at the trees."

"You must cut them down."

"Look at the rocks."

"You must grub them up, they'll make excellent stone walls."

"Doubtless, if I had the people who piled Ossa on Pelion to assist me." Mr. Lightly had never read the history of the great rebellion of the giants, and rather stared at me.

"But," added I, "do you really think I can make anything out of these mountains?"

"Do I?" said he, "only come over and see me to-morrow, and I will give you proof of it; but no, now I think of it, not to-morrow, the day after: I am going to walk to Poughkeepsie to-morrow, and sha'n't be back till sundown."

"Poughkeepsie!" cried I, "and back again in one day: why 'tis sixty miles; you mean you'll be back the day after to-morrow evening."

"No I don't: I mean to-morrow evening, God willing; but my days are much longer than yours."

"I should think so; you mean to make the sun stand still, like Joshua."

"No, I don't; though my name is Joshua. I mean to be up at the first crowing of an old cock, that never sleeps after three in the morning, in summer."

"But you've got a horse, why don't you ride?"

"O, that would take me two days; and I can't well spare the time. I never ride when I'm in a hurry."

So saying, Mr. Lightly, after taking my promise to come over the day after to-morrow, took his departure, leaving me to ponder on the vast improbability of a man walking to Poughkeepsie and back again in one day. If he does, thought I, I shall begin to believe in the seven-league boots.

The next morning but one, accordingly, my old man guided me by a winding path to the summit of the mountain, and pointing to a comfortable looking house, surrounded by a large barn, and other out-houses, standing in the midst of green meadows and cultivated fields, told me that was the place to which I was going. As I paused awhile to contemplate the little rural landscape, I could not help wishing that it had pleased Providence to cast my lot where the rocks were so scarce, and the meadows so green. Lightly saw me at the top of the hill, and making some half-a-dozen long

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strides with his long legs, met me more than half way up the mountain side.

"Good morning, good morning," said he, repeating it twice, for I soon found he was very fond of talking, and often repeated the same thing to keep himself going.

I returned his salutation, adding, "I see you have got back."

"O yes; but not quite so soon as I calculated. I went about four miles out of my way, to bring home my old woman's yarn from the manufactory, and it was almost dark before I got home."

During his brief dialogue he had shot ahead of me two or three times. "You are no great walker, I see," said Mr. Lightly.

"Why, no; I don't think I could walk sixty-eight miles a-day, in the month of June, without being a little tired."

"There's nothing like trying," said he.

"I don't think I shall try," thought I.

My new friend, Mr. Lightly, kept me with him all day, showing me what he had done in the course of eight or ten years, and describing his farm as it was when he first purchased it, for little or nothing. We came to a beautiful meadow, which I could not help admiring, and wishing I had such a one on my farm. "You have a much finer one," said Lightly.

"Where? I never saw it."

"Directly before your door."

"That! why it is paved with rocks."

"Well, and so was this."

"What has become of them all?"

"There they are," pointing to the wall which surrounded the meadow.

The wall seemed a work of the Cyclops, for it was literally rocks piled on rocks. I inquired how he got these rocks one upon the other, as I did not see any machinery. "We had no machines but such as these," holding out his hard, bony hands, and baring part of his arms, that were nothing but twisted sinews.

"But you did not dig these rocks out of the ground, and pile them up here yourself, surely."

"No, no; not quite that either. I have six boys, who assisted me. You shall see them; they will be home from work presently."

"Fine boys' work! faith I should like to see them."

"Yonder they come," said Mr. Lightly.

I followed the direction of his eye, and beheld coming down the hill, afar off, what I took for six giants, striding onward with intent to devour us at one meal. As they advanced towards me my apprehensions subsided, for I saw in their open countenances, and clear blue eyes, indubitable tokens of harmlessness and

good nature. I never saw such men before: and here in the mountains, out of the sphere of those artificial distinctions which level in some measure all physical disparities, I could not help feeling a sort of qualm of inferiority. In the crowded city, and amid the conflicts of civilized society, the mind predominates; but here my business was to cut down trees and remove rocks, and the man best qualified for these was the great man for my money. After seeing these "boys," I did not so much wonder at the miracles they had achieved. The whole farm, in fact, exhibited proofs of the wonders which may be wrought by a few strong arms, animated and impelled by as many stout hearts.

"You see what we have done," said Lightly, "why can't you do the same?"

"My good sir, I am neither a giant myself, nor have I any sons that are giants."

"Well, well," said he, "I will tell you what was partly my reason—what was partly my reason for asking you over to see me. My youngest boy—step out, Ahasuerus—my youngest boy is just married, and as our hive is pretty full, it is necessary that he should swarm out with his wife, who is a good, hearty, industrious girl, that will be excellent help for your old woman. You can't get on at first without some hard work, and you will not be able to work yourself for some time very hard; you will want such a boy as mine to break the way a little smooth for you."

I caught at the proposal instantly: we were not long in coming to terms, and in three days the new married couple, the boy and the girl, were established at my house. "She don't know anything about housekeeping," said my old woman. "You shall teach her," said I, and she went about her work perfectly content. "He is a mere boy," quoth my old man, "what can he know of farming?" "He will learn it of you," said I, and the old man felt as proud as a peacock.

My Polyphemus with two eyes set to work without delay under the direction of my old man, who talked a great deal, and did nothing; and who, after having given his opinion, was content to follow that of the other. I was busy, too, looking on, running about, doing little or nothing; but taking an interest, and sympathizing with the lusty labours of the young giant Ahasuerus to such a degree that I have often actually fallen into a violent perspiration at seeing him raise a large stone. Thus I got a great deal of the benefit of hard work without actually fatiguing myself. By degrees I came to work a little myself; and when I did

not work, I gave my advice, and saw the others work. One day—it was the crisis of my life—one day Ahasuerus and the old man were attempting to raise a rock out of the ground by means of a lever, but their weight was not sufficient. They tried several times, but in vain; whereat the spirit came upon me, and, seizing the far end of the lever, I hung upon it with all my might, kicking most manfully all the while. The rock yielded to our united exertions, and rolled out of the ground. It was my victory. "We should not have got it out without you," said Ahasuerus. "It was all your doing," quoth the old man.

But, to tell you the honest truth, I quaked in the midst of my triumph, lest this unheard-of exertion might have injured a blood-vessel, or strained some of the vital parts. That night I thought, somehow or other, I felt rather faintish and languid. But it may be I was only a little sleepy; for I fell asleep in five minutes, and did not wake till sunrise. It was some time before I could persuade myself I was quite well; but being unable fairly to detect anything to the contrary, I arose and walked forth into the freshness of the morning, and my spirit laughed in concert with the sprightly insects and chirping birds.

After this I became bolder and bolder, until finally, animated by the example of the great Ahasuerus, I one day laid hold of a rock and rolled it fairly out of its bed. I was astonished at this feat; I had no idea that I could make the least exertion, without suffering for it severely in some way or other. I never could do it before, and what is the reason I can do it now? thought I; I certainly used to feel very faint, on occasion of sometimes drawing a hard cork out of a bottle. My new monitor, experience, whispered me that this was nothing but apprehension, which, when it becomes a habit, and gains a certain mastery over the mind, produces a sensation allied to faintness. It embarrasses the pulsation, and that occasions a feeling of swooning. The mental causes the physical sensation. I was never so happy in my whole life as when I received this lesson of experience. I was no longer afraid of dying off-hand of the exertion of drawing a cork.

Thus we went on during the summer. The salt pork relished wonderfully; the bread and milk became a delicious dessert; and the rocks daily vanished from the meadow, like magic.

Winter came, and having a vast forest of wood, some of which was decaying, and the remainder had reached its full maturity, I determined to have it cut down and sold to

pay my debt to the old Scotsman. With the assistance of one or two others Ahasuerus performed wonders in the woods, as he had done among the rocks. I forget how many loads he sent to market, but it produced enough to pay my old friend, and then I stood upon the prodest eminence an unambitious man can attain—I owed no man a penny, and I could live without running in debt. This is a great and solid happiness, not sufficiently appreciated at this time. People who know no better are apt to think that winter in the country is one long series of dead uniformity, and that there is no enjoyment away from the fireside. But they are widely mistaken; nature everywhere presents a succession of varieties, and those of winter are not the least beautiful.

I did not spend my winter idly, but went out every day to see my wood-cutters. In order to give some interest to my walks, I purchased a gun, procured a brace of fox-hounds, and in time became a mighty hunter. No man of sentiment has ever heard the "deep-mouthed hound," saluting the clear frosty morning with sonorous and far-sounding challenges, without feeling its inspiration, in the silence of the mountains. I found their society, and that of my gun, delightful, though truth obliges me to confess, that I seldom got anything but exercise and a keen appetite in my sporting rambles. Almost the first extensive excursion I made, being intent on following the hounds, I unluckily fell through the ice into a small pond, which the melting of the first snows had formed into a little valley. I got completely wet from head to foot and I was some miles from home. The whole way I suffered the horrible anticipation of diseases without number—rheumatism, consumption, catarrh, sore throat, inflammation of the chest, and a hundred others. In short, I gave myself up for gone; and was in such a hurry to get home and settle my affairs, that I arrived there in a perfect glow. I lost no time in changing my dress, and it being now evening, went directly to bed, expecting next morning to find myself as stiff as a poker. At first I fell into a profuse perspiration, and then into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning. I can hardly believe it myself at this moment; I awoke as well as ever I was in my life, and never felt any ill effects from my accident. After this I defied the whole college of physicians, nay, all the colleges put together. I considered myself another Achilles, invulnerable even at the heel, and now cared no more for the weather than a grizzly bear, or a seeker of the northwest passage.

Thus passed my first winter. In the spring I paid my debt to Hardup with the product of my wood. In the summer he came to see me. "I would not come before, for fear you would think it was to dun you," said he. He has repeated his visit every summer for the last seven years, and assures me every time, that were he not Hardup he would be Ambler. It would be tedious to detail the progress I made, and the wonders achieved by Ahasuerus, from the period in which I first took possession of my estate to that in which I am now writing. Great as they were, they bear no comparison with those I have undergone. My farm is now a little Eden among the high hills, whose rugged aspects only add richness and beauty to the cultivated fields. I have saved enough to add two wings to my old house, and to put it in good repair, besides building a barn and other out-houses. Every year I execute some little improvements, just to keep up the excitement of novelty, and prevent me from thinking too much of myself. Every fair day in spring, summer, and autumn, it is my custom to climb a part of the mountain, which overlooks my little domain, and affords a full view of its green or golden inclosures.

It lies at the head of a long narrow vale, skirted on either side by rough, rocky, steep mountains, clothed with vast forests of every growth. My house is on a little round knoll, just on the edge of the meadow I spoke of at my first arrival here, and which now has not a single stone above its surface. The clear spring brook which meanders through it, and is full of trout, forms the head of a little river, which, gathering as it proceeds onward the tribute of the hills, waxes larger as it goes, and appears, at different points far down the valley, coursing its bright way to the Hudson. On either side of the valley, among rocks and woods, is sometimes seen a cultivated field or two, with a house, and a few cattle; but, with this exception, there is a perfect and beautiful contrast between the bosom and the sides of the valley. The former is all softness, verdure, and fertility, the latter is stately forests, or naked sublimity. In a clear day, and a north-west wind, I can see the junction of the little stream, of which, as being the proprietor of its parent spring, I consider myself the father, with the majestic Hudson. I wish the reader, that is, if he is a clever man, or what is still better, a clever and pretty lady, would come and see my farm next summer.

Were mankind aware of the total inability of wealth to confer content, or to make ease

and leisure delightful, they would perchance seek it with less avidity, and fewer sacrifices of that integrity which is a far more essential ingredient in human happiness than the gold for which it is so often sacrificed. My history may afford a useful example to those whose situations entail on them the necessity of labour and economy, by teaching them the impossibility of reconciling a life of luxury and ease with the enjoyment of jocund spirits, lusty health, and rational happiness.

"But what has become of your *Dyspepsy* all this time?" the reader will ask.

Well! I had forgot that entirely!

SAY, SWEET CAROL! WHO ARE THEY?

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Say, sweet Carol! who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-waked child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny shewn;
And the meek maid, who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet Carol! who are they
Who welcome in the evening gray?
The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a-conning o'er his book;
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The Thanes feasting in the hall;
But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

THE BANK NOTE.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.¹

"Are you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.

"I am; can I do anything for you there?"

"Yes; you can do me a great kindness.

My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note."

"Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post."

"Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box."

"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road Freeland met some of his brother-officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter intrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester for his *sac de nuit*² and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*³ which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencontre with his brother-officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as they rode through the village the next morning on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her Freeland recollected, with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and fain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favour, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it into the post yesterday?"

¹ From *Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches*.

² Night bag.

³ Sweet doing nothing.

"Certainly," replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, "certainly. How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"

"Thank you! thank you!" cried she, "How you have relieved my mind!"

He had so; but he had painfully burdened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood: and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also, and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety.

"Now then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her.

"To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post."

"It would have been better to have done so, certainly!" replied Freeland, deeply blushing.

"Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know."

"True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.

"Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me when we met that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time;—but now,

though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore, I must let things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is that the note may be taken out."

She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption, for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence of which he had been guilty could have been repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, it was too late!

But while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends after she had thus unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent and more taciturn: and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but in vain. A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened: and as soon as the ladies left the table he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner, said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson.

"At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter; for they were well known, and their hard fate was generally pitied. But it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful

emotion at first, with pleasing emotions afterwards—for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.

"I come," said he at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder to hear his reason for thus intruding on them, "I come to tell you, from your kind friend Lady Leslie"—

"Then she has not forgotten me!" screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath.

"No, to be sure not:—she could not forget you; she was incapable. . . ." here his voice wholly failed him. "Thank Heaven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. "I can bear anything now; for that was the bitterest part of all!"

"My good woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake:—pshaw! no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a fifty pound note by the post yesterday."

"Fifty pounds!" cried the poor man, wringing his hands, "why, that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked, nor our character disgraced!"

Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but, recovering himself, he again drew near them, and, throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said, "There! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides, the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it, for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blamable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it, and that, but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort.

"My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord who had no pity for your unmerited poverty.—Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow;—but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy, and

when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie and tell her the whole truth, concluding his letter thus:—

"If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened, because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motivated! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil;—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals, not to mention my own pangs—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amendments which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind, as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion; as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause to some one of agony or death.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

[Lady Elizabeth Carew, lived in the reign of James I. She wrote a tragedy, *Marian, the Fair Queen of Jersey*, 1618, in which the following lines occur.]

The fairest action of our human life
Is acurring to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are taak'd beyond their power, but sold
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne:
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

[Rudolph Erich Raspe, born in Germany about 1736; died at Mucross, Ireland, 1794. The real authorship of the amusing burlesque of the *Travels of Baron Munchausen* has been only recently discovered. Baron Friederich von Munchausen, of Bodenweder, Hanover, was the original of the character. He had seen some service, and on his retirement was addicted to the chase, good cheer, and story-telling of the most extravagant sort. Raspe, gifted with much talent, a member of various learned societies, and sometime a professor in Cassel, but a man of lax principles, wrote out his friend's stories, exaggerating them, and adding to them, as his fancy inspired him, and published them first in England. Munchausen's travels became popular, and their authorship was attributed to various well-known writers. Raspe died in a state of destitution. The following will serve as an example of his extravagant humour.]

We sailed from Amsterdam with despatches from their High Mightinesses, the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating, was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as

soon as the storm subsided, they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate here requires some explanation. This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half-starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventure may not prove unenterprising.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with an intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had

not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach; and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about, I found a large crocodile with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me: on my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me: I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, differing from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded; after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look around, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other; and they were struggling to extricate themselves: I fortunately recollected my couteau-de-chasse, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the but-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for, finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary

adventure to the governor, he sent a waggon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved with its hair on; after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper: some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail he turned about, snatched the couteau-de-chasse out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart, and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity, makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

THE WORLD.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came:
And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration:
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that sycamore,
Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought and dew,
Working and winding ally evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore:
But Grace shored these, and out that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

SWORD AND SHUTTLE

MY OLD NURSE'S STORY OF SOME FRENCH
REFUGEES.

[Thomas Archer, born in London, 1830. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. His principal works are: *Nadame Prudence*; *Wayfe Summers*; *Strange Work*; *A Fool's Paradise*; *The Pauper, the Thief, and the Convent*; *a Book on Crime and Poverty*; *The Terrible Sights of London*; *The Frogs' Parish Clerk*; *The Boys' Book of Trades*; *The History of France*, from the Accession of Louis Philippe to the Close of the German Occupation; and he has edited a family edition of Richardson's *Pamela*. One critic says: "Mr. Archer's style is easy and unaffected, placing before the reader pictures of the vice and misery that surround us, often with a striking minuteness of detail, but never with anything approaching to coarseness."]

PART I.

Ah, my dear, these are almost the only things I can remember now. It's just the way with an old woman like me, that all that happened years and years ago comes out clear as yesterday, and the things of yesterday go backward and backward till we forget them altogether. Age makes a solitude of its own, just as youth does—both of 'em are waiting for company—only one is to be taken to it and the other sent to it.

I wonder —! but there, what signifies wondering; you want to hear something of the old French folks, and particularly of your great uncle's family—the Du Boissons—and what they were like. Well then, figure to yourself this:—

It is a long low room, with leaden casements that swing open, and look out first on a row of blue and white flower-pots all along the sill, and then between the leaves and flowers—a complete window-blind in themselves—upon a garden all laid out with such gaudy blooms, that every bed, round or square, or cut into odd shapes, looks like a separate nosegay. It has been raining; and now the sun is out again, and the perfume of mignonette and clove pink, narcissus, rose, and verbena goes up to heaven along with the incense of sweet thyme, basil, and knotted marjoram. For it is a French garden, dear, and a corner of it is kept for pot-herbs and salads—chervil and sorrel, and if not for garlic, at any rate for shallots.

It is a French garden, and there are two Frenchmen sitting together in the little arbour at the end of it—an arbour formed by an elder tree drooping over a little rustic wood-work that shelters a bench.

Those two men are the elder Du Boisson and the pastor Duchesne.

I said the elder Du Boisson, and he is old indeed now. Peeping at him, as I used to do as a child, over the privet hedge that divided our gardens, I have often thought he must have wonderful stories to tell of the dreadful times in France when men, women, and children were scarred with sword, and set alight like torches, and yet not suffered to leave France, under pain of fresh tortures if they were arrested on the way. This old man had escaped through great dangers, but his wife had died of grief and terror, and only he and his one son reached England, leaving house and lands behind. His estates were at St. Ambroix in the south of France, which will account for his coming at once to London and joining the colony of our emigrés that had settled in Spitalfields; for St. Ambroix is a silk district, and the elder Du Boisson knew some of the weavers here very well, and also some of the noblemen, who, having no trade, because they were high-born, learned of their wives to make pillow-lace, and wrought at Coventry and other places. As I have said, Du Boisson, father and son, came to Spitalfields; and behold, in thirty years they were there still, for the son had grown into a middle-aged, stout, rosy, dark-eyed gentleman, gay with the sprightly jollity of our countrymen of those times, and married to a comely wife—your relation, dear —of the old families who came over from Rouen and the north, in the early troubles, after the bishops and the Bourbon had broken faith with God and man.

It was just beyond Spitalfields, and close to the pleasant fields and hedgerows of Bethnal Green that our houses stood. Ah! these places were pretty and countifried then. Once pass the great frowning tower of London, and the old artillery-ground where the train-bands and soldiers used to practise, and you were close to St. Mary's 'Spital, and among the tall houses with great upper-rooms and wide casements, where caged-birds sang in answer to the click of the loom and the swift whistle of the flying shuttle. The Spitalfields silks were the most sought after in those days, dear, and many a weaver wore gold pieces or crowns instead of buttons to his flapped coat or his embroidered waistcoat. The Du Boissons had not reached England penniless, and they were money-making people — thrifty as the old Huguenot gentry knew how to be—thrifty and industrious. When the son married he had not left off working at his trade. There was a loom in the upper-room of the house still,

but the younger Du Boisson had several other looms elsewhere, and a journeyman hard at work at every one of them making figured-silk and velvet. Little Hugo slept in the shadow of that loom at the house in Bethnal Green. He worked there in the day, for he was to be taught his trade—his father would have it so, and he slept there at night. The likeness of that boy to his grandfather was something wonderful. The same keen, severely-cut face, the same firm mouth and chin. Except that he has his mother's fair skin and pleading eye, he would look much more than his fourteen years on this afternoon that his grandfather and le Pasteur Duchesne sit talking so earnestly in the summer-house. For it is Hugo's birth-day, and therefore a household holiday; the loom is silent; the boy himself has gone out to spend the crown-piece that made a part of his morning present. His father and mother are both sitting in the lower room—she a fair woman, beautiful still, and with that serene look that so well accords with her dainty lace-cap, the fine snow-white tucker which covers her shapely throat, and the sleeves that show off the whiteness of her taper fingers as they move swiftly in embroidering a waistcoat, which is to be finished as a gift to her boy before he comes in to their early tea.

Somehow everybody who saw Madame Du Boisson sitting in her pretty parlour, associated her with the delicate china which was set out on mahogany shelves in a recess of the wall, and with the charming figures of brocaded lovers surrounded by flowers, and holding candle-sconces in their hands, which adorned the mantel-piece. There were many such pretty nick-nacks about, with flowers and sweet-herbs in china vases and bowls, just in the old French way. The elder Du Boisson's flute and the fiddle of the younger hung on the wall, and a spinette in the corner of the room was open, with some written music on the desk in front of it. For madame could play and sing prettily. Some of the ornaments of their home, and a good stock of clothes and linen, was nearly all the dowry she brought to her husband, though she came of one of the old families, and on her mother's side belonged to the French nobility. Her husband thought her face fortune enough, and her sweet placid temper all the dower a man need ask. He thinks so now, as he leans back a little in his chair and blows away the light wreath of smoke from his pipe that he may see her the better. A handsome crisp-haired, dark-eyed, ruddy man—almost more English than French in his ways—a man contented to leave the dead past to bury its

dead, although he has still a deep, solemn memory of his mother, and of the old home in the "Gard," whence she fled to die before she could reach a place of refuge—contented to be what he is—a master weaver with a good home about him, a sweet wife, and a boy whom he hopes to make his "right-hand man" in three or four years more. Ah, that boy! how little he is like his father. The grandfather sees that often, as he sits in his elbow-chair and shoots furtive, almost eager, and yet rather troubled glances at the lad. The mother sees it too, and, strangely enough, divines much of what may come of it. I said strangely—but madame was of the old old Protestants, people who had insight, my dear, and who kept to the old names and the old ways, and had a sword for the enemies of France, as the wicked rulers of their nation found to their cost more than once.

"Yes, Louis," she says, taking up their conversation as she took up a thread, "I have watched the dear child often, and he will grow into it. Only the other day I heard him say to his grandfather, 'Grandpere, if the persecutions should cease and we could claim our own, you will take me with you?'"

"And what did my father say?"

"He laughed, and then there came that flash into his eyes, Louis, and he put the boy back a little and said, 'Why, we might have to choose again between our Christianity or our property, my dear child; instead of persecutors who stab and burn in the name of the church and of religion, we may yet hear of those who rob and murder in the name of reason and of universal brotherhood. At present we Protestants are kept out of legal registers, and are not suffered to make wills. The time may shortly come when law itself will be abolished, and all property be confiscated.'"

"Hum! he knows a few things, that father of mine," says the husband with a serious look. "That is from the pastor. Duchesne has information. You know that he has only returned from Paris but these three days, my love?"

"I did not know. He is here to-day, though, with our father. They have secrets, those two; but there can be no bad secrets in which the pastor takes part?"

"I think I know their secret," replies the husband, laughing again and lighting a fresh pipe.

"Is it about the property, Louis?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Does our father wish you to try to reclaim it?"

"It would be useless as well as dangerous."

"Would you, if the persecutions were to cease?"

"No."

"Why not, my dear?"

"First, because it would be more trouble than it is worth. Secondly, because some child or other is now growing up in possession of it. Thirdly, because I am now less French than English, and have founded another property here, where it is safe, even though it be small."

He looks round with beaming eyes which rested on his wife. A tear falls on the embroidery at which she is working.

"Thou art right, dear Louis," she says presently, "and yet, for the sake of our boy and the old race —"

The husband looks at her a moment and then breaks into a gay laugh.

"What has become of our races, Madeline?" he says presently. "Thou art now of mine, and of mine Hugo (why did Duchesne persuade thee to choose that name?) is the last. It would be better for the lad to begin a new family of his own here, than to go to fight a barren suit and be pulled down either by the wolves that slaked their thirst for blood in the service of the debauchee of Le Parc aux Cerfs, or by the rabble which, as my father says —"

"Oh! you too, then, are in the secrets of the Pastor Duchesne?" interrupts his wife.

"Well, only a little; but as we love our boy, dear wife, let us keep to the known. Besides, who can tell whether there may not be —"

"Hush!" says madame, raising a warning finger, "here he comes;" and Hugo runs in and throws his arms round his mother's neck.

"Child, what is that thou hast bought? Foolish boy, what is the use of a sword in a country where we are safe?"

"What, don't you know mamma?" replies the lad with heightened colour; "this is grand-papa's present of the day. He has just buckled it round me himself as I came through the garden. 'There, my dear grandson,' he said, 'that was the sword of my grandfather, and now I place it on you. Beware how you ever disgrace it. As you cannot wear it, place it somewhere where you may look at it sometimes.' May I hang it up over my bed, papa?"

"You may, my dear lad; but—I don't want to weaken your pleasure, Hugo—it is by the spindle rather than the sword that the Du Boissons have done best, and in England the former is justly regarded as the nobler implement. Remember, 'those who use the sword

shall perish by it.' The history of the country I have left may teach us the truth of that saying."

The boy looks very earnestly at his father's grave but still smiling face.

"Don't you mean any longer to be a Frenchman then, papa?" he says presently.

"Faith, I can't help that, Hugo. We talk in French, at any rate whenever your grandfather is present, and we cook and live in the French fashion still, but still I am an Englishman."

"And you would not go back to France to live, even if you could get your own?"

"See here, my lad," says Du Boisson, drawing the boy to him, "we shall never get back our house and lands at St. Ambroix; and even if we could, they would not be worth the holding, for the troubles are not over yet, nor will be till — But there, it is your birth-day, and I will not trouble even your dreams; but take off the sword to-morrow, and don't go out with it, lest the draw-boys and the apprentices should laugh at you, and you should be tempted to try its temper through losing your own."

The elder Du Boisson and Pastor Duchesne continued talking in the summer-house. Their conference was long and earnest, for the pastor had but just returned from one of those swift and sudden journeys to France which he seemed to make periodically.

The old man had by his side, on a table which was fixed in front of the bench, a large carved oaken box, and from this he took a bundle of papers and parchments.

"Here are the title-deeds, Duchesne; here the letters-patent, the leases, the everything—saved with what property we could carry, on that terrible night when I turned my back on the home that I had loved—and—on the strange grave that held —"

The pastor placed his hand on the old man's arm.

"The grave holds nothing," he said, in a voice peculiarly low and sweet. "Heaven holds a saint the more, earth not a sacred memory—hardly a sacred presence—the less. As to these papers (taking them in his hand), I accept the trust, and will be faithful to it. But again I say, with all my soul, Louis is right. You and I, old friend, have fought the battle and want to be fighting it yet. But we shall have to bow before the sword of the Lord; and he alone knows what shape that fiery weapon will take, that France may have her proud-flesh cut away and be left bleeding, but with blood unpoisoned. Give me the papers. Should I live till

times when the king, who is weakly virtuous, can undo the deeds of the strongly vicious, I will give the lad your message and show them to him, if he still craves for the old château of Le Platane, and thinks to found the seignury afresh. I tell you plainly, though, that I believe all seignury is at an end—that you and I, and those who have hoped to find work to do for the good cause, will see France nearly perish, and ruin come upon the men who, in casting us and ours out from the land, flung away those whose influence might have saved them from the swift destruction that they merit.”

“You say you have been to Gard, and actually seen my old house of Le Platane? Who is the usurper—who the robber that now despoils my garden and eats the ripe fruit from the orchard?” asked the old man gloomily.

“No usurper is there yet, my friend,” said the pastor gently. “The faithful Corneille, the son of your old steward, and the playmate of Louis, holds house and land yet. The apples hung ripe upon the trees, the grapes upon the vines; and still, like many of us, the faithful fellow hopes to see the day when the refugees may return. He has done some slight service to his department, I hear, but he is still hesitating. I gathered from what he said that he thinks the title-deeds were stolen, perhaps burned. I could have undeceived him, but wanted your permission; so he and his son and daughter live there yet, as it were, on sufferance. Lucky for him, perhaps, that he had influence with the other party, who left him there in charge. As it is, you remember Python?”

“What, the drunken foreman of the tan-pits?”

“Yes. He is a second cousin of Corneille, and has an evil eye. He too has a son—a worthy pair. Corneille suspects that the elder Python conducted the dragoons to your house that fatal night. He is dead. The son takes up his hatred with the malignity of a Vendetta. Already he accuses Corneille of being a Protestant in disguise, and swears to denounce him.”

“You can come and go, Duchesne, and yet are unhurt.”

“Yes, but I know where my friends are, and pass quickly, and not without danger. I *must* go, old friend; a fire consumes me sometimes, calm and impassive as I may seem. I left France before you, and as a young man, the chosen pastor of a people who loved and trusted me. Wolves ravined amidst my flock, and I was spattered with the blood of those who stood around me, sword in hand, to fight for life and liberty. I came here—blessed coun-

try! asylum for freedom of religion! and again I am the Pastor Duchesne. See my little chapel, built as you know from money subscribed by those who had left much behind them for truth's sake. I look around and feel that I have grown almost into a green old age, with many brethren and sisters, many children round me. I am pastor, friend, schoolmaster, and move serenely amidst our band of emigrants, loving and beloved; and yet—and yet —”

“Yes, I know,” said old Du Boisson, with a kind of spasm, wringing his friend's hand.

“I don't often confess—it is not a Protestant ordinance,” said the pastor, growing pale and calm again; “but friend, let us pray to be delivered from faithlessness, from the awful delusion that anything other than His strength will be sufficient for us. Let us pray, too, that it may be made perfect in weakness.”

So saying Pastor Duchesne rose, carefully buttoned the packet of papers and parchments into his capacious pocket, and the two men walked towards the house.

PART II.

Now, my dear, figure to yourself also this:—

A low, flat country, straggling out into a kind of broken waste, intersected here and there with factories, tan-pits, and clumps of wood. Still further in the distance, fields and country roads, the latter leading occasionally over bridges spanning a stream. Further again, a long house of white stone, with a queer gabled roof, and a courtyard in front, reached by clanging iron gates; and behind, level with offices, kitchens, and out-houses, a broad terrace with a stone balcony, overlooking a flower-garden, which leads by various paths to orchards, meadows, and farm-buildings.

The house has been known as, and is still called by the name of Le Platane, a title taken from a great plane-tree which still rears its dusty and somewhat drooping head in front of the entrance-gate. One limb of the tree is bare, and seems to have been blasted with fire.

For ten years in the history of the house a fragment of tarred rope hung to this fork of the plane-tree. A Protestant had been hung there, covered with pitch, and lighted. The hand that set the flame to the pitch was that of Jules Python, foreman of one of the tan-neries; the hand that cut down the body was that of Jean Corneille, who, from being steward at Le Platane, had kept about the place after its master had fled to England, and the furniture and effects had been stolen or destroyed

by a mob set on by bishops and royalist robbers. Then, finding that nobody returned to the bare walls and the gardens, he moved a few effects into the building; and having certain letters from the suffragan which might be his authority in case of inquiries, settled down in the mansion, not its master, but its tenant, paying only tithe and tax, and living less in fear of church questions than of Pithon.

Pithon had vainly wooed a young girl who was the personal attendant of Madame Du Boisson, but she chose to marry the steward, who was then no more than assistant at the silk factory at Ambroix. What the jealous rage of Pithon, who was a drunkard, with the voice of a boar and the face of a satyr, might have had to do with the misfortune that had overtaken Le Platane cannot now be told, but it is certain that he continued his enmity after Corneille and the wife, who had borne him two children, were dead. That enmity was handed down to Pithon's son; so that though the younger Corneille, himself now a widower with one little girl, kept house in a sad, lonely way, with his sister to supply the place of a mother to his child, the present foreman of the tanneries, who was by far below him in social position, spoke always of Le Platane with a sneer, and of its tenant with a bitter hatred, which was the more remarkable as he had sworn to his intimates that for the sister, Sara Corneille, he, Pithon, would have his skin converted into shoe-leather at any moment.

Not that she had ever spoken to the man. She, a modest, shy, rather melancholy, pretty woman, had seen his shock-head sometimes as she passed the Golden Bear not far from the suburb at St. Ambroix; had noted an alarming expression in his eyes as he turned on the bench in front of the door, and took his pipe out of his mouth to stare after her; but even her brother Jean knew little or nothing of the younger Pithon. His father's enemy being dead, and times having altered a little, there was so much less to fear, that he was now only disturbed by wondering whether any of the old master's family would venture to return.

It is three years since the Pastor Duchesne, appearing suddenly at Le Platane, brought Corneille intelligence of the death of the elder Du Boisson, his father's old master. The younger was still alive he heard—alive and happy—with a charming lady, and a son the very image of the old race, and now not far from twenty years old.

Three years had passed since then, and yet he was only tenant of Le Platane, to the mas-

ters of which he had been faithful—to them, and the promise made to his father on his death-bed. Now, however, something should be done. The title-deeds had never been found. Closet and panel, garret and cellar, had been searched and sounded in vain. They were doubtless either burned, as many others had been, or had been taken away with some old piece of furniture and lost to that day.

At any rate, now was the time to seek some better title to the house that he had held so long; if not for himself, might he not obtain some kind of warrant for the family. That merciful prince, Louis XVI., would have no dragonnading under his royal sanction. He had already given his Protestants the right to registration of marriage and certificate of death, and since that time men had believed that the persecutions were at an end.

Corneille had some friends about the court, and after long deliberation and many provisions for the safety of his sister and his child, he drew up a document setting forth his wishes, to be framed into a petition to royalty or an appeal to some person in power, and started for Paris.

PART III.

Hugo Du Boisson had grown into a man, and the sword that his grandfather had hung to his shoulder on his fourteenth birth-day was still on its hook at the head of his bed in the old house, but it was now a souvenir of the dead.

The Pastor Duchesne was in France on one of those excursions which he continued to take thither, though he was now more than seventy years old. A wonderful man that good pastor. I remember him so well—tall, slim, and upright as a youth, with a bright eye and an unblemished skin, his long hair, black streaked with silver, hanging down upon his smooth cheek—a man of whom one longed to learn the secret of health, the rule of diet. I have heard him tell it. "Eat what you can get, but eat little. Drink what you need, which is not much." He made *tisane* of herbs according to the old French way—beverages and medicines in one. His friend, Louis Du Boisson, would have none of them, but took French wine or English beer, and watered both.

He is taking wine on the day I speak of—wine that he has fetched from a little cellar under the house, and has opened with his own hand.

Madame is still sitting opposite to him. Hugo—slender, handsome, and, from his pale

complexion and straight features, a contrast to his father's apple cheek and jolly figure—waits for the toast. Their glasses are filled, and as they clink them together the mother looks lovingly on her handsome boy.

"'Tis your birth-day, dear son," she says, "long life and happiness to you?"

The father clasps the son's hand. "What a joy to be together still when so many of our poor French people are even yet parting from home and all that they love," he says. "Hugo, do you still dream of seeking our old house, and of claiming the barren right to call its rotting timbers yours?"

"Forgive me if I say yes," says the young man, "though all I hold dear are under this roof. I feel as though I should not fulfil a trust till I had tried to do what you could not do, father—to restore *Le Platane* to our family. Grandfather expected it of me, though he said no word. I saw it often in his face. I knew it six years ago when he gave me that old sword. I guess that he has left some message for me with the pastor, for I saw him hand him a packet in the garden on that very day, and —"

"Do you know what that packet was, my boy?" said the father. "I will tell you. It held the title-deeds and conveyance of house and land, which, having left, I felt would never become mine, so I abdicate. I will tell you what the message was also, for this is the day when you should know it, and Duchesne, who ought to be the first to break it to you—Duchesne —"

"Here he is," said a calm mellow voice, and the pastor lifted the outer latch by pulling the bobbin that held it, and walked into the room. He had spoken through the window, for it was summer time again.

There was much questioning, for he had but just returned from France, "where things look promising," he said, "if the king do but hold. At any rate, now is the time for my pupil here to decide whether or not he will look at his inheritance and try to win it back: though, mind, I do not counsel it. You have converted me, Louis," he added. "Those who hold it have the better claim after all these years—Corneille's sister and his motherless child." Hugo was silent for a minute.

"By making it ours we could better make it theirs," he said presently. "Will you give me my grandfather's message, pastor?"

"The message is here," said Duchesne, as he handed him a sheet of paper containing six lines.

It said:—"If your father and mother con-

sent, and you still desire to see the inheritance that should be yours, wait for the occasion when you may visit it in safety. Should Corneille still live, he will admit you. Should you have the courage, you may take possession. By vast good fortune you may hold it. Tell your father there may yet be a trade in silk at St. Ambroix, when looms are again silent in Spitalfields."

"Yes, I know," said M. Du Boisson sadly, when Hugo read this to him. "My dear father was the soul of honour, and kept no secret from me. Go, my boy, if you have a mind. You will not stay, if I know your heart."

On the morning of the third day after Jean Corneille left St. Ambroix for Paris, it was observed that Pithon was not at work. For some days past there had been one or other of the men absent from the tanneries, and the nailers had struck their labour, letting the forges go out, and standing about in groups or drinking at the wretched little wine shops in the suburbs.

A band of stunted, miserable-looking fellows with wild looks, people who lived in stone huts and fed on chestnuts, had come down from the mountains towards Lozere. Evidently there was something strange going forward.

One evening little Elizabeth Corneille, who had been out to the fowl-house to see if her speckled hen was sitting, came running in to Mademoiselle Corneille with a scared face.

"Oh, my aunt!" she cried, as she hid her head in her apron, "there are men in the wood with faces like toads, and with red caps on their heads. They laugh and gnash their teeth, and they come this way;" and the frightened child crept to her aunt's side and cowered there, trembling. At the same time there was a knocking at the back-door leading to the terrace, and presently angry voices were heard in altercation.

Mademoiselle Corneille was one of those fair, plaintive-looking women who know little of fear all the time that they appear so much afraid. She would probably be in some terror if a wasp buzzed about her face, but she was always ready for a great emergency. That was so much the better now that she opened the window leading on to the balcony, and was confronted by Pithon, who had forced his way past the cow-boy and the two kitchen servants.

Elizabeth still clung to her aunt's apron. Pithon looked down at her with an ugly scowl.

"Send in the brat," he said; "I want to speak to you."

He was, for him, quite fashionably dressed,

in a broad-skirted blue-coat, and pantaloons of dirty white nankeen. His neck was enveloped in a huge neckcloth, on his head was a cocked hat adorned with an enormous tricolour rosette, and a huge sabre clanked at his heel.

"What is your pleasure here?" asked mademoiselle, "and who are you?"

Pithon frowned.

"You ask who am I," he said, between his teeth, "I who have followed you with my eyes as a wolf—nay, I won't call myself a wolf either—I can be a lamb, as you will find. Your hand could tame me at any minute, and it is your hand that I want. I, Pithon, chief of my circle in the coming rights of men, I who love you, come to-day a lamb, beware how you turn me into a wolf."

"Pithon!" she exclaimed in a tone of horror. The name had been to her all that was vile; and now the son of the man who was her father's enemy stood before her, and in tones of half drunken frenzy demanded that she should leave the house and go with him to Paris. There was something so monstrous in the proposition, that she would have laughed but for the danger in which she stood. Still among the trees on the left she could see a number of men wearing red caps, and armed with axes, pikes, and muskets. What did it all mean?

"Do you not know that even if you were to compel me, the law would punish you; that once in Paris, where my brother has friends, you would be held accountable, as you will be here, if you do not leave this house; that I have but to summon aid even now and denounce you?"

"Bah!" grinned Pithon, "that's all over. There is no law but that of the people, no prisons for the patriots who hold Paris and have cracked the Bastille itself like a nut. As to your brother, he was alive when I last saw him; whether he lives to-morrow depends upon yourself."

"So you think to frighten a woman, do you, brave man?" retorted mademoiselle, indignantly.

In another moment she had sprung to a wooden stair leading to a small round tower whence hung a rope. With a vigorous pull she set the bell in the tower ringing, and its loud clang resounded in the sultry air.

"Bah! who dare aid you?" shouted Pithon hoarsely. "Come down or I will dash out the brains of this young rook!" and he seized the little Elizabeth, holding her up in his arms.

Only for a moment though. A swift, light step sounded in the garden, a tall figure darted

on to the balcony, a crashing blow from a heavy cane struck Pithon senseless over the balustrade; and mademoiselle, looking down, saw the Pastor Duchesne standing there, and by his side a younger man, who held the child in his arms. This young man was Hugo Du Boisson. He had come at a strange time to claim his inheritance. In the courtyard in front a score or so of honest men, Protestants of the district, had come with their pastor to witness, if need were, the acceptance of the rightful owner of *Le Platane* by Corneille. As the bell rung its noisy summons, they came running round by the stables.

Before they had reached the balcony the pastor checked them by a warning gesture, and went down into the garden. In a minute or so, Pithon, who showed some signs of reviving, was gagged, and securely bound with leathern thongs from the old coach-house, wherein he was locked till he might recover. The men in red caps had heard the summons of the bell, and so had some of the people far away in the village. There were old folks there yet who remembered that clang when it was the tocsin summoning Protestant gentlemen to buckle on their swords. A crowd of men and women were coming towards the house in front. The knot of insurgents who were waiting for Pithon came running to the garden-wall, over which they climbed, one or two muskets being discharged as those who held them scrambled through the thicket.

"Shall we arm and defend the house, pastor?" asked one of Duchesne's body-guard. "There are but a score of these fellows, and the reformation has not yet reached St. Ambroix. These are not patriots, they are robbers."

"Keep them parleying for one minute," he said hastily. "There is no safety for the woman and the child here. The cup of the iniquity of kings is full, and France has begun to wade in blood which will be soon knee-deep."

In a moment he had taken the child from Hugo, and, followed by mademoiselle, entered the house.

"There is no safety for you here," he said quickly, "for more of these ruffians may be upon us before night. Let me know what can be saved in a few words, and then put some bread and wine in a basket and follow me, just as you are—or stay—put on a servant's white cap and coarse shawl, and bring the child with you as she is."

There was no time to question. In less than ten minutes she was by his side, he going down into the cellars, and the child following in wonder.

"Are we to hide here in the cellars?" she said.

"No," replied the pastor, as he came to a great baulk of timber, or what had once been the wine-cellar, "follow me."

He knew that house better than she or her brother. With a vigorous push the timber yielded a little, and a bolt was shot. It was a heavy door, and led to a passage underground.

Stooping and groping his way, the pastor led them on for a hundred yards or so, till they saw light glimmering between the crevices of rock just before them.

"This should turn," said Duchesne, putting his shoulder to a large mass of stone. It yielded a foot or so, but the pivot had rusted, and a pile of loose shale lay in the way.

"Now, in six words," said the old man, as he kissed the child and took mademoiselle's hands, "squeeze through here and you will find yourselves in the little clump of wood beyond the old cherry-orchard. Then strike to the right and go on till you come to the river bank; you have then but two miles to walk to old Gregoire's house—you know him, he is the ferryman, and true as steel. There I will join you after dark, if I am alive; if not, a messenger will bring you this token that he comes from me, and tell you what to do." As he spoke he held up his watch, pushed them through the opening, and turned again towards the passage.

The insurgents had drawn up in front of the balcony, the Protestants were on the balcony itself, both sides looking with hostile intentions, when a strange sound was heard coming along the open road—a sound of the marching of many men, the tattoo of a dozen drums, and the crunching of wheels, mingled with wild cries.

Pastor Duchesne heard it as he emerged from the house again, after having stumbled along the subterranean passage.

"Listen! it is a regiment of soldiers," said Hugo, seizing his hand.

"Not so; it is a body of insurgents," replied the old man after a pause. "The wolves are coming now in packs."

The sounds reached the ears of Python's men, and with a wild shout they hurried towards the road.

"Now is the time," said Duchesne, and beckoning Hugo to follow him, he went through the house, snapping up here and there an article of jewelry, a watch, or any portable thing of value. There were very few of such things.

Meantime the uproar on the road grew louder.

"My friends, resistance will be useless without arms, and in face of a savage mob with fire and sword. Farewell! let each of you take care of his own safety."

"And you, pastor?"

"I shall take care of mine and of this boy's better than if I had you. Adieu!" and he bent his head in prayer.

Every head was bent also, and the men went slowly out, scattering over the fields by the backway.

Then the roar grew louder, a wild mob of men, among whom, I shame to say, were some women, tramped along the road with cries and curses, half naked, smeared with dirt, and armed with all kinds of weapons, but almost all of them wearing red caps; they howled the burden of a terrible song. There were no horses among them, but two men carried something on a kind of hand-bier.

In front of the house they stopped, and two or three, who seemed to be leaders, called for silence. When the clamour ceased, the stillness seemed intense. A dead calm was in the sultry air; a great heavy cloud tipped with lurid light hung in the heavens.

"Is this the house?" asked one of the leaders.

"This is the house," replied a fellow who seemed to be lieutenant of Python's band.

"This is the crow's-nest citizen."

"Then let us put up the sign," shouted a hideous wretch in a leather apron, girded with a long rope, and carrying a sledge-hammer over his shoulder. "There have been plenty of such these last three days, and they are effective."

There was some commotion round the bearers of the hand-bier. The man in the leathern apron unwound the rope from his waist and flung an end of it over the blasted limb of the great plane-tree. A shout, a sharp jerk, a scream of laughter, and curses, and a man's dead body swung there—the body of Jean Corneille.

"We couldn't save him even if we'd been so minded," shouted the leader. "He went where the intendant Foulon and Berthier, his son-in-law, grinned their last, as pike-heads. All's one!"

"Python! Python! where's Python? Come, comrade, let us have no private affairs to interfere with business. Come!"

The Pastor Duchesne and Hugo had seen the horrid spectacle and heard the words that accompanied it. The insurgents were preparing to fire and sack the house. The old man drew his companion away, and both descended to the cellar. When they emerged into the open air and looked back, a terrible storm had broken; a peal of thunder shook Le



THE STORY.

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Platane, and the great plane-tree creaked as a vivid flash lighted its ghastly burden. They hurried forward, anxious for the safety of mademoiselle and little Elizabeth, who were out in the storm.

"Well, Hugo, my dear lad, never mind; I have set ten more looms going since you left us. Thank Heaven you are safely back, my boy. Alas, poor France! Duchesne is no more fit to be trusted, and yet we should be glad you went, for here are two dear souls saved alive—though, fancy little Elise coming over in a hamper on board that fishing-smack. They thought it was full of a great goose, didn't they, my child?" and the elder Du Boisson lifted the little emigrant on his knee.

For a time mademoiselle and her little niece lived with this dear family; but soon Elise must learn something, and so became a pupil at that school of La Providence which the refugees founded in the early troubles. As to mademoiselle, she was married in less than two years, for she was a Protestant, though her brother had remained a Catholic. Not till they had grown well used to their asylum did the pastor tell aunt and niece of the dreadful death of Jean Corneille, and by that time Louis Du Boisson and his wife had found a daughter in Elizabeth—Elizabeth a brother in Hugo—well, no, not quite a brother either, for one day when she came home from her studies, an armful of books in a blue bag over her shoulder, her great lustrous eyes full of intelligence, her hair falling in ringlets that blew about her like a fine silken veil, Hugo found out the secret of his heart and of hers. On the old bench of the old garden they plighted their troth, and Hugo's father only laughed when he heard of it, saying, he knew long ago what it must come to.

Madame was a little cold. She came of the noblesse, you see, and then Jean Corneille was but a steward; but who could look at Elise without loving her? Not such a gentle creature as Madeleine Du Boisson. Thus the story ends, dear, as all stories should end; but yet there is a word still to say.

The Pastor Duchesne, ninety years old, is sitting on that very same bench in the old gay garden at Bethnal Green. Louis Du Boisson sits beside him, stouter, rosier, older, and with his crisp dark hair turning white. Madame, more than ever like that fine Sèvres china, stands snipping the withered leaves from a bush of blush-roses.

In the suburbs of the town of St. Ambroix a lady and gentleman alight from a carriage
2D SERIES, VOL. I.

at the sign of the "Golden Bear," and stand at the door to ask a question of the landlord.

"I see no signs of the place," says the gentleman; "it cannot have sunk into the earth. Surely it *must* have been burned on that terrible night, though the pastor says no. You were too little to remember where it stood, dear. We will inquire."

"What! Le Platane?" says the landlord, with open eyes. "Why, over yonder, where the barrack is being built. It was a mere ruin for ever so long, and then came the restoration, and then the hundred days—that was when it was burned—what the democrats left, the reactionists finished. Vive le Roi!"

"And of one Python, does anybody know what became of him?"

"What Python? He—ah, yes—as he had helped others to a pinch, so he himself sneezed in the sack."

The bloody footsteps of the revolution had overtaken the enemy of Jean Corneille.

"Son and daughter," said Louis Du Boisson, as he sat in his little parlour a week afterwards, "I have bought for you the house I spoke of in Essex. Call it Le Platane if you like, but I wouldn't. The name's unlucky, and we are all English now."

GERTY'S GLOVE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

*"Elle avait au bout de ses manches,
Une paire de mains si blanches!"*

Slips of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender hue that clothes her dove,
All these, and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately doffed, for look—
It keeps the happy shape it took
Warm from her touch! What gave the glow?
And where's the mould that shaped it so?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
The hand that when the light wind stirs,
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you, in days to come
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

—London Lyrics.

KISSINGEN, September. 1871.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT SEVILLE.

[Henry Blackburn, born at Portsmouth, 15th February, 1830. Traveller, journalist, and sometime editor of *London Society*. In 1871 he received an appointment in the civil service commission. His works are *Life in Algeria*; *Travelling in Spain*; *The Pyrenees*, illustrated by Gustave Doré; *Artists and Arabs*; *Normandy Picturesque*; *Art in the Mountains*, the *Story of the Passion Play in Bavaria*; *The Harz Mountains*, &c. He seizes the most picturesque characteristics of life and scenery, and reproduces them admirably with pen and pencil.]

The curtain has gone down at last—Don Alphonso has touched the last note on his guitar, and the dark-eyed prima donna, with the gigantic false roses in her hair, has heaved her last sigh from the casement above. Jealous lovers in false wigs and black conspirators all have sheathed their pasteboard daggers for the night, and the stage is clear for the ballet, or what our good friend the impresario, who has French proclivities, calls a *pantomime d'amour*.

It is Christmas-time at Seville, and the people who never do any work to speak of, now take holiday, and disport themselves in most rampant fashion. Every day and every night there has been some grand *foncion*, something to see, to do, or to suffer. We are fairly "weary of the world," of the Seville world of saints' days, high-masses, miraculous cures, cock-fights, bull-fights, cachuchas, and fandangoes. But to-night is a special festival, and we have promised our host, Don Pedro, who manages matters theatrical in Seville, that we will come to see his daughter dance the bolero. There was nothing new in seeing the "bolero," the *baile nacional* of Spain. Had we not seen it the day after we arrived in the city, as performed in the second-floor-back of a dark street, by two or three painted and powdered señoritas, whose especial business it was to exhibit to strangers the manners and customs of their country? had we not paid five francs each to sit for an hour in a crowded room, choked with dust, and deafened with the clash of castanets; and had we not had black mail levied upon us by those painted eyes, and our purses emptied, as one of the customs of Spain? Had we not, after a few weeks' sojourn, seen through the folly of these things, and gone boldly with a great English painter (one no longer amongst us, who lived and worked at Seville, and brought home to England more of the living power of Murillo and Velasquez, than any artist of his time) over the bridge to that most racketty and disreputable suburb, Triana, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, to see and study with a painter's eye the grace and beauty of

the bolero as danced by wild gipsy kings and queens, who live here in picturesque poverty, whose life in youth is to dance and to sing? Had we not seen the population of a whole suburb of Granada come out to join in passionate joy and sorrow, as expressed in motion by one or two skilled performers dancing to the monotonous twang of a cracked guitar? We had seen all this, and we had begun to understand how truly dancing in Spain was a part of the nation's existence; but we had not yet seen the audience of a theatre under its influence. The great charm of the Spanish theatre, according to Ford, is the national dance—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable—only to be performed by Andaluciana. It is the essence, the *sauce piquant* of the night's entertainment. However languid the house, however laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes, the effect is instantaneous—it silences the tongues of countless women—on *n'écoute que le ballet!*

The little theatre in Seville—where opera and ballet seem as much *de rigueur* as at the Haymarket Opera House in London when Grial and Cerito were presiding stars—is full to the ceiling to-night, with a noisy, clamorous crowd, who cannot help smoking surreptitiously during the performance, and whose consumption of glasses of water is marvellous to behold. Looking through the curtain which divides us so slightly from the rows of señoritas in dark veils (some so close that we could whisper to them from our hiding-place), this seething mass of humanity looks dangerous in its excitability and, considering the small space into which they are crowded and the sparks and little waves of smoke that curl up here and there, it is a positive relief to see so much cold water distributed amongst them.

But the orchestra is tuning up, and the signal is given to clear the stage. As we stand at the wings, Don Pedro comes proudly forward with his daughter, a little bright-eyed girl of fifteen, dressed, not in ordinary ballet costume, with skirts ungracefully short and scanty, but in the natural, national dress of Andalusia, familiar to everyone in pictures, but especially charming here, both in colour and character, as a contrast to the tinsel and artificiality of the modern stage. She wore a high comb and black lace veil, with a bright red camellia in her hair, and held in her hand a fan, the whole armour of battle of a southern coquette. Her face glowed with pleasure and delight, her bare arms were not whitened, her

face was not powdered, her little feet and ankles were shapely, and not overstrained or made angular under the ballet-master's hand. Such was Perea Nena in the bloom of youth. Who that has seen her in Paris or London during the last few years will remember her triumphant *début* in a *pantomime d'amour*?

Soon the curtain rises to a scene of an orange-garden, lighted up with coloured lamps. There is a terrace, a lake, and the full moon is shining down. As the curtain disappears above our heads the close, hot air comes into our faces, and the impatient sounds of a hundred tongues. Nena trembles a little as she stands waiting by the side, tapping her feet to the click of the irresistible castanets; but at the signal she is ready, and tripping past us, all sparkles and smiles, faces the audience, who greet her with a shout of welcome. Spirit-stirring dance-music, now slow, now fast, but not as strictly in time as we are accustomed to hear it, comes from below the footlights; a little posturing, hesitating, coquetting, and most graceful and indescribably eloquent awaying of the arms and limbs, and then the Nena glides through the orange-groves, flitting and flying, the little feet twinkling to the music, following its passages apparently without method, but in perfect time, and with such *abandon*, grace, and enjoyment as we never see on any other stage. Tripping from flower to flower, now floating apparently half in air, now settling on a green bank, the Spanish butterfly imparts the fulness of her grace and joy to the excited audience, who had seen all this a hundred times before! Strange contrast to a grand *ballet d'action*, with its army of trained warriors in mualin, crowding together behind the scenes, and forming in wonderfully-disciplined groups before a listless audience at Her Majesty's Opera in London. Here all is quiet on the stage, and the excitement and enthusiasm come spontaneously from the audience. Thus they watch with eager eyes and half-held breath the Spirit of the Dance, as she flits before them with her black tresses flying in the wind; when there enters upon the scene Don Juan—young, handsome, gallant, glittering with silver buttons and lace—the model caballero. He steals softly to the Nena—a kiss, surprise, flight down the orange-groves, rapid movement in the orchestra, silence and suspense with the audience, and soon the pair appear again under the trees. Then pantomimic love-making, stirring music, passionate declaration, adoration, expressed in a dance in which there were few steps but more meaning and intensity

than could be described in any words, or conceived by a northern people. The eye especially is delighted with the picturesque beauty of the two young figures, the harmonious colouring of their dresses, the rich red embroidery on velvet, the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree, without a suspicion of tinsel or stage sham. There they stand together, entrancing and bewitching all beholders.

"Beautiful expression of joy, youth, hope, and fervour!" says one eye-witness; "beautiful similitude and pantomime of love!" Suddenly they disappear from the stage, and as suddenly dart forward from opposite sides, like separated lovers, who after long search, have found each other again; no thought, apparently, of spectators, no care for the world before the curtain; *their* world is with each other. Their happiness is contagious; it is a delight to watch them together, and the audience is now so sympathetic, so entranced, that what immediately follows comes as a shock—a general calamity. What is the matter—a misunderstanding? The music stops suddenly, the pair hesitate in the middle of what we should call a most graceful *pas de deux*, in which the arms and hands had, strange to say, taken more part than the feet. They expostulate, they are silent, all but their eloquent eyes. A pause of agonizing suspense, and their world of love stands still! Then pantomime of explanation, expostulation, quick music, the angry rattle of castanets; trip, trip, and away they glide from one another and the world, now one of general confusion and despair, both before and behind the curtain. Are we dreaming? Can it be possible, looking out from our hiding-place on the stage, that we can see tears in those faded señoritas' eyes, and at least a hundred people with a shade of sorrow over their hardened faces, because the sun has set for a moment on two young lives? This is the mystery of the dance of Spain, which no words can describe, and no ballet-master in Paris or Vienna can understand. But stay—here comes the Nena upon the stage alone; there is an expression of sorrow and repentance in her face, and the end can be imagined. Soft music and a delicately-touched guitar, a clear voice through the orange-groves, a lover on his knees by her side, reconciliation, rapture, music in quick time—music such as only comes from stringed instruments under nervous hands—and then a dance of joy that brings happiness to all hearts.

And how does it all end? With loud and universal calls before the curtain, and enormous

false bouquets hurled by friends from dark boxes? Not at all; this would spoil everything. The happiness of the lovers now complete, they go hand in hand together up the stage, where the moon is shining over a lake; they take a boat, and glide away from our sight under the silver moon. It is poetical to the end, with just one touch of contrast to heighten the effect. As the curtain rolls slowly down, shutting off the noise and the heated air, there peeps out from the side scenes the grim, mocking visage of Mephistopheles, attired in diabolical red for some after-burlesque. Whether the audience sees him, or is intended to see him, we cannot tell, but so ends the *pantomime d'amour*. In half an hour the audience has dispersed, and we are threading the silent streets of Seville; a real moon is lighting up the Giralda, and the fountains are sparkling under the old Moorish walls.

Does the Perea Nena, we wonder, dancing now to a fashionable, crowded opera-house, ever recall the triumph of the little girl of fifteen summers, and that passionate audience which she conquered with her eyes? Does the "first lady" of the ballet, the envied centre of a hundred ballet-girls—gliding down the centre of the stage on pasteboard toes, or swung aloft between rows of gas jets and painted clouds of heaven—ever achieve a triumph like this?

But the dance—the Bolero, the reader may ask; what is it? For we have not really described it at all. It is, in one word, the poetry of motion, and the language of the eyes. It is one of the *comas d'Espana*; it is oriental in its origin, and it has entranced men and women for four thousand years. But the fire is dying out before over-civilization, and one of its embers flickers for a moment—where, my good friend Don Pedro? In the pages of the *Cusquet of Literature*.—*Christmas No. of London Society*, 1871.

THE ROBIN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

My old Welch neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,

My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned
bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

WHEESHT!

[Robert Chambers, LL.D., born in Peebles, 10th July, 1802; died at St. Andrews, 17th March, 1871. He was intended for the ministry, but family misfortunes compelled him at an early age to begin business in Edinburgh as a bookseller. His elder brother, William, was engaged in the same trade, and the two afterwards united to establish the firm of W. & R. Chambers. In their capacities as authors, editors and publishers, the brothers Chambers have earned a distinguished place in the history of literature in the present century. *The Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers*, is a valuable and interesting work, which shows what talent and industry may achieve. Dr. Robert Chambers produced over seventy volumes, exclusive of detached papers; the more important of his works are: *Traditions of Edinburgh*; *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*; *Histories of the Scottish Rebellions*; *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*; *A Cyclopædia of English Literature*; *Life and Works of Burns*; *Domestic Annals of Scotland*; *Life of Smollett*; *Ancient Sea-margins*; *The Book of Days*, &c. &c. Of the brothers the *Dublin University Magazine* said they were "both of them men of remarkable native power, both of them trained to habits of business and punctuality, both of them upheld in all their dealings by strict prudence and conscientiousness, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies, in literary labour."]

Genius of Silence! whose step, as thou walk-
est over the earth, falls as lightly as the de-
scending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle
of down, and provide me with a quill of softest

plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth—**WHEESHT!**

Everybody must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht!—a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep—perhaps snore too—below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach—supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing—they would have it drawn up six doors off.

“———lost folk
Should say that they were proud.”

They keep the doors within their house always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons,—or, to use a Scottish phrase, *clappit*; no superfluous skirts—no majestic train—not so much as a useless lapel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss—might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash*. When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobtrusively, as possible: they are evidently much put about that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. “We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly. Let us do everything with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak*. We’ll do very well in our own quiet way. **WHEESHT!**” As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with anything; and they evidently would feel much inconvenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand of the chance of being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. “Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way!” If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your

own hearty hail-fellow-well-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thirsty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw with all the solemnity, and silence, and decorum with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant—it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making, for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam! The quietist is paralyzed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavour to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlour. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest anything so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark—“Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man: but don’t you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?” Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *s*: they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as *ah*, *eh*, *ay*, *oh*, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made

less noise when bound inwards than outwards: they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principal as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never more give any trouble, or create any fuss in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. "Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Port-brae—I'll just take occasion some night to ca' in by John Richie's, and hear what *he* says about it, and if he doesna seem to hae any objection, we'll see what may be done. In the meantime, ye may throw yersell in Mr. —'s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-like* on the business. We'll see about it a', by and by; ay, we'll see about it; just be canny for awhile; wheesht!"

Or perhaps it is—"That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he's a weel-doing lad. Mr. Jamieson, his latemaster, just looked upon him as the apple o' his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a' the time, for he was sure that John wad hae everything right when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it's mysel that says't, there canna be a candidate better qualified. For my ain part, I'm an auld servant o' the toon. In that business, ye ken, o' the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o' my ain business by neglect—and ye ken as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I've ha'en wi' the Puir's House, I've just been considering whether John has ony chance. We're anxious to sound our way afore we gang

any farther; for we wadna like to pit in for't and no get it after a'. Ye'll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expek that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o' me to ask it, nor for you to gie't. The toon's interest, abune a' things! But I just ca'd to let ye ken hoo things stude. I'm by na means anxious for the place to John. But some o' oor freends wad hae us to come forrit, and we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the meantime, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll *feel* our way—Wheesht!"

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderstone would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keya." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheesht*. He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yes, he cannot pronounce the very word "corporation," without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. We support twenty-three dekeyed members and eleven widows, and we ha'e a right to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our chairer frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning,—“By my pairt of Paradise”—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye might gang up stairs and see't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as *avant-couriers* of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave

and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainbaet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very door-keepers of the Court of Silence—the high-priests of the idea of *wheesht*. They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is in reality no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the solemnity of “the vestry.” Anything that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honour so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church they do not, of course, say anything; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. “Children, be all quiet; public worship is just about to commence; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word myself; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is—*Wheesht!*”¹

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation—“grave and reverend seignors,” fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and downcast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression

¹ Personages of this kind abound in the streets of Edinburgh during the hour between ten and eleven on Sunday forenoons, when they are all going to their respective places of worship. One of them was observed gliding gently along Prince's Street one forenoon, in company with some other “decent people,” to whom he was evidently making a few quiet, solemn remarks upon the subject of things in general, with, perhaps, a particular reference to the gaudy show of fine new houses and elegantly dressed people, whom he saw around him. He was just overheard to make one observation; but it was most characteristic of the quiet tribe to which he belonged: “Sirs,” said he with a philosophical glance from side to side, “*there's nae reality in naething now!*”

This world is but a fleeting show
For man's illusion given.

which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the churchyard upon such terrene subjects as crops and markets, display in their pews a gravity appropriate to the place, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trophobius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamantus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle; a constant *susurrus* of wheesht! If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Hervey's Meditations, and what he calls *Strum's Reflections*. The subdued tone of these works harmonizes finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which ever rests that day upon the rural towns of Scotland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich light from the setting sun falling upon his quiet gray head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional wail of the wind, or the equivocal lull of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, *over the top of the spectacles*, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—“Children, let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane

thought banished—be ye holy and calm—wheesht!”

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off “a great secret” upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. “Have you heard of anything within the last few days? Anything about —?” I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Guthry, I’m told, knows all about it. For God’s sake, however, speak loudly about it; and don’t say I told you. It’s a very delicate business. Wheesht!” And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput ferit alta sidera*—not with elation, but with boisteration of spirit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abysses of space; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people, of the quieter sex—good neighbours, mothers of families—who, when there is any sickness in your own house, and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately begin to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised *in limine*, at the very door-step, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes

forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—wheesht! You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for — has just fallen into a sleep, which the doctor expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bedroom of the patient is so far away that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high-priestess of silence still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance, and even, perhaps, if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house, invested with the management of the keys, arbitress of all matters connected with the children’s frocks, and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or carriage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door strewn with tanners’ bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely-occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed: for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal; the attentions of all the servants, and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *little* noise, and then a troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head, fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable—wheesht! Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet* shoes, and a whispering and breathing of wheesht! for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a titmouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages every-

thing! Her out-goings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever interjected *wheesh!*, to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborne and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesh!*, and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythoness, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing everything, speech excepted, to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last "departs," the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of there being no longer any one to be disturbed. It rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before—the same ejaculating of *wheesh!*. The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman, like some marble and unspeaking cherub, planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs. So-and-so—living in some close in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one's hat; so much black ribbon for that one's bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that everything is managed with decency, and, above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she scoots out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—*WHEESH!*

AN INTERLUDE.

[Algernon Charles Swinburne, born in London, 8th April, 1837. Poet. He is a son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne. He studied at Balliol College, Oxford; afterwards visited Florence, and enjoyed the society of Walter Savage Landor. His works are: *The Queen Mother and Rosamond*, two plays; *Atalanta in Calydon*, a tragedy; *Chastelard*, a tragedy; *Poems and Ballads* (from which we quote); *Siena*; *A Song of Italy*; &c. He has written various prose essays, the most notable of which is that on William Blake, the artist and poet. "Mr. Swinburne is a remarkable and original poet"—*Saturday Review*. "He is gifted with no small portion of the all-important divine fire, without which no man can hope to achieve poetic success; he possesses considerable powers of description, a keen eye for natural scenery, and a copious vocabulary of rich yet simple English."—*Times*.]

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpee of a burnt-out ember
 Recalls a regret of the sun,
 I remember, forget, and remember
 What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
 The day and the way we met;
 You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
 And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
 Seemed still to murmur and smile
 As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
 I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom
 You lifted, and waved, and passed,
 With head hung down to the bosom,
 And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
 That neither is most to blame
 If you've forgotten my kisses
 And I've forgotten your name.

THE MINING CURATE.

[John Carne was the author of *Letters in the East; Recollections of Travels in Syria and Palestine; Lives of Eminent Missionaries, &c.*, and he was a frequent contributor to the annuals of forty years ago. His works are distinguished by graphic and faithful descriptions of places and people.]

A wide and a wild parish is that of Calartha. Its aspect is strange and unusual; for the mines with which it abounds are situated on the brink of precipices, and even carried out into the sea. The edifices attached to them are seen fixed on isolated rocks, in the midst of the wave; while the rich produce drawn from the bowels of the deep, far beneath, is conveyed, with singular ingenuity, over the lofty cliffs that tower behind. If any one is satiated with luxuriant scenery (and it will sometimes satiate); if he would exchange groves, meadows, and fertile fields, for some new aspect of the ever-varied and impressive face of nature, let him come to this territory. The miner thrives, so does the farmer who lives in the few cultivated and romantic valleys; the fisherman, also, plies his trade with great success off the coast; but the clergyman has scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Notwithstanding the numerous population of the parish, he has only forty pounds a year. Now the man who, at the time of our acquaintance with the affairs of Calartha, was the appointed religious in-

structor of its inhabitants, was, in every respect, admirably suited to his office. His form was spare and fitted for activity; his features aquiline, and his large gray eye for ever restless. Had he doffed the cassock and assumed the broad-brimmed hat and the coarse woollen jacket and trousers of the miner, and descended every day into the earth, he would have found there a better return for his labour than the marble hearts of his parishioners were disposed to give him. But then his profession made him a gentleman; he had received a good education, and had lived, for some time at least, among scholars and men of taste—having been maintained at the university by one of the foundation societies, who often send there candidates for holy orders. Poor man! from the moment he set his foot in Calartha his daily and nightly study seemed to be, how to supply the wants of nature in a comfortable and sufficient manner: it would be profane to say luxurious—for what had he to do with luxury? He was acutely sensible he had nothing to do with it.

Men's minds soon grow submissive to their situations! and after a vain and ineffectual struggle of a few weeks to keep up appearances, to vie in many things with his neighbours, to be thought to have a decent table, to be seen to wear a decent dress—he gave it up in despair, just in time to save himself from total ruin. It may be said that a bachelor, in so distant a province, where there was no competition to enhance the price of a single article, need not be ruined, with economy, even on forty pounds a year; but the curate had a mother and sister to maintain; and they took a little house on the slope of a hill, and lived together in it. How they lived, how they lodged, what they ate and drank—are mysteries that have never yet been sufficiently explained.

Now, the curate was no economist; had the money found its way entire into his hands it would have all melted away like the mists on one of the neighbouring hills. He would often give, and wished always to give, to the poor; he loved, but not to excess, a cheerful glass; and sometimes would cast his eye on his threadbare coat, with a determined purpose to have a new one. All these indulgences would quickly have made frightful invasions on the income, if the mother and sister had not received the quarterly ten pounds with an eager grasp, and watched over its little, gradual ebbings with a lynx eye and iron hand. The money had as well been at the bottom of the tin shaft in the vale below for any indulgence it brought to

him who toiled for it. It was in vain that the son sometimes appealed to the parent in moving terms, when, returned from a hot and dusty walk in the midst of summer, he begged hard for a few shillings.

"James," said the old lady, "remember the dignity of the cloth. Would you lower yourself by drinking, may be, more than you can bear? Go and finish the discourse you've been writing, bit by bit, all the week: 'tis a beautiful piece o' writing, and there's no doubt the squire will ask you to dinner after hearin' of it."

The son looked down at the sound of dignity of the cloth: both his elbows were struggling through the time-worn vestment; yet he rose with a sigh, took down his manuscript, drew the table near the window, and was soon plunged in the very depths of his subject.

It might be thought that the imagination would freeze, and the power of composition be arrested by the hourly pressure of petty sacrifices and denials—the uncertainty, when he rose in the morning, whether any sufficient refection would be that day given to the outward man; but it did not seem so, at least his public discourses were oftentimes very good, and even eloquent, and had evidently been the work of care and time. One reason of this perhaps was, that Sunday was his day of triumph, and he felt it to be so. After sinking, in temporal things, below his parishioners during the whole of the week; after pining for comforts which they enjoyed to the full—he found himself on this day elevated above them—was their instructor, their pastor, looked on by them as a man of learning and of power. He was far better adorned, also, than on weekdays: the gown left by his predecessor was in very good condition, and his appearance, on the whole, was respectable and impressive. Then, after the service, the hand was held out more freely and respectfully; the squire stopped in the aisle, and the rich farmer without the door, to exchange kind and friendly words with him; and an invitation to dinner, from someone or another, sometimes followed. There was a singular difference in all his demeanour, and tone, and bearing, on this day: his look was no longer restless and depressed, nor his attitude stooping, nor his air soft and cringing; he spoke fast and free, sat at the friendly table as a gentleman should, and thought no more of his forty pounds a year. The privations of the whole week rendered the now loaded board an exquisite luxury. Perhaps, for his own peace, he had better never have sat there; for, on his return at night, he was beset with the

fruitless remarks and desires of his mother and sister, who were hardly ever asked out on these occasions; and during the ensuing week the daily and frugal meal was often embittered with their repinings.

To entertain a friend in his own house was a thing that never entered his head; had he dared to make the attempt, he might as well have faced two hungry harpies, as met the looks and words of his rigid relatives. He was often to be seen of an evening seated in the little window-seat, overlooking the road; and there he feasted his eyes on the joyous groups that returned from the market of the neighbouring town, where they had ate and drunk, and were now returning, in the fulness of their hearts, to a comfortable home, to their own warm hearth. And then a knot of farmers would jog merrily by, talking in loud voices of the current prices, the coming harvests, and of their own well-stored barns and yards.

"And why should so great a gulf be fixed between the pastor and his flock?" was a question he might well ask himself. Even when twilight had spread its dimness over dwelling and path, the form of the curate might still be seen seated there: for candle-light was spared, with infinite care and skill, within the walls; and not till the middle of November was any fire allowed. So he loved to linger over the last gleams of light, rather than turn to the void of his cheerless habitation. To defend himself from the increasing cold, he used to put on his ancient and rusty great-coat, and fold it tightly round him. The want of light was supplied from the public-house of the village, which was directly opposite, and only a few yards distant; for, the rooms being as usual profusely lighted, a partial glare was received from them through the windows of the curate's apartment. But this was more to his annoyance than his comfort. Much has been said of the torments of Tantalus; but as much, and with equal justice, might be said of the sufferings of this thirsty, poor, and much desiring man, who sat from hour to hour in a partial gloom, in which all the senses are more vividly awake, listening to the ringing of glasses, and the calls, continually repeated, for more supplies of some refreshing beverage, of new and old ale, and even wine. Often he retired to rest with a spirit tried to the very core. Alas! it needs not a guilty conscience to embitter life; salt tears will stream down blameless cheeks.

Thus passed away two or three years; when one morning saw him summoned to a different scene—to attend one of his parishioners, whose dwelling was at some distance. The man was

dying, and over his bed bent a form and face that the eye would hardly look for within such walls: his condition in life was only that of a peasant, yet the daughter, who was his only child, was, in all opinions, the loveliest girl in the parish. Often, with surprise, had the curate marked her beauty from the pulpit; and in his few visits to the cottage he had entered into conversation with her, and found, by the words that fell gently from her lips, that she had treasured his sermons in her memory and heart—the sweetest flattery, perhaps, that woman can pay to a youthful minister.

He thought little of these things at this moment, however, but drew nigh to the side of his parishioner, and spoke to him in earnest and heartfelt tones: the man raised his hand in token of satisfaction, and seemed to devour every word he heard; but his eye, on which the world was now closing, was not lifted to heaven, but bent on the girl who hung over him. She was to be an orphan; and it seemed to be more than he could bear: he strove to man his spirit and call faith to his aid. But it might not be; the dread reality of the moment would not yield to the hope of future protection, which the minister strove to inculcate. The parishioner, a man of strong but untutored mind, listened in seeming calmness for some time; but when death drew near, he struggled against the stern summons, laid one hand firmly on his daughter's form, and when he felt that hand loose its hold, he turned his glazing eye on his pastor, and said,

"Man, if there's a love stronger than death, 'tis that for a desolate daughter: watch over mine, if you hope for mercy, for she is an orphan."

The tears of the girl did not fall alone; for the feelings of the curate were moved to the uttermost. Deaths and funerals had, from habit, become to him familiar things, but a death like this assailed every avenue of his heart and memory; the sun was yet rising, and his red beams fell through the cottage window on the face of the dead, whose thin hand was still extended towards his child, as if he miserably mocked the king of terrors; and on the features of that child was utter friendlessness. The minister stood with folded arms on the other side of the bed: his earnest aspect and compressed lips showed him to be no passionless spectator: he bent forward, and taking the trembling hand of the girl, led her from the apartment. He hastened to his home; and thither the scene followed him, the dying charge still thrilling in his ear. On the next Sunday his eye wandered unconsciously to the people

who entered: and when the orphan girl came in her mourning, the looks of the whole congregation were instantly turned on her; for utter desolation ever commands interest and pity. A stronger feeling was excited in the curate's mind as he often sought the cottage and gazed on her beauty, and loved it. But what had he to do with love, when poverty, like an armed man, stood in his path, and sternly warned the resistless stranger away? Could he for a moment think of introducing another to share the small pittance of his household? If he did, the delusive hope flitted in a moment away, like a cloud from the bosom of the rocky hill on which his dwelling stood; yet in spite of fate he continued to love, and, in the meantime, exerted all his little influence in the parish to improve the condition of the orphan.

Thus passed away a year, at the end of which a change came over his fortunes, a sudden and a great change. An old sister of his mother's died and left to her nephew the property which had been the reward of a whole life of gripping and saving. They were all at their scanty breakfast when a letter, with a black seal, was delivered: the son took and opened it; a sudden light came to his eyes that had long been a stranger there, and a deep flush passed over his cheek; for it was the letter containing the account of the bequest. The strong emotions that seized every one were some time in subsiding. There was now a delightful certainty that poverty would dwell with them no more: life had never brought an hour so elevating, they shed tears, and then they laughed loud and long, in the fulness of their hearts; for the bequest amounted to nearly a thousand pounds. As it was all left to the son, he had, of course, the entire disposal of every farthing; and while the mother and sister naturally wished to surround their little household with comforts and enjoyments, and extend their consequence among the neighbours, he was occupied with different thoughts. The use he made of the money affords an instance of the strange waywardness of the human heart. He no sooner received the sum than the insatiable desire of increasing it, like a demon, entered his heart. The strong and sudden novelty of the event had its share, perhaps, in this: to a man to whom the command of a few shillings at a time had been an object of desire, the possession of so much wealth was exquisite.

But there was a deeper cause also, and one of longer standing. The extensive parish of which he was the curate offered a beautiful and enticing field of speculation, in which any

sum, vast or minute, might be quickly employed. The soil was in many parts covered with mines, whose piles of ore, worthless as well as valuable, were strewn over the surface. The curate had often fallen in company with the miners, who formed, indeed, no small part of his parishioners, and the shrewdness and intelligence of these men had not failed to interest him. Then he had loved to linger, during his various walks, on the brink of these tempting scenes, to survey the various and valuable produce, and to watch the iron-bound vessel that rose every moment to the surface and poured its fresh treasures from the deep caverns of the earth. It had never entered his mind that he could partake in the mighty adventure, that he could ever blend his own destiny with that of the mine that spread around; but now the face of things was altered, and he resolved to adventure boldly and skilfully the property that had been left him. It was in vain that his parent, and Rachel, his sister, implored him to pause ere he committed so perilous and fearful a deed—for they never could survive, they said, the loss of this treasure: the nature of the man was changed; and there never was a more striking proof of the sudden influence of money on a disposition hitherto untried by it. He returned brief and stern answers to the mother before whom his voice had formerly been subdued and submissive; looked her full in the face, and met her glance of authority with one of equal command. The unhappy woman sank into a chair, wrung her hands, and said that a curse would come on the money thus awfully risked.

But there was another and more youthful eye and tone that he dared not thus to meet. In the evening he hastened to the cottage where the daughter of the peasant still lived: his feelings were delightful as he entered; and he grasped her hand fervently, and looked long and earnestly in her lovely face. His own features were full of pride mingled with tenderness: for he felt that she was his own; and, to his ardent imagination there seemed something exquisite in rescuing her from desertion, and executing the trust of her dying father: for poverty had crushed hitherto the spirit of the curate, and shrouded everything that was noble and generous in it. The girl spoke low and passionately, and there was hope in her voice and eye, as she wished him joy of his good fortune; for she had begun to love the kind-hearted minister, who had been a faithful friend in her distress. By his unceasing efforts he had procured her the situation of lady's-maid in the town at about twenty miles'

distance, and she was to depart in a few days.

"Then you would not wish me to go now," she asked, "now that the world smiles upon you; you would rather, perhaps, that I should stay here?" He returned no answer. "It is a place of pride," she resumed, "and of command; and my father's cottage will be far dearer to me than that lady's house."

He turned to the small window, through which the moonlight was shining beautifully, and she saw that his face was pale and agitated. Mistaking the cause, the colour rushed to her own cheek, and she said something about his despising her now he was rich: he started at the words, and pressed her to his heart, that throbbed with anguish. He had known enough of the delusions of the human spirit in the various scenes of suffering, sorrow, and death, that this extensive parish offered, to be aware that his own was now miserably led captive.

"Mary," he said, "the bitterness of parting will be hard to bear: we might now be married, I know, and be happy; but—but I am not rich, as you say—not rich enough to live in comfort: no, my love, I wish to surround you with enjoyments, with affluence, that all thoughts of poverty may be chased from our dwelling, as chaff before the wind."

And then he told her of the purpose he had formed and matured, of laying out the property in a flourishing mine in the neighbourhood, where, in the course of a year, there was a certain prospect of its being doubled.

As he spoke on the tempting theme his eye flashed, his voice rose, and his gestures were impassioned. The girl gazed in surprise and sorrow, and thought of the gentle tone, the happy smile, the look full of hope and affection, with which he had been wont to enter her dwelling. It was clear that she must part from her home and its wild and loved scenes, from which she had never wandered before; for till his golden expectations were accomplished, as he admitted, the day of their union could not come, and he would be, in fact, as poor and dependent as ever. Her tears fell fast at the thought, and a warning conviction seemed to rush over her mind. She knelt before him, and, clasping his hand in her own, blessed him for all the care and tenderness with which he had watched over her orphan state, and besought him not to cast away the only prospect that might ever be of their union—not to love gold better than her love; and then she pointed to the chamber in which her father died. The curate's spirit was severely tried: the look, the action, the sorrow of the kneeling girl were

almost irresistible, and he felt them to be so; the struggle was violent: but pride, a new sensation, at last came to his aid.

"Why will you not," he said, "be guided by my advice? Have I not in everything sought your welfare? and you blame me because I seek to make our home a more wealthy one! Bear this absence of a few months with patience, and then I will come and bring you to our home."

She rose, and spoke not another word of complaint or sorrow; and soon after he parted from her kindly as ever, and sought his own dwelling on the hill. On the following day she left her home, and went to the distant town.

And now the curate knew no rest night or day. He was not long in deciding in what adventure to place his money; and yet the moments of suspense ere he came to that decision were beautiful. He traversed the whole neighbourhood every day with rapid and eager steps, canvassed with his own eyes the bearings and value of every enterprise. But how different were his air and tone! No longer bending and dependent, but firm, elevated, and clear. And many attentions and civilities were paid him; for, as the precise amount of the bequest was not known, people began to imagine it much greater than it was.

At last he fixed upon a very flourishing, or rather promising, copper mine, that had not been discovered more than twelve months; and here he embarked the whole of his property. The moment he had done this, a devouring thirst and gnawing anxiety seized on his soul: the traveller, dying in the desert, does not long more intensely for the cooling water, than the curate did for the gains that were so soon to flow from his adventure. Religion; the sermons and prayers of the Sabbath; the visiting of the sick; the comforting of the dying—all these were light as the autumn leaf, compared to the beloved, the glowing, the golden speculation. He was thin before, but now he wasted to a shadow. Murmurings began to rise in the parish at his neglect and insensibility; several people, who lived at the distance of many miles, in their last moments had longed for the sacrament, and seemed to linger on life's fading shore, unwilling to leave it without that consolation: yet it never came. But the misery or happiness of others was now become quite indifferent to him: he rose with the earliest light, quitted the house before either of its inmates was stirring, and repaired, over the moor, to the scene of the distant mine. The living object of his attachment he visited once or twice in the distant town, and told her

with a sparkling eye of his ardent hopes; but no lover ever hung with more fondness over the untimely grave of his mistress than the curate did, morn and eve, over the black heaps that rose at his feet, in which he felt his own fate involved. He sat beside them, took the moist stones in his hand; minutely, darkly, distinctly traced were the veins of the rich mineral; and then he retraced the path to his dwelling, and sat down silent and abstracted. The puny income, that had so long been his sole resource, he now thought of with perfect contempt. "Ten pounds a quarter!—he had not the slightest intention of retaining his cure beyond the time when the returns of the mine began to pour in." And these returns really seemed, for a short time, about to realize his most sanguine anticipations: a small vein of valuable copper was cut into; the shares rose greatly in price; and his own, for which he had given nearly a thousand pounds, might now be sold for fifteen hundred. A few months before the receipt of this sum would have been felt to be the greatest blessing that ever fell to man; but now the prospect of the future was so glorious, that he received the tempting offer with no small scorn, observing, "that he should be a fool to part with what would soon gain him many thousands."

Could a man whose every thought and imagination were thus deliciously occupied, attend earnestly to the poor, cold, rugged realities that called every moment for his exertions? It is a painful and a bitter thing, however, when our enjoyments depend wholly on the uncertain chances of each coming day and hour: the reports from the mine beneath were not always favourable; there were some moments when the vein of copper began to be less productive, at others a total extinction was threatened. The curate gazed on the countenances of the miners, just ascended from the scene of toil, with a lynx and scrutinizing eye, that said, ere the tone could utter, "Oh say that my hopes still live!" But death came at last, and the curate felt the barbed arrow in his soul. Not the extinction of being—that, perhaps, had been mercy; but the withering for ever of every happy and every golden hope. After a few weeks of thrilling suspense and joy the vein of ore failed utterly: other parts of the ground were explored, and excavations made in every direction, but all in vain; and in a few months the whole speculation fell through. The legacy was entirely gone, and not the slightest addition had been made to the real comforts and enjoyments of the possessors. The miserable man now allowed the truth of

this, and the words of his mother fell awfully on his ear: they were fierce, unsparing, and ceaseless; and he listened to them in silence, but not in calmness. There was a voice that would have brought comfort, that he loved to hear; but it was afar, and he had long been a stranger to its sweet tones; for, during the fever of speculation, he had neglected the orphan girl, and had lately heard that she had gone to a more distant residence.

Nearly twelve months passed away: the curate's mind, that had borne calmly the long pressure of real poverty, could not support the fearful blow that cut off his expectations: a deep despondency grew on his spirits daily, and the care of his parish seemed to be a heavy burden. It was strange, but his thoughts still hovered around the scene of his ruin. One evening he had wandered thither, and was seated on one of the scattered heaps that attested with what avidity riches had been sought: it was an evening in autumn, and the rays of the sun, setting in the sea, that was full in view, were thrown on the waste spot. The stones, containing a portion of the rich mineral, gleamed with a golden hue, as the fading beams rested on them, as if in mockery of the hopes of the wretched man who sat there. But he needed no illusions of fancy to swell the sum of real anguish: thought after thought coursed wildly through his brain, and in them were despair, remorse, and blasted love. Raising his eyes from the barren soil, he saw a female advancing slowly over the moor, as if her steps were turned to the neighbouring village. The path led through the ruined mine, and as the stranger drew near to the despairing curate she paused, and the eyes of each were fastened intensely on the other. It was Mary, the object of his affection, of whom he had often thought with self-reproach, and a longing desire to see her again. And now she stood before him. He who has bent beneath misery and desertion can tell how welcome are the returning glance and form of those who love us. The curate clasped his hands fervently, and a deep flush came to his wasted features.

"Mary," he said, "you are come to comfort me: I thought *you* would not forget or forsake me."

The girl stood silent for a few moments; but it was not the silence of a full heart. She was deeply changed: the look of simplicity and candour had given place to one of haughtiness; the spirit, too, it was evident, had been affected by the scenes of dissipation and splendour in which she had resided.

"James," she said, "I am come, but not to be your wife—that hour is past; and as to forsaken, you never came to see me for many months, till I thought you had forgot me."

He spoke in sincere and glowing words of his bright and prolonged hopes, and how they had wholly occupied his mind; and of former moments of her destitution, and his fidelity. Still she listened coldly: he knelt before her, and gazed on her beauty, in agony at the conviction that it never could be his; and then he told of the hour of her father's death, and how, in that last moment, she had been given to his care. She turned pale, and seemed to be struggling with remembrances.

"Mr. Collins," she said at last, "it is of no use to talk of this now; I cannot feel as I did then: remember the time when I kneeled before you, and prayed with tears that I might not leave my home, and that you would prefer my love to the love of gold. You would not, and now it is gone from you: not because of the ruin you have met with, but in the places where I have dwelt, other feelings, and prouder ones, have been nurtured. Farewell, my kind and generous protector, may every blessing attend you! but—but I never can be your wife."

She turned from the spot with a quickened step: he gazed after her retreating figure as long as it remained in sight, and then he turned to the solitude of his own heart.

"Is that my Mary?" he said, with a miserable smile, "the dear devoted girl that I watched over when her father died? Surely she was to be my wife, my beautiful wife! and was to comfort me in my misery." He would have sat down once more on the glittering pile beside him; but a sudden thought crossed his brain, and he started from the spot as if a serpent had stung him: he clenched his hand fiercely, and gnashed his teeth:—"There, there," he said, wildly, "was my ruin; my love, my fortune, all my joy on earth, and hope in heaven, were sold for these accursed heaps. I sold my bride, with all her tenderness and beauty, for these detested stones—ha! ha!—that now mock me like so many fiends."

The night had set in darkly ere he went to his wretched home; his spirit was utterly crushed, and his frame soon sank also. Before long he was unable, as well as unfit, to attend to his ministerial duties; and his numerous flock saw with pity that their pastor's career, it was probable, would soon draw to a close. Six months had not passed when the girl he loved, and whose attachment was the last silver cord to which he had clung, was married to

a young farmer in the neighbourhood. Even had she been faithful, what prospect remained to the curate of supporting a wife on the miserable pittance to which the loss of his bequest reduced him? But his feelings were embittered by the knowledge that she had brought a small portion to her husband, which was bequeathed to her by the will of the lady whom she had served. Another curate also was found to supply the wide parish of Calartha; but the people, in kindness, continued to allow their former minister his poor salary, from the conviction, perhaps, that he would soon cease to be a burden to them. He still loved, when his failing strength permitted, to walk out into the wild paths that had so long been familiar to him; and his feet, it was observed, though they sometimes fainted by the way, seemed to wander mechanically to the scene of his dazzling hopes and of his ruin; and there he would stay for hours, grasping, at times with a trembling hand, some stray stones, richly veined with the mineral, while his hollow eye and attenuated form showed that poverty and wealth would soon be alike indifferent to him. One day he had been absent from his home much longer than usual, and his mother and sister went forth to trace his steps to the well-known scene, and found him reclined peacefully there; but the fitting remains of strength had been exhausted beneath the heat of the day. They called on his name, and bade him come to his home: but he heard them no more; for life was extinct, and it seemed, from the expression of his features, that he had welcomed death.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thrifless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy:
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like any common weed and vile.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

BY JAMES PENNYCOOK BROWN.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"He spoke of a home where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the
beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there that the old man longed to be!"

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!"

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorn's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

Poetical Epiphora.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

BY JOHN BANIM.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child,—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying,—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant,—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him!), "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just

sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

"I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll; "a body could spake forment him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the master himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stan-nin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well *asthore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have better food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—

"Don't be a-crying to-night, father, you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, *ma-bauchal*?¹ a-then, an' where 'ill id come from?"

"A body promised it to me, father."

"*Avich!* Michaul, an' sure its fun your making of us now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, *a chorra*,² an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' it's my word to you now, *ma-bauchal*; an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' *her* little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *a-vourneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again: all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgiving. With him, the language

of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thoughts of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out cautiously; peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evan's field.

The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *holly*?³ is on you now, *ma-bauchal*?"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."

¹ My boy.

² Term of endearment.

³ What are you about?

"An' who's the good Christin 'll give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that soon, father: now, a good-bye:"—he hurried to the door.

"A good-bye then, Michaul; bud tell me what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw).

"Well *avich*, an' sure I didn't say anything was on it wrong; or anything to make you look so square, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me straight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so good?"

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father; "stop an' turn forment me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that —"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's receiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't;—

nothin' to throuble you sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well thin, I won't either, father; I won't:—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the Christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal*? I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding every scrap of anything that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—have you left nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so——"

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night—let me alone I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head and saying in a low voice—"Hushth now, father—it's time."

"No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too."

"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll!" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough to hang hisson," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans' land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon o' you *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him*, a-vour-neen."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son.

Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but everything to be thankful for an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's; "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence: his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial

excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier deliberately,

"Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailer and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said—"My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore

my earthly judge, this day:—amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers).

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body: afore that night no living creatur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye, gintlemen,—an' all good Christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us,—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—
"to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?"

"*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did sir."

"Doing what?"—

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping—"och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes,

to hide his own tears; and at the same time many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a corra-machree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son,— "is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bau-chal?*"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans,

who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

GARDEN GOSSIP.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND VIOLET.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head;
"The lily's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but you,
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true—
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground:
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head—
"The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy;
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower, as a friend,
Oh, ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled:
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
"If I mayn't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams."
Was the mischief well managed? fair lady is true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of you?

Mrs. F. S. OSWOOD.

EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

[William Hickling Prescott, born at Salem, Massachusetts, 4th May, 1796; died 28th January, 1859. Critic and historian. He studied at Harvard College with the intention of adopting the legal profession, in which his father was already distinguished; but an accident deprived him of the sight of one eye and seriously affected that of the other. He devoted himself to letters, and despite many physical inconveniences produced a series of historical works, which take rank amongst the first of their class. *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; The Catholic; History of the Conquest of Mexico, and the Life of the Conqueror Hernando Cortez; The Conquest of Peru; Philip the Second of Spain*, which was to have extended to five volumes, but soon after the publication of the third the author died; *Critical and Historical Essays* contributed to the *North American Review* (London: Routledge). Sir Archibald Alison said: "Mr. Prescott was by far the first historian of America; and he may justly be assigned a place beside the very greatest of modern Europe."]

The peculiarities of early Scottish poetry may also be referred, in a great degree, to the political relations of the nation, which for many centuries was distracted by all the rancorous dissensions incident to the ill-balanced fabric of feudal government. The frequent and long regencies, always unfavourable to civil concord, multiplied the sources of jealousy, and armed with new powers the facetious aristocracy. In the absence of legitimate authority each baron sought to fortify himself by the increased number of his retainers, who, in their turn, willingly attached themselves to the fortunes of a chief who secured to them plunder and protection. Hence a system of clanship was organized, more perfect and more durable than has existed in any other country, which is not entirely effaced at the present day. To the nobles who garrisoned the marches still greater military powers were necessarily delegated for purposes of state defence; and the names of Home, Douglas, and Buccleuch make a far more frequent and important figure in national history than that of the reigning sovereign. Hence private feuds were inflamed and vindicated by national antipathies, and a pretext of patriotism was never wanting to justify perpetual hostility. Hence the scene of the old ballads was laid chiefly on the borders, and hence the minstrels of the "North Countrie" obtained such pre-eminence over their musical brethren.

The odious passion of revenge, which seems adapted by nature to the ardent temperaments of the South, but which even there has been mitigated by the spirit of Christianity, glowed with fierce heat in the bosoms of those northern

savages. An offence to the meanest individual was espoused by his whole clan, and was expiated not by the blood of the offender only, but by that of his whole kindred. The sack of a peaceful castle, and the slaughter of its sleeping inhabitants, seem to have been as familiar occurrences to these Border heroes as the lifting of a drove of cattle, and attended with as little compunction. The following pious invocation, uttered on the eve of an approaching foray, may show the acuteness of their moral sensibility:—

"He that ordained us to be born
Send us mair meat for the morn,
Come by right or come by wrang,
Christ, let us not fast owre lang,
But blithely spend what's gaily got,—
Ride, Rowland, hough 'i' the pot."

When superstition usurps the place of religion there will be little morality among the people. The only law they knew was the command of their chief; and the only one he admitted was his sword. "By what right," said a Scottish prince to a marauding Douglas, "do you hold these lands?" "By that of my sword," he answered.

From these causes the early Scottish poetry is deeply tinged with a gloomy ferocity, and abounds in details of cool, deliberate cruelty. It is true that this is frequently set off, as in the fine old ballads of *Chevy Chase* and *Auld Maitland*, by such deeds of rude but heroic gallantry as, in the words of Sydney, "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." But, on the whole, although the scene of the oldest ballads is pitched as late as the fourteenth century, the manners they exhibit are not much superior, in point of refinement and humanity, to those of our own North American savages.

From wanton or vindictive cruelty, especially when exercised on the defenceless or the innocent, the cultivated mind naturally shrinks with horror and disgust. But it was long ere the stern hearts of our English ancestors yielded to the soft impulses of mercy and benevolence. The reigns of the Norman dynasty are written in characters of fire and blood. As late as the conclusion of the fourteenth century we find the Black Prince, the "flower of English knighthood," as Froissart styles him, superintending the butchery of three thousand unresisting captives, men, women, and children, who vainly clung to him for mercy. The general usage of surrendering as hostages their wives and children, whose members were mutilated or lives sacrificed on

the least infraction of their engagements, is a still better evidence of the universal barbarism of the so much lauded age of chivalry.

Another trait in the old Scotch poetry, and of a very opposite nature from that we have been describing, is its occasional sensibility; touches of genuine pathos are found scattered among the cold, appalling passions of the age, like the flowers which, in Switzerland, are said to bloom alongside the avalanche. No state of society is so rude as to extinguish the spark of natural affection; tenderness for our offspring is but a more enlarged selfishness, perfectly compatible with the utmost ferocity towards others. Hence scenes of parental and filial attachment are to be met with in these poems, which cannot be read without emotion. The passion of love appears to have been a favourite study with the ancient English writers; and by none, in any language we have read, is it managed with so much art and feeling as by the dramatic writers of Queen Elizabeth's day. The Scottish minstrels, with less art, seem to be entitled to the praise of possessing an equal share of tenderness. In the Spanish ballad love glows with the fierce ardour of a tropical sun. The amorous serenader celebrates the beauties of his *Zayda* (the name which, from its frequency, would seem to be a general title for a Spanish mistress) in all the florid hyperbole of oriental gallantry, or, as a disappointed lover, wanders along the banks of the *Guadalete*, imprecating curses on her head, and vengeance on his devoted rival. The calm dejection and tender melancholy which are diffused over the Scottish love-songs are far more affecting than all this turbulence of passion. The sensibility which, even in a rude age, seems to have characterized the Scottish maiden, was doubtless nourished by the solemn complexion of the scenery by which she was surrounded, by the sympathies continually awakened for her lover in his career of peril and adventure, and by the facilities afforded her for brooding over her misfortunes in the silence of rural solitude.

To similar physical causes may be principally referred those superstitions which are so liberally diffused over the poetry of Scotland down to the present day. The tendency of wild, solitary districts, darkened with mountains and extensive forests, to raise in the mind ideas of solemn, preternatural awe, has been noticed from the earliest ages. "Where is a lofty and deeply shaded grove," writes Seneca in one of his epistles, "filled with venerable trees, whose interlacing boughs shut out the face of heaven, the grandeur of the wood, the silence of the place, the shade so dense and

uniform, infuse into the breast the notion of a divinity;" and thus the speculative fancy of the ancients, always ready to supply the apparent void of nature, garrisoned each grove, fountain, or grotto with some local and tutelary genius. These sylvan deities, clothed with corporeal figures, and endowed with mortal appetites, were brought near to the level of humanity. But the Christian revelation, which assures us of another world, is the "evidence of things unseen;" and while it dissipates the gross and sensible creations of classic mythology, raises our conceptions to the spiritual and the infinite. In our eager thirst for communication with the world of spirits we naturally imagine it can only be through the medium of spirits like themselves; and in the vulgar creed these apparitions never come from the abodes of the blessed, but from the tomb, where they are supposed to await the period of a final and universal resurrection, and whence they are allowed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," for penance or some other inscrutable purpose. Hence the gloomy, undefined character of the modern apparition is much more appalling than the sensual and social personifications of antiquity.

The natural phenomena of a wild uncultivated country greatly conspire to promote the illusions of the fancy. The power of clouds to reflect, to distort, and to magnify objects is well known; and on this principle many of the preternatural appearances in the German mountains and the Scottish Highlands, whose lofty summits and unreclaimed valleys are shrouded in clouds and exhalations, have been ingeniously and philosophically explained. The solitary peasant, as the shades of evening close around him, witnesses with dismay the gathering phantoms, and, hurrying home, retails his adventures with due amplification. What is easily believed is easily seen, and the marvellous incident is soon placed beyond dispute by a multitude of testimonies. The appetite, once excited, is keen in detecting other visions and prognostics, which as speedily circulate through the channels of rustic tradition, until in time each glen and solitary heath has its unearthly visitants, each family its omen or boding spectre; and superstition, systematized into a science, is expounded by indoctrinated wizards and gifted seers.

In addition to these fancies, common, though in a less degree, to other nations, the inhabitants of the North have inherited a more material mythology, which has survived the elegant fictions of Greece and Rome, either because it was not deemed of sufficient importance to

provoke the arm of the church, or because it was too nearly accommodated to the moral constitution of the people to be thus easily eradicated. The character of a mythology is always intimately connected with that of the scenery and climate in which it is invented. Thus the graceful Nymphs and Naiads of Greece; the Peris of Persia, who are said to live in the colours of the rainbow, and on the odours of flowers; the Fairies of England, who in airy circles "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," have the frail gossamer forms and delicate functions congenial with the beautiful countries which they inhabit; while the Elves, Boggles, Brownies, and Kelpies, which seem to have legitimately descended, in ancient Highland verse, from the Scandinavian *Dverggar*, *Nisser*, &c., are of a stunted and malignant aspect, and are celebrated for nothing better than maiming cattle, bewildering the benighted traveller, and conjuring out the souls of new-born infants. Within the memory of the present generation very well authenticated anecdotes of these ghostly kidnappers have been circulated and greedily credited in the Scottish Highlands. But the sunshine of civilization is rapidly dispelling the lingering mists of superstition. The spirits of darkness love not the cheerful haunts of men; and the bustling activity of an increasing, industrious population allows brief space for the fears or inventions of fancy.

The fierce aspect of the Scottish ballad was mitigated under the general tranquillity which followed the accession of James to the united crowns of England and Scotland; and the northern muse might have caught some of the inspiration which fired her southern sister at this remarkable epoch, had not the fatal prejudices of her sovereign in favour of an English or even a Latin idiom diverted his ancient subjects from the cultivation of their own. As it was, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose melodious and melancholy strains, however, are to be enrolled among English verse, is the most eminent name which adorns the scanty annals of this reign. The civil and religious broils, which, by the sharp concussion they gave to the English intellect during the remainder of this unhappy century, seemed to have forced out every latent spark of genius, served only to discourage the less polished muse of the North. The austerity of the reformers chilled the sweet flow of social song, and the only verse in vogue was a kind of rude satire, sometimes pointed at the licentiousness of the Roman clergy, and sometimes at the formal affectation of the Puritans, but which,

from the coarseness of the execution, and the transitory interest of its topics, has for the most part been consigned to a decent oblivion.

The Revolution in 1688, and the subsequent union of the two kingdoms, by the permanent assurance they gave of civil and religious liberty, and lastly, the establishment of parochial schools about the same period, by that wide diffusion of intelligence among the lower orders which has elevated them above every other European peasantry, had a most sensible influence on the moral and intellectual progress of the nation. Improvements in art and agriculture were introduced; the circle of ideas was expanded, and the feelings liberalized by a free communication with their southern neighbours; and religion, resigning much of her austerity, lent a prudent sanction to the hilarity of social intercourse. Popular poetry naturally reflects the habits and prevailing sentiments of a nation. The ancient notes of the border trumpet were exchanged for the cheerful sounds of rustic revelry; and the sensibility which used to be exhausted on subjects of acute but painful interest, now celebrated the temperate pleasures of domestic happiness, and rational though romantic love.

The rustic glee which had put such mettle into the compositions of James I. and V., those royal poets of the commonalty, as they have been aptly styled, was again renewed; ancient songs, purified from their original vices of sentiment or diction, were revived; new ones were accommodated to ancient melodies; and a revolution was gradually effected in Scottish verse, which experienced little variation during the remainder of the eighteenth century. The existence of a national music is essential to the entire success of lyrical poetry. It may be said, indeed, to give wings to song, which, in spite of its imperfections, is thus borne along, from one extremity of the nation to the other, with a rapidity denied to many a nobler composition.

Thus allied, verse not only represents the present, but the past; and while it invites us to repose or to honourable action, its tones speak of joys which are gone, or wake in us the recollections of ancient glory.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Ambition's goal—the love of praise,
A fever in the mind doth raise;
Renown condemn'd more greatness shows,
Than glory's self, when sought, bestows.

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

MAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-bosom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee:
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours.

It must be a true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
For the pulse is stirr'd as with voices heard
In the depth of the shady grove,
And while lonely we stray through the fields away,
The heart seems answering love.

LOST LOVE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

That of palm and a cover of clover,
Breath of balm in a field of brown;
The clouds blew up and the birds flew over,
And I looked upward, but who looked down?

Who was true in the test that tried us?
Who was it mocked? Who now may mourn
The loss of a love that a cross denied us,
With folded hands and a heart forlorn?

God forgive when the fair forget us!
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The fates beset us—
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.

THE GUINEAMAN.

[Michael Scott, born in Glasgow, 30th October, 1789; died there, 7th November, 1835. Author of two of the most powerful and attractive sea novels which have been yet written, namely *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge*. He was for several years engaged in business in Jamaica, and the numerous visits he was obliged to pay to the various islands of the Spanish Main supplied him with the knowledge of West Indian society and sea life which he afterwards turned to such good account. The stories first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The following incident occurs during the first cruise of the *Ware*, which was also Tom Cringle's first command. He had on board with him several friends, who, although only guests, thoroughly enter into the spirit of the action with the slave-ship. Tom Cringle writes:—]

I expected the breeze would have freshened as the day broke, but I was disappointed; it fell, towards six o'clock, nearly calm. Come, thought I, we may as well go to breakfast; and my guests and I forthwith set down to our morning meal. Soon after, the wind died away altogether—and "out sweeps" was the word; but I soon saw we had no chance with the chase at this game, and as to attacking him (the slaver) with the boats, it was entirely out of the question; neither could I, in the prospect of a battle, afford to murder the people by pulling all day under a roasting sun, against one who could man his sweeps with relays of slaves, without one of his crew putting a finger to them; so I reluctantly laid them in, and there I stood looking at him the whole forenoon, as he gradually drew ahead of us. At length I piped to dinner, and the men having finished theirs, were again on deck; but the calm still continued; and seeing no chance of it freshening, about four in the afternoon we sat down to ours in the cabin. There was little said; my friends, although brave and resolute men, were naturally happy to see the brig creeping away from us, as fighting could only bring them danger; and my own feelings were of that mixed quality, that while I determined to do all I could to bring him to action, it would not have broken my heart had he escaped. We had scarcely finished dinner, however, when the rushing of the water past the run of the little vessel, and the steadiness with which she skimmed along, showed that the light air had freshened.

Presently Tailtackle came down. "The breeze has set down, sir; the strange sail has got it strong to windward, and brings it along with him cheerily."

"Beat to quarters, then, Tailtackle; all hands stand by to shorten sail. How is she standing?"

"Right down for us, sir.

I went on deck, and there was the Guineaman about two miles to windward, evidently cleared for action, with her decks crowded with men, bowling along steadily under her single-reefed topsails.

I saw all clear. Wagtail and Gelid had followed me on deck, and were now busy with their black servants inspecting the muskets. But Bang still remained in the cabin. I went down. He was gobbling his last plantain, and forking up along with it most respectable slices of cheese, when I entered.

I had seen before I left the deck that an action was now unavoidable, and judging from the disparity of force, I had my own doubts as to the issue. I need scarcely say that I was greatly excited. It was my first command: my future standing in the service depended on my conduct *now*—and, God help me, I was all this while a mere lad, not more than twenty-one years old. A strange indescribable feeling had come over me, and an irresistible desire to disburden my mind to the excellent man before me. I sat down.

"Hey day," quoth Bang, as he laid down his coffee-cup; "why, Tom, what ails you? You look deuced pale, my boy."

"Up all night, sir, and bothered all day," said I; "wearied enough I can tell you."

I felt a strong tremor pervade my whole frame at this moment; and I was impelled to speak by some unknown impulse, which I could not account for nor analyze.

"Mr. Bang, you are the only friend whom I could count on in these countries; you know all about me and mine, and, I believe, would willingly do a kind action to my father's son."

"What are you at, Tom, my dear boy? come to the point, man."

"I will. I am distressed beyond measure at having led you and your excellent friends, Wagtail and Gelid, into this danger; but I could not help it, and I have satisfied my conscience on that point; so I have only to entreat that you will stay below, and not unnecessarily expose yourselves. And if I should fall—may I take this liberty, my dear sir," and I involuntarily took his hand—"if I should fall, and I doubt if I shall ever see the sun set again, as we are fearfully overmatched——"

Bang struck in—

"Why, if our friend be too big—why not be off then? Pull foot, man, eh?—Havannah under your lee?"

"A thousand reasons against it, my dear sir. I am a young man and a young officer; my character is to *make* in the service—No,

no, it is impossible—an older and more tried hand might have bore up, but I must fight it out. If any stray shot carries me off, my dear sir, will you take?"—Mary, I would have said, but I could not pronounce her name for the soul of me—"will you take charge of *her* miniature, and say I died as I have"—a choking lump rose in my throat, and I could not proceed for a second; "and will you send my writing-desk to my poor mother, there are letters in"—the lump grew bigger, the hot tears streamed from my eyes in torrents. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and grasping my excellent friend's hand more firmly, I sunk down on my knees in a passion of tears, and wept like a woman, while I fervently prayed to that great God in whose almighty hand I stood, that I might that day do my duty as an English seaman. Bang knelt by me. Presently the passion was quelled. I rose, and so did he.

"Before you, my dear sir, I am not ashamed to have ——"

"Don't mention it, my good boy, don't mention it; neither of us, as the old general said, will fight a bit the worse."

I looked at him. "Do you then mean to fight?" said I.

"To be sure I do—why not? I have no wife," he did not say he had no children—"Fight? To be sure I do."

"Another gun, sir," said Tailtackle, through the open skylight. Now all was bustle, and we hastened on deck. Our antagonist was a large brig, three hundred tons at the least, a long low vessel, painted black, out and in, and her sides round as an apple, with immensely square yards. She was apparently full of men. The sun was getting low, and she was coming down fast on us, on the verge of the dark blue water of the sea breeze. I could make out ten ports and nine guns of a side. I inwardly prayed they might not be long ones, but I was not a little startled to see through the glass that there were crowds of naked negroes at quarters, and on the fore-castle and poop. That she was a contraband Guineaman I had already made up my mind to believe; and that she had some fifty hands of a crew, I also considered likely; but that her captain should have resorted to such a perilous measure, perilous to themselves as well as to us, as arming the captive slaves, was quite unexpected, and not a little alarming, as it evinced his determination to make the most desperate resistance.

Tailtackle was standing beside me at this time, with his jacket off, his cutlass girded on his thigh, and the belt drawn very tight. All

the rest of the crew were armed in a similar fashion; the small-arm men with muskets in their hands, and the rest at quarters at the guns; while the pikes were cast loose from the spars round which they had been stopped, with tubs of wadding, and boxes of grape, all ready ranged, and everything clear for action.

"Mr. Taitackle," said I, "you are gunner here, and should be in the magazine. Cast off that cutlass; it is not your province to lead the boarders." The poor fellow blushed, having, in the excitement of the moment, forgotten that he was anything more than captain of the *Firebrand's* maintop.

"Mr. Timotheus," said Bang, "have you one of these bodkins to spare?"

Timothy laughed. "Certainly, sir; but you don't mean to head the boarders, sir, do you?"

"Who knows, now since I have learned to walk on this dancing cork of a craft?" rejoined Aaron with a grim smile, while he pulled off his coat, braced on his cutlass, and tied a large red cotton shawl round his head. He then took off his neckerchief and fastened it round his waist, as tight as he could draw.

"Strange that all men in peril—on the uneasiness, like," said he, "should always gird themselves as tightly as they can."

The slaver was now within musket-shot, when he put his helm to port, with the view of passing under our stern. To prevent being raked, we had to luff up sharp in the wind, and fire a broadside. I noticed the white splinters glance from his black wales; and a sharp yell rung in our ears, followed by a long melancholy howl.

"We have pinned some of the poor blacks," said Taitackle, who still lingered on the deck; small space for remark, for the slaver again fired his broadside at us, with the same cool precision as before.

"Down with the helm, and let her come round," said I; "that will do—master, run across his stern—out sweeps forward, and keep her there—get the other carronade over to leeward—that is it—now, blaze away while he is becalmed—fire, small-arm men, and take good aim."

We were now right across his stern, with the spanker boom within ten yards of us; and although he worked his two stern-chasers with great determination, and poured whole showers of musketry from his rigging, and poop, and cabin-windows, yet, from the cleverness with which our sweeps were pulled, and the accuracy with which we were kept in our position, right athwart his stern, our fire, both from the cannon and musketry, the former loaded with

round and grape, was telling, I could see, with fearful effect.

Crash—"There, my lads, down goes his maintopmast—pepper him well while they are blinded and confused among the wreck. Fire away—there goes the peak, shot away cleverly, close by the throat. Don't cease firing, although his flag be down—it was none of his doing. There, my lads, there he has it again; you have shot away the weather foretopsail sheet, and he cannot get from under you."

Two men at this moment lay out on his larboard foreyardarm, apparently with the intention of splicing the sheet, and getting the clew of the foretopsail once more down to the yard; if they had succeeded in this, the vessel would again have fetched way, and drawn out from under our fire. Mr. Bang and Paul Gelid had all this time been firing with murderous precision, from where they had ensconced themselves under the shelter of the larboard bulwark, close to the taffarel, with their three black servants in the cabin loading the six muskets, and little Wagtail, who was no great shot, sitting on the deck, handing them up and down.

"Now, Mr. Bang," cried I, "for the love of Heaven,"—and may Heaven forgive me for the ill-placed exclamation—"mark these two men—down with them!"

Bang turned towards me with all the coolness in the world—"What, those chaps on the end of the long stick?"

"Yes—yes" (I here spoke of the larboard foreyardarm), "yes, down with them."

He lifted his piece as steadily as if he had really been duck-shooting.

"I say, Gelid, my lad, take you the innermost."

"Ah!" quoth Paul. They fired—and down dropped both men, and squattered for a moment in the water, like wounded waterfowl, and then sank for ever, leaving two small puddles of blood on the surface.

"Now, master," shouted I, "put the helm up and lay him alongside—there—stand by with the grapples—one round the backstay—the other through the chainplate there—so—you have it." As we ranged under his counter—"Mainchains are your chance, men—boarders, follow me." And in the enthusiasm of the moment I jumped into the slaver's main channel, followed by twenty-eight men. We were in the act of getting over the netting when the enemy rallied, and fired a volley of small arms, which sent four out of the twenty-eight to their account, and wounded three more. We gained the quarterdeck, where the

Spanish captain and about forty of his crew showed a determined front, cutlass and pistol in hand—we charged them—they stood their ground. Tailtackle (who, the moment he heard the boarders called, had jumped out of the magazine, and followed me) at a blow clove the Spanish captain to the chin; the lieutenant, or second in command, was my bird, and I had disabled him by a sabre-cut on the sword-arm, when he drew his pistol, and shot me through the left shoulder. I felt no pain, but a sharp pinch, and then a cold sensation, as if water had been poured down my neck.

Jigmaree was close by me with a boarding-pike, and our fellows were fighting with all the gallantry inherent in British sailors. For a moment the battle was poised in equal scales. At length our antagonist gave way, when about fifteen of the slaves, naked barbarians, who had been ranged with muskets in their hands on the fore-castle, suddenly jumped down into the waist with a yell, and came to the rescue of the Spanish part of the crew.

I thought we were lost. Our people, all but Tailtackle, poor Handlead, and Jigmaree, held back. The Spaniards rallied, and fought with renewed courage, and it was now, not for glory, but for dear life, as all retreat was cut off by the parting of the grapplings and warps that had lashed the schooner alongside of the slaver, for the *Wave* had by this time forged ahead, and lay across the brig's bows, in place of being on our quarter, with her foremast jammed against the slaver's bowsprit, whose spritsail-yard crossed our deck between the masts. We could not therefore retreat to our own vessel if we had wished it, as the Spaniards had possession of the waist and fore-castle; all at once, however, a discharge of round and grape crashed through the bridgeport of the brig, and swept off three of the black auxiliaries before mentioned, and wounded as many more, and the next moment an unexpected ally appeared on the field. When we boarded, the *Wave* had been left with only Peter Mangrove; the five dockyard negroes; Pearl, one of the captain's giga, the handsome black already introduced on the scene; poor little Reefpoint, who was badly hurt; Aaron Bang, Paul Gelid, and Wagtail. But this Pearl without price, at the very moment of time when I thought the game was up, jumped on deck through the bowport, cutlass in hand, followed by the five black carpenters and Peter Mangrove, after whom appeared no less a personage than Aaron Bang himself and the three blackamoor valets, armed with boarding-pikes. Bang flourished his cutlass for an instant.

"Now, Pearl, my darling, shout to them in Coromantee—shout;" and forthwith the black quartermaster sung out, "Coromantee Sheik Cocoloo, kockernony populorum fiz," which, as I afterwards learned, being interpreted, is, "Behold the Sultan Cocoloo, the great ostrich, with a feather in his tail like a palm branch; fight for him, you sons of female dogs." In an instant the black Spanish auxiliaries sided with Pearl, and Bang, and the negroes, and joined in charging the white Spaniards, who were speedily driven down the main hatchway, leaving one-half of their number dead or badly wounded on the blood-slippery deck. But they still made a desperate defence by firing up the hatchway. I hailed them to surrender.

"Zounds!" cried Jigmaree, "there's the clink of hammers; they are knocking off the fetters of the slaves."

"If you let the blacks loose," I sung out in Spanish, "by the Heaven above us, I will blow you up, although I should go with you! Hold your hands, Spaniards! Mind what you do, madmen!"

"On with the hatches, men," shouted Tailtackle.

They had been thrown overboard, or put out of the way, they could nowhere be seen. The firing from below continued.

"Cast loose that carronade there; clap in a canister of grape—so—now run it forward, and fire down the hatchway." It was done, and taking effect amongst the pent-up slaves, such a yell arose—O God! O God!—I never can forget it. Still the maniacs continued firing up the hatchway.

"Load and fire again." My people were now furious, and fought more like incarnate fiends broke loose from hell than human beings.

"Run the gun up to the hatchway once more." They ran the carronade so furiously forward, that the coaming or ledge was split off, and down went the gun, carriage and all, with a crash into the hold. Presently smoke appeared rising up the fore-hatchway.

"They have set fire to the brig; overboard!—regain the schooner, or we shall all be blown into the air like peels of onions!" sung out little Jigmaree.

But where was the *Wave*? She had broke away, and was now a cable's length ahead, apparently fast leaving us, with Paul Gelid and Wagtail, and poor little Reefpoint, who, badly wounded as he was, had left his hammock, and come on deck in the emergency, making signs of their inability to cut away the halyards;

and the tiller being shot away, the schooner had become utterly unmanageable.

"Up, and let fall the foresail, men—down with the foretack—cheerily now—get way on the brig, and overhaul the *Wave* promptly, or we are lost," cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore-hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they had become from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was quicker than they. The smouldering smoke, that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant the fire spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the carronade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill-stream. The fire increased—her guns went off as they became heated—she gave a sudden heel—and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose,—and the circling eddies created by her sinking no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light,—and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark blue ripple,—a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged, with a loud gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into

a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of *Him* who hath said—"Thou shalt not kill."

For a few moments all was silent as the grave, and I felt as if the air had become too thick for breathing, while I looked up like another Cain.

Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, *men, women, and children*, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck to the surface of the sea; the strongest yelling like fiends in their despair, while the weaker, the women, and the helpless gasping little ones, were choking, and gurgling, and sinking all around. Yea, the small thin expiring cry of the innocent sucking infant torn from its sinking mother's breast, as she held it for a brief moment above the waters, which had already for ever cloed over herself, was there. But we could not perceive one single individual of her white crew; like desperate men, they had all gone down with the brig. We picked up about one half of the miserable Africans, and—my pen trembles as I write it—fell necessity compelled us to fire on the remainder, as it was utterly impossible for us to take them on board. Oh that I could erase such a scene for ever from my memory! One incident I cannot help relating. We had saved a woman, a handsome, clear-skinned girl of about sixteen years of age. She was very faint when we got her in, and was lying with her head over a port-sill, when a strong athletic young negro swam to the part of the schooner where she was. She held down her hand to him; he was in the act of grasping it, when he was shot through the heart from above. She instantly jumped overboard, and, clasping him in her arms, they sank, and disappeared together. "Oh, woman, whatever may be the colour of your skin, your heart is of one only!" said Aaron.

Soon all was quiet; a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling for a moment before he sank into his watery grave for ever; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, shattered hull, and torn sails and rigging of the *Wave*, and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while some heavy scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if

Nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity. I said something—ill and hastily. Aaron was close beside me, sitting on a carronade slide, while the surgeon was dressing a pike wound in his neck. He looked up solemnly in my face, and then pointed to

the blessed luminary, that was now sinking in the sea and blazing up into the resplendent heavens—"Cringle, for shame—for shame—your impatience is blasphemous. Remember this morning—and thank *Him*"—here he looked up and crossed himself—"thank Him who, while he has called poor Mr. Handlead and so many brave fellows to their last awful reckoning, has mercifully brought *us* to the end of this fearful day;—oh, thank Him, Tom, *that you have seen the sun set once more!*"

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My native vale, my native vale! In visions and in dreams
I see your towers and trees, and hear the music of your streams;
I feel the fragrance of the thorn where lovers loved to meet;
I walk upon thy hills and see thee slumbering at their feet.
In every knoll I see a friend, in every tree a brother,
And clasp thy breast, as I would clasp the bosom of my mother.

There stands the tottering tower I climb'd, and won the falcon's brood;
There flows the stream I've trysted through, when it was wild in flood.
There is the fairy glen—the pools I mused in youth among,
The very nook where first I pour'd forth unconsider'd song:
And stood with gladness in my heart, and bright hope on my brow—
Ah! I had other visions then than I have visions now.

I went into my native vale—alas! what did I see?
At every door strange faces, where glad looks once welcomed me;
The sunshine faded on the hills, the music left the brooks,
The song of its unnumber'd larks was as the voice of rooks;
The plough had been in all my haunts, the axe had touch'd the grove;
And death had follow'd—there was nought remain'd for me to love.

My native vale, farewell! farewell!—my father, on thy hearth
The light extinguish'd—and thy roof no longer rings with mirth;
There sits a stranger on thy chair; and they are dead and gone
Who charm'd my early life—all—all sleep 'neath the churchyard stone:
There's nought moves save yon red round moon, nought lives but that pure river,
That lived when I was young—all—all are gone, and gone for ever!

Keir with thy pasture mountains green, Drumlanrig with thy towers,
Carse with thy lily banks and braes, and Blackwood with thy bowers,
And fair Dalawinton with thy walks of scented thorn and holly,
Where some had toil'd the day, and shared the night 'tween sense and folly,—
Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad the bird, and feed the bee,
And charm ten thousand hearts, although no more they'll gladden me.

I stood within my native vales, fast by the river brink,
And saw the long and yellow corn 'neath shining sickles sink;
I heard the fair-hair'd maidens wake songs of thy latter day;
And joy'd to see the handsmen smile, albeit their locks were gray:
I thought on mine own musings—when men shook their tresses hoary,
And said, "Alas!" and named my name, "thou art no heir of glory!"

MELROSE ABBEY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Upon the southern bank of the Tweed stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Melrose, surrounded by the little village of the same name. The ruins of this ancient monastery, or rather of the church connected with it (for the domestic buildings are entirely gone), afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which this country can boast. By singular good fortune Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this Reformed land. To say that it is beautiful is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and in its minutest details: it is a study—a glory. The beauty of Melrose, however, is not a healthful ordinary beauty:

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Its is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.

Its is not the beauty of summer, but the melancholy grace of autumn; not the beauty of a blooming bride, but that of a pining and death-stricken maiden. It is not that this is a thing of perfect splendour that we admire it, but because it is a fragment which only represents or shadows forth a matchless whole which *has been*, and whose merits we are, from this shattered specimen, completely disposed to allow.

Melrose Abbey was first built by David I. in the year 1136, dedicated to St. Mary, and devoted to the use of a body of Cistercian monks. The church, which alone remains, measures 287 feet in length, and 157 at the greatest breadth. It is built in the most ornate style of the Gothic architecture, and therefore decorated with an infinite variety of sculptures, most of which are exquisitely fine. While the western extremity of the building is entirely ruined and removed, the eastern and more important parts are fortunately in a state of tolerable preservation: in particular, the oriel window, and that which surmounts the south door, both alike admirable, are almost entire. It is also matter of great thankfulness that a good many of the shapely pillars for the sup-

port of the roof are still extant. It is to these objects that the attention of travellers is chiefly directed.

It is not to the zeal of Reformers alone that the desecration of our best old religious buildings is to be attributed. The enthusiasm of individuals in more recent times has sometimes done that which the Reformers left undone; as is testified by a notorious circumstance told by the person who shows Melrose. On the eastern window of the church there were formerly thirteen effigies, supposed to represent our Saviour and his apostles.¹ These, harmless and beautiful as they were, happened to provoke the wrath of a canting weaver in Gattonside, who, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel knocked off the heads and limbs of the figures. Next morning he made no scruple to publish the transaction, observing with a great deal of exultation to every person whom he met, that he had "fairly stumpet thae vile paipist dirt *now*!" The people sometimes catch up a remarkable word when uttered on a remarkable occasion by one of their number, and turn the utterer into ridicule by attaching it to him as a nickname; and it is some consolation to think that this monster was therefore treated with the sobriquet of "Stumpie," and of course carried it about with him to his grave.

It would require a distinct volume to do justice to the infinite details of Melrose Abbey: for the whole is built in a style of such elaborate ornament, that almost every foot-breadth has its beauty, and every beauty is worthy of notice. I shall content myself with merely adding the description which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:—

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are dark in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

¹ In the drawing of Melrose Abbey in Slesser's *Theatrum Scotiae*, the niches are all filled with statues. Slesser took his drawings early in the reign of King William.



MELROSE ABBEY.

RESTORED

DESIGNED BY W. M. BARRY. ENGRAVED BY JAMES JOHNSON.



Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, light, and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells¹ were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and capital furnish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

At the time of the Reformation the inmates of this abbey shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Romish churchmen, as is testified by a ballad then popular, which contained the following verse:—

The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays, when they fasted;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale
As lang as their neighbours' lasted.

Whatever might be the sensuality of the monks of Melrose, it is certain that some of their power was sometimes matter of real inconvenience to the public. The abbot had such an extensive jurisdiction, and the privileges of girth and sanctuary interfered so much with the execution of justice, that James V. said to have once acted as baron baillie, in order to punish those malefactors in the character of the abbot's deputy, whom his own sovereign power, and that of the laws, were unable to reach otherwise. But whatever may be thought of this, there can be no doubt that the protection extended to criminals by the religious was a true blessing in the main, at a time when the law could neither inflict punishment nor protect a criminal from the rash and unmeasured retribution of those whom he had offended.

After the Reformation a brother of the Earl of Morton became commendator of the abbey,

and out of the ruins built himself a house, which may still be seen about fifty yards to the north-east of the church. The regality soon after passed into the hands of Lord Binning, an eminent lawyer, ancestor to the Earl of Haddington: and about the middle of last century the whole became the property of the Buccleuch family.²

THE RIVER.

[Caroline Anne Bowles (Mrs. Southey), born at Buckland, Hants, 6th December, 1787; died 20th July, 1854. She was a daughter of Captain Charles Bowles, and her poetical gifts were early manifested, although for many years she continued to publish her poems anonymously. In 1839 she married Robert Southey, the poet-laureate. Her principal works are: *Ellen Fitzarthur*, a metrical tale; *The Widow's Tale*, and other Poems; *Solitary Hours*; *Chapters on Churchyards* (her only prose work); *The Birthday*; *Tales of the Factories*, &c. "Mrs. Southey is the Cowper of our modern poetesses. She has much of that great writer's humour, fondness for rural life, melancholy pathos, and moral satire."—H. N. Coleridge.]

River! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

² The late George M. Kemp, the celebrated architect of the Scott Monument in Edinburgh, made a drawing of Melrose Abbey, showing the edifice as it is supposed to have appeared when in its perfect condition. This drawing (now in possession of the publishers of the *Casquet*) represents a building of rare beauty.

¹ Corbells, the projections from which the arches hang, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask.

2D SERIES, VOL. I.

TOBY WILT.

[Dr. M. E. Engel, born at Planen, 1767. He was professor of philosophy and town's deacon of his native place, and was the author of *Moral Tales; Motives for Youth, &c. &c.*]

One of the chief ornaments of a little provincial town, his native place, flourished Mr. Toby Wilt. At no period had he evinced a desire to travel, and never, on any occasion, exceeded his prescribed limits round the adjacent hamlets. In spite of this, however he knew more of the world than many who had travelled a great deal farther, and some who had expended the best part of their fortune on a fashionable trip to Paris or Italy. He was possessed of a rich fund of little anecdotes of the most useful class, which he had obtained by observation, and retailed for his own and his friends' edification. And though these showed no great stretch of genius or invention, they possessed considerable practical merit, and were, for the most part, remarkable for coming before company coupled together, always two and two.

Among his acquaintance was a careful young gentleman of the name of Till, a great admirer of Mr. Toby Wilt for his known prudence and stock of observations. On one occasion he ventured to express his high opinion of them, to which his old friend replied in his stuttering style, "Ha! hem?—what, do you indeed think me such a wiseacre, then?"

"Why, all the world says so, Mr. Wilt; and I should be glad to become your pupil."

"Would you so, young man? Nothing more easy. If you really wish to be a prudent youth, in fact, you have only to study the conduct and deportment of fools."

"In what manner do you mean?"

"What manner! by trying to act differently, to be sure."

"May I beg an anecdote, or example, for the sake of illustration?"

"I believe I can accommodate you with one, Mr. Till. When I was a young man, there resided in this town a Mr. Veit, an old mathematician, rather a meagre and morose sort of personage. I used often to see him walking about, muttering to himself as he went along, and never stopping to salute any of his neighbours and acquaintance; much less would he look them in the face and converse with them; being always too earnestly engaged in solving the problem of his own perfections. Now what do you suppose, Mr.

Till, that people were in the habit of saying of him?"

"Most probably that he was a very shrewd, wise old gentleman," said Mr. Till.

"No; you are somewhat on the wrong side; they called him an old fool. So, so! I used to think within myself—for this sort of title, however general, was not at all to my taste—I must take care how I imitate my old friend Mr. Veit. I see that will never do; one must not appear to be too full of one's self. Perhaps it is not well-bred, at all events, to go muttering with one's self; I see we must be more sociable, and talk a little to our neighbours. Let me hear your notion on the subject, Mr. Till; did I judge rightly?"

"Oh, indisputably; I think you were in the right."

"Nay, I am not so sure of that; not exactly so, as you will find. For we had another genius, a finical kind of personage, and a dancing-master, the very converse of the old postulating mathematician; and yet he did not please, though he used to stare in everybody's face as he skipped along. He was glad to talk to every one who would listen to him, as long as their patience lasted. Well, Mr. Till, and what do you suppose people used to say of him?"

"Most likely they would call him a wild, merry sort of fellow; somewhat of a bore withal."

"There you are not so very wide of the mark, Mr. Till; for they called him a fool. You see he won the same title by a very opposite kind of merit. Here's for us! I thought to myself; this is odd enough. What must one do? how in the world must one contrive to win the reputation of a wise man? It is plain one must take neither Mr. Veit nor Mr. Slight for our model. No: first of all, Mr. Till, you must look persons full in the face, and salute them like the dancing-master, and then you must have your eyes upon yourself, and reflect seriously, talk with your neighbours, like Mr. Slight, and think of your own affairs afterwards, like Mr. Veit. That was my mode of arguing, Mr. Till. I compounded the gentleman, sir: people called me a prudent, long-headed fellow; and this is the whole of the mystery."

On another occasion our prudent citizen received a visit from a young merchant of the name of Flau. He, too, came to consult; and, after making some wry faces, he began to lament the extent of his losses and misfortunes.

"Well," replied old Wilt, giving him a tap

on the shoulder, "and what does all this amount to?"

"You must be on the alert, sir, and pursue fortune more diligently. She is a shy bird; and you must be on the look-out like a sportsman."

"So I have, my dear sir, this long time past, but all to no purpose. One unlucky blow followed another, till I was fairly tripped up by the heels. For the future, I shall fold my arms, and rest quietly at home."

"In that you are wrong again, young gentleman; you must be on the look-out, I tell you; you need only to have a care how you carry your head."

"How I carry my head!" repeated Mr. Flau; "what do you mean, Mr. Wilt, by that?"

"Only what I say; you must have a care how you carry your head, and the rest will follow of course. Let me explain how. When my left-hand neighbour was employed in building his new house, the whole street was paved with bricks and beams and rubbish, not very pleasant to pass over. Now one day, who should happen to be going that way but our worthy mayor Mr. Trick, then a young fashionable alderman. He always carried his head high, and thus he came skipping along, with his arms dangling by his side, and his nose elevated towards the clouds; yet the next moment he found himself sprawling upon the ground; he had contrived to trip up his own heels, to break one of his legs, and obtain the advantage of limping to the end of his days, as you may often see. Do you take? do you comprehend me, Mr. Flau?"

"Perhaps you allude to the old proverb, 'Take heed not to carry your head too high.'"

"To be sure, but you must likewise contrive not to carry it too low; faults on both sides! If you have borne it too high, don't bear it now too low; you comprehend me? and you will do yet."

"Not long afterwards Mr. Schale, the poet, was passing the same dangerous way, Mr. Flau. He was, perhaps, spouting verses, or brooding over his *res angustæ domi*—I know not which; but he came jogging forwards with a woeful aspect, 'eyes bent on earth,' and a stooping, slouching gait, as if he would be glad to lower himself into the ground, sir. Well! he walked over one of the ropes; smack it went, and one of the great beams came tumbling about his ears from the scaffolding above. But he was too miserable a dog to be killed; he unluckily escaped; but was so terrified and nervous, poor devil, with the shock, that he fainted away,

fell sick, and was confined to his garret for several weeks.

"Do you comprehend my meaning yet, Mr. Flau? How would you carry your head when you passed?"

"I! I would keep it in just equilibrium, to be sure."

"True; we must not cast our eye too ambitiously towards the clouds, nor fix it too demurely upon the ground. Whether we look above, around, or before us, Mr. Flau, let us do it in a calm, becoming sort of manner, and then we shall get on in the world, and no accidents will be likely to befall us. Let us preserve our equanimity: you comprehend me? Good morning, Mr. Flau."

On a third occasion a certain Mr. Wills waited upon his friend Mr. Wilt, for the purpose of borrowing a sum of money to complete some little speculation he had in hand.

"It is quite a prudent step; very sure," he said to old Mr. Wilt, "though I am sensible it is not one of your lucrative speculations; but, as it happens to come very *apropos*, I should like to turn it to account, and make the most of it."

Old Wilt did not much relish this style of salutation, and seeing whither it would lead—

"Pray, my dear Mr. Wills," inquired he, "how much money, do you think, will serve your turn?"

"It is nothing much of a sum, a mere trifle; some hundred dollars will suffice."

"So! if it be no more, I will directly comply with your request. Indeed, to show how much I have your interest at heart, I will also present you with something else, which, between ourselves, is worth more than a thousand dollars."

"Ah! pray explain yourself, my dear Mr. Wilt."

"Nay! it is only a short story; but it will serve our turn. In my younger days, I had rather an eccentric kind of man for my neighbour, a Mr. Grell. He had continually a certain cant phrase at his tongue's end, which at last proved his ruin."

"You surprise me! I should like to know it."

"You shall. When any of his acquaintance used casually to accost him, observing, 'Well, Grell, how does business go on; how much did you clear by the last bargain?' 'Pshaw!' he would say, 'a mere trifle—some fifty dollars or so, but what of that?' Then again when he was asked: 'Well, Grell, how much are you minus by the last bankruptcy?' 'Pshaw!' he would answer, 'it is not worth speaking of; a mere trifle, some five per cent.' Now, though

Grell was a warm man in his day, I can assure you, this cursed foolish phrase of his brought him to ruin. He was at length compelled to decamp, sir, bag and baggage."

"What was the sum, Mr. Wills, which you stated?"

"I think I requested the loan of one hundred dollars."

"Exactly so; but my memory is growing treacherous. Well, Mr. Wills, but I had another neighbour, one Mr. Tomms, a corn-dealer. By means of another sort of saying did that man build the fine mansion you see yonder, with all its offices and warehouses to boot, sir. What say you?"

"I say it is very strange indeed, Mr. Wilt: I have a great curiosity to hear this second phrase."

"You shall, Mr. Wills. Why, when his friends accosted him, 'Well, Mr. Tomms, how does business proceed? what cleared you by your last concern?' 'A good round sum—a hundred, that I did!' was his invariable answer, at the same time you might see that he was in high glee. When they perceived on the other hand that he was low, very low in spirits, they would inquire: 'What is the matter, Mr. Tomms? how much have you lost?' 'No joke indeed! a good round sum; some fifty dollars, I assure you.' Now this man began his career with a very small capital; but, as I told you before, he has built that large house with all its offices, I say, and warehouses round it. Now, Mr. Wills, which of these two phrases seems best suited to your taste?"

"Why the last of them, Mr. Wilt, of course."

"Yet," replied old Wilt, "this Mr. Tomms does not quite suit me. He had the knack of saying a good round sum, to be sure, even when he was paying his poor-rates or his taxes. Then, I think, he ought to have employed, like a humane and loyal man, the saying of my other neighbour—'a mere trifle, nothing worth speaking of.' The truth is, Mr. Wills, that as they were both my near neighbours, I carefully preserved both their phrases, and apply them according to the circumstances of time and place; sometimes speaking like Mr. Grell, and at others like Mr. Tomms."

"Not so with me," cried Mr. Wills; "I admire Mr. Tomms' phrase; I do from my soul, sir."

"What was your demand—the sum you have occasion for, Mr. Wills?"

"A good round sum of money—one hundred dollars: no trifle, my dear Mr. Wilt!"

"There you talk like a man of sense—a very prudent man, Mr. Wills: you have really

learned your monied catechism very well. Your answer was quite correct. Had you come to request really only a small trifle, I might perhaps have listened to you; but, as you observe it is a good round sum, allow me to pause. I wish you a good morning, Mr. Wills."—But, having thus amused himself, old Mr. Wilt lent him the sum of money.

THE HOURS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

Hours—minutes—moments are the smaller coin
That make the sum of even the richest life:
But yet there are no misers of their hoards,
Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them;
Still they are priceless!—

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the hours,—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes,
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather, Limner, make them lurk.
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,—
Every hour before, more sleek;—
In the dimples—neath the lid
Of the eye;—or show them alid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a falcon bound with jesses,
Turning them to silvery gray;
Scattering snow tints in their play!
Oh! the hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!—

—*The Chameleon.*

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exchequer,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

[Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, 1795. Historian, biographer, and essayist. He studied at the Edinburgh University with a view to the ministry, but afterwards resolved to devote himself to literature. In 1823 he contributed articles upon "Montesquieu," "Montaigne," "Nelson," and the "Two Pitts" to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and various critical papers to the *Edinburgh Review*. These were soon followed by a translation of *Legendre's Geometry* with an "Essay on Proportion," a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Life of Schiller*. In the course of years—years of earnest labour, which have had an important influence upon modern thought, although the influence was at first somewhat slow of growth—Mr. Carlyle produced: *Sartor Resartus*, the *Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh*; *The French Revolution* ("No work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, has been produced in this country for many years"—*Westminster Review*); *Chartism*; *Hero Worship*; *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*; *Latter-day Pamphlets*; *Past and Present*; *Life of John Stirling*; *Life of Frederick the Great*; and a collection in seven volumes of his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.¹ One of the many services Mr. Carlyle has rendered to the present century has been the revelation of the importance and value of German literature.]

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble Minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud Baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown. Nor is there still any aristocratic monopoly of judgment more than of genius: for as to that *Science of Negation* which is taught peculiarly by men of professed elegance, we confess we hold it rather cheap. It is a necessary, but decidedly a subordinate

accomplishment; nay, if it be rated at the highest, it becomes a ruinous vice. This is an old truth; yet ever needing new application and enforcement. Let us know what to love, and we shall know also what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall know also what to deny: but it is dangerous to *begin* with denial, and fatal to end with it. To deny is easy; nothing is sooner learned or more generally practised: as matters go, we need no man of polish to teach it; but rather, if possible, a hundred men of wisdom to show us its limits, and teach us its reverse.

Such is our hypothesis of the case; how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor colour-grinder; outwardly the meanest of menials? Where, again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the Universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lower; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zany, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's,—compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his contemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant linkboy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not in the others whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night? This too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities, by supposition the grand and peculiar result of high breeding! Surely, in such instances, even that humble supposition is ill borne out,

¹ Chapman & Hall publish various editions of these works: the "People's Edition" is admirable in every respect.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker or other artist, the influence of rank has no exclusive or even special concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators, and the crowd of mediocre men, to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character. We speak of men who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their everyday existence, are to form themselves into harmony and wisdom, and show forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it; but his light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders for ever in darkness; dwindles into a man of *vers de société*, or attains at best to be a Walpole or a Caylus. Still less can we think that he is to be viewed as a hireling; that his excellence will be regulated by his pay. "Sufficiently provided for from within, he has need of little from without;" food and raiment, and an unviolated home, will be given him in the rudest land; and with these, while the kind earth is round him, and the everlasting heaven is over him, the world has little more that it can give. Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that, because he is poor, he must likewise be worthless? God forbid that the time should ever come when he too shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of Mammon has a wide empire; but it cannot, and must not, be worshipped in the Holy of Holies. Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or another? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters, who deserves that name, the motto and the watchword will be FREEDOM, TRUTH, and even this same POVERTY; that if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to him?

We have stated these things, to bring the question somewhat nearer its real basis; not for the sake of the Germans, who nowise need the admission of them. The German authors are not poor; neither are they excluded from association with the wealthy and well-born.

On the contrary, we scruple not to say that in both these respects they are considerably better situated than our own. Their booksellers, it is true, cannot pay as ours do; yet, there as here, a man lives by his writings; and, to compare *Jördens* with *Johnson* and *D'Israeli*, somewhat better there than here. No case like our own noble Otway's has met us in their biographies; Boyces and Chattertons are much rarer in German than in English history. But farther, and what is far more important: From the number of universities, libraries, collections of art, museums, and other literary or scientific institutions of a public or private nature, we question whether the chance which a meritorious man of letters has before him, of obtaining some permanent appointment, some independent civic existence, is not a hundred to one in favour of the German, compared with the Englishman. This is a weighty item, and indeed the weightiest of all; for it will be granted that, for the votary of literature, the relation of entire dependence on the merchants of literature is, at best, and however liberal the terms, a highly questionable one. It tempts him daily and hourly to sink from an artist into a manufacturer; nay, so precarious, fluctuating, and everyway unsatisfactory must his civic and economic concerns become, that too many of his class cannot even attain the praise of common honesty as manufacturers. There is, no doubt, a spirit of martyrdom, as we have asserted, which can sustain this too: but few indeed have the spirit of martyr; and that state of matters is the safest which requires it least. The German authors, moreover, to their credit be it spoken, seem to set less store by wealth than many of ours. There have been prudent, quiet men among them, who actually appeared not to want more wealth; whom wealth could not tempt either to this hand or that, from their preappointed aims. Neither must we think so hardly of the German nobility as to believe them insensible to genius, or of opinion that a patent from the Lion King is so superior to "a patent direct from Almighty God." A fair proportion of the German authors are themselves men of rank: we mention only, as of our own time, and notable in other respects, the two Stolbergs and Novalis. Let us not be unjust to this class of persons. It is a poor error to figure them as wrapt up in ceremonial stateliness, avoiding the most gifted man of a lower station; and, for their own supercilious triviality, themselves avoided by all truly gifted men. On the whole, we should change our notion of the German nobleman: that ancient, thirsty,

thick-headed, sixteen-quartered Baron, who still hovers in our minds, never did exist in such perfection, and is now as extinct as our own Squire Western. His descendant is a man of other culture, other aims and other habits. We question whether there is an aristocracy in Europe which, taken as a whole, both in a public and private capacity, more honours art and literature, and does more both in public and private to encourage them. Excluded from society! What, we would ask, was Wieland's, Schiller's, Herder's, Johannes Müller's society? Has not Goethe, by birth a Frankfort burgher, been, since his twenty-sixth year, the companion, not of nobles but of princes, and for half his life a minister of state? And is not this man, unrivalled in so many far deeper qualities, known also and felt to be unrivalled in nobleness of breeding and bearing; fit not to learn of princes in this respect, but by the example of his daily life to teach them?

We hear much of the munificent spirit displayed among the better classes in England; their high estimation of the arts, and generous patronage of the artist. We rejoice to hear it; we hope it is true, and will become truer and truer. We hope that a great change has taken place among these classes since the time when Bishop Burnet could write of them, "They are for the most part the *worst* instructed and the *least* knowing of any of their rank I ever went among!" Nevertheless, let us arrogate to ourselves no exclusive praise in this particular. Other nations can appreciate the arts, and cherish their cultivators, as well as we. Nay, while learning from us in many other matters, we suspect the Germans might even teach us somewhat in regard to this. At all events, the pity which certain of our authors express for the civil condition of their brethren in that country is, from such a quarter, a superfluous feeling. Nowhere, let us rest assured, is genius more devoutly honoured than there, by all ranks of men, from peasants and burghers up to legislators and kings. It was but last year that the Diet of the Empire passed an act in favour of one individual poet: the Final Edition of Goethe's Works was guaranteed to be protected against commercial injury in every State of Germany; and special assurances to that effect were sent him, in the kindest terms, from all the authorities there assembled, some of them the highest in his country or in Europe. Nay, even while we write, are not the newspapers recording a visit from the Sovereign of Bavaria in person to the same venerable man?—a mere cere-

mony perhaps, but one which almost recalls to us the era of the antique Sages and the Grecian Kings.

This hypothesis, therefore, it would seem, is not supported by facts, and so returns to its original elements. The causes it alleges are impossible: but, what is still more fatal, the effect it proposes to account for has, in reality, no existence. We venture to deny that the Germans are defective in taste; even as a nation, as a public, taking one thing with another, we imagine they may stand comparison with any of their neighbours; as writers, as critics, they may decidedly court it. True, there is a mass of dulness, awkwardness, and false susceptibility in the lower regions of their literature: but is not bad taste endemical in such regions of every literature under the sun? Pure Stupidity, indeed, is of a quiet nature, and content to be merely stupid. But seldom do we find it pure; seldom unadulterated with some tincture of ambition, which drives it into new and strange metamorphoses. Here it has assumed a contemptuous trenchant air, intended to represent superior tact, and a sort of all-wisdom; there a truculent atrabilious scowl, which is to stand for passionate strength: now we have an outpouring of tumid fervour; now a fruitless, asthmatic hunting after wit and humour. Grave or gay, enthusiastic or derisive, admiring or despising, the dull man would be something which he is not and cannot be. Shall we confess that, of these two common extremes, we reckon the German error considerably the more harmless, and, in our day, by far the more curable? Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it: but unwise contempt is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it is nothing.

To judge of a national taste, however, we must raise our view from its transitory modes to its perennial models; from the mass of vulgar writers, who blaze out and are extinguished with the popular delusion which they flatter, to those few who are admitted to shine with a pure and lasting lustre; to whom, by common consent, the eyes of the people are turned, as to its loadstars and celestial luminaries. Among German writers of this stamp, we would ask any candid reader of them, let him be of what country or creed he might, whether bad taste struck him as a prevailing characteristic. Was Wieland's taste uncultivated? Taste, we should say, and taste of the very species which a disciple of the Negative School would call the highest, formed the great object of his life; the perfection he unweariedly

endeavoured after, and, more than any other perfection, has attained. The most fastidious Frenchman might read him, with admiration of his merely French qualities. And is not Klopstock, with his clear enthusiasm, his azure purity, and heavenly if still somewhat cold and lunar light, a man of taste? His *Messias* reminds us oftener of no other poets than of Virgil and Racine. But it is to Lessing that an Englishman would turn with readiest affection. We cannot but wonder that more of this man is not known among us; or that the knowledge of him has not done more to remove such misconceptions. Among all the writers of the eighteenth century, we will not except even Diderot and David Hume, there is not one of a more compact and rigid intellectual structure; who more distinctly knows what he is aiming at, or with more gracefulness, vigour, and precision sets it forth to his readers. He thinks with the clearness and piercing sharpness of the most expert logician; but a genial fire pervades him, a wit, a heartiness, a general richness and fineness of nature, to which most logicians are strangers. He is a sceptic in many things, but the noblest of sceptics; a mild, manly, half-careless enthusiasm struggles through his indignant unbelief; he stands before us like a toilworn but unwearied and heroic champion, earning not the conquest but the battle; as indeed himself admits to us, that "it is not the finding of truth, but the honest search for it, that profits." We confess we should be entirely at a loss for the literary creed of that man who reckoned Lessing other than a thoroughly cultivated writer; nay, entitled to rank, in this particular, with the most distinguished writers of any existing nation. As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style will be found precisely such as we of England are accustomed to admire most; brief, nervous, vivid; yet quiet, without glitter or antithesis; idiomatic, pure without purism; transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning. "Every sentence," says Horn, and justly, "is like a phalanx;" not a word wrong placed, not a word that could be spared; and it forms itself so calmly and lightly, and stands in its completeness so gay, yet so impregnable! As a poet he contemptuously denied himself all merit; but his readers have not taken him at his word: here too a similar felicity of style attends him; his plays, his *Minna von Barnhelm*, his *Emilie Galotti*, his *Nathan der Weise*, have a genuine and graceful poetic life; yet no works known to us in any language are purer from exaggeration, or any appearance of

falsehood. They are pictures, we might say, painted not in colours, but in crayons; yet a strange attraction lies in them: for the figures are grouped into the finest attitudes, and true and spirit-speaking in every line. It is with his style chiefly that we have to do here; yet we must add, that the matter of his works is not less meritorious. His Criticism and philosophic or religious Scepticism were of a higher mood than had yet been heard in Europe, still more in Germany: his *Dramaturgie* first exploded the pretensions of the French theatre, and, with irresistible conviction, made Shakespeare known to his countrymen; preparing the way for a brighter era in their literature, the chief men of which still thankfully look back to Lessing as their patriarch. His *Laocoon*, with its deep glances into the philosophy of Art, his *Dialogues of Freemasons*, a work of far higher import than its title indicates, may yet teach many things to most of us, which we know not, and ought to know.

With Lessing and Klopstock might be joined, in this respect, nearly every one, we do not say of their distinguished, but even of their tolerated contemporaries. The two Jacobis, known more or less in all countries, are little known here, if they are accused of wanting literary taste. These are men, whether as thinkers or poets, to be regarded and admired for their mild and lofty wisdom, the devoutness, the benignity and calm grandeur of their philosophical views. In such, it were strange if among so many high merits, this lower one of a just and elegant style, which is indeed their natural and even necessary product, had been wanting. We recommend the elder Jacobi no less for his clearness than for his depth; of the younger, it may be enough in this point of view to say that the chief praisers of his earlier poetry were the French. Neither are Hamann and Mendelsohn, who could meditate deep thoughts, defective in the power of uttering them with propriety. The *Phædon* of the latter, in its chaste precision and simplicity of style, may almost remind us of Xenophon: Socrates, to our mind, has spoken in no modern language so like Socrates, as here, by the lips of this wise and cultivated Jew.¹

¹The history of Mendelsohn is interesting in itself, and full of encouragement to all lovers of self-improvement. At thirteen he was a wandering Jewish beggar, without health, without home, almost without a language—for the jargon of broken Hebrew and provincial German which he spoke could scarcely be called one. At middle age he could write this *Phædon*, was a man of wealth and breeding, and ranked among the teachers of his age. Like Pope, he shone by his original creed.

Among the poets and more popular writers of the time, the case is the same: Utz, Gellert, Cramer, Ramler, Kleist, Hagedorn, Rabener, Gleim, and a multitude of lesser men, whatever excellences they might want, certainly are not chargeable with bad taste. Nay, perhaps of all writers they are the least chargeable with it: a certain clear, light, unaffected elegance, of a higher nature than French elegance, it might be, yet to the exclusion of all very deep or genial qualities, was the excellence they strove after, and, for the most part, in a fair measure attained. They resemble English writers of the same, or perhaps an earlier period, more than any other foreigners: apart from Pope, whose influence is visible enough, Beattie, Logan, Wilkie, Glover, unknown perhaps to any of them, might otherwise have almost seemed their models. Goldsmith also would rank among them; perhaps in regard to true poetic genius, at their head, for none of them has left us a *Vicar of Wakefield*; though, in regard to judgment, knowledge, general talent, his place would scarcely be so high.

The same thing holds in general, and with fewer drawbacks, of the somewhat later and more energetic race, denominated the *Göttingen School*; in contradistinction from the Saxon, to which Rabener, Cramer, and Gellert directly belonged, and most of those others indirectly. Hölty, Bürger, the two Stolbergs, are men whom Bossu might measure with his scales and compasses as strictly as he pleased. Of Herder, Schiller, Goethe, we speak not here: they are men of another stature and form of movement, whom Bossu's scale and compasses could not measure without difficulty, or rather not at all. To say that such men wrote with taste of this sort were saying little; for this forms not the apex, but the basis, in their conception of style; a quality not to be paraded as an excellence, but to be understood as indispensable,

as there by necessity and like a thing of course.

In truth, for it must be spoken out, our opponents are widely astray in this matter; so widely that their views of it are not only dim and perplexed, but altogether imaginary and delusive. It is proposed to school the Germans in the Alphabet of taste; and the Germans are already busied with their *Accidence*! Far from being behind other nations in the practice or science of Criticism, it is a fact, for which we fearlessly refer to all competent judges, that they are distinctly and even considerably in advance. We state what is already known to a great part of Europe to be true. Criticism has assumed a new form in Germany; it proceeds on other principles, and proposes to itself a higher aim. The grand question is not now a question concerning the qualities of diction, the coherence of metaphors, the fitness of sentiments, the general logical truth, in a work of art, as it was some half-century ago among most critics; neither is it a question mainly of a psychological sort, to be answered by discovering and delineating the peculiar nature of the poet from his poetry, as is usual with the best of our own critics at present: but it is, not indeed exclusively, but inclusively of those two other questions, properly and ultimately a question on the essence and peculiar life of the poetry itself. The first of these questions, as we see it answered, for instance, in the criticisms of Johnson and Kames, relates, strictly speaking, to the *garment* of poetry; the second, indeed, to its *body* and material existence, a much higher point; but only the last to its *soul* and spiritual existence, by which alone can the body, in its movements and phases, be *informed* with significance and rational life. The problem is not now to determine by what mechanism Addison composed sentences and struck out similitudes; but by what far finer and more mysterious mechanism Shakspeare organized his dramas, and gave life and individuality to his Ariel and his Hamlet. Wherein lies that life; how have they attained that shape and individuality? Whence comes that empyrean fire which irradiates their whole being, and pierces, at least in starry gleams, like a diviner thing, into all hearts? Are these dramas of his not veri-similar only, but true; nay, truer than reality itself, since the essence of unmixed reality is bodied forth in them under more expressive symbols! What is this unity of theirs; and can our deeper inspection discern it to be indivisible, and existing by necessity, because each work springs, as it were, from the general elements of all

though often solicited to change it: indeed, the grand problem of his life was to better the inward and outward condition of his own ill-fated people; for whom he actually accomplished much benefit. He was a mild, shrewd, and worthy man; and might well love *Phædon* and Socrates, for his own character was Socratic. He was a friend of Lessing's: indeed, a pupil; for Lessing, having accidentally met him at chess, recognized the spirit that lay struggling under such incumbrances, and generously undertook to help him. By teaching the poor Jew a little Greek, he disenchanted him from the Talmud and the Rabbins. The two were afterwards co-labourers in Nicolai's *Deutsche Bibliothek*, the first German *Review* of any character; which, however, in the hands of Nicolai himself, it subsequently lost. Mendelssohn's works have mostly been translated into French.

Thought, and grows up therefrom into form and expansion by its own growth? Not only who was the poet, and how did he compose; but what and how was the poem, and why was it a poem and not rhymed eloquence, creation and not figured passion? These are the questions for the critic. Criticism stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; between the prophet and those who hear the melody of his words, and catch some glimpse of their material meaning, but understand not their deeper import. She pretends to open for us this deeper import; to clear our sense that it may discern the pure brightness of this eternal Beauty, and recognize it as heavenly, under all forms where it looks forth, and reject, as of the earth earthy, all forms, be their material splendour what it may, where no gleaming of that other shines through.

This is the task of Criticism as the Germans understand it. And how do they accomplish this task? By a vague declamation clothed in gorgeous mystic phraseology? By vehement tumultuous anthems to the poet and his poetry; by epithets and laudatory similitudes drawn from Tartarus and Elysium, and all intermediate terrors and glories; whereby, in truth, it is rendered clear both that the poet is an extremely great poet, and also that the critic's allotment of understanding, overflowed by these Pythian raptures, has unhappily melted into deliquium? Nowise in this manner do the Germans proceed: but by rigorous scientific inquiry; by appeal to principles which, whether correct or not, have been deduced patiently, and by long investigation, from the highest and calmest regions of Philosophy. For this finer portion of their Criticism is now also embodied in systems; and standing, so far as these reach, coherent, distinct, and methodical, no less than, on their much shallower foundation, the systems of Boileau and Blair. That this new Criticism is a complete, much more a certain science, we are far from meaning to affirm: the æsthetic theories of Kant, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, vary in external aspect, according to the varied habits of the individual; and can at best only be regarded as approximations to the truth, or modifications of it; each critic representing it as it harmonizes more or less perfectly with the other intellectual persuasions of his own mind, and of different classes of minds that resemble his. Nor can we here undertake to inquire what degree of such approximation to the truth there is in each or all of these writers; or in Tieck and the two Schlegels, who, especially the latter, have laboured so meritoriously in

reconciling these various opinions; and so successfully in impressing and diffusing the best spirit of them, first in their own country, and now also in several others. Thus much, however, we will say: That we reckon the mere circumstance of such a science being in existence, a ground of the highest consideration, and worthy the best attention of all inquiring men. For we should err widely if we thought that this new tendency of critical science pertains to Germany alone. It is a European tendency, and springs from the general condition of intellect in Europe. We ourselves have all, for the last thirty years, more or less distinctly felt the necessity of such a science: witness the neglect into which our Blairs and Bossus have silently fallen; our increased and increasing admiration, not only of Shakspeare, but of all his contemporaries, and of all who breathe any portion of his spirit; our controversy whether Pope was a poet; and so much vague effort on the part of our best critics everywhere to express some still unexpressed idea concerning the nature of true poetry; as if they felt in their hearts that a pure glory, nay a divineness, belonged to it, for which they had as yet no name and no intellectual form. But in Italy too, in France itself, the same thing is visible. Their grand controversy, so hotly urged, between the *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, in which the Schlegels are assumed, much too loosely, on all hands, as the patrons and generalissimos of the latter, shows us sufficiently what spirit is at work in that long-stagnant literature. Doubtless this turbid fermentation of the elements will at length settle into clearness, both there and here, as in Germany it has already in a great measure done; and perhaps a more serene and genial poetic day is everywhere to be expected with some confidence. How much the example of the Germans may have to teach us in this particular needs no farther exposition.

The authors and first promulgators of this new critical doctrine were at one time contemptuously named the *New School*; nor was it till after a war of all the few good heads in the nation with all the many bad ones had ended as such wars must ever do,¹ that these

¹ It began in Schiller's *Musen Almanack* for 1797. The *Xenien* (a series of philosophic epigrams jointly by Schiller and Goethe) descended there unexpectedly, like a flood of ethereal fire, on the German literary world: quickening all that was noble into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of Dulness with astonishment and unknown pangs. The agitation was extreme; scarcely since the age of Luther has there been such stir and

critical principles were generally adopted; and their assertors found to be no *School*, or new heretical Sect, but the ancient primitive Catholic communion, of which all sects that had any living light in them were but members and subordinate modes. It is, indeed, the most sacred article of this creed to preach and practise universal tolerance. Every literature of the world has been cultivated by the Germans; and to every literature they have studied to give due honour. Shakspeare and Homer, no doubt, occupy alone the loftiest station in the poetical Olympus; but there is space in it for all true Singers out of every age and clime. Ferdusi and the primeval Mythologists of Hindostan live in brotherly union with the Troubadours and ancient Storytellers of the West. The wayward mystic gloom of Calderon, the lurid fire of Dante, the auroral light of Tasso, the clear icy glitter of Racine, all are acknowledged and revered; nay, in the celestial forecourt an abode has been appointed for the Grassetts and Delilles, that no spark of inspiration, no tone of mental music, might remain unrecognized. The Germans study foreign nations in a spirit which deserves to be oftener imitated. It is their honest endeavour to understand each, with its own peculiarities, in its own special manner of existing; not that they may praise it, or censure it, or attempt to alter it, but simply that they may see this manner of existing as the nation itself sees it, and so participate in whatever worth or beauty it has brought into being. Of all literatures, accordingly, the German has the best as well as the most translations; men like Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Schlegel, Tieck, have not disdained this task. Of Shakspeare there are three entire versions admitted to be good: and we know not how many partial, or considered as bad. In their criticisms of him, we ourselves have long ago admitted that no such clear judgment or hearty appreciation of his merits had ever been exhibited by any critic of our own.

To attempt stating in separate aphorisms the doctrines of this new poetical system, would, in such space as is now allowed us, be to insure them of misapprehension. The science of Criticism, as the Germans practise it, is no study of an hour; for it springs from

the depths of thought, and remotely or immediately connects itself with the subtlest problems of all philosophy. One characteristic of it we may state, the obvious parent of many others. Poetic beauty, in its pure essence, is not, by this theory, as by all our theories, from Hume's to Alison's, derived from anything external, or of merely intellectual origin; not from association, or any reflex or reminiscence of mere sensations; nor from natural love, either of imitation, of similarity in dissimilarity, of excitement by contrast, or of seeing difficulties overcome. On the contrary, it is assumed as underived; not borrowing its existence from such sources, but as lending to most of these their significance and principal charm for the mind. It dwells and is born in the inmost Spirit of Man, united to all love of Virtue, to all true belief in God; or rather, it is one with this love and this belief, another phase of the same highest principle in the mysterious infinitude of the human Soul. To apprehend this beauty of poetry, in its full and purest brightness, is not easy, but difficult; thousands on thousands eagerly read poems, and attain not the smallest taste of it; yet to all uncorrupted hearts, some effulgences of this heavenly glory are here and there revealed; and to apprehend it clearly and wholly, to acquire and maintain a sense and heart that sees and worships it, is the last perfection of all humane culture. With mere readers for amusement, therefore, this criticism has, and can have, nothing to do; these find their amusement in less or greater measure, and the nature of Poetry remains for ever hidden from them in deepest concealment. On all hands, there is no truce given to the hypothesis that the ultimate object of the poet is to please. Sensation, even of the finest and most rapturous sort, is not the end, but the means. Art is to be loved, not because of its effects, but because of itself; not because it is useful for spiritual pleasure, or even for moral culture, but because it is Art, and the highest in man, and the soul of all beauty. To inquire after its *utility* would be like inquiring after the *utility* of a God, or, what to the Germans would sound stranger than it does to us, the *utility* of Virtue and Religion. On these particulars, the authenticity of which we might verify, not so much by citation of individual passages, as by reference to the scope and spirit of whole treatises, we must for the present leave our readers to their own reflections. Might we advise them, it would be to inquire farther, and, if possible, to see the matter with their own eyes.

strife in the intellect of Germany; indeed, scarcely since that age has there been a controversy, if we consider its ultimate bearings on the best and noblest interests of mankind, so important as this, which, for the time, seemed only to turn on metaphysical subtleties, and matters of mere elegance. Its farther applications became apparent by degrees.

THE PERFECT LOVER.

[Sir John Suckling, born at Whitton, Middlesex, 1608; died in France, 1641. Poet and soldier in the troublous days of Charles I. He was educated at Cambridge. His works are: *The Season of the Poets*; *Aglaure*, a tragi-comedy; *The Discontented Colonel*, and *A Sad One*, tragedies; *The Goblins*, a comedy; *An Account of Religion by Reason*; the *Ballad on a Wedding*; &c. "The grace and elegance of his songs and ballads are inimitable"—George Ellis.]

Honest lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she has little or nothing spoken:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

A HIGHLAND GLEN.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch this beauteous earth
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine—
Then from glad youth to calm decline
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of time!

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole!

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glowed of thee, and only thee.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm.
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE INVENTOR.

[Eckmann-Chatrian, the compound name of two French authors. Emile Eckmann, born at Phalsbourg, in the department of the Meurthe, 20th May, 1822. Alexandre Chatrian, born at Soldatenthal, Meurthe, 18th December, 1836. In conjunction, and under the name of Eckmann-Chatrian, the two friends have produced numerous tales and plays, which were for some time supposed to proceed from one pen. *The Illustrious Doctor Mathéus* was the first work which obtained popularity, and since then the authors have written the following amongst other novels:—*The Conscript of 1815; Madame Thérèse; The Invasion; Waterloo; A Man of the People; The War; The Blockade (of Phalsbourg); History of a Peasant; Master Daniel Rock; Tales of the Rhine Borders; Friend Fritz; The Story of the Pidécite; The Polish Jew*, a play, &c. &c. Their works are distinguished by faithful and vivid portraiture of rural life and manners; and sometimes by a kind of weird fancy playing with scientific possibilities.]

On the twenty-ninth day of July, 1835, Kasper Böeck, a shepherd of the village of Hirschwiller, his large felt hat hanging upon his shoulders, his canvas wallet hanging by his side, and followed by his great yellow-pawed dog, presented himself about nine o'clock in the evening at the house of the Burgomaster Petrouse, who had just finished supper, and was helping himself to a glass of kirschenwasser to aid his digestion.

The Burgomaster was a tall thin man, and wore on his lip a large grizzly moustache. He had, in former days, served in the army of the Archduke Charles; and, while possessed of a good-natured disposition, he ruled the village of Hirschwiller with a wag of his finger and a nod of his head.

"Burgomaster!" cried the shepherd in a state of excitement; but Petrouse, without waiting to hear him further, frowned and said—

"Kasper Böeck, begin by taking off your hat; send out your dog, and then speak plainly without spluttering, in order that I may understand you."

Whereupon the Burgomaster, standing near the table, quietly emptied his glass, and sucked the fringe of his great moustache with an air of indifference.

Kasper sent out his dog and returned, cap in hand.

"Now," said Petrouse, seeing the shepherd somewhat composed, "tell me what has happened."

"It happens that the ghost has appeared again in the ruins of Geirstein!"

"Ah! I doubt that very much. Have you seen it, Kasper?"

"That I have, Burgomaster, very plainly."

"What was it like?"

"It looked like a little man."

"Good."

Then the old soldier, unhooking his gun from above the door, slung it over his shoulder and addressed the shepherd,

"Go and tell the constable to meet me directly in the little lane of the hollies," said he. "Your ghost is likely to prove some vagabond rascal; but if it should turn out to be only a fox, I'll make its skin into a cap with long ears for you."

So saying the Burgomaster strode out, followed humbly by Kasper Böeck.

The weather was charming. Whilst the shepherd hastened to knock at the door of the constable, Petrouse ensconced himself in a grove of elders which skirted the back of the old village church. Two minutes later Kasper and Hans Goerner, his short sword dangling by his side, joined the Burgomaster at a sharp trot. The three advanced towards the ruins of Geirstein.

These ruins, situated at about twenty minutes' walk from the village, appeared insignificant enough, consisting of several fragments of a broken-down wall, some four or six feet in height, which made themselves barely visible amidst the brushwood. Archæologists called them the aqueducts of Seranus, the Roman camp of Holderloch, or the vestiges of Theodoric, according to their fancy. The only remarkable feature about these ruins was the flight of stairs of a cavern cut in the rock. Contrary to most winding stairs, instead of the concentric circles contracting at every downward sweep, the spiral of this hollow increased in width in such a manner that the bottom of the hollow became three times as large as the outlet.

Could this be a caprice of architecture? or what other strange cause determined so odd a structure? It is a matter which need concern us little; sufficient for the present is the fact, that in the cavern might be heard that vague murmur which any one may hear by applying the hollow of a shell to his ear: you could hear also the step of the wayfarer upon the gravel, the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaves, and even the conversation of the passers-by.

The three travellers ascended the little footpath which lay between the vines and the cabbage-gardens of Hirschwiller.

"I can see nothing," broke forth the Burgomaster, turning up his nose mockingly.

"Nor I either," Hans chimed in, imitating the tone of his superior.

"Oh, it is in the hole," muttered the shepherd.

"We shall see, we shall see," the Burgomaster replied confidently. And after this fashion in about a quarter of an hour they reached the mouth of the cavern.

I have said, that the night was clear, bright, and perfectly calm. The moon, as far as the eye could reach, lit with bluish tints one of those nocturnal landscapes clothed with silvery trees, the shadows of which upon the ground seem traced in the firm dark lines of a pencil. The heath and the broom in blossom perfumed the breeze with an odour sharpened by the night air; and the frogs of a neighbouring marsh croaking their hoarse strains broke from time to time the silence of the night.

But all these appearances escaped the attention of our worthy rustics; they thought only of laying hands upon the ghost.

Arriving at the cavern mouth the three halted and listened. Then they looked into the darkness: nothing could be seen, nothing stirred.

"Confound it," exclaimed the Burgomaster, "we have forgotten to bring a bit of candle with us. Get down the stair, Kasper, you know the way better than I do; I will follow you."

At this proposal the shepherd recoiled hastily. If he had followed his own inclination the poor fellow would have taken to his heels: his piteous looks caused the Burgomaster to fall into fits of laughter.

"Very well then, Hans, since Kasper is afraid to descend, you must lead the way."

"But—but, good Burgomaster," expostulated the constable, "you know there are some of the steps awanting. We run the risk of breaking our necks."

"Then send on your dog, Kasper," continued the Burgomaster.

The shepherd called his dog; he showed him the stairs, he urged him forward, but the dog no more than the men inclined to make the venture.

At this moment a brilliant idea occurred to Hans.

"Ha! Mister Petrouse," he exclaimed, "suppose you fire a shot into the cave?"

"By my faith," cried the Burgomaster, "you are right. We shall see clearly at any rate."

And without hesitating the bold man approached the staircase holding his gun. But by reason of the acoustic effects which have been already pointed out, the ghost, the vagabond, or whatever it was occupied the cavern,

heard all that had passed. The idea of receiving the report of a gun did not seem to suit his tastes, for in a small shrill voice he cried—

"Hold! do not fire! I ascend to you!"

Then the three besiegers regarded each other, subduing their laughter, and the Burgomaster again bending over the hollow shouted in rude tone—

"Make haste, rascal, or I fire!"

He shouldered his gun. The click of the lock seemed to hasten the ascent of the mysterious individual, and several stones, detached in his haste, were heard to roll to the bottom. Nevertheless, more than a minute elapsed before any one appeared, the cavern being at least sixty feet in depth.

What could engage that man in the midst of such darkness? Surely he must be some great criminal! Thus thought at least the Burgomaster and his attendants.

At length a vague form emerged from the shade. Then slowly, step by step, a little lean red-haired man, four and a half feet in height, his complexion sallow, his eye sparkling like a magpie's, his hair in disorder, and his clothes in tatters, issued from the cavern crying—

"By what right, wretches, do you come to disturb my studies?"

This authoritative speech was not at all in keeping with the dress and figure of the little fellow, so the Burgomaster replied indignantly:—

"Make haste to prove yourself an honest man, you wretched imp, or I shall begin by giving you a thrashing."

"A thrashing!" cried the manikin, dancing with rage and drawing himself up under the nose of the Burgomaster.

"Yes, a thrashing," replied Petrouse, who, nevertheless, could not help admiring the courage of the dwarf, "if you do not reply in a satisfactory manner to the questions I am about to put to you. I am the Burgomaster of Hirschwiller; here is the constable, the shepherd, and his dog; we are stronger than you, observe; be wise, therefore, and tell me peaceably what you are, what you do here, and why you do not appear in the light of day. After that we shall see what is to be done with you."

"All that does not concern you," replied the little man in his harsh voice; "I will not answer you."

"In that case then, forward, march!" the Burgomaster responded, seizing him by the neck, "you shall take up your quarters in prison."

The little fellow struggled and twisted like

a weasel: he even attempted to bite, and the dog was already manifesting designs upon his calves, when, thoroughly exhausted, he said, not without a certain dignity:—

"Release me sir, I yield to force; I shall follow you."

The Burgomaster, not wanting in courtesy, became more calm in turn.

"You promise me that," said he.

"I promise you."

"That is well: walk then in front of us."

And this is how, on the night of the twenty-ninth of July, 1835, the Burgomaster of Hirschwiller effected the capture of a little red-haired man, issuing from the ruins of Geirstein.

On reaching the village the constable ran to seek the key of the prison, and the captive was shut in under double lock.

The next day, towards nine o'clock, Hans Gerner, having received orders to lead the prisoner to the court-house in order to submit him to a new interrogation, betook himself with four stout fellows to the cell. They opened the door, full of curiosity to see the ghost, but what was their surprise to see him hanging by his cravat to the railing of the skylight window. Without delay they set off to the house of the Burgomaster, to apprise him of the event.

The justice of peace and the doctor of Hirschwiller drew up in legal form a deposition of the witnesses of the catastrophe; then they buried the unknown one in a neighbouring clover-field, and so the matter ended.

But about three weeks after these events I went to see my cousin Petrouse, of whom I happened to be the nearest relative and heir, circumstances which maintained between us an attachment of the closest kind. We were dining together and talking of various subjects, in the course of which he related to me the preceding history, just as I have reported it.

"It is strange, cousin," said I to him, "very strange! and you have no other trace of that mysterious being?"

"None."

"You have learned nothing which can give you a hint of his intentions?"

"Absolutely nothing, Christian."

"But what could he be doing in the cave? what could be the object of his life?"

The Burgomaster shrugged his shoulders, refilled our glasses, and replied—

"Your health, cousin."

"And yours."

We remained silent for some minutes. It was impossible for me to be satisfied with the sudden termination of this adventure, and in

spite of myself I fell into a dreamy melancholy, thinking of the sad fate of certain men who appear and disappear in the world like the flowers of the field, without leaving behind them the least remembrance or the least regret.

"Cousin," I at length inquired, "how far may it be from here to the ruins of Geirstein?"

"Twenty minutes' walk at farthest. Why do you ask?"

"Just that I wish to see them."

"You know that to-day we have a meeting of the council, and that I cannot accompany you."

"Oh!" I replied, "I shall easily find them myself."

"That is unnecessary," he said, "Hans will show you the way; he has nothing better to do." And my cousin, having tapped upon his glass, called his servant and said—

"Katel, go seek Hans Gerner; let him make haste; it is now two o'clock, and I must be going."

The domestic departed, and Hans arrived without delay. He received instructions to conduct me to the ruins, and, whilst the Burgomaster proceeded leisurely to the council chamber, we mounted the brow of the hill. Hans Gerner pointed out to me with his hand the remains of the aqueduct. At this moment the rocky edge of the plateau, the blue mountains of Hundsrück, the sadly dilapidated walls covered with sombre ivy, the clang of the village bell calling the worthies of Hirschwiller to council, the panting constable clinging to the brushwood, all produced within me a sad and sombre impression I could hardly account for, unless it might be the history of the poor suicide casting a shadow on the horizon.

The staircase of the cavern appeared to me extremely curious, its spiral form elegant. The rough shrubs springing from the fissures at almost every step, and the desolate aspect of the place, accorded with my sadness.

We descended, and soon the luminous point of the opening above, which appeared to become more and more narrow, taking the form of a star with diverging rays, alone lent us its pale light.

On reaching the bottom of the cave it was a wondrous sight which the whole flight of steps presented, lighted from above and casting their shadows with a marvellous regularity. I now heard the resonance Petrouse had spoken of to me; the immense granite shell had as many echoes as stones.

"Has any one descended here since the little

man was discovered?" I inquired of Hans Goerner.

"No, sir, the peasants are afraid; they imagine that the ghost has gone back again. No one ventures into the Screech-owl's Ear."

"Do they call this the Screech-owl's Ear?"

"Yes."

"It resembles that closely," said I lifting my eyes. "This vault reversed forms the concha or outer part, underneath the stairs we have the tympanic cavity, and the windings of the staircase represent the cochlea, the labyrinth, and the vestibule of the ear. Here, then, is the cause of the murmur which is heard: we are at the base of a colossal ear."

"It is very likely," replied Hans, who seemed to understand nothing of my observations.

We prepared to ascend, and I had already mounted a few steps when I felt something crumble under my foot. Bending down to see what it might be, I perceived at the same time a white object before me, which proved to be a tattered sheet of paper. As for the hard substance which had been broken, I recognized in it a kind of glazed brown stone jug.

"Oh, ho!" I cried, "this may throw some light upon the Burgomaster's story," and I rejoined Hans Goerner, who already awaited me at the mouth of the cavern.

"Now sir," he said to me, "where do you wish to go?"

"In the first place," said I, "let us rest a little: we shall consider presently."

I sat down upon a stone, while Hans cast his falcon eye round about the village in search of plunderers in the gardens, if any such could be discovered.

I examined carefully the stone vase, of which only a fragment remained. That fragment presented the form of the mouth of a trumpet lined with down. Its use I could not make out. I then read the fragment of the letter, which was written in a steady flowing hand. I have transcribed it word for word. It seems to form a continuation of another portion of the sheet, which I have since sought for unsuccessfully in and about the ruins.

"My microacoustic cornet has therefore the double advantage of multiplying infinitely the intensity of sounds, and of introducing into the ear nothing which will in the least annoy the observer. You could hardly credit, my dear master, the delight which one experiences in distinguishing the thousand imperceptible noises which, in the beautiful summer days, combine to form one immense hum. The bee

has his song, like the nightingale; the wasp is the linnet of the mosses; the grasshopper the twittering swallow of the tall grass; the gnat resembles the wren in the same degree; its voice is only a sigh, but that sigh is melodious.

"This discovery, from a philosophic point of view, which makes us share in the life universal, surpasses in importance all that I am able to say of it.

"After so much suffering, privation, and weariness, how glorious it is to gather in at last the reward of our labours. With what thankfulness the soul lifts itself towards the divine Author of these microscopic worlds, the magnificence of which has been revealed to us! What are now the long hours of anguish, of hunger, of scorn, which formerly overwhelmed us? Nothing, my dear master, nothing! Tears of gratitude moisten our eyes. We are proud of having bought by suffering new joys for humanity and of having contributed to its elevation. But however vast, however admirable may be these first results of my microacoustic cornet, its advantages do not stop there. There are others more positive, more material, so to speak, and which are demonstrable by figures.

"Just as the telescope enables us to discover myriads of worlds accomplishing their harmonious revolutions in space, so does my microacoustic cornet carry the sense of hearing beyond the bounds of the possible. Thus, sir, I do not stop at the circulation of the blood and the humours of the living body. You may hear them rush along with the impetuosity of cataracts, you may perceive them with a distinctness that would astonish you. The least irregularity in the pulse, the slightest obstacle in its course, strikes you, and produces the effect of a rock against which are dashed the waters of a torrent!

"This is unquestionably an immense gain in the development of our physiological and pathological knowledge, but it is not on this point I insist.

"On applying your ear, sir, to the ground, you can hear the hot mineral waters springing up at immense depths; you can estimate their volume, their currents, their obstacles. Do you desire to go further? Descend into a subterranean vault so constructed as to collect a considerable quantity of appreciable sounds: then at night, when all sleep, and nothing disturbs the interior sounds of our globe, listen!

"My dear master, all that I can say at this moment—for in the midst of my deep misery, of my privations, and often indeed of my despair, there is left for me only a few lucid moments

in which I can pursue my geological observations—all it is possible for me to tell you is, that the bubbling of flaming lava and the uproar of elements in ebullition is something awful and sublime, and which can only be compared to the feelings of the astronomer sounding with his glass the depths of space and infinitude. Nevertheless I must confess to you, that these experiences have need of being further studied and classified in methodic manner, in order to draw from them reliable conclusions. Also, as soon as you have deigned, my dear and worthy master, to forward to me at Newstadt the small sum I have asked of you to meet my pressing wants, we shall come to an understanding, with the view of establishing three subterranean observatories—one in the valley of Catane, the other in Iceland, and the third in one of the valleys of Capac-Uren, of Songay, or of Cayembe-Uren, the deepest in the Cordilleras, and consequently . . .

Here the letter ended! My hands fell by my sides, I was stupified. Had I been reading the ravings of a madman or the realized inspirations of a genius? What could one say? What could one think? This miserable man living at the bottom of a pit, dying with hunger, had been perhaps one of those chosen ones whom the Supreme Being sends upon the earth to enlighten future generations. This man had hung himself in disgust. His prayer had not been responded to, although he asked only a morsel of bread in exchange for his discovery. It was a horrible thought. Long I remained there, lost in reverie and thanking Heaven for not having willed to make of me a leading man in the community of martyrs. At length Hans Gœrner, seeing me with eyes fixed and mouth agape, ventured to touch me on the shoulder.

"Sir," said he, "it grows late; the Burgomaster by this time will have returned from the council."

"Ah! you are right," I exclaimed, crumpling the paper in my hand; "let us go."

We descended the bank. My cousin met us on the threshold, a smile upon his face.

"Well, friend Christian! you have found nothing of the simpleton who hung himself?"

"No."

"I thought as much," continued the Burgomaster. "He was doubtless some lunatic escaped from Stefansfeld or other madhouse. By my faith, he did well to hang himself. When one is good for nothing, that is the wisest thing he can do."—*From the French, by JOHN CHALMERS, M.D.*

2D SERIES, VOL. I.

ON THE PICTURE OF "A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it—restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath pled with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

THE ROSE.

The rose, alas! thy guardian hand
Saved yesterday from dying,
Pale, wan, and wither'd from its stem,
Is now in ruins lying:
But the fond flower, to show she still
Was grateful e'en in death,
Her blushes to thy cheek bequeathed,
Her perfume to thy breath.

SIR THOMAS E. CROFT.

A MATCH.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

[John Evelyn, born at Wotton, Surrey, 31st October, 1620; died 27th February, 1706-6. He saw much of the court of Charles II., but retained his character of an upright and studious gentleman. He wrote numerous works, chiefly on social and scientific subjects, but his *Diary* (from which our extract is taken) and his *Sylva*, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, are the only ones which have kept their place in general estimation. Of his other works it will suffice to mention: *Panisfugium*, or the Inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London Disipated; *Tyrannus*, or the Mode, in a Discourse of Sumptuary Laws; *Sculptura*, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper; *Terra*, a Philosophical Discourse of the Earth; *Mundus Mulieris*, or the Ladies' Dressing-room Unlocked and her Toilette Spread,—a burlesque; *Numismata*, a Discourse of Medals, Ancient and Modern, &c. "His life, which was extended to eighty-six years, was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence."—*Horace Walpole*.]

1666. 2 Sept. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadfull flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheape-side, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd: and so returned exceeding astonish'd what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the City burning from Cheape-side to the Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainsard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches,

Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other; for the heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happily the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light scene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds also of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Pauls Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Pauls flew like granados, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh,

the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrossed), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North: but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd,¹ giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and

¹ The *Fumi-fugium*.

well furnish'd houses, were now reduced to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, were safe and sound.

Sept. 6, Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseised houses. It is not indeede imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some under cure at the Savoy, I return'd to White-hall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's,¹ the groomer porter, who was my relation.

7. I went this morning on foote from White-hall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Pauls, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroyed all the bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in the river, and render'd the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my returne I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Pauls now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all

the ornaments, columnes, freezes, capitals, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to the very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no lesse than 6 acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruines of the vaulted rooffe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabriq of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd. whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark cloudes of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about the ruines appear'd like men in some diamal desert, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, bars and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heate. Nor was I yet able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and aire, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by the ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along

¹ Dr. Offley was rector of Abinger, and donor of farms to Okewood Chapel in the parish of Wotton, in the patronage of the Evelyn family.

by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one pennie for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the City. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's Proclamation also invited them.

Still the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

10. I went againe to the ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty.

13 Sept. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruines, and a plot for a new Citty, with a discourse on it; whereupon after dinner his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bed-chamber, her Majesty and the Duke onely being present; they examin'd each particular, and discours'd on them for neere an houre, seeming to be extremely pleas'd with what I had so early thought on. The Queene was now in her cavalier riding habite, hat and feather, and horseman's coate, going out to take the aire.

16. I went to Greenwich Church, where Mr. Plume preached very well from this text: 'Seeing therefore all these things must be dissolved, &c. taking occasion from the late unparalell'd conflagration to remind us how we

ought to walke more holyly in all manner of conversation.

27. Dined at Sir Wm. D'Oylie's with that worthy gent. Sir John Holland of Suffolke.

10 Oct. This day was order'd a generall fast thro' the Nation, to humble us on the late dreadfull conflagration, added to the plague and warr, the most dismall judgments that could be inflicted, but which indeede we highly deserv'd for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continu'd favour in restoring Church, Prince, and People from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindefull, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our parish assemblee, where our Doctor preached on the 19 Luke 41, piously applying it to the occasion. After which was a collection for the distress'd loosers in the late fire.

LOVE'S EYES.

O me, what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's "No."
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE SEA CAVE.

Hardly we breathe, although the air be free
How massively doth awful nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle.
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly.
And under its glassed surface seems to smile.
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree!
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footstep of some sea-horn maid;
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport, at noontide in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEW YEAR NUMBERS.

[William Sawyer, born at Brighton, 26th July, 1828. Poet and novelist. He was early connected with literature as a contributor to the magazines; in 1846 he published *Stray Leaves*, and in 1849 *Thought and Reverie*, two volumes of poems. In 1867 appeared his *Ten Miles from Town*, and in 1872 his *Legend of Phyllis*—an exquisite new reading of an old story—which established his reputation as a poet. He has also written a number of novels, which have appeared anonymously. Of *Ten Miles from Town*, Dr. Westland Marston said: "It is long since I have enjoyed, in modern works, pictures so charming, so individual, so earnestly and so conscientiously wrought out as those this book presents; or listened to strains of feeling so high and pure, and so finished in point of execution." Grace, fancy, music, and tender thought distinguish his poems.]

Trust Him that is thy God, and have no fear:
His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep,
He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self centred in His own eternity,
He that is All is cause and law of all;
Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broadcast with His hand,
As o'er the globe the sower soweth seed,
Till with His glory all the heavens are sown.

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent
The rain-drop glitters populous with life;
And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of Spring!
The pinky nipples of the budding leaves
Break in a night, and lo, the wood is green!

Art thou more bare than is the winter wood,
Or less esteemed of Him who gives thee joy
In the first rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament,
"The leaves are falling and the fruit is done!"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See where the cruel winds have swept the trees
And all are branching bare against the night,
There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars.

So when the leafage of thy days is past,
And life is desolate, repine thou not,—
God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss:
Growth and decay obey a common law,
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

Think! Thou wert born and fashioned for a world
Assorted to thy needs and thy delights,
And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content.

Not of thy strength nor cunning didst thou come,
Into the flief and heritage of life;
And shall all fail thee in thy going hence?

Thou art not of thyself a thing alone,
But of the earth which shaped and nourisheth
And is thy vital warmth and fount of life.

Its mountains are thy brothers, and its woods,
Its seas have lent thee, and its affluent winds
Spare thee thy being for a little space.

All things have part in thee as thou in all
Hast thine own part; thy soul its part in God.
And all enduring, shalt not thou endure?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips,
The blown sand of the desert in thy face,
Shall these outlast the ages and not thou?

The star shines and the cloud slips from its face
Each to its function, moving to one law;
And both imperishable, cloud and star.

Content thyself and comfort thee in this;
In God's design is neither best nor worst,
To Him the greater is not nor the less.

The All of all embraces gain and loss,
His steadfast and his fleeting are as one,
And of His ordered change is ordered good.

In Him love bounds the infinite of might,
And He who giveth both to live and die
Is equal Lord of Life and Lord of Death.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

A widow, she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer:
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

1856.

—London Lyrica.

SOCIETY IN LAST CENTURY.

[Frances Burney (Madame D'Arbly), born at Lynn Regis, Norfolk, 13th June, 1752; died at Bath, 6th January, 1840. She was the second daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, the author of the *History of Music*, and was for five years one of the keepers of the robes to Queen Charlotte. She had many opportunities of studying society and manners, and her works show that she did not neglect them. Her most notable productions are: *Evelina*, or the History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World (from which we quote); *Cecilia*, or the Memoirs of an Heiress; *Camilla*, or a Picture of Youth; *The Wanderer*, or Female Difficulties; and the *Memoirs* of her father Dr. Burney. Her diary, published after her death, contains several valuable sketches of society towards the close of the last century. Dr. Johnson said: "Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively." Macaulay thought that "Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama: She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality."]

[The characters in the following scenes are:—Mrs. Beaumont, the hostess of the party; Lady Louisa, sister of Lord Orville, affected and vain, and betrothed to Lord Merton, a dissipated man about town, pretending to be reformed; Mr. Coverley, a sporting gentleman; Mr. Lovel, a fop; Mrs. Selwyn, a shrewd sarcastic lady in charge of *Evelina*, the heroine, who is a beautiful and unsophisticated girl, now betrothed to Lord Orville, a gentleman of sense and position; Captain Mirvan, a retired seaman, rough, and given to practical jokes; Maria, his daughter. *Evelina* writes:—]

The charming city of Bath answered all my expectations. The Crescent, the prospect from it, and the elegant symmetry of the Circus, delighted me. The Parades, I own, rather disappointed me; one of them is scarce preferable to some of the best paved streets in London: and the other, though it affords a beautiful prospect, a charming view of Prior-Park and of the Avon, yet wanted something in *itself* of more striking elegance than a mere broad pavement, to satisfy the ideas I had formed of it.

At the pump-room I was amazed at the public exhibition of the ladies in the bath; it is true, their heads are covered with bonnets; but the very idea of being seen in such a situation, by whoever pleases to look, is indelicate.

"Fore George," said the captain, looking into the bath, "this would be a most excellent

place for old Madame French to dance a fandango in! By jingo, I wouldn't wish for better sport than to swing her round this here pond!"

"She would be very much obliged to you," said Lord Orville, "for so extraordinary a mark of your favour."

"Why, to let you know," answered the captain, "she hit my fancy mightily; I never took so much to an old tabby before."

"Really now," cried Mr. Lovel, looking also into the bath, "I must confess it is, to me, very incomprehensible why the ladies choose that frightful unbecoming dress to bathe in! I have often pondered very seriously upon the subject, but could never hit upon the reason."

"Well, I declare," said Lady Louisa, "I should like of all things to see something new a-going; I always hated bathing, because one can get no pretty dress for it! Now do, there's a good creature, try to help me to something."

"Who, me!—O dear ma'am," said he, simpering, "I can't pretend to assist a person of your ladyship's taste; besides, I have not the least head for fashions—I really don't think I ever invented above three in my life! but I never had the least turn for dress,—never any notion of fancy or elegance."

"O fie, Mr. Lovel! how can you talk so?—don't we all know that you lead the *ton* in the *beau monde*? I declare, I think you dress better than anybody."

"O dear, ma'am, you confuse me to the last degree! I dress well!—I protest I don't think I'm ever fit to be seen!—I'm often shocked to death to think what a figure I go. If your ladyship will believe me, I was full half an hour this morning thinking what I should put on!"

"Odds my life," cried the captain, "I wish I'd been near you!—I warrant I'd have quickened your motions a little. Half an hour thinking what you'd put on! and who the deuce do you think cares the snuff of a candle whether you've anything on or not?"

"O pray, captain," cried Mrs. Selwyn, "don't be angry with the gentleman for *thinking*, whatever be the cause, for I assure you he makes no common practice of offending in that way."

"Really, ma'am, you're prodigiously kind," said Mr. Lovel, angrily.

"Pray now," said the captain, "did you ever get a ducking in that there place yourself?"

"A ducking, sir!" repeated Mr. Lovel: "I protest I think that's rather an odd term!—but if you mean a *bathing*, it is an honour I have had many times."

"And pray, if a body may be so bold, what do you do with that frizzle-frize top of your own? Why, I'll lay you what you will, there is fat and grease enough on your crown to buoy you up, if you were to go in head downwards."

"And I don't know," cried Mrs. Selwyn, "but that might be the easiest way: for I'm sure it would be the lightest."

"For the matter of that there," said the captain, "you must make him a soldier before you can tell which is lightest, head or heels. Howsoever, I'd lay ten pounds to a shilling I could whiak him so dexterously over into the pool, that he should light plump upon his foretop and turn round like a tetotum."

"Done!" cried Lord Merton; "I take your odds."

"Will you?" returned he; "why then, 'fore George, I'd do it as soon as say Jack Robinson."

"He, he!" faintly laughed Mr. Lovel, as he moved abruptly from the window; "'pon honour, this is pleasant enough; but I don't see what right anybody has to lay wagers about one without one's consent."

"There, Lovel, you are out," cried Mr. Coverley; "any man may lay what wager about you he will; your consent is nothing to the purpose: he may lay that your nose is sky-blue if he pleases."

"Ay," said Mrs. Selwyn, "or that your mind is more adorned than your person;—or any absurdity whatsoever."

"I protest," said Mr. Lovel, "I think it's a very disagreeable privilege, and I must beg that nobody may take such a liberty with me."

"Like enough you may," cried the captain; "but what's that to the purpose? Suppose I've a mind to lay that you've never a tooth in your head—pray, how will you hinder me?"

"You'll allow me, at least, sir, to take the liberty of asking how you'll prove it?"

"How?—why, by knocking them all down your throat."

"Knocking them all down my throat, sir!" repeated Mr. Lovel, with a look of horror; "I protest I never heard anything so shocking in my life! And I must beg leave to observe, that no wager, in my opinion, could justify such a barbarous action."

Here Lord Orville interfered, and hurried us to our carriages.

We returned in the same order we came. Mrs. Beaumont invited all the party to dinner, and has been so obliging as to beg Miss Mirvan may continue at her house during her stay. The captain will lodge at the Wells.

The first half-hour after our return was de-

voted to hearing Mr. Lovel's apologies for dining in his riding-dress.

Mrs. Beaumont then, addressing herself to Miss Mirvan and me, inquired how we liked Bath.

"I hope," said Mr. Lovel, "the ladies do not call this seeing Bath."

"No!—what should ail 'em?" cried the captain; "do you suppose they put their eyes in their pockets?"

"No, sir; but I fancy you will find no person—that is, no person of any condition—call going about a few places in a morning *seeing Bath*."

"Mayhap, then," said the literal captain, "you think we should see it better by going about at midnight?"

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Lovel, with a supercilious smile, "I perceive you don't understand me;—we should never call it *seeing Bath* without going at the right season."

"Why, what a plague then," demanded he, "can you only see at one season of the year?"

Mr. Lovel again smiled; but seemed superior to making any answer.

"The Bath amusements," said Lord Orville, "have a sameness in them, which, after a short time, renders them rather inapud; but the greatest objection that can be made to the place is the encouragement it gives to gamblers."

"Why, I hope, my lord, you would not think of abolishing *gaming*," cried Lord Merton; "'tis the very zest of life! Devil take me if I could live without it."

"I am sorry for it," said Lord Orville, gravely, and looking at Lady Louisa.

"Your lordship is no judge of this subject," continued the other; "but if once we could get you to a gaming-table, you'd never be happy away from it."

"I hope, my lord," cried Lady Louisa, "that nobody *here* ever occasions your quitting it."

"Your ladyship," said Lord Merton, recollecting himself, "has power to make me quite anything."

"Except *herself*," said Mr. Coverley.

"Egad, my lord, I think I've helped you out there!"

"You men of wit, Jack," answered his lordship, "are always ready; for my part, I don't pretend to any talents that way."

"Really, my lord?" asked the sarcastic Mrs. Selwyn: "well, that is wonderful, considering success would be so much in your power."

"Pray, ma'am," said Mr. Lovel to Lady Louisa, "has your ladyship heard the news?"

"News!—what news?"

"Why, the report circulating at the Wells concerning a certain person."

"O Lord, no: pray tell me what it is?"

"O no, ma'am, I beg your la'ship will excuse me; 'tis a profound secret, and I would not have mentioned it, if I had not thought you knew it."

"Lord, now, how can you be so monstrous? I declare, now, you're a provoking creature! But come, I know you'll tell me;—won't you, now?"

"Your la'ship knows I am but too happy to obey you; but, 'pon honour, I can't speak a word if you won't all promise me the most inviolable secrecy."

"I wish you'd wait for that from me," said the captain, "and I'll give you my word you'd be dumb for one while. Secrecy, quoth-a!—Fore George, I wonder you a'n't ashamed to mention such a word when you talk of telling it to a woman. Though, for the matter of that, I'd as lief blab it to the whole sex at once as to go for to tell it to such a thing as you."

"Such a thing as me, sir!" said Mr. Lovel, letting fall his knife and fork, and looking very important; "I really have not the honour to understand your expression."

"It's all one for that," said the captain; "you may have it explained whenever you like it."

"'Pon honour, sir," returned Mr. Lovel, "I must take the liberty to tell you, that I should be extremely offended, but that I suppose it to be some sea-phrase; and therefore I'll let it pass without further notice."

Lord Orville, then, to change the discourse, asked Miss Mirvan, if she should spend the ensuing winter in London.

"No, to be sure," said the captain: "what should she for? she saw all that was to be seen before."

"Is London, then," said Mr. Lovel, smiling at Lady Louisa, "only to be regarded as a *sight*?"

"Why, pray, Mr. Wiseacre, how are you pleased for to regard it yourself?—Answer me to that."

"O sir, *my* opinion, I fancy, you would hardly find intelligible. I don't understand *sea-phrases* enough to define it to your comprehension. Does not your la'ship think the task would be rather difficult?"

"O Lord, yes," cried Lady Louisa; "I declare I'd as soon teach my parrot to talk Welsh."

"Ha! ha! ha! admirable!—'Pon honour, your la'ship's quite in luck to-day; but that, indeed, your la'ship is every day. Though,

to be sure, it is but candid to acknowledge, that the gentlemen of the ocean have a set of ideas, as well as a dialect, so opposite to *ours*, that it is by no means surprising *they* should regard London as a mere *show*, that may be seen by being *looked at*. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" echoed Lady Louisa: "Well, I declare you are the drollest creature."

"He! he! 'Pon honour, I can't help laughing at the conceit of *seeing London* in a few weeks!"

"And what a plague should hinder you?" cried the captain; "do you want to spend a day in every street?"

Here again Lady Louisa and Mr. Lovel interchanged smiles.

"Why, I warrant you, if I had the showing it, I'd haul you from St. James's to Wapping the very first morning."

The smiles were now, with added contempt, repeated; which the captain observing, looked very fiercely at Mr. Lovel, and said, "Hark'ee, my spark, none of your grinning!—'tis a lingo I don't understand; and if you give me any more of it, I shall go near to lend you a box o' the ear."

"I protest, sir," said Mr. Lovel, turning extremely pale, "I think it's taking a very particular liberty with a person, to talk to one in such a style as this!"

"It's like you may," returned the captain: "but give a good gulp, and I'll warrant you'll swallow it." Then calling for a glass of ale, with a very provoking and significant nod, he drank to his easy digestion.

Mr. Lovel made no answer, but looked extremely sullen; and soon after, we left the gentlemen to themselves.

At tea-time we were joined by all the gentlemen but Captain Mirvan, who went to the hotel where he was to sleep, and made his daughter accompany him, to separate her *trumpery*, as he called it, from his clothes.

As soon as they were gone, Mr. Lovel, who still appeared extremely sulky, said, "I protest I never saw such a vulgar, abusive fellow in my life as that captain: 'pon honour, I believe he came here for no purpose in the world but to pick a quarrel: however, for my part, I vow I won't humour him."

"I declare," cried Lady Louisa, "he put me in a monstrous fright;—I never heard anybody talk so shocking in my life!"

"I think," said Mrs. Selwyn, with great solemnity, "he threatened to box your ears, Mr. Lovel;—did not he?"

"Really, ma'am," said Mr. Lovel, colouring, "if one was to mind everything those low kind

of people say, one should never be at rest for one impertinence or other; so I think the best way is to be above taking any notice of them."

"What!" said Mrs. Selwyn, with the same gravity, "and so receive the blow in silence?"

During this discourse I heard the captain's chaise stop at the door, and ran downstairs to meet Maria. She was alone, and told me that her father, who, she was sure, had some scheme in agitation against Mr. Lovel, had sent her on before him. We continued in the parlour till his return, and were joined by Lord Orville, who begged me not to insist on a patience so unnatural, as submitting to be excluded our society. And let me, my dear sir, with a grateful heart let me own, I never before passed half an hour in such perfect felicity.

I believe we were all sorry when the captain returned; yet his inward satisfaction, from however different a cause, did not seem inferior to what ours had been. He chuckled Maria under the chin, rubbed his hands, and was scarce able to contain the fulness of his glee. We all attended him to the drawing-room; where, having composed his countenance, without any previous attention to Mrs. Beaumont, he marched up to Mr. Lovel, and abruptly said, "Pray, have you e'er a brother in these here parts?"

"Me, sir! No, thank Heaven, I'm free from all encumbrances of that sort."

"Well," cried the captain, "I met a person just now so like you, I could have sworn he had been your twin-brother."

"It would have been a most singular pleasure to me," said Mr. Lovel, "if I also could have seen him: for, really, I have not the least notion what sort of person I am, and I have a prodigious curiosity to know."

Just then the captain's servant, opening the door, said, "A little gentleman below desires to see one Mr. Lovel."

"Beg him to walk up stairs," said Mrs. Beaumont. "But, pray, what is the reason William is out of the way?"

The man shut the door without any answer.

"I can't imagine who it is," said Mr. Lovel.

"I recollect no little gentleman of my acquaintance now at Bristol,—except indeed the Marquis of Charlton;—but I don't much fancy it can be him. Let me see, who else is there so very little?"

A confused noise among the servants now drew all eyes towards the door: the impatient captain hastened to open it; and then clapping his hands, called out, "Fore George,

'tis the same person I took for your relation."

And then, to the utter astonishment of everybody but himself, he hauled into the room a monkey, full dressed, and extravagantly *à la mode*!

The dismay of the company was almost general. Poor Mr. Lovel seemed thunderstruck with indignation and surprise: Lady Louisa began a scream, which for some time was incessant; Miss Mirvan and I jumped involuntarily upon the seats of our chairs; Mrs. Beaumont herself followed our example; Lord Orville placed himself before me as a guard; and Mrs. Selwyn, Lord Merton, and Mr. Coverley, burst into a loud, immoderate, ungovernable fit of laughter, in which they were joined by the captain, till, unable to support himself, he rolled on the floor.

The first voice which made its way through this general noise was that of Lady Louisa, which her fright and screaming rendered extremely shrill. "Take it away!" cried she, "take the monster away;—I shall faint, I shall faint, if you don't!"

Mr. Lovel, irritated beyond endurance, angrily demanded of the captain what he meant.

"Mean?" cried the captain, as soon as he was able to speak; "why only to show you in your proper colours." Then, rising and pointing to the monkey, "Why, now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be judged by you all!—Did you ever see anything more like?—Odds my life, if it wasn't for this here tail, you wouldn't know one from t'other."

"Sir," cried Mr. Lovel, stamping, "I shall take a time to make you feel my wrath."

"Come now," continued the regardless captain, "just for the fun's sake, doff your coat and waistcoat, and swop with Monsieur *Gris-again* here; and I'll warrant you'll not know yourself which is which."

"Not know myself from a monkey!—I assure you, sir, I'm not to be used in this manner, and I won't bear it, curse me if I will!"

"Why, hey-day!" cried the captain, "what, is master in a passion?—Well, don't be angry—come, he sha'n't hurt you;—here, shake a paw with him:—why, he'll do you no harm, man!—come, kiss and be friends!"

"Who, I?" cried Mr. Lovel, almost mad with vexation; "as I'm a living creature, I would not touch him for a thousand worlds!"

"Send him a challenge," cried Mr. Coverley, "and I'll be your second."

"Ay, do," said the captain, and I'll be second

to my friend Monsieur Clapperclaw here. Come to it at once!—tooth and nail!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mr. Lovel, retreating. "I would sooner trust my person with a mad bull!"

"I don't like the looks of him myself," said Lord Merton, "for he grins most horribly."

"O, I'm frightened out of my senses!" cried Lady Louisa: "take him away, or I shall die!"

"Captain," said Lord Orville, "the ladies are alarmed; and I must beg you would send the monkey away."

"Why, where can be the mighty harm of one monkey more than another?" answered the captain: "howsoever if it's agreeable to the ladies, suppose we turn them out together?"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" cried Mr. Lovel, lifting up his cane.

"What do you mean?" cried the captain, fiercely: "be so good as to down with your cane."

Poor Mr. Lovel, too much intimidated to stand his ground, yet too much enraged to submit, turned hastily round, and, forgetful of consequences, vented his passion by giving a furious blow to the monkey.

The creature, darting forwards, sprang instantly upon him: and clinging round his neck, fastened his teeth to one of his ears.

I was really sorry for the poor man; who, though an egregious fop, had committed no offence that merited such chastisement.

It was impossible now to distinguish whose screams were loudest, those of Mr. Lovel or of the terrified Lady Louisa, who, I believe, thought her own turn was approaching: but the unrelenting captain roared with joy.

Not so Lord Orville: ever humane, generous, and benevolent, he quitted his charge, who he saw was wholly out of danger, and seizing the monkey by the collar, made him loosen the ear; and then, with a sudden swing, flung him out of the room, and shut the door.

Poor Mr. Lovel, almost fainting with terror, sunk upon the floor, crying out, "O, I shall die, I shall die! O, I'm bit to death!"

"Captain Mirvan," said Mrs. Beaumont, with no little indignation, "I must own I don't perceive the wit of this action; and I am sorry to have such cruelty practised in my house."

"Why, Lord, ma'am," said the captain, when his rapture abated sufficiently for speech, "how could I tell they'd fall out so?—By jingo, I brought him to be a messmate for t'other."

"Egad," said Mr. Coverley, "I would not have been served so for a thousand pounds."

"Why, then, there's the odds of it," said the captain; "for you see he is served so for nothing. But come," turning to Mr. Lovel, "be of good heart; all may end well yet, and you and *monseer* Longtail be as good friends as ever."

"I'm surprised, Mrs. Beaumont," cried Mr. Lovel, starting up, "that you can suffer a person under your roof to be treated so inhumanly."

"What argufies so many words?" said the unfeeling captain; "it is but a slit of the ear; it only looks as if you had been in the pillory."

"Very true," added Mrs. Selwyn; "and who knows but it may acquire you the credit of being an antiministerial writer?"

"I protest," cried Mr. Lovel, looking ruefully at his dress, "my new riding-suit's all over blood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the captain, "see what comes of studying for an hour what you shall put on!"

Mr. Lovel then walked to the glass; and looking at the place, exclaimed, "O Heaven, what a monstrous wound! my ear will never be fit to be seen again!"

"Why then," said the captain, "you must hide it;—'tis but wearing a wig."

"A wig!" repeated the affrighted Mr. Lovel;

"I wear a wig?—No, not if you would give me a thousand pounds an hour!"

"I declare," said Lady Louisa, "I never heard such a shocking proposal in my life!"

Lord Orville then, seeing no prospect that the altercation would cease, proposed to the captain to walk. He assented; and having given Mr. Lovel a nod of exultation, accompanied his lordship down stairs.

"Pon honour," said Mr. Lovel, the moment the door was shut, "that fellow is the greatest brute in nature! he ought not to be admitted into a civilized society."

"Lovel," said Mr. Coverley, affecting to whisper, "you must certainly pink him: you must not put up with such an affront."

"Sir," said Mr. Lovel, "with any common person I should not deliberate an instant; but really with a fellow who has done nothing but fight all his life, 'pon honour, sir, I can't think of it!"

"Lovel," said Lord Merton, in the same voice, "you must call him to account."

"Every man," said he, pettishly, "is the best judge of his own affairs; and I don't ask the honour of any person's advice."

"Egad, Lovel," said Mr. Coverley, "you're in for it!—you can't possibly be off!"

"Sir," cried he, very impatiently, "upon any proper occasion, I should be as ready to show my courage as anybody; but as to fighting for such a trifle as this—I protest I should blush to think of it!"

"A trifle!" cried Mrs. Selwyn; "good Heaven! and have you made this astonishing riot about a trifle?"

"Ma'am," answered the poor wretch in great confusion, "I did not know at first but that my cheek might have been bit; but as 'tis no worse, why, it does not a great deal signify. Mrs. Beaumont, I have the honour to wish you a good evening; I'm sure my carriage must be waiting." And then, very abruptly, he left the room.

What a commotion has this mischief-loving captain raised! Were I to remain here long, even the society of my dear Maria could scarce compensate for the disturbances which he excites.

ON SIGHT OF A LADY'S FACE IN THE WATER.

[Thomas Carew, born 1589; died 1639. He belonged to a Gloucestershire family of distinction; educated at Oxford, and became gentleman of the privy chamber and sewer in ordinary to Charles I. He wrote elegant lyrics, and a masque entitled *Cædum Britannicum*, once ascribed to Sir William Davenant. "He deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated taste to our lyrical strains"—Campbell.]

Stand still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear:
So votaries, from every place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lover's sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
Lest you should lose your bias;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise;
And from your froth we soon shall see
A second Venus rise.

CŒUR DE LION IN PALESTINE.

[Edward Gibbon, born at Putney, Surrey, 27th April, 1737; died in London, 15th January, 1794. Author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire: The History of the Crusades: An Essay on the Study of Literature*, and an *Autobiography*. His great History was first projected in October, 1764, and was completed on the 27th June, 1787, at Lausanne, where a large portion of it was written and where the author spent much of his life. Gibbon is said to have received £6000 for the whole work.]

Philip Augustus and Richard I. are the only kings of France and England who (A.D. 1191-92) have fought under the same banners; but the holy service in which they were enlisted was incessantly disturbed by their national jealousy; and the two factions which they protected in Palestine were more averse to each other than to the common enemy. In the eyes of the orientals the French monarch was superior in dignity and power, and in the emperor's absence the Latins revered him as their temporal chief. His exploits were not adequate to his fame. Philip was brave, but the statesman predominated in his character: he was soon weary of sacrificing his health and interest on a barren coast. The surrender of Acre became the signal of his departure; nor could he justify this unpopular desertion by leaving the Duke of Burgundy, with 500 knights and 10,000 foot, for the service of the Holy Land. The King of England, though inferior in dignity, surpassed his rival in wealth and military renown; and if heroism be confined to brutal and ferocious valour, Richard Plantagenet will stand high among the heroes of the age. The memory of Cœur de Lion, of the lion-hearted prince, was long dear and glorious to his English subjects, and at the distance of sixty years it was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens, against whom he had fought. His tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants: and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, "Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?" His cruelty to the Mohammedans was the effect of temper and zeal; but I cannot believe that a soldier so free and fearless in the use of his lance would have descended to whet a dagger against his valiant brother Conrad of Montferrat, who was slain at Tyre by some secret assassins. After the surrender of Acre and the departure of Philip, the King of England led the Crusaders to the recovery of the sea-coast; and the cities of Cæsarea and Jaffa were

added to the fragments of the Kingdom of Lusignan. A march of 100 miles from Acre to Ascalon was a great and perpetual battle of eleven days. In the disorder of his troops Saladin remained on the field with seventeen guards without lowering his standard or suspending the sound of his brazen kettle-drum. He again rallied and renewed the charge, and his preachers or heralds called aloud on the *unitarians* manfully to stand up against the Christian idolaters. But the progress of these idolaters was irresistible; and it was only by demolishing the walls and buildings of Ascalon that the sultan could prevent them from occupying an important fortress on the confines of Egypt. During a severe winter the armies slept; but in the spring the Franks advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, under the leading standard of the English king, and his active spirit intercepted a convoy or caravan of 7000 camels. Saladin had fixed his station in the holy city, but the city was struck with consternation and discord. He fasted, he prayed, he preached, he offered to share the dangers of the siege; but his Mamalukes, who remembered the fate of their companions at Acre, pressed the sultan with loyal or seditious clamours to reserve *his* person and *their* courage for the future defence of the religion and empire. The Moslems were delivered by the sudden, or, as they deemed, the miraculous retreat of the Christians; and the laurels of Richard were blasted by the prudence or envy of his companions. The hero, ascending an hill and veiling his face, exclaimed with an indignant voice, "Those who are unwilling to rescue are unworthy to view the sepulchre of Christ!" After his return to Acre, on the news that Jaffa was surprised by the sultan, he sailed with some merchant vessels, and leaped foremost on the beach. The castle was relieved by his presence, and 60,000 Turks and Saracens fled before his arms. The discovery of his weakness provoked them to return in the morning, and they found him carelessly encamped before the gates with only seventeen knights and 300 archers. Without counting their numbers he sustained their charge; and we learn from the evidence of his enemies that the King of England, grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front from the right to the left wing without meeting an adversary who dared to encounter his career. Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?

During these hostilities a languid and tedious negotiation between the Franks and Moslems was started, and continued, and broken, and again resumed, and again broken. Some

acts of royal courtesy, the gift of snow and fruit, the exchange of Norway hawks and Arabian horses, softened the asperity of religious war. From the vicissitudes of success the monarchs might learn to suspect that Heaven was neutral in the quarrel; nor, after the trial of each other, could either hope for a decisive victory. The health both of Richard and Saladin appeared to be in a declining state, and they respectively suffered the evils of distant and domestic warfare. Plantagenet was impatient to punish a perfidious rival who had invaded Normandy in his absence; and the indefatigable sultan was subdued by the cries of the people, who was the victim, and of the soldiers, who were the instruments of his martial zeal. The first demands of the King of England were the restitution of Jerusalem, Palestine, and the true cross; and he firmly declared that himself and his brother pilgrims would end their lives in the pious labour rather than return to Europe with ignominy and remorse. But the conscience of Saladin refused, without some weighty compensation, to restore the idols or promote the idolatry of the Christians. He asserted with equal firmness his religious and civil claim to the sovereignty of Palestine; descanted on the importance and sanctity of Jerusalem; and rejected all terms of the establishment or partition of the *Latina*. The marriage which Richard proposed of his sister with the sultan's brother was defeated by the difference of faith. A personal interview was declined by Saladin, who alleged their mutual ignorance of each other's language; and the negotiation was managed with much art and delay by their interpreters and envoys. The final agreement (A.D. 1192, Sept.) was equally disapproved by the zealots of both parties, by the Roman pontiff, and the Caliph of Bagdad. It was stipulated that Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre should be open, without tribute or vexation, to the pilgrimage of the Latin Christians; that after the demolition of Ascalon they should inclusively possess the sea-coast from Jaffa to Tyre; that the Count of Tripoli and the Prince of Antioch should be compromised in the truce; and that, during three years and three months, all hostilities should cease. The principal chiefs of the two armies swore to the observance of the treaty, but the monarchs were satisfied with giving their word and their right hand; and the royal majesty was excused from an oath, which always implies some suspicion of falsehood and dishonour. Richard embarked for Europe to seek a long captivity and a premature grave; and the space of a few months (A.D. 1193,

March 4) concluded the life and glories of Saladin. The orientals describe his edifying death, which happened at Damascus; but they seem ignorant of the equal distribution of his alms among the three religions, or of the display of a shroud instead of a standard, to admonish the East of the instability of human greatness. The unity of empire was dissolved by his death; his sons were oppressed by the stronger arm of their uncle Saphadin; the hostile interests of the sultans of Egypt, Damascus, and Aleppo were again revived; and the Franks or Latins stood, and breathed, and hoped in their fortresses along the Syrian coast.

TO INDOLENCE.

[Dr. Thomas Brown, born at Kirkcubright, 9th January, 1778; died in London, 1820. His first poems were issued in two volumes in 1804; his *Paradise of Coquettes* in 1814; *The War Fiend*, 1816; *The Wanderer in Norway*; *Agnes*; *Emily*, and other Poems, 1818. In 1808-9 he became the assistant, and subsequently the successor, of Dugald Stewart in the chair of moral philosophy in the Edinburgh University.]

Come to my bower,
Nymph of the softly sleeping eye!
Come where I lie,
Safe from the sun, and mock his feeble power.
The beams, that thro' the foliage stray,
But with thy quivering glance shall play,
And, while its veil they close,
Woo the sweet languor to more sweet repose.

Not Silence weaves
Her waveless gossamer around;
—The pause of sound
Would tempt too wakeful fancy—But the leaves,
Scarce fann'd by Zephyr's lightest wing,
Shall such faint fluttering murmurs fling
As, lost by fits and caught,
May fill at once and lull the listless thought.

Where evening sips
Sweet fragrance for her dew unseen,
There let me lean,
Couch'd on soft roses, o'er thy softer lips,
And watch their breathings number'd all
By thy slow bosom's rise and fall,—
Till tired I sink, oppress'd
With the sweet toil, and slumber on thy breast!

No dream shall rise
Of morrow's weary strife and care:
Enough, if there
A moment's joy the moment's thought supplies;
Her softest, gentlest visions shed,
Calm Pleasure floating o'er our head,
Shall pause in smiles above:—
Rest even our waking, even our sleep all love.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 20th August, 1809. Professor of anatomy first in Dartmouth College, and afterwards in Harvard University. He has written a number of valuable works on medical subjects, but he is best known to the general public as a poet and humourist. *Poetry*, a Metrical Essay; *Terpsichore*; *Urania*, a Rhymed Lesson; and *Astraea*, the Balance of Illusions, are amongst his more important productions in verse: *Bliss Vener*, a novel; and *The Guardian Angel* have been also widely appreciated. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a series of gossiping discourses supposed to be delivered at the breakfast table of a boarding-house, by its humour, pathos, and epigrammatic expression of shrewd observation, has obtained great popularity. It has been followed by two not less successful, although similar works: *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*.]

CONVERSATION.

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zig-zags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

CONCEITED PEOPLE.

"So you admire conceited people, do you?" said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for—the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a

salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its centre, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual centre.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province!" Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself everally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humoured person, though liable to be tedious at times.

SELF-MADE MEN.

Self-made men? Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it when I say that, *other things being*

equal, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

A PARADOX.

It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighbouring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| Three Johns. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The real John: known only to his Maker. 2. John's ideal John: never the real one, and often very unlike him. 3. Thomas's ideal John: never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. |
| Three Thomases. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The real Thomas. 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas. 3. John's ideal Thomas. |

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he is, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be

found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches—a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses—was on its way to me *vid* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.]

CYCLES OF THOUGHT.

Just as we find a mathematical rule at the bottom of many of the bodily movements, just so thought may be supposed to have its regular cycles. Such or such a thought comes round periodically, in its turn. Accidental suggestions, however, so far interfere with the regular cycles, that we may find them practically beyond our power of recognition. Take all this for what it is worth, but at any rate you will agree that there are certain particular thoughts that do not come up once a day, nor once a week, but that a year would hardly go round without your having them pass through your mind. Here is one which comes up at intervals in this way. Some one speaks of it, and there is an instant and eager smile of assent in the listener or listeners. Yes, indeed; they have often been struck by it.

All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant, once or many times before.

Oh, dear, yes!—said one of the company—everybody has had that feeling.

The landlady didn't know anything about such notions; it was an idea in folks' heads, she expected.

The schoolmistress said, in a hesitating sort of way, that she knew the feeling well, and didn't like to experience it; it made her think she was a ghost, sometimes.

The young fellow whom they call John said he knew all about it; he had just lighted a cheroot the other day, when a tremendous con-

viction all at once came over him that he had done just that same thing ever so many times before. I looked severely at him, and his countenance immediately fell—*on the side toward me*; I cannot answer for the other, for he can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half's knowing it. I have noticed—I went on to say—the following circumstances connected with these sudden impressions. First, that the condition which seems to be the duplicate of a former one is often very trivial—one that might have presented itself a hundred times. Secondly, that the impression is very evanescent, and that it is rarely, if ever, recalled by any voluntary effort, at least after any time has elapsed. Thirdly, that there is a disinclination to record the circumstances, and a sense of incapacity to reproduce the state of mind in words. Fourthly, I have often felt that the duplicate condition had not only occurred once before, but that it was familiar, and, as it seemed, habitual. Lastly, I have had the same convictions in my dreams.

How do I account for it? Why, there are several ways that I can mention, and you may take your choice. The first is that which the young lady hinted at—that these flashes are sudden recollections of a previous existence. I don't believe that; for I remember a poor student I used to know told me he had such a conviction one day when he was blacking his boots, and I can't think he had ever lived in another world where they use Day and Martin.

Some think that Dr. Wigan's doctrine of the brain's being a double organ, its hemispheres working together like the two eyes, accounts for it. One of the hemispheres hangs fire, they suppose, and the small interval between the perceptions of the nimble and the sluggish half seems an indefinitely long period, and therefore the second perception appears to be the copy of another, ever so old. But even allowing the centre of perception to be double, I can see no good reason for supposing this indefinite lengthening of the time, nor any analogy that bears it out. It seems to me most likely that the coincidence of circumstances is very partial, but that we take this partial resemblance for identity, as we occasionally do resemblances of persons. A momentary posture of circumstances is so far like some preceding one that we accept it as exactly the same, just as we accost a stranger occasionally, mistaking him for a friend. The apparent similarity may be owing perhaps quite as much to the mental state at the time, as to the outward circumstances.

THE RACE OF LIFE.

Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church: ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MORBENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *cau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted upon the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do any thing in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silver rings of the *arcus senilis*!

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judez*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off!" Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts;

in SEARLES, VOL. I.

look out for him! The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

OLD AGE.

As to *giving up*, because the Almanac or the Family Bible says that it is about time to do it, I have no intention of doing any such thing. I grant you that I burn less carbon than some years ago. I see people of my standing really good for nothing,—decrepit, effete, *la lèvre inférieure déjà pendante*, with what little life they have left mainly concentrated in their epigastrium. But as the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, and every body that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case.

First. As I feel that, when I have any thing to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically, than ever before; so that I can learn any thing twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by and by.

Secondly. I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

Thirdly. I have found that some of those active exercises, which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period.

BRAINS.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that,—the kind city fathers,—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain but serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?—

From half a dime to a dime, according to the style of the place and the quality of the liquor,—said the young fellow whom they call John.

You speak trivially, but not unwisely,—I

said. Unless the will maintain a certain control over these movements, which it cannot stop, but can to some extent regulate, men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system of leverage or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch its movement directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, and so alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.¹

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

I turn'd me right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e my bridle-reins a shake,
With "Adieu for evermore, my dear,"
With "Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound in sleep,
O think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

A THOUGHT.

Though far away,
Though ruthless time have scatter'd memory's dream:
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change, like islands on a stream.
REV. THOMAS BRYDSON.

¹ The author of this ballad is said to be Captain Ogilvie of the house of Inverquhar, who accompanied the deposed James II. to Ireland and France.

HUGH SUTHERLAND'S PANSIES.

[Robert Buchanan, born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, 18th August, 1841. Educated in Glasgow, where his father, the late Robert Buchanan, was editor and proprietor of several newspapers. As early as 1859, Mr. Buchanan had published two volumes of verse, *Lyrics*, and *Mary*, and other poems. His first important work was *Undertones*, first issued in 1862. It was followed by *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*; *London Poems*; *Danish Ballads* (a series of admirable translations); *Wayside Poems*; *Napoleon Fallen*, a lyrical drama; *The Land of Lorne*, descriptive sketches; *The Drama of Kings*; &c. Anonymously he has published much in prose and verse, fiction, essays and plays. With singular versatility of genius he unites rare powers of poetic expression. A collected edition in five volumes of his principal *Poetical and Prose Works* is published by H. S. King & Co.]

The aged Minister of Inverburn,
A mild heart hidden under features stern,
Leans in the sunshine on the garden pale,
Pensive, yet happy, as he tells this tale,—
And he who listens sees the garden lie
Blue as a little patch of fallen sky.

"The lily minds me of a maiden brow,"
Hugh Sutherland would say; "the marigold
Is full and sunny like her yellow hair,
The full-blown rose her lips with sweetness tipt;
But if you seek a likeness to her eye—
Go to the pansy, friend, and find it there!"
"Ay, leave me on the pansies!" Hugh would say—
Hugh Sutherland, the weaver—he who dwelt
Here in the white-wash'd oot you fancy so—
Who knew the learned names of all the flowers,
And recognized the lily, tho' its head
Rose in a ditch of dull Latinity!

Pansies! You praise the ones that grow to-day
Here in the garden: had you seen the place
When Sutherland was living! Here they grew,
From blue to deeper blue, in midst of each
A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
Each broader, bigger, than a silver crown;
While here the weaver sat, his labour done,
Watching his azure pets and rearing them,
Until they seem'd to know his step and touch,
And stir beneath his smile like living things!
The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
Here happy, coming early, lingering late,
Because they were so fair.

Hugh Sutherland
Was country-bred—I knew him from the time
When on a bed of pain he lost a limb,
And rose at last, a lame and sickly lad,
Apprenticed to the loom—a peevish lad,
Moaning among the shadows by himself.
Among these shadows, with the privilege
Of one who loved his flock, I sought him out,
And gently as I could I won his heart;
And then, tho' he was young and I was old,

We soon grew friends. He told his griefs to me,
His joys, his troubles, and I help'd him on;
Yet sought in vain to drive away the cloud
Deep pain had left upon his sickly cheek,
And lure him from the shades that deepen'd it.
Then Heaven took the task upon itself,
And sent an angel down among the flowers!
Almost before I knew the work was done,
I found him settled in this but and ben,
Where, with an eye that brighten'd, he had found
The sunshine loved his garden, and begun
To rear his pansies.

Sutherland was poor,
Rude, and untutor'd; peevish, too, when first
The angel in his garden found him out;
But pansy-growing made his heart within
Blow fresh and fragrant. When he came to share
This cottage with a brother of the craft,
Only some poor and sickly bunches bloom'd,
Vagrant, though fair, among the garden-plots;
And idly, carelessly, he water'd these,
Spread them and train'd them, till they grew and
grew

In size and beauty, and the angel thrust
Its bright arms upward thro' the bright'n'g sod,
And clung around the sickly gardener's heart.
Then Sutherland grew calmer, and the cloud
Was fading from his face. Well, by and by,
The country people saw and praised the flowers,
And what at first had been an idle joy
Became a sober serious work for fame.
Next, being won to send a bunch for show,
He won a prize—a sixth or seventh rate,
And slowly gath'ring courage, rested not
Till he had won the highest prize of all.
Here in the sunshine and the shade he toil'd
Early and late in joy, and, by and by,
Rose high in fame; for not a botanist,
A lover of the flowers, poor man or rich,
Came to the village, but the people said,
"Go down the lane to Weaver Sutherland's,
And see his pansies!"

Thus the summers pass'd,
And Sutherland grew gentler, happier;
The angel God had sent him clung to him:
There grew a rapturous sadness in his tone
When he was gladdest, like the dewiness
That moistens pansies when they bloom the best;
And in his face there dawn'd a gentle light,
Like that which softly clings about a flower,
And makes you love it. Yet his heart was glad,
More for the pansies' sakes than for his own:
His eye was like a father's, moist and bright,
When they were praised; and, as I said, they seem'd
To make themselves as beautiful as they could,
Smiling to please him. Blessings on the flowers!
They were his children! Father never loved
His little darlings more, or for their sakes
Fretted so dumbly! Father never bent
More tenderly above his little ones,

In the still watches of the night, when asleep
Breathes balm upon their eyelids! Night and day
Poor Hugh was careful for the gentle things
Whose presence brought a sunshine to the place
Where sickness dwelt: this one was weak and small,
And needed watching like a sickly child;
This one so beautiful, that it shamed its mates
And made him angry with its beauty.
"I cannot rest!" cried Hughie with a smile,
"I scarcely snatch a moment to myself—
They plague me so!" Part fun, part earnest, this:
He loved the pansies better than he knew.
Ev'n in the shadow of his weaving room
They haunted him and brighten'd on his soul:
Daily while busy working at the loom
The humming-humming seem'd a melody
To which the pansies sweetly grew and grew—
A leaf unrolling soft to every note,
A change of colours with the change of sound,
And walking to the door to rest himself,
Still with the humming-humming in his ears,
He saw the flowers and heard a melody
They made in growing. Pleasure such as this,
So exquisite, so lonely, might have pass'd
Into the shadowy restlessness of yore;
But wholesome human contact saved him here,
And kept him fresh and meek. The people came
To stir him with their praise, and he would show
The medals and the prizes he had got—
As proud and happy as a child who gains
A prize in school.

The angel still remain'd
In winter, when the garden-plots were bare,
And deep winds piloted the shriven snow:
He saw its gleaming in the cottage fire,
While, with a book of botany on his knee,
He sat and hunger'd for the breath of spring.
The angel of the flowers was with him still!
Here beds of roses sweeten'd all the page;
Here lilies whiter than the fallen snow
Crept gleaming softly from the printed lines;
Here dewy violets sparkled till the book
Dazzled his eyes with rays of misty blue;
And here, amid a page of Latin names,
All the sweet Scottish flowers together grew
With fragrance of the summer.

Hugh and I
Were still fast friends, and still I help'd him on;
And often in the pleasant summer-time,
The service over, on the Sabbath-day,
I join'd him in the garden, where we sat
And chatted in the sun. But all at once
It came upon me that the gardener's hand
Had grown less diligent; for tho' 'twas June
The garden that had been the village pride
Look'd but the shadow of its former self;
And ere a week was out I saw in church
Two samples fairer far than any blown
In Hughie's garden—blooming brighter far

In sweeter soil. What wonder that a man,
Loving the pansies as the weaver did—
A skilful judge, moreover—should admire
Sweet Mary Moffat's sparkling pansy-eyes?

The truth was out. The weaver play'd the game
(I christen'd it in sport that very day)
Of "Love among the Pansies!" As he spoke,
Telling me all, I saw upon his face
The peevish cloud that it had worn in youth;
I cheer'd him as I could, and bade him hope:
"You both are poor, but, Sutherland, God's flower-
Are poor as well!" He brighten'd as I spoke,
And answer'd, "It is settled! I have kept
The secret till the last, lest 'nay' should come
And spoil it all; but 'ay' has come instead,
And all the help we wait for is your own!"

Even here, I think, his angel clung to him.
The fairies of his garden haunted him
With smiles and sympathies that made
His likes and dislikes, though he knew it not.
Beauty he loved if it was meek and mild,
And like his pansies tender ev'n to tears;
And so he chose a maiden pure and low,
Who, like his garden petals, had love to spare,
Sunshine to cast upon his pallid cheek.
And yet a tender clinging thing, too weak
To bloom uncared for and unsmiled upon

Soon Sutherland and she he loved were one,—
And bonnily a moon of honey gleam'd
At night among the flowers! Amid the spring
That follow'd, blossom'd with the other buds
A tiny maiden with her mother's eyes.
The little garden was itself again,
The sunshine sparkled on the azure beds;
The angel Heaven had sent to save a soul
Stole from the blooms and took an infant shape:
And, wild with pleasure, seeing how the flowers
Had given her their choicest lights and shades,
The father bore his baby to the font
And had her christen'd PANSY.

After that,
Poor Hugh was happy as the days were long,
Divided in his cares for all his petals,
And proudest of the one he loved the best.
The summer found him merry as a king,
Dancing the little one upon his knee
Here in the garden, while the plots around
Gleam'd in the sun, and seem'd as glad as he.

But moons of honey wane, and summer suns
Of wedlock set to bring the autumn in!
Hugh Sutherland, with wife and child to feed,
Wrought sore to gain his pittance in a world
His pansies made so fair. Came Poverty
With haggard eyes to dwell within the house;
When first she saw the garden she was glad,
And, seated on the threshold, smiled and span.
But times grew harder, bread was scarce as gold,

A shadow fell on Pansy and the flowers;
 And when the strife was sorest, Hugh received
 An office—lighter work and higher pay—
 To take a foreman's place in Edinglass.
 'Twas hard, 'twas hard, to leave the little place
 He loved so dearly; but the weaver look'd
 At Mary, saw the sorrow in her face,
 And gave consent,—happy at heart to think
 His dear ones would not want. To Edinglass
 They went, and settled. Thro' the winter hours
 Bravely the weaver toil'd; his wife and child
 Were happy, he was heartsome—tho' his taste
 Was grassy lowlands and the caller air.

The cottage here remain'd untenanted,
 The angel of the flowers forsook the place,
 The sunshine faded, and the pansies died.

Two summers pass'd; and still in Edinglass
 The weaver toil'd, and ever when I went
 Into the city, to his house I hid—
 A welcome guest. Now first, I saw a change
 Had come to Sutherland: for he was pale
 And peevish, had a venom on his tongue,
 And hung the under-lip like one that doubts.
 Part of the truth I heard, and part I saw—
 But knew too late, when all the ill was done!
 At first, poor Hugh had shrunk from making friends,
 And pored among his books of botany;
 And later, in the dull dark nights he sat,
 A diurnal book upon his knee, and read:
 A book no longer full of leaves and flowers,
 That glimmer'd on the soul's sweet consciousness,
 Yet seem'd to fill the eye,—a diurnal book,—
 Big-sounding Latin, English dull and dark,
 And not a breath of summer in it all.
 The sunshine perish'd in the city's smoke,
 The pansies grew no more to comfort him,
 And he began to spend his nights with those
 Who waste their substance in the public-house:
 The flowers had lent a sparkle to his talk,
 Which pleased the muddled wits of idle men.
 Sought after, treated, liked by one and all,
 He took to drinking; and at last lay down
 Stupid and senseless on a rainy night,
 And ere he waken'd caught the flaming fire,
 Which gleams to white heat on the face, and burns
 Clear crimson in the lungs.

But it was long
 Ere any knew poor Hughie's plight; and, ere
 He saw his danger, on the mother's breast
 Lay Pansy withering; tho' the dewy breath
 Of spring was floating like a misty rain
 Down from the mountains. Then the tiny flower
 Folded its leaves in silence, and the sleep
 That dwells in winter on the pansy-beds
 Fell on the weaver's house. At that sad hour
 I enter'd, scarcely welcomed with a word
 Of greeting: by the hearth the woman sat

Weeping full sore, her apron o'er a face
 Haggard with midnight watching, while the man
 Cover'd his bloodshot eyes and cursed himself.
 Then leaning o'er, my hand on his, I said—
 "She could not bear the smoke of cities, Hugh!
 God to His Garden has transplanted her,
 Where summer dwells for ever, and the air
 Is fresh and pure!" But Hughie did not speak;
 I saw full plainly that he blamed himself;
 And ere the day was out he bent above
 His little sleeping flower, and wept, and said:
 "Ay, sir! she wither'd, wither'd like the rest,
 Neglected!" and I saw his heart was full.
 When Pansy slept beneath the churchyard grass
 Poor Hughie's angel had return'd to Heaven,
 And all his heart was dark. His ways grew strange,
 Peevish, and sullen; often he would sit
 And drink alone; the wife and he grew cold,
 And harsh to one another; till at last
 A stern physician put an end to all,
 And told him he must die.

No bitter cry,
 No sound of wailing rose within the house
 After the doctor spoke, but Mary mourn'd
 In silence, Hughie smoked his pipe and set
 His teeth together, at the ingleside.
 Days pass'd; the only token of a change
 Was Hughie's face—the peevish cloud of care
 Seem'd melting to a tender gentleness.
 After a time, the wife forgot her grief,
 Or could at times forget it, in the care
 Her husband's sickness brought. I went to them
 As often as I could, for Sutherland
 Was dear to me, and dearer for his sin
 Weak as he was he did his best to toil,
 But it was weary work! By slow degrees,
 When May was breathing on the sickly bunch
 Of mignonette upon the window-sill,
 I saw his smile was softly wearing round
 To what it used to be, when here he sat
 Rearing his flowers; altho' his brow at times
 Grew cloudy, and he gnaw'd his under lip.
 At last I found him seated by the hearth,
 Trying to read: I led his mind to themes
 Of old langsyne, and saw his eyes grow dim:
 "O air," he cried, "I cannot, cannot rest!
 Something I long for, and I know not what,
 Torments me night and day!" I saw it all,
 And sparkling with the brilliance of the thought,
 Look'd in his eyes and caught his hand, and cried,
 "Hugh, it's the pansies! Spring has come again,
 The sunshine breathes its gold upon the air,
 And threads it through the petals of the flowers,
 Yet here you linger in the dark!" I ceased,
 And watch'd him. Then he trembled as he said,
 "I see it now, for as I read the book,
 The lines and words, the Latin seem'd to bud,
 And they peep'd thro'." He smiled, like one ashamed,
 Adding in a low voice, "I long to see
 The pansies ere I die!"

What heart of stone
 Could throb on coldly, sir, at words like those?
 Not mine, not mine! Within a week poor Hugh
 Had left the smoke of Edinglass behind,
 And felt the wind that runs along the lanes,
 Spreading a carpet of the grass and flowers
 For June the sunny-hair'd to walk upon.
 In the old cottage here he dwelt again:
 The place was wilder than it once had been,
 But buds were blowing green around about,
 And with the glad return of Sutherland
 The angel of the flowers came back again.
 The end was near, and Hugh was wearied out,
 And like a flower was closing up his leaves
 Under the dropping of the gleaming dews.

And daily, in the summer afternoon,
 I found him seated on the threshold there,
 Watching his flowers, and all the place, I thought,
 Brighten'd when he was nigh. Now first I talk'd
 Of heavenly hopes unto him, and I knew
 The angel help'd me. On the day he died
 The pain had put its shadow on his face,
 And words of doubt were on his tremulous lips:
 "Ah, Hughie, life is easy!" I exclaim'd,
 "Easier, better, than we know ourselves:
 'Tis pansy-growing on a mighty scale,
 And God above us is the gardener.
 The fairest win the prizes, that is just,
 But all the flowers are dear to God the Lord:
 The Gardener loves them all, He loves them all!"
 He saw the sunshine on the pansy-beds
 And brighten'd. Then by slow degrees he grew
 Cheerful and meek as dying man could be,
 And as I spoke there came from far-away
 The faint sweet melody of Sabbath bells.
 And "Hugh," I said, "if God the Gardener
 Neglected those he rears as you have done
 Your panicles and your Pansy, it were ill
 For we who blossom in His garden. Night
 And morning He is busy at His work.
 He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live:
 He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts
 Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not
 It is the shadow He, in stooping, casts.
 He pluckt your Pansy so, and it was well.
 But, Hugh, though some be beautiful and grand,
 Some sickly, like yourself, and mean and poor,
 He loves them all, the Gardener loves them all!"
 Then later, when no longer he could sit
 Out on the threshold, and the end was near,
 We set a plate of pansies by his bed
 To cheer him. "He is coming near," I said;
 "Great is the garden, but the Gardener
 Is coming to the corner where you bloom
 So sickly!" And he smiled, and moan'd, "I hear!"
 And sank upon his pillow wearily.
 His hollow eyes no longer bore the light.
 The darkness gather'd round him as I said,
 "The Gardener is standing at your side,
 His shade is on you, and you cannot see:

O Lord, that lovest both the strong and weak,
 Pluck him and wear him!" Even as I pray'd,
 I felt the shadow there and hid my face;
 But when I look'd again the flower was pluck'd,
 The shadow gone: the sunshine thro' the blind
 Gleam'd faintly, and the widow'd woman wept.

ROSE SONG.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Sunny breadths of roses,
 Roses white and red,
 Rosy bud and rose leaf
 From the blossom shed!
 Goes my darling flying
 All the garden through,
 Laughing she eludes me,
 Laughing I pursue.

Now to pluck the rose-bud,
 Now to pluck the rose,
 (Hand a sweeter blossom)
 Stopping as she goes:
 What but this contents her,
 Laughing in her flight?
 Pelting with the red rose,
 Pelting with the white.

Roses round me flying,
 Roses in my hair,
 I to snatch them trying,—
 Darling, have a care!
 Lips are so like flowers,
 I might snatch at those
 Redder than the rose leaves,
 Sweeter than the rose.

—*Legend of Phyllis*

TO ENGLAND.

Happy is England! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances bent:
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England! sweet her artless daughters,
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
 And float with them about the summer waters!

JAMES KEATS.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE,

AS RELATED BY MASTER CISBURY OLDFIRE,
SCHOOLMASTER OF POYNINGS.

[William Harrison Ainsworth, born in Manchester, 1805. Novelist. He studied law, but before he had attained his majority he published *Sir John Chiverton*, a romance which obtained the favour of Sir Walter Scott. Soon afterwards Mr. Ainsworth devoted himself entirely to literature: he became editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* on the retirement of Dickens in 1840; he also edited *Colburn's New Monthly*, and the magazine which bore his own name in the title. His chief works are: *Rookwood*; *Crichton*; *Guy Fawkes*; *The Tower of London*; *Old St. Paul's*; *Windoor Castle*; *The Miser's Daughter*; *Lancashire Witches*; *The Fitch of Bacon*; *The Star Chamber*; *The Constable of the Tower*; *Mervyn Clitheroe*; *Oringdean Grange*, a romance of the times of the Commonwealth (from which we quote); *John Law, the Projector*; *Hilary St. Ives*; *Myddleton Pomfret*, &c. &c. He has also written a number of poems, amongst which are *Ballads*, *Romantic*, *Fantastical*, and *Humorous*; and *The Combat of the Thirty*, a Breton legend. Cheap editions of his works are issued by Routledge and Sons.]

The wondrous event I am about to detail happened in the time of the good Saint Cuthman of Steyning, in this county—a holy man, who, from his extraordinary piety and austerity, was believed to be endowed with supernatural power. Many miracles are attributed to him, some of which occurred long before his canonization. While yet a boy, and employed in tending his father's sheep on the downs, in order to pursue his devotional exercises undisturbed, he was wont to trace a large circle round the flock with his crook, beyond which none of them could stray, neither could any enemy approach them. Moreover, the good saint could punish the scoffer, as well as bless and sustain the lowly and the well-doer. Derided by certain blasphemous haymakers for carrying his palsied mother in a barrow—no better means of conveyance being at hand at the time—he brought down a heavy shower upon their heads, rendering their labour of no account; and thenceforward, whenever grass was cut and dried within that meadow, rain would fall upon it, and turn it to litter. Such was holy Cuthman—a man, you will perceive, whom it was necessary to treat with the respect due to his exalted virtues.

At a later period of the saint's life, when his aged mother had gone from him, when he had built a wooden church with his own hands at Steyning—wherein, in the fulness of time, he was interred—and when his reputation for sanctity and austerity had greatly increased,

causing him to be equally revered and dreaded—dreaded, I mean, by evil-doers, to whom he was especially obnoxious—the holy man walked forth one afternoon in early autumn, wholly unattended, across the downs; his purpose being to visit a recluse named Sister Ursula, who dwelt in a solitary cell on the summit of a hill adjoining Poynings, and whom he had been told was sick, and desirous of being shriven by him. Now Saint Cuthman had his staff in his hand, without which he never journeyed abroad, and he walked on until he reached the eminence for which he was bound. On the brow of this hill in former times the heathen invaders of the land had made a camp, vestiges of which may still be discerned. But it was not with these memorials of a by-gone and benighted people that Saint Cuthman concerned himself. If he thought about the framers of those mighty earthworks at all, it was with thanksgiving that they had been swept away, and had given place to a generation to whom the purer and brighter light of the gospel was vouchsafed.

Thus communing with himself, it may be, holy Cuthman reached the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the old Roman camp, and cast his eyes over the vast weald of Sussex, displayed before him like a map. The contemplation of this fair and fertile district filled his soul with gladness; but what chiefly rejoiced him was to note how the edifices reared for worship had multiplied since he first looked upon the extensive plain. He strove to count the numerous churches scattered about, but soon gave up the attempt—he might as well have tried to number the trees. But the difficulty he experienced increased his satisfaction, inasmuch as it proved to him that true religion had taken deep root in the land. And he gave glory and praise accordingly, where glory and praise are due.

Scarcely were his audibly-uttered thanksgivings ended when he became aware that some one stood nigh him, and turning his head, he beheld a tall man of singularly swarthy complexion, haughty mien, and eyes that seemed to burn like coals of fire. The habiliments of this mysterious and sinister-looking personage were of blood-red hue, and though their richness and the egret in his velvet cap betokened princely rank, he bore the implements of a common labourer, namely, a pickaxe and a shovel. No sound had proclaimed the stranger's approach, and his appearance was as sudden and startling as if he had risen from the earth. As Saint Cuthman regarded him with the aversion inspired by

the sight of a venomous and deadly snake, yet wholly without fear, he knew that he was in the presence of the Author of Ill.

"Comest thou to tempt me, accursed one?" the holy man sternly demanded. "If so, learn that I am proof against thy wiles. Depart from me, or I will summon good spirits that shall cast thee hence."

"Thou canst not do so," the inauspicious-looking stranger replied, laughing derisively. "I am master here. Altars have been reared to strange gods upon this hill, and sacrifices made to them,—nay, I myself have been worshipped as Dis, and the blood of black bulls has been poured out upon the ground in mine honour. Therefore the hill is mine, and thou thyself art an intruder upon it, and deservest to be cast down headlong into the plain. Yet will I spare thee——"

"Thou darrest not so much as injure a hair of my head, Sathanas," interrupted the saint in a menacing voice, and raising his staff as he spoke. Approach! and lightnings shall blast thee."

"I tell thee I have no design to harm thee," returned the fiend, with a look that showed he would willingly have rent the holy man in pieces. "But give heed to what I am about to say. Vainly hast thou essayed to count the churches in the Sussex weald, and thou hast glorified Heaven because of the number of the worshippers gathered within those fanes. Now mark me, thou servant of God! Thou hast taken a farewell look of that plain, so thickly studded with structures pleasing in thy sight, but an abomination to me. Before to-morrow morn that vast district, far as thine eye can stretch, even to the foot of yon distant Surrey hills—the whole Weald of Sussex, with its many churches, its churchmen, and its congregations, shall be whelmed beneath the sea."

"Thou mockest me," returned Saint Cuthman, contemptuously; "but I know thee to be the Father of Lies."

"Disbelieve me if I fail in my task—no till then," said the fiend. "With the implements which I hold in my hand I will cut such a dyke through this hill, and through the hills lying between it and Hove, as shall let in the waters of the deep, so that all dwelling within yonder plain shall be drowned by them."

"And thinkest thou thy evil work will be permitted?" cried the saint, shaking his head.

"Thou, at least, canst not prevent it," rejoined the fiend, with a bitter laugh. "I will take my chance of other hindrance."

The holy man appeared for a moment troubled, but his confidence was presently restored.

"Thou deceivest thyself," he said. "The task thou proposest to execute is beyond thy power."

"Beyond my power!" exclaimed the demon. "It is a trifle in comparison with what I can achieve. I have had a hand in many wonderful works, some of which are recognized as mine, though I have not got credit for a tittle of those I have performed. Devil's bridges are common enough, methinks, in mountainous gorges—devil's towers are by no means rare in old castles. Most of the camps upon these downs were planned and executed by me—the very rampart upon which we stand being partly my work. The first Caesar has got the credit of many of my performances, and he is welcome to it. He is not the only man who has worn laurels belonging by right to others. Saint as thou art, it is meet thou give the devil his due. Do so, and thou must needs praise his industry."

"Thy industry in evil-doing is unquestionable," rejoined the saint. "But good work is out of thy power. Thou darrest not affirm that thou hast had any hand in the erection of temples and holy piles."

"Ask thy compeers, Saint Dunstan and Saint Augustine—they will tell thee differently. But I disdain to boast. I have certainly had no hand in thy ugly little wooden church at Steyning."

"And thy present feat is to be performed before to-morrow, thou sayest?" demanded the saint, highly offended at this uncalculated allusion to his own favourite structure.

"Between sunset and sunrise, most saintly sir."

"That is but a short time for so mighty a task," said the holy man, in an incredulous tone. "Bethink thee, a September night is not a long night?"

"The shortest night is long enough for me," the fiend replied. "If the dawn comes and finds my work incomplete, thou shalt be at liberty to deride me."

"I shall never treat thee otherwise than with scorn," the saint rejoined. "But thou hast said it, and I hold thee to thy word. Between sunset and sunrise thy task must be done. If thou failest, from whatever cause, thy evil scheme shall be for ever abandoned."

"Be it so! I am content," the fiend rejoined.

"But I shall *not* fail," he added, with a fearful laugh. "Come hither at sunset, and thou wilt see me commence my work. Thou mayst tarry nigh me, if thou wilt, till it be done."

"Heaven forfend that it should be done!" ejaculated the saint, casting his eyes upwards.

When he looked up again towards the spot where the Evil One had stood, he could no more perceive him.

"No!" exclaimed the good saint, allowing his gaze to wander over the smiling and far-stretching weald, "I cannot believe that I am taking farewell of this lovely plain. I cannot for an instant believe that its destruction will be permitted. Its people have not sinned, but have incurred the hatred of the arch-fiend solely because of their piety and zeal. It shall be my business to defeat his hateful design."

The holy man turned away, and quitting the camp, proceeded in an easterly direction over the hill until he came to a small stone structure, standing near a gray old thorn-tree, on an acclivity covered with gorse and heather. The occupant of this solitary cell belonged to a priory of Benedictine nuns, situated at Leominster, near Arundel, and attached to the Abbey of Almenesches in Normandy. Sister Ursula Braose had retired to this lonely spot in order to pass the whole of her time in devotion, and had acquired a reputation for sanctity and asceticism scarcely inferior to that of holy Cuthman himself. She was a daughter of the noble house of Braose of Bramber Castle. Once a week the purveyor of the priory at Leominster brought her a scanty supply of provisions (for the poor soul needed but little), and it was from him that Saint Cuthman had heard of her illness, and of her desire to be shriven by him.

He found the recluse occupied in her devotions. She was kneeling before an ivory crucifix fastened against the wall of her cell, and was so absorbed as to be entirely unconscious of the saint's approach. He did not make his presence known to her till she had done. Sister Ursula Braose had once been remarkable for beauty, but years, the austere life she had led, and the frequent and severe penances she had undergone, had obliterated all traces of loveliness from her features. She was old and wrinkled now; her hair white as snow, and her fingers thin as those of a skeleton. She was clothed in a loose black robe, with a cincture of cord round her waist. Reverentially saluting the holy man, she prayed him to be seated upon a stool, which, with another small seat hewn out of stone, a stone table, and a straw pallet, formed the entire furniture of her cell. An iron lamp hung by a chain from the roof. On the table were placed a missal written on vellum, an hour-glass, and a small taper.

After inquiring as to her ailments, and expressing his satisfaction that she felt somewhat

better, Saint Cuthman said, "Are you still fasting, sister? I know you are wont only to break bread and drink water after the hour of vespers."

"Since yestere'en nothing has passed my lips, holy father," the recluse replied.

"It is well," said the saint. "The prohibition I am about to lay upon you—painful to any other unaccustomed to severe mortification of the flesh—will by you be scarcely accounted a penance. I enjoin you to refrain from all refreshment of the body, whether by food or rest, until to-morrow morning. Think you you can promise compliance with the order?"

"Do I think it, holy father?" Sister Ursula cried. "If Heaven will spare me so long, I am sure of it. I was in hopes," she added, almost with a look of disappointment, "that you were about to enjoin me some severe discipline such as my sinfulness merits, and I pray you to add sharp flagellations, or other wholesome correction of the flesh, to your mandate."

"Nay," rejoined the saint, smiling at the recluse's zeal; "the scourge is unneeded. You have no heavy offence, I am well assured, on your conscience. But keep strict vigil throughout the night, and suffer not sleep to weigh down your eyelids for a moment, or you may be exposed to temptation and danger. The arch-fiend himself will be abroad."

"I will spend the livelong night in prayer," said Sister Ursula, trembling.

"Fear nothing," returned the saint; "the Prince of Darkness has other business on hand, and will not trouble you. He will be engaged in a terrible work, but, with Heaven's aid, good sister, yours shall be the hand to confound him."

"Mine!" exclaimed the recluse, seeking by her looks for an explanation from the holy man.

"When the sun hath gone down," rejoined Saint Cuthman, "which will be about the seventh hour, turn this hour-glass, and let the sand run out six times—six times, do you mark, good sister? That will bring you to the first hour after midnight. Kneel then before yon crucifix, and pray fervently that the dark designs of him who took our Saviour to the top of the high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment, may be defeated. Next light this taper, which I will presently consecrate; set it within the bars of that little grated window looking towards the east; and pray that its glimmer may be as the first gray light of dawn. Again I say, do you mark me, sister?"

"Not a word uttered by you, holy father, but hath sank deep in my breast," she replied. "Your instructions shall be scrupulously obeyed."

"Nothing evil shall cross this threshold during the night," pursued the saint. "I will guard it as in the days of my youth I guarded my father's flocks on the hills. Light not your lamp, but only the taper, as I have bidden you; and stir not forth on any threat or summons, for such will only be a snare to injure you; and let not your heart quail because of the frightful sounds you may hear. Though the earth should quake beneath your feet, and this solid hill tremble to its foundations, yet shall not a stone of your cell be removed, neither shall any harm befall you."

The saint then took up the taper, and blessed it in these terms:—"*Domine Jezu Christi, fili Dei vivi, benedic candelam intam supplicationibus nostris: infunde ei, Domine, per virtutem sanctæ crucis benedictionem celestem; ut quibuscumque locis accensus, sive posita fuerit, discedant principes tenebrarum, et contremiscant, et fugiant pavidum cum omnibus ministris suis ab habitationibus illis: nec præsumant amplius inquietare, aut molestare servientes tibi omnipotenti Deo.*"

After going through certain other ceremonies, which it is needless to describe, the saint sat down, and addressing Sister Ursula, declared his readiness to shrive her.

The recluse then knelt down before him, and inclining her head so as to conceal her features, said she had one secret within her breast which she had never revealed to her confessor—one sin upon her soul of which she had never been able to repent.

After duly reproving her, the saint told her to make clean her breast by confession, declaring she would then be able to repent.

Thus exhorted, Sister Ursula replied, in accents half suffocated by irrepressible emotion: "My secret is, that I loved you—you, holy father—when I was young. My unrepented sin is that I have never been able to banish that love from my heart."

"Alas! sister," rejoined the holy man, trembling in spite of himself, "we have been equally unhappy. In days long gone by I could not behold unmoved the charms of the fair and noble Lady Ursula Braose. But I conquered the passion, and repented that I had ever indulged it. Thou must do likewise. The struggle may be hard, but strength will be given thee for it. Hast thou aught more to confess?"

And the poor recluse, who shed abundance

of tears, replying in the negative, the saint gave her absolution, saying that the penance he had already enjoined was sufficient, and that ere the morrow her breast would be free from its load. Struck by her looks, which were those of one not long for this world, he told her that if her sickness should prove mortal, dirges and trentals should be said for the repose of her soul.

The recluse thanked him, and after a while became composed and even cheerful.

Saint Cuthman tarried in the cell, discoursing with her upon the glorious prospects of futurity, and carefully avoiding any reference to the past, until, from the door of the little structure, which opened toward the west, he beheld the sun sink into the sea. Telling the good sister that a thousand lives depended upon her vigilance, he gave her his benediction and departed, never more to behold her alive.

As he took his way towards the north-eastern boundary of the ancient encampment, a noise resembling thunder smote his ear, and the ground shook so violently beneath his feet that he could scarcely stand, but reeled to and fro, as if his brain—his! whose lips no drink stronger than water had ever passed—had been assailed by the fumes of wine. Nevertheless he went on, and after a while reached the lofty headland overlooking Poyninga.

Here, as he expected, he beheld the archfiend at work. The infernal excavator had already made a great breach into the down, and enormous fragments of chalk and flint-stones rolled down with a terrific crash like that caused by an avalanche amidst the Alps. Every stroke of his terrible pickaxe shook the hill to its centre. No one who was not sustained by supernatural power could have stood firmly upon the quaking headland. But Saint Cuthman, planting his staff upon the ground, remained unmoved—the only human witness of the astounding scene. The fiend's proportions had now become colossal, and he looked like one of that giant race whom poets of heathendom tell us warred against Jove. His garb was suited to his task, and resembled that of a miner. His brawny and hirsute arms were bared to the shoulder, and the curled goat's-horns were visible on his uncovered head. His implements had become enormous as himself, and the broadest and heaviest anchor-fluke ever forged was as nought to the curved iron head of his pickaxe. Each stroke plunged fathom-deep into the ground, and tore up huge boulder-like masses of chalk, the smallest of which might have loaded a wain.

The fiend worked away with might and main, and the concussion produced by his tremendous strokes was incessant and terrible, echoing far over the weald like the rattling of a dreadful thunderstorm.

But the sand ran out, and Sister Ursula turned her glass for the first time.

Suddenly the fiend stopped, and clapped his hand to his side, as if in pain. "A sharp stitch!" quoth he. "My side tingles as if pricked by a thousand pins. The sensation is by no means pleasant—but 'twill soon pass." Then perceiving the saint watching him, he called out derisively, "Aha! art thou there, thou saintly man? What thinkest thou now of the chance of escape for thy friends in the weald? Thou art a judge of such matters, I doubt not. Is my dyke broad enough and profound enough, thinkest thou—or shall I widen it and deepen it yet more?" And the chasm resounded with his mocking laughter.

"Thou art but a slovenly workman after all," remarked Saint Cuthman. "The sides of thy dyke are rough and uneven, and want levelling. A mortal labourer would beshrewdly reprimanded if he left them in such an untidy condition."

"No mortal labourer could make such a trench," cried the fiend. "However, it shall never be said that I am a slovenly workman."

Whereupon he seized his spade, and proceeded to level the banks of the dyke, carefully removing all roughness and irregularity.

"Will that satisfy thy precise notions?" he called out when he had done.

"I cannot deny that it looks better," returned the holy man, glad to think that another hour had passed—for a soft touch falling upon his brow made him aware that at this moment Sister Ursula had turned the hour-glass for the second time.

A sharp sudden pain smote the fiend, and made him roar out lustily, "Another stitch, and worse than the first! But it shall not hinder my task."

Again he fell to work. Again the bill was shaken to its base. Again mighty masses of chalk were hurled into the valley, crushing everything upon which they descended. Again the strokes of the pickaxe echoed throughout the weald.

It was now dark. But the fiery breath of the demon sufficed to light him in his task. He toiled away with right good-will, for the devil can work hard enough, I promise you, if the task be to his mind. All at once he suspended his labour. The hour-glass had been turned for the third time.

"What is the matter with thee?" demanded the saint.

"I know not," replied the writhing fiend. "A sudden attack of cramp in the arms and legs, I fancy. I must have caught cold on these windy downs. I will do a little lighter work till the fit passes off." Upon this he took up the shovel, and began to trim the sides of the dyke as before.

While he was thus engaged the further end of the chasm closed up, so that when he took up the pickaxe once more he had all his work to do again. This caused him to snort and roar like a mad bull; and so much flame and smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils, that the bottom of the dyke resembled the bed of a volcano.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the fourth time. Hereupon an enormous mass of breccia, or gold-stone, as the common folk call it, which the fiend had dislodged, rolled down upon his foot and crushed it. This so enraged him that he sent the fragment of gold-stone whizzing over the hills to Hove. What with rubbing his bruised foot and roaring, a quarter of an hour elapsed before he could resume his work.

The fifth turning of the glass gave him such pains in the back, that for some minutes he was completely disabled.

"An attack of lumbago!" he cried. "I seem liable to all mortal ailments to-night."

"Thou hadst better desist," said the saint.

"The next attack may cripple thee for all time."

"I am all right again!" shouted the demon.

"It was but a passing seizure, like those that have gone before it. Thou shalt now see what I can do."

And he began to ply his pickaxe with greater energy than ever, toiling on without intermission, filling the chasm with flame from his fiery nostrils, and producing the effect of a continuous thunderstorm over the weald. Thus he wrought on, I say, uninterruptedly for the space of another hour.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the last time.

The fiend was suddenly checked, but not this time by pains in the limbs or prostration of strength. He had struck the pickaxe so deeply into the chalk that he could not remove it. He strained every nerve to pluck it forth, but it continued firmly embedded; and the helve, which was thick as the mainmast of a ship, and of toughest oak, broke in his grasp.

While he was roaring like an infuriated lion

with rage and mortification, Saint Cuthman called out to him to come forth.

"Wherefore should I come forth?" the fiend cried. "Thou thinkest I am baffled; but thou art mistaken. I will dig out my axe-head presently, and my shovel will furnish me with a new handle."

"Cease, if thou canst, for a short space, to breathe forth flame and smoke; and look towards the east," cried the saint.

"There is a glimmer of light in the sky in that quarter!" exclaimed the demon, holding his breath; "but dawn cannot be come already."

"The streak of light grows rapidly wider and brighter," said the saint. "The shades of night are fleeing fast away. The larks are beginning to rise and carol forth their matin hymns on the downs. The rooks are cawing amid the trees of the park beneath us. The cattle are lowing in the meads—and hark! dost thou not hear the cocks crowing in the adjacent village of Poynings?"

"Cocks crowing at Poynings!" yelled the fiend. "It must be the dawn. But the sun shall not behold my discomfiture."

"Hide thy head in darkness, accursed being!" exclaimed the saint, raising his staff. "Hence with thee! and return not to this hill. The dwellers within the Sussex Weald are saved from thy malice, and may henceforth worship without fear. Get thee hence! I say."

Abashed by the awful looks of the saint, the demon fled. Howling with rage, like a wild beast robbed of its prey, he ran to the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the camp, where the marks of his gigantic feet may still be seen indelibly impressed on the sod. Then springing off, and unfolding his sable pinions, he soared over the weald, alighting on Leith Hill.

Just as he took flight Sister Ursula's taper went out. Instant darkness fell upon the hill, and Night resumed her former way. The village cocks ceased crowing, the larks paused in their songs and dropped to the ground like stones, the rooks returned to roost, and the lowing herds became silent.

Saint Cuthman had to make a considerable circuit to reach Sister Ursula's cell, a deep gulf having been placed between it and the headland on which he had taken his stand. On arriving at the little structure he found that the recluse's troubles were over. Her loving heart had for ever ceased to beat. Her failing strength had sufficed to turn the hour-glass for the last time, and just as the consecrated taper expired she passed away. In

death she still retained the attitude of prayer, her clasped hands being raised heavenwards.

"*Suspice Domine, preces nostras pro animi famulæ tuæ; ut si quæ ei maculæ de terrenis contagis adheruerunt, remissionis tuæ misericordia deleantur!*" ejaculated the holy man. "She could not have had a better ending. May my own be like it! She shall have sepulture in my mother's grave at Steyning. And masses and trentals, according to my promise, shall be said for the repose of her soul. Peace be with her!" And he went on his way.

Thus was the demon banished by Saint Cuthman from that hill overlooking the fair Sussex Weald, and the people of the plain ever after prayed in peace. But the devil's handiwork, the unfinished dyke, exists to this day. Though I never heard that his pickaxe had been found.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map—
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while.
And he, the happy man! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE HUNT.

THE ANNUITY.

[George Outram, born at Glasgow, 25th March, 1805; died there, 1856. He was called to the bar in 1827; became part proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and wrote a number of humorous and satirical verses. A collection of his poems is published by Blackwood.]

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell:
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turn'd sixty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae tough
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin;
But that it seems is naught to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed hy,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera,
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, and drugs an a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever-proof:
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—she handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't—and do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer claus the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her back-bane wanders through her sark,
In an unkenn'd cork-screwity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd: but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't?—It has been tried.
But be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
And only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be.
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out;
 She's santed to the last degree;
 There's pickle in her very smout,
 See caper-like and crusty.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her:
 They've kyanized the useless knir—(witch!);
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accours'd annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me.
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here, and pay me there,
 And pay me, pay me, evermair;
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm charged for her annuity.

ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

[Rev. John Foster, born in Yorkshire, 1770; died at Stapleton, 15th October, 1843. He officiated for some time as a Baptist minister, but his latter years were chiefly occupied in literary pursuits. His reputation rests mainly upon his essays: *On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; The Application of the Epithet Romantic; Evangelical Religion*;—these were written in the form of a series of letters to a friend; *Evils of Popular Ignorance; Lectures, &c.* "Mr. Foster's essays are full of ingenuity and original remarks; the style of them is at once terse and elegant."—*Dr. Dibdin.*]

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in *his* way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, but in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued if his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were, in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much license to complain as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused, by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. Thus he is occupied, instead of marking with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his actual situation.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to

assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a seizure of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds.

This man's notions and determinations always depend very much on other human beings; and what chance for consistency and stability while the persons with whom he may converse or transact are so various? This very evening he may talk with a man whose sentiments will melt away the present form and outline of his purposes, however firm and defined he may have fancied them to be. A succession of persons whose faculties were stronger than his own might, in spite of his irresolute reaction, take him and dispose of him as they pleased. Such infirmity of spirit practically confesses him made for subjection, and he passes, like a slave, from owner to owner. Sometimes indeed it happens that a person so constituted falls into the train, and under the permanent ascendancy, of some one stronger mind, which thus becomes through life the oracle and guide, and gives the inferior a steady will and plan. This, when the governing spirit is wise and virtuous, is a fortunate relief to the feeling, and an advantage gained to the utility of the subordinate and, as it were, appended mind.

The regulation of every man's plan must greatly depend on the course of events, which come in an order not to be foreseen or prevented. But in accommodating the plans of conduct to the train of events, the difference between two men may be no less than that, in the one instance the man is subservient to the events, and in the other the events are made subservient to the man. Some men seem to have been taken along by a succession of events, and, as it were, handed forward in

helpless passiveness from one to another, having no determined principle in their own characters by which they could constrain those events to serve a design formed antecedently to them, or apparently in defiance of them. The events seized them as a neutral material, not they the events. Others, advancing through life with an internal invincible determination, have seemed to make the train of circumstances, whatever they were, conduce as much to their chief design as if they had, by some directing interposition, been brought about on purpose. It is wonderful how even the casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to subserve a design which they may, in their first apparent tendency, threaten to frustrate.

You may have known such examples, though they are comparatively not numerous. You may have seen a man of this vigorous character in a state of indecision concerning some affair in which it was necessary for him to determine, because it was necessary for him to act. But in this case his manner would assure you that he would not remain long undecided; you would wonder if you found him still balancing and hesitating the next day. If he explained his thoughts you would perceive that their clear process, evidently at each effort gaining something toward the result, must certainly reach it ere long. The deliberation of such a mind is a very different thing from the fluctuation of one whose second thinking only upsets the first, and whose third confounds both. To *know how* to obtain a determination is one of the first requisites and indications of a rationally decisive character.

When the decision was arrived at, and a plan of action approved, you would feel an assurance that something would absolutely be done. It is characteristic of such a mind to think for effect, and the pleasure of escaping from temporary doubt gives an additional impulse to the force with which it is carried into action. The man will not re-examine his conclusions with endless repetition, and he will not be delayed long by consulting other persons after he had ceased to consult himself. He cannot bear to sit still among unexecuted decisions and unattempted projects. We wait to hear of his achievements, and are confident we shall not wait long. The possibility or the means may not be obvious to us, but we know that everything will be attempted, and that a spirit of such determined will is like a river, which, in whatever manner it is obstructed, will make its way somewhere. It must have cost Cæsar many anxious hours of deliberation

before he decided to pass the Rubicon, but it is probable he suffered but few to elapse between the decision and the execution. And any one of his friends who should have been apprised of his determination, and understood his character, would have smiled contemptuously to hear it insinuated that though Cæsar had resolved, Cæsar would not dare; or that though he might cross the Rubicon, whose opposite banks presented to him no hostile legions, he might come to other rivers which he would not cross; or that either rivers, or any other obstacle, would deter him from prosecuting his determination from this ominous commencement to its very last consequence.

One signal advantage possessed by a mind of this character is that its passions are not wasted. The whole measure of passion of which any one, with important transactions before him, is capable, is not more than enough to supply interest and energy for the required practical exertions; therefore as little as possible of this costly flame should be expended in a way that does not augment the force of action. But nothing can less contribute, or be more destructive to vigour of action, than protracted anxious fluctuation, through resolutions adopted, rejected, resumed, suspended; while yet nothing causes a greater expense of feeling. The heart is fretted and exhausted by being subjected to an alternation of contrary excitements, with the ultimate mortifying consciousness of their contributing to no end. The long-wavering deliberation, whether to perform some bold action of difficult virtue, has often cost more to feeling than the action itself, or a series of such actions, would have cost; with the great disadvantage too of not being relieved by any of that invigoration which the man in action finds in the activity itself, that spirit created to renovate the energy which the action is expending. When the passions are not consumed among dubious musings and abortive resolutions, their utmost value and use can be secured by throwing all their animating force into effective operation.

Another advantage of this character is that it exempts from a great deal of interference and obstructive annoyance which an irresolute man may be almost sure to encounter. Weakness in every form tempts arrogance, and a man may be allowed to wish for a kind of character with which stupidity and impertinence may not make so free. When a firm decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man, and leaves him room and freedom. The disposition to interrogate, dictate, or banter preserves a respect-

ful and politic distance, judging it not unwise to keep the peace with a person of so much energy. A conviction that he understands, and that he wills with extraordinary force, silences the conceit that intended to perplex or instruct him, and intimidates the malice that was disposed to attack him. There is a feeling, as in respect to fate, that the decrees of so inflexible a spirit *must* be right, or that at least they *will* be accomplished.

But not only will he secure the freedom of acting for himself: he will obtain also by degrees the coincidence of those in whose company he is to transact the business of life. If the manners of such a man be free from arrogance, and he can qualify his firmness with a moderate degree of insinuation; and if his measures have partly lost the appearance of being the dictates of his will, under the wider and softer sanction of some experience that they are reasonable, both competition and fear will be laid to sleep, and his will may acquire an unresisted ascendancy over many who will be pleased to fall into the mechanism of a system which they find makes them more successful and happy than they could have been amidst the anxiety of adjusting plans and expedients of their own, and the consequences of often adjusting them ill. I have known several parents, both fathers and mothers, whose management of their families has answered this description, and has displayed a striking example of the facile complacency with which a number of persons, of different ages and dispositions, will yield to the decisions of a firm mind, acting on an equitable and enlightened system.

The last resource of this character is hard inflexible pertinacity, on which it may be allowed to rest its strength after finding it can be effectual in none of its milder forms. I remember admiring an instance of this kind in a firm, sagacious, and estimable old man whom I well knew, and who has long been dead. Being on a jury in a trial of life and death, he was satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner; the other eleven were of the opposite opinion. But he was resolved the man should not be condemned; and as the first effort for preventing it, very properly made application to the *minds* of his associates, spending several hours in labouring to convince them. But he found he made no impression, while he was exhausting the strength which it was necessary to reserve for another mode of operation. He then calmly told them that it should now be a trial who could endure confinement and famine the longest, and that they might be quite assured he would sooner die than release them at

the expense of the prisoner's life. In this situation they spent about twenty-four hours; when at length all acceded to his verdict of acquittal.

It is not necessary to amplify on the indispensable importance of this quality in order to the accomplishment of anything eminently good. We instantly see that every path to signal excellence is so obstructed and beet that none but a spirit so qualified can pass.

"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION."

(Thomas Haynes Bayly, born near Bath, 1797; died 1839. Educated at Oxford, and intended for the church. He wrote thirty-six pieces for the stage, several novels—*Asymers*; *Kindness in Women*, &c.,—and numerous songs. As a song-writer, he was most prolific and most popular: *The Soldier's Tear* (one of four lyrics published under the title of *Songs of a Soldier's Story*, and the only one of them worth remembering), *We Met—'twas in a Crowd*, and a few others, are still well known. D. M. Moir said of him: "He possessed a playful fancy, a practised ear, a refined taste, and a sentiment which ranged pleasantly from the fanciful to the pathetic.")

What is her thought? may we not guess
What those eloquent eyes express?
May we not read in her tranquil cheek
All that her musical voice could speak?

What is her thought? sits she alone,
Watching the path of the absent one,
Eager to welcome him home again,
From the ocean-storm or the battle-plain!
If it be so, how blest is he,
The treasured thought of her memory!

Upon her knees, at dawn of day,
For him she fervently will pray;
And, when her midnight lamp grows dim,
Again her prayer will be for him.

What is her thought? of former days?
Of childhood's bright and flowery ways:
Of ardent hopes untimely cross'd,
And early friends too early lost?

No, in that calm and lovely face
Nothing of sadness can we trace,
For self-reproach is the canker-worm
That wears away the beauteous form.

When the first wild storm of grief is spent,
There are tranquil days for the innocent;
She hath assuaged, while in prayer she knelt,
The keenest wound that her heart hath felt.

What is her thought? of the time to come?
Of a cheerful hearth, of a happy home?
Of love unchanging? of a friend
Whose fond affection ne'er will end?
What is her thought?—whatever it be,
May thoughts as pure be in store for me!



BLACKIE & SON, LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

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ADVENTURES OF A CAVALIER.

[Daniel De Foe, born in London, 1661; died there, 24th April, 1731. He was the son of a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate, and was educated with a view to the Presbyterian ministry. He became a soldier (as an adherent to Monmouth), a hosier, a tile-maker, and a woollen merchant in succession. His political and satirical pamphlets—*Essay on Projects*; *The True-Born Englishman* (verse); and *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—earned for him reputation and imprisonment. He was employed as a government agent in the negotiations for the Union between Scotland and England, which supplied him with the materials for his history of that event. But his raillery and satire were misunderstood, imprisonment and fines impoverished him, slander harassed him, and he was stricken with apoplexy whilst writing his defence in 1715—*An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his Worst Enemies*, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs. He recovered his health, and thinking that it would be more to his advantage to attempt to amuse the public than to reform it, he produced *Robinson Crusoe*. The success was immediate and enduring. It was followed by *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; *The Adventures of Roxana*; *The Life of Colonel Jack*; *The History of Duncan Campbell*; *Moll Flanders*; *A Journal of the Plague in 1665*; *Religious Courtship*; *The Political History of the Devil*, and *a System of Magic*; *A Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal* (written to sell a heavy book, *Drelincourt on Death*); *A Tour through England and Scotland*; *A Plan of the English Commerce*; *Giving Alma no Charity*; and *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, during the Civil Wars in England, from which we quote the Cavalier's adventures in escaping from the battle of Marston Moor. De Foe is said to have produced 210 books and pamphlets, and in all he was excellent. He is acknowledged to be one of the master spirits of English literature.]

I had but very coarse treatment in this fight; for, returning with the prince from the pursuit of the right wing, and finding all lost, I halted with some other officers to consider what to do. At first we were for making our retreat in a body, and might have done so well enough if we had known what had happened before we saw ourselves in the middle of the enemy; for Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had got together his scattered troops, and joined by some of the left wing, knowing who we were, charged us with great fury. It was not a time to think of anything but getting away, or dying upon the spot. The prince kept on in the front; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, by this charge, cut off about three regiments of us from our body; but bending his main strength at the prince, left us, as it were, behind him in the middle of the field of battle. We took this for the only opportunity we could have to get off; and joining together, we made across the place of battle in as good order as we could, with our carbines presented. In this posture we passed

by several bodies of the enemy's foot, who stood with their pikes charged to keep us off; but they had no occasion, for we had no design to meddle with them, but to get from them. Thus we made a swift march, and thought ourselves pretty secure; but our work was not done yet, for on a sudden we saw ourselves under a necessity of fighting our way through a great body of Manchester's horse, who came galloping upon us over the moor. They had, as we suppose, been pursuing some of our broken troops which were fled before, and seeing us, they gave us a home charge. We received them as well as we could, but pushed to get through them, which at last we did with a considerable loss to them. However, we lost so many men, either killed or separated from us (for all could not follow the same way), that of our three regiments, we could not be above 400 horse together when we got quite clear, and these were mixed men, some of one troop and regiment, some of another. Not that I believe many of us were killed in the last attack, for we had plainly the better of the enemy; but our design being to get off, some shifted for themselves one way, and some another, in the best manner they could, and as their several fortunes guided them. Four hundred more of this body, as I afterwards understood, having broke through the enemy's body another way, kept together, and got into Pontefract Castle; and 300 more made northward and to Skipton, where the prince afterwards fetched them off.

These few of us that were left together, with whom I was, being now pretty clear of pursuit, halted, and began to inquire who and what we were, and what we should do; and, on a short debate, I proposed we should make to the first garrison of the king's that we could recover, and that we should keep together, lest the country people should insult us upon the roads. With this resolution we pushed on westward for Lancashire; but our misfortunes were not yet at an end. We travelled very hard, and got to a village upon the river Wharf, near Wetherby. At Wetherby there was a bridge, but we understood that a party from Leeds had secured the town and the post, in order to stop the fleeing Cavaliers, and that it would be very hard to get through there, though, as we understood afterwards, there were no soldiers there but a guard of the townsmen. In this pickle we consulted what course to take. To stay where we were till morning, we all concluded would not be safe. Some advised to take the stream with our horses; but the river, which is deep, and the current

strong, seemed to bid us have a care what we did of that kind, especially in the night. We resolved therefore to refresh ourselves and our horses, which indeed is more than we did, and go on till we might come to a ford or bridge, where we might get over. Some guides we had, but they either were foolish or false; for after we had rid eight or nine miles, they plunged us into a river at a place they called a ford, but it was a very ill one, for most of our horses swam, and seven or eight were lost, but we saved the men. However, we got all over.

We made bold, with our first convenience, to trespass upon the country for a few horses where we could find them, to remount our men whose horses were drowned, and continued our march. But being obliged to refresh ourselves at a small village on the edge of Bramham Moor, we found the country alarmed by our taking some horses; and we were no sooner got on horseback in the morning, and entering on the moor, but we understood we were pursued by some troops of horse. There was no remedy but we must pass this moor; and though our horses were exceedingly tired, yet we pressed on upon a round trot, and recovered an inclosed country on the other side, where we halted. And here, necessity putting us upon it, we were obliged to look out for more horses, for several of our men were dismounted, and others' horses disabled by carrying double, those who lost their horses getting up behind them; but we were supplied by our enemies against their will.

The enemy followed us over the moor, and we having a woody inclosed country about us where we were, I observed by their moving they had lost sight of us; upon which I proposed concealing ourselves till we might judge of their numbers. We did so: and lying close in a wood, they passed hastily by us without skirting or searching the wood, which was what on another occasion they would not have done. I found they were not above 150 horse, and considering that to let them go before us would be to alarm the country and stop our design, I thought, since we might be able to deal with them, we should not meet with a better place for it, and told the rest of our officers my mind, which all our party presently (for we had not time for a long debate) agreed to. Immediately upon this I caused two men to fire their pistols in the wood at two different places, as far asunder as I could. This I did to give them an alarm and amuse them: for being in the lane, they would otherwise have got through before we had been ready, and I resolved to engage them there as soon as it

was possible. After this alarm we rushed out of the wood with about a hundred horse, and charged them on the flank in a broad lane, the wood being on their right. Our passage into the lane being narrow, gave us some difficulty in our getting out; but the surprise of the charge did our work, for the enemy, thinking we had been a mile or two before, had not the least thoughts of this onset till they heard us in the wood, and then they who were before could not come back. We broke into the lane just in the middle of them, and by that means divided them: and facing to the left, charged the rear. First our dismounted men, which were near fifty, lined the edge of the wood, and fired with their carabines upon those which were before so warmly, that they put them into a great disorder. Meanwhile fifty more of our horse from the further part of the wood showed themselves in the lane upon their front. This put them of the foremost party into a great perplexity, and they began to face about to fall upon us who were engaged in the rear; but their facing about in a lane where there was no room to wheel (and one who understands the manner of wheeling a troop of horse must imagine), put them into a great disorder. Our party in the head of the lane taking the advantage of this mistake of the enemy, charged in upon them, and routed them entirely. Some found means to break into the inclosures on the other side of the lane, and get away. About thirty were killed, and about twenty-five made prisoners, and forty very good horses were taken: all this, while not a man of ours was lost, and not above seven or eight wounded. Those in the rear behaved themselves better, for they stood our charge with a great deal of resolution, and all we could do could not break them; but at last our men, who had fired on foot through the hedges at the other party, coming to do the like here, there was no standing it any longer. The rear of them faced about, and retreated out of the lane, and drew up in the open field to receive and rally their fellows. We killed about seventeen of them, and followed them to the end of the lane, but had no mind to have any more fighting than needs must; our condition at that time not making it proper, the towns round us being all in the enemy's hands, and the country but indifferently pleased with us. However, we stood facing them till they thought fit to march away. Thus we were supplied with horses enough to remount our men, and pursued our first design of getting into Lancashire. As for our prisoners, we let them off on foot.

But the country being by this time alarmed, and the rout of our army everywhere known, we foresaw abundance of difficulties before us; we were not strong enough to venture into any great towns, and we were too many to be concealed in small ones. Upon this we resolved to halt in a great wood, about three miles beyond the place where we had the last skirmish, and sent out scouts to discover the country, and learn what they could, either of the enemy or of our friends.

Anybody may suppose we had but indifferent quarters here, either for ourselves or for our horses; but, however, we made shift to lie here two days and one night. In the interim I took upon me, with two more, to go to Leeds to learn some news. We were disguised like country ploughmen; the clothes we got at a farmer's house, which for that particular occasion we plundered; and I cannot say no blood was shed in a manner too rash, and which I could not have done at another time; but our case was desperate, and the people too surly, and shot at us out of the window, wounded one man, and shot a horse, which we counted as great a loss to us as a man, for our safety depended upon our horses. Here we got clothes of all sorts, enough for both sexes; and thus, dressing myself up *a la paisant*, with a white cap on my head, and a fork on my shoulder, and one of my comrades in the farmer's wife's russet gown and petticoat, like a woman; the other with an old crutch like a lame man, and all mounted on such horses as we had taken the day before from the country, away we go to Leeds by three several ways, and agreed to meet upon the bridge. My pretended countrywoman acted her part to the life, though the party was a gentleman of good quality of the Earl of Worcester's family; and the cripple did as well as he; but I thought myself very awkward in my dress, which made me very shy, especially among the soldiers. We passed their sentinels and guards at Leeds unobserved, and put up our horses at several houses in the town, from whence we went up and down to make our remarks. My cripple was the fittest to go among the soldiers, because there was less danger of being pressed. There he informed himself of the matters of war, particularly that the enemy sat down again to the siege of York; that flying parties were in pursuit of the Cavaliers; and there he heard that 500 horse of the Lord Manchester's men had followed a party of Cavaliers over Bramham Moor; and that, entering a lane, the Cavaliers, who were 1000 strong, fell upon them, and killed them all but about fifty. This, though

it was a lie, was very pleasant to us to hear, knowing it was our party because of the other part of the story, which was thus: that the Cavaliers had taken possession of such a wood, where they rallied all the troops of their flying army; that they had plundered the country as they came, taking all the good horses they could get; that they had plundered Goodman Thompson's house, which was the farmer I mentioned, and killed man, woman, and child; and that they were about 2000 strong.

My other friend in woman's clothes got among the good wives at an inn, where she set up her horse, and there she heard the same sad and dreadful tidings; and that this party was so strong, none of the neighbouring garrisons durst stir out, but that they had sent expresses to York for a party of horse to come to their assistance.

I walked up and down the town, but fancied myself so ill disguised, and so easy to be known, that I cared not to talk with anybody. We met at the bridge exactly at our time, and compared our intelligence, found it answered our end of coming, and that we had nothing to do but to get back to our men; but my cripple told me he would not stir till he bought some victuals: so away he hops with his crutch, and buys four or five great pieces of bacon, as many of hung beef, and two or three loaves; and borrowing a sack at the inn (which I suppose he never restored), he loads his horse, and getting a large leather bottle, he filled that of aqua vite instead of small beer; my woman comrade did the like. I was uneasy in my mind, and took no care but to get out of the town. However, we all came off well enough; but it was well for me that I had no provisions with me, as you will hear presently. We came, as I said, into the town by several ways, and so we went out; but about three miles from the town we met again exactly where we had agreed. I being about a quarter of a mile from the rest, I met three country fellows on horseback: one had a long pole on his shoulder, another a fork, the third no weapon at all that I saw. I gave them the road very orderly, being habited like one of their brethren; but one of them stopping short at me, and looking earnestly, calls out, "Hark thee, friend," says he, in a broad north-country tone, "whar hast thou thilk horse?" I must confess I was in the utmost confusion at the question, neither being able to answer the question, nor to speak in his tone; so I made as if I did not hear him, and went on. "Na, but ye's not gang soa," says the boor, and comes up to me, and takes hold of the horse's

bridle to stop me; at which, vexed at heart that I could not tell how to talk to him, I reached him a great knock on the pate with my fork, and fetched him off his horse, and then began to mend my pace. The other clowns, though it seems they knew not what the fellow wanted, pursued me; and finding they had better heels than I, I saw there was no remedy but to make use of my hands, and faced about. The first that came up with me was he that had no weapons, so I thought I might parley with him; and speaking as country-like as I could, I asked him what he wanted? "Thou'st know that soon," says Yorkshire, "and I've but come at thee." "Then keep awa', man," said I, "or I've brain thee." By this time the third man came up, and the parley ended; for he gave me no words, but laid at me with his long pole, and that with such fury that I began to be doubtful of him. I was loathe to shoot the fellow, though I had pistols under my gray frock, as well for that the noise of a pistol might bring more people in, the village being in our rear, and also because I could not imagine what the fellow meant or would have; but at last, finding he would be too many for me with that long weapon, and a hardy strong fellow, I threw myself off my horse, and running in with him, stabbed my fork into his horse; the horse being wounded, staggered awhile and then fell down, and the booby had not the sense to get down in time, but fell with him; upon which, giving him a knock or two with my fork, I secured him. The other by this time had furnished himself with a great stick out of a hedge, and before I was disengaged from the last fellow, gave me two such blows that if the last had not missed my head and hit me on the shoulder, I had ended the fight and my life together. It was time to look about me now, for this was a madman; I defended myself with my fork, but it would not do. At last, in short, I was forced to pistol him, and get on horseback again, and with all the speed I could make, get away to the wood to our men.

If my two fellow spies had not been behind, I had never known what was the meaning of this quarrel of the three countrymen; but my cripple had all the particulars, for he being behind us, as I have already observed, when he came up to the first fellow, who began the fray, he found him beginning to come to himself. So he gets off, and pretends to help him, and sets him upon his breach, and being a very merry fellow, talked to him: "Well, and what's the matter now?" says he to him. "Ah,

was's me," says the fellow, "I've killed!" "Not quite, mon," says the cripple. "O that's a fause thief," says he; and thus they parleyed. My cripple got him on his feet, and gave him a dram of his aqua vitæ bottle, and made much of him, in order to know what was the occasion of the quarrel. Our disguised woman pitied the fellow too, and together they set him up again upon his horse, and then he told them that that fellow was got upon one of his brother's horses who lived at Wetherby. They said the Cavaliers stole him, but it was like such rogues; no mischief could be done in the country but it was the poor Cavaliers must bear the blame, and the like; and thus they jogged on till they came to the place where the other two lay. The first fellow they assisted as they had done the other, and gave him a dram out of the leather bottle; but the last fellow was past their care, so they came away. For when they understood that it was my horse they claimed, they began to be afraid that their own horses might be known too, and then they had been betrayed in a worse pickle than I, and must have been forced to have done some mischief or other to have got away.

I had sent out two troopers to fetch them off if there was any occasion; but their stay was not long, and the two troopers saw them at a distance coming towards us, so they returned.

I had enough of going for a spy, and my companions had enough of staying in the wood; for other intelligences agreed with ours, and all concurred in this, that it was time to be going. However, this use we made of it, that while the country thought us so strong, we were in the less danger of being attacked, though in the more of being observed; but all this while we heard nothing of our friends till the next day. We then heard Prince Rupert, with about 1000 horse, was at Skipton, and from thence marched away to Westmoreland.

We concluded now we had two or three days' time good; for, since messengers were sent to York for a party to suppress us, we must have at least two days' march of them, and therefore all concluded we were to make the best of our way. Early in the morning, therefore, we decamped from those dull quarters; and as we marched through a village, we found the people very civil to us, and the woman cried out, "God bless them; it is a pity the Round-heads should make such work with such brave men," and the like. Finding we were among our friends, we resolved to halt a little and refresh ourselves: and indeed the people were very kind to us, gave us victuals and drink,

and took care of our horses. It happened to be my lot to stop at a house where the good woman took a great deal of pains to provide for us; but I observed the good man walked about with a cap upon his head, and very much out of order. I took no great notice of it, being very sleepy, and having asked my landlady to let me have a bed, I lay down and slept heartily. When I waked I found my landlord on another bed groaning very heavily.

When I came down stairs I found my cripple talking with my landlady. He was now out of his disguise, but we called him cripple still; and the other who put on the woman's clothes we called Goody Thompson. As soon as he saw me he called me out. "Do you know," says he, "the man of the house you are quartered in?" "No, not I," says I. "No, so I believe, nor they you," says he. "If they did, the goodwife would not have made you a posset, and fetched a white loaf for you." "What do you mean?" says I. "Have you seen the man?" says he. "Seen him?" says I, "yes, and heard him too. The man is sick, and groans so heavily," says I, "that I could not lie upon the bed any longer for him." "Why, this is the poor man," says he, "that you knocked down with your fork yesterday; and I have had all the story out yonder at the next door." I confess it grieved me to have been forced to treat one so roughly who was one of our friends; but to make some amends, we contrived to give the poor man his brother's horse; and my cripple told him a formal story, that he believed the horse was taken away from the fellow by some of our men; and if he knew him again, if it was his friend's horse he should have him. The man came down upon the news, and I caused six or seven horses, which were taken at the same time, to be shown him. He immediately chose the right; so I gave him the horse, and we pretended a great deal of sorrow for the man's hurt, and that we had not knocked the fellow on the head as well as took away the horse. The man was so overjoyed at the revenge he thought was taken on the fellow, that we heard him groan no more. We ventured to stay all day at this town, and the next night; and got guides to lead us to Blackstone Edge, a ridge of mountains which parts this side of Yorkshire from Lancashire. Early in the morning we marched, and kept our scouts very carefully out every way, who brought us no news for this day. We kept on all night, and made our horses do penance for that little rest they had, and the next morning we passed the hills and got into Lancashire, to a town called

Littleborough, and from thence to Rochdale, a little market-town. And now we thought ourselves safe as to the pursuit of enemies from the side of York, our design was to get to Bolton, but all the county was full of the enemy in flying parties; and how to get to Bolton we knew not. At last we resolved to send a messenger to Bolton; but he came back and told us he had, with lurking and hiding, tried all the ways that he thought possible, but to no purpose, for he could not get into the town. We sent another, and he never returned; and some time afterward we understood he was taken by the enemy. At last one got into the town, but brought us word they were tired out with constant alarms, had been straitly blocked up, and every day expected a siege, and therefore advised us either to go northward, where Prince Rupert and the Lord Goring ranged at liberty, or to get over Warrington Bridge, and so secure our retreat to Chester. This double direction divided our opinions: I was for getting into Chester, both to recruit myself with horses and with money, both which I wanted, and to get refreshment, which we all wanted; but the major part of our men were for the north. First, they said, there was their general, and it was their duty to the cause, and the king's interest obliged us to go where we could do best service; and there were their friends, and every man might hear some news of his own regiment, for we belonged to several regiments; besides, all the towns to the left of us were possessed by Sir William Brereton; Warrington and Northwich garrisoned by the enemy, and a strong party at Manchester; so that it was very likely we should be beaten and dispersed before we could get to Chester. These reasons, and especially the last, determined us for the north, and we had resolved to march the next morning, when other intelligence brought us to more speedy resolutions. We kept our scouts continually abroad to bring us intelligence of the enemy, whom we expected on our backs, and also to keep an eye upon the country; for as we lived upon them something at large, they were ready enough to do us any ill turn as it lay in their power.

The first messenger that came to us was from our friends at Bolton, to inform us that they were preparing at Manchester to attack us. One of our parties had been as far as Stockport, on the edge of Cheshire, and was pursued by a party of the enemy, but got off by the help of the night. Thus all things looking black to the south, we had resolved to march northward in the morning, when one of

our scouts from the side of Manchester assured us Sir Thomas Middleton, with some of the Parliament forces and the country troops, making above 1200 men, were on their march to attack us, and would certainly beat up our quarters that night. Upon this advice we resolved to be gone; and getting all things in readiness, we began to march about two hours before night; and having gotten a trusty fellow for a guide—a fellow that we found was a friend to our side—he put a project into my head which saved us all for that time, and that was to give out in the village that we were marched back to Yorkshire, resolving to get into Pontefract Castle; and accordingly he leads us out of the town the same way we came in; and taking a boy with him, he sends the boy back just at night, and bade him say he saw us go up the hills at Blackstone Edge; and it happened very well, for this party were so sure of us that they had placed 400 men on the road to the northward to intercept our retreat that way, and had left no way for us, as they thought, to get away, but back again.

About ten o'clock at night they assaulted our quarters, but found we were gone; and being informed which way, they followed upon the spur, and travelling all night, being moonlight, they found themselves the next day about fifteen miles east, just out of our way; for we had, by the help of our guide, turned short at the foot of the hills, and through blind untrodden paths, and with difficulty enough, by noon the next day had reached almost twenty-five miles north, near a town called Clithero. Here we halted in the open field, and sent out our people to see how things were in the country. This part of the country, almost unpassable, and walled round with hills, was indifferent quiet; and we got some refreshment for ourselves, but very little horse-meat, and so went on; but we had not marched far before we found ourselves discovered; and the 400 horse sent to lie in wait for us as before, having understood which way we went, followed us hard; and, by letters to some of their friends at Preston, we found we were beset again. Our guide began now to be out of his knowledge, and our scouts brought us word the enemy's horse was posted before us; and we knew they were in our rear. In this exigence we resolved to divide our small body, and so amusing them, at least one might get off, if the other miscarried. I took about eighty horse with me, among which were all that I had of my own regiment, amounting to about thirty-two, and took the hills towards Yorkshire. Here we met with such unpassable

hills, vast moors, rocks, and stony ways, as lamed all our horses and tired our men; and sometimes I was ready to think we should never be able to get over them, till our horses failing, and jack-boots being but indifferent things to travel in, we might be starved before we should find any road or towns, for guide we had none but a boy who knew but little, and would cry when we asked him any questions. I believe neither men nor horses ever passed in some places where we went, and for twenty hours we saw not a town nor a house, excepting sometimes from the top of the mountains, at a vast distance. I am persuaded we might have encamped here, if we had had provisions, till the war had been over, and have met with no disturbance; and I have often wondered since how we got into such horrible places, as much as how we got out. That which was worse to us than all the rest was, that we knew not where we were going, nor what part of the country we should come into when we came out of those desolate crags. At last, after a terrible fatigue, we began to see the western parts of Yorkshire, some few villages, and the country at a distance looked a little like England; for I thought before it looked like old Brennus hill, which the Grisons call the grandfather of the Alps. We got some relief in the villages, which indeed some of us had so much need of that they were hardly able to sit their horses, and others were forced to help them off, they were so faint. I never felt so much of the power of hunger in my life, for having not eaten in thirty hours, I was as ravenous as a hound; and if I had had a piece of horseflesh, I believe I should not have had patience to have stayed dressing it, but have fallen upon it raw, and have eaten it as greedily as a Tartar.

However, I ate very cautiously, having often seen the danger of men's eating heartily after long fasting. Our next care was to inquire our way. Halifax, they told us, was on our right; there we durst not think of going. Skipton was before us, and there we knew not how it was; for a body of 3000 horse, sent out by the enemy in pursuit of Prince Rupert, had been there but two days before, and the country people could not tell us whether they were gone or no; and Manchester's horse, which were sent out after our party, were then at Halifax in quest of us, and afterwards marched into Cheshire. In this distress we would have hired a guide, but none of the country people would go with us, for the Roundheads would hang them, they said, when they came there. Upon this I called a fellow to me: "Hark ye.

friend," says I, "dost thee know the way so as to bring us into Westmoreland, and not keep the great road from York?" "Ay, marry," says he, "I ken the ways weel enou." "And you would go and guide us," said I, "but that you are afraid the Roundheads will hang you?" "Indeed would I," says the fellow. "Why then," says I, "thou hadst as good be hanged by a Roundhead as a Cavalier; for if thou wilt not go, I'll hang thee just now." "Na, and ye serve me soa," says the fellow, "I'ee ene gang with ye; for I care not for hanging: and ye'll get me a good horse, I'ee gang and be one of ye, for I'll nere come heame more." This pleased us still better; and we mounted the fellow, for three of our men died that night with the extreme fatigue of the last service.

Next morning, when our new trooper was mounted and clothed, we hardly knew him; and this fellow led us by such ways, such wildernesses, and yet with such prudence, keeping the hills to the left that we might have the villages to refresh ourselves, that without him we had certainly either perished in those mountains, or fallen into the enemy's hands. We passed the great road from York so critically as to time, that from one of the hills he showed us a party of the enemy's horse, who were then marching into Westmoreland. We lay still that day, finding we were not discovered by them; and our guide proved the best scout that we could have had, for he would go out ten miles at a time, and bring us in all the news of the country. Here he brought us word that York was surrendered upon articles, and that Newcastle, which had been surprised by the king's party, was besieged by another army of Scots, advanced to help their brethren.

Along the edges of those vast mountains we passed, with the help of our guide, till we came into the forest of Swale; and finding ourselves perfectly concealed here—for no soldier had ever been here all the war, nor perhaps would not if it had lasted seven years—we thought we wanted a few days' rest, at least for our horses; so we resolved to halt, and while we did so we made some disguises, and sent out some spies into the country; but as here were no great towns nor no post-road, we got very little intelligence. We rested four days, and then marched again: and indeed, having no great stock of money about us, and not very free of that we had, four days was enough for those poor places to be able to maintain us.

We thought ourselves pretty secure now; but our chief care was how to get over those terrible mountains; for having passed the great

road that leads from York to Lancaster, the crags, the farther northward we looked, looked still the worse, and our business was all on the other side. Our guide told us he would bring us out if we would have patience, which we were obliged to, and kept on this slow march till he brought us to Stanhope, in the county of Durham, where some of Goring's horse and two regiments of foot had their quarters. This was nineteen days from the battle of Marston Moor. The prince, who was then at Kendal in Westmoreland, and who had given me over as lost, when he had news of our arrival sent an express to me to meet him at Appleby. I went thither accordingly, and gave him an account of our journey; and there I heard the short history of the other part of our men, whom we parted from in Lancashire. They made the best of their way north. They had two resolute gentlemen who commanded; and being so closely pursued by the enemy that they found themselves under the necessity of fighting, they halted and faced about, expecting the charge. The boldness of the action made the officer who led the enemy's horse (which it seems were the county horse only) afraid of them; which they perceiving, taking the advantage of his fears, bravely advance and charge them; and though they were above 200 horse, they routed them, killed about thirty or forty, got some horses and some money, and pushed on their march night and day; but coming near Lancaster, they were so waylaid and pursued that they agreed to separate, and shift every man for himself. Many of them fell into the enemy's hands, some were killed attempting to pass through the river Lune, some went back again, six or seven got to Bolton, and about eighteen got safe to Prince Rupert.

HOAR-FROST.

What dream of beauty ever equal'd this!
 What bands from Faeryland have sallied forth,
 With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
 With imagery from the realms of bliss!
 What visions of my boyhood do I miss
 That here are not restored! All splendours pure,
 All loveliness, all graces that allure;
 Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
 Yet was not,—will not in few moments be:
 Glory from nakedness, that playfully
 Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
 Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
 Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
 Still as a dream,—and like a dream to flee!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

[Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, born in Liverpool, 25th September, 1794; died in Dublin, 12th May, 1835. She began to write verses before she was nine years of age, and her first volume of poems, *Early Blossoms*, appeared in 1808. Four years afterwards she became the wife of Captain Hemans, from whom she separated about the period of the birth of her fifth son. Her principal works are: *England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism; The Domestic Affections; Restoration of the Works of Art in Italy; Modern Greece; Wallace and Bruce: Tales and Historic Scenes; Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy; *The Sceptic; The Forest Sanctuary; Records of Women; Hymns for Childhood; Scenes and Hymns of Life, &c.* She also contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and edited and compiled many miscellaneous volumes. Sir Archibald Alison said: "Mrs. Hemans was imbued with the very soul of lyric poetry; she only required to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest in that branch that England ever produced." In the *Notes* the Shepherd says: "It's no in that woman's power, sir, to write ill; for when a feeling heart and a fine genius forgather in the bosom o' a young matron, every line o' poetry is like a sad or cheerful smile frae her sen, and every poem, whatever be the subject, in ae sense a picture o' hersel" — see that a' she writes has an affecting and an endearing mannerism and moralism about it, that inspires the thoughtful reader to say in to himself—"that's Mrs. Hemans"]

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fane,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky.
From the night-birds' lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and fountains I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain-brow,
They are flinging spray on the forest bough,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—O! what have ye look'd on since last we met!

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphires' sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills
pass'd?
—Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair.
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well! fare well!

A GENTLEMAN.

[Henry Brooke, born at Rantaven, Ireland, 1706; died 1783. He was the son of an Irish clergyman; and as a poet, dramatist, and novelist obtained a large measure of popular favour during his life. The patronage of Pope and Swift helped him to that popularity. Besides occasional poems, he wrote thirteen tragedies, of which the most successful were *Gustavus Vasa* and the *Earl of Essex*. His novel, *The Fool of Quality, or the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland*, was held in high esteem, and contains passages of merit. A new edition of this work, with biographical preface by Charles Kingsley, was issued in 1872. (Macmillan & Co.)]

There is no term in our language more common than that of "Gentleman;" and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine Gentleman," "a pretty Gentleman," "much of a Gentleman," "Gentlemanlike," "something of a Gentleman," "nothing of a Gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind. There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, tasselled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and a sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a Gentleman. A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by casually being conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman. In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a Gentleman. In taverns and some other places, he who is the most of a bully, is the most of—a Gentleman. With heralds, every Esquire is, indisputably,—a Gentleman. And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of deceiving your wife, may, however, be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman. Plato, among the philosophers, was "the most of a man of fashion;" and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be—the most of a Gentleman. But seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among

those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c., the practitioners assumed the new title of Gentlemen, till such Gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky-way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre. Wherefore as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species — of Gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour and utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative—of a Gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declared a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges—of a Gentleman.

If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or anything common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere—of a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution: it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence,

debauchery, irreligion, &c., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance, and piety may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

It appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman is that of a person of fortune above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern Gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform. And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a Gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

Hector was the finest Gentleman of whom we read in history, and Don Quixote the finest Gentleman we read of in romance; as was instanced from the tenor of their principles and actions.

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward III. of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John, king of France to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier acquisition of the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with some warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN to be guilty of any base-ness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poitiers King John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the

French king than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous and gorgeous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his side in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the Critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose: thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular Gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour which the world has adopted, under the title of good manners.

One quality of a Gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives, to his fast friend Sancho Panza, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin. On a day, said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloak from his shoulders, he divided and gave him the one half. Now, tell me at what time of the year this happened? Was I a witness? quoth Sancho; how the vengeance should I know in what year or what time of the year it happened? Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, anything within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in winter; for had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteristic of the true Gentleman is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness, of man.

The same Gentleman-errant, entering into a wood on a summer's evening, found himself entangled among nets of green thread, that here and there hung from tree to tree: and conceiving it some matter of purposed conjuration, pushed valorously forward, to break through the enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful shepherdesses interposed with a cry, and besought him to spare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, surprised and charmed by the vision, replied,—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all means of service, but never of offence, more especially to any of your sex and apparent excellences. Your pretty nets take up but a small piece of favoured ground; but, did they inclose the world, I would seek out new worlds, whereby I might win a passage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shamefaced girls had a cause of some consequence depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jeckel, and on this tremendous occasion requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle those ladies by the denomination of spinsters? No, my lord, said Sir Joseph; they are lilies of the valley, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, is the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do. Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham, perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane. A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle. And those servants, as is universally the case, had respectively endeavoured to kindle and inflame their masters with their own passions. When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Another capital quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellences thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in Scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a Gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, "that he was more honourable than all the house of his father." This young prince,

giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limit to his offers for repairing the wrong. Ask me, he said to her kindred, "ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction which the great apostle makes between his estimation of a just and of a good man. "For a just or righteous man," says he, "one would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to mete; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence, his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one save himself. The just man is a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of God, and none save God himself can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior excellence, but grows himself more excellent by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof. Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom; wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David; he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father

who was enraged against him. He would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own achievements. And he saw, as his father said, that the death of David alone could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity. But all those considerations were of no avail to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue was incomparably more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But, when the spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Saul, from that time, exemplified in his own person all those qualities of the Gentleman which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, as he says, alone endureth for ever. When Festus cried, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Paul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether, such as I am,—except these bonds." Here, with what an inimitable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the Gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen that the character, or rather quality of a GENTLEMAN, does not, in any degree, depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, or ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone inspire it into man; so it is, as God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

THE TROOPER'S DEFENCE

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Do I plead guilty to it? Yea, I do;
For I have never lied, and shall not now;
But give me a dog's leave to say a word
Touching what happened, and the why and how.

The night guard went their rounds that night at one;
My post was in the lower dungeon range,
Down level with the moat, all slime and ooze
And damp; but there, 'tis fit we change and change.

We sentinels. Besides, 'twas in a sort
The place of honour, or of trust, we'll say;
For in the cell there with the mortised door
The young boy-lord, guilty of treason, lay.

Well, with my partisan I'd tramped an hour
Down in the dark there—just a lantern hung
By the wet wall—when close at hand I heard
My own name spoken by a woman's tongue.

My hair was like to lift my morion up,
For the keep's haunted; but I turned, to see
A woman like a ghost—face white, all white,
Ready to drop, and not a yard from me.

How she had come there God in heaven knows.
However, long before my tongue I'd found,
She tore out of her hair the white pearls, big
As pigeon's eggs, then dropt upon the ground.

"One word!" she said, "only one word with him:
He dies to-morrow! See, my pearls I give,
My bracelets too!"—she snipt them from her arms—
"One word, and I will bless you while I live!"

"Your face is stern. O, but one word, one word!"
With my big hand I set her on her feet;
But she clung to me, would not be thrust off,
Still pleading in a bird's voice, soft and sweet.

"Only one word with him!" that was her plea;
One word; he would be dead at break of day!
She wept till all her pretty face was wet,
And my heart melted: yea, she had her way.

They spake together. Did I hear? Not I;
Best ask me if I took her bribes. Well, there,
You know the rest—know how yon Judas-spy,
Yon starveling cur, crawled down the winding stair:

And how he caught the bird fast in the cage,
And made report of me with eager breath
For breach of duty. Right; it was a breach,
And that means, in our soldier-fashion, death!

Well, I can face it. only give me leave
To alit the weasand of yon craven hound,
Yon Judas-spy there, and I'd fall content,
Aye, as I'd fall to sleep upon the ground.

LADY CORISANDE.

[Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., D.C.L., born in London, 21st December, 1805. He is the eldest son of the late Isaac Disraeli, author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, &c., and has won the highest distinction as a statesman and novelist. His works are: *Vivian Grey* (1826); *Voyage of Captain Popanilla*; *The Young Duke*; *England and France*; *Alroy*, the Wondrous Tale; and *The Rise of Iskander*; *Contarini Fleming*; *The Revolutionary Epic*, a poem (1834); *The Crisis Examined*; *Vindication of the English Constitution*; *Letters of Runnymede*; *Henrietta Temple*; *Venetia*; *Alcaros*, a tragedy; *Coningsby*, or the New Generation; *Sibyl*, or the New Nation; *Lothair*; *Tancred*, or the New Crusade; *Lord George Bentinck*, a Political Biography; and *Lothair* (1870)—from which we quote. In 1837 Mr. Disraeli was returned to Parliament by the Maidstone constituency, by that of Shrewsbury in 1841 and by the electors of the county of Buckingham in 1847. He has served the state as chancellor of the exchequer and as prime minister. His novels faithfully reflect his views of life, philosophy, and politics. Lothair is a young nobleman of unbounded wealth, and the novel is occupied with his adventures from his entrance into the world till his final escape from the schemes of Jesuits and Romanists to win him to their creed, and his settlement in life with the beautiful, accomplished, and Protestant Lady Corisande.]

One's life changes in a moment. Half a month ago Lothair, without an acquaintance, was meditating his return to Oxford. Now he seemed to know everybody who was anybody. His table was overflowing with invitations to all the fine houses in town. First came the routs and the balls; then, when he had been presented to the husbands, came the dinners. His kind friends the Duchess and Lady St. Jerome were the fairies who had worked this sudden scene of enchantment. A single word from them, and London was at Lothair's feet.

He liked it amazingly. He quite forgot the conclusion at which he had arrived respecting society a year ago, drawn from his vast experience of the single party which he had then attended. Feelings are different when you know a great many persons, and every person is trying to please you; above all, when there are individuals whom you want to meet,

¹ "He has written many works of fiction, all, we believe, successful, and many of them among the best of their time; some verse, in which he has rather tried than exercised his powers; and political essays, anonymous, but acknowledged. . . . *The Adventures of Captain Popanilla* deserve to be remembered as an admirable adaptation of Gulliver to later circumstances; and the wondrous tale of *Alroy* is a most imaginative attempt to naturalize in our language that rhymed and resonant prose which has so great a charm for eastern ears."—*Edinburgh Review*.

and whom, if you do not meet, you become restless.

Town was beginning to blaze. Broughams whirled and bright barouches glanced, troops of social cavalry cantered and caracolled in morning rides, and the bells of prancing ponies, lashed by delicate hands, ginged in the laughing air. There were stoppages in Bond Street, which seems to cap the climax of civilization, after crowded clubs and swarming parks.

But the great event of the season was the presentation of Lady Corisande. Truly our bright maiden of Brentham woke and found herself famous. There are families whom everybody praises, and families who are treated in a different way. Either will do; all the sons and daughters of the first succeed, all the sons and daughters of the last are encouraged in perverseness by the prophetic determination of society. Half a dozen married sisters, who were the delight and ornament of their circles, in the case of Lady Corisande were good precursors of popularity; but the world would not be content with that: they credited her with all their charms and winning qualities, but also with something grander and beyond comparison; and from the moment her fair cheek was sealed by the gracious approbation of Majesty, all the critics of the Court at once recognized her as the cynosure of the Empyrean.

Monsignore Catesby, who looked after Lothair, and was always breakfasting with him without the necessity of an invitation (a fascinating man, and who talked upon all subjects except High Mass), knew everything that took place at Court without being present there himself. He led the conversation to the majestic theme, and while he seemed to be busied in breaking an egg with delicate precision, and hardly listening to the frank expression of opinions which he carelessly encouraged, obtained a not insufficient share of Lothair's views and impressions of human beings and affairs in general during the last few days, which had witnessed a Levée and a Drawing-room.

"Ah! then you were so fortunate as to know the beauty before her début," said the Monsignore.

"Intimately; her brother is my friend. I was at Brentham last summer. Delicious place! and the most agreeable visit I ever made in my life, at least, one of the most agreeable."

"Ah! ah!" said the Monsignore. "Let me ring for some toast."

On the night of the Drawing-room, a great ball was given at Crecy House to celebrate the

entrance of Corisande into the world. It was a sumptuous festival. The palace, resonant with fantastic music, blazed amid illumined gardens rich with summer warmth.

A prince of the blood was dancing with Lady Corisande. Lothair was there, *vis-à-vis* with Miss Arundel.

"I delight in this hall," she said to Lothair: "but how superior the pictured scene to the reality!"

"What! would you like, then, to be in a battle?"

"I should like to be with heroes, wherever they might be. What a fine character was the Black Prince! And they call those days the days of superstition!"

The silver horns sounded a brave flourish. Lothair had to advance and meet Lady Corisande. Her approaching mien was full of grace and majesty, but Lothair thought there was a kind expression in her glance, which seemed to remember Brentham, and that he was her brother's friend.

A little later in the evening he was her partner. He could not refrain from congratulating her on the beauty and the success of the festival.

"I am glad you are pleased, and I am glad you think it successful; but, you know, I am no judge, for this is my first ball!"

"Ah! to be sure; and yet it seems impossible," he continued, in a tone of murmuring admiration.

"Oh! I have been at little dances at my sisters'; half behind the door," she added, with a slight smile. "But to-night I am present at a scene of which I have only read."

"And how do you like balls?" said Lothair.

"I think I shall like them very much," said Lady Corisande; "but to-night, I will confess, I am a little nervous."

"You do not look so."

"I am glad of that."

"Why?"

"Is it not a sign of weakness?"

"Can feeling be weakness?"

"Feeling without sufficient cause is, I should think." And then, and in a tone of some archness, she said, "And how do you like balls?"

"Well, I like them amazingly," said Lothair. "They seem to me to have every quality which can render an entertainment agreeable: music, light, flowers, beautiful faces, graceful forms, and occasionally charming conversation."

"Yes; and that never lingers," said Lady Corisande. "for see, I am wanted."

When they were again undisturbed, Lothair

regretted the absence of Bertram, who was kept at the House.

"It is a great disappointment," said Lady Corisande; "but he will yet arrive, though late. I should be most unhappy though, if he were absent from his post on such an occasion. I am sure if he were here I could not dance."

"You are a most ardent politician," said Lothair.

"Oh! I do not care in the least about common politics, parties and office and all that: I neither regard nor understand them," replied Lady Corisande. "But when wicked men try to destroy the country, then I like my family to be in the front."

As the destruction of the country meditated this night by wicked men was some change in the status of the Church of England, which Monsignore Catesby in the morning had suggested to Lothair as both just and expedient and highly conciliatory, Lothair did not pursue the theme, for he had a greater degree of tact than usually falls to the lot of the ingenuous.

The bright moments flew on. Suddenly there was a mysterious silence in the hall, followed by a kind of suppressed stir. Everyone seemed to be speaking with bated breath, or, if moving, walking on tiptoe. It was the supper hour:

"Soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart."

Royalty, followed by the imperial presence of ambassadors, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, was ushered with courteous pomp by the host and hostess into a choice saloon, hung with rose-coloured tapestry and illumined by chandeliers of crystal, where they were served from gold plate. But the thousand less favoured were not badly off, when they found themselves in the more capacious chambers, into which they rushed with an eagerness hardly in keeping with the splendid nonchalance of the preceding hours.

"What a perfect family," exclaimed Hugo Bohun, as he extracted a couple of fat little birds from their bed of aspic jelly: "everything they do in such perfect taste. How safe you were here to have ortolans for supper!"

All the little round tables, though their number was infinite, were full. Male groups hung about; some in attendance on fair dames, some foraging for themselves, some thoughtful and more patient and awaiting a satisfactory future. Never was such an elegant clatter.

"I wonder where Carisbrooke is," said Hugo Bohun. "They say he is wonderfully taken with the beauteous daughter of the house."

"I will back the Duke of Brecon against him," said one of his companions. "He raved about her at White's yesterday."

"Hem!"

"The end is not so near as all that," said a third wassailer.

"I do not know that," said Hugo Bohun. "It is a family that marries off quickly. If a fellow is obliged to marry, he always likes to marry one of them."

"What of this new star?" said his friend, and he mentioned Lothair.

"O! he is too young; not launched. Besides he is going to turn Catholic, and I doubt whether that would do in that quarter."

"But he has a greater fortune than any of them."

"Immense! A man I know, who knows another man ——" and then he began a long statistical story about Lothair's resources.

"Have you got any room here, Hugo?" drawled out Lord St. Aldegonde.

"Plenty, and here is my chair."

"On no account; half of it and some soup will satisfy me."

"I should have thought you would have been with the swells," said Hugo Bohun.

"That does not exactly suit me," said St. Aldegonde. "I was ticketed to the Duchess of Salop, but I got a first rate substitute with the charm of novelty for her Grace, and sent her in with Lothair."

St. Aldegonde was the heir apparent of the wealthiest, if not the most ancient, dukedom in the United Kingdom. He was spoiled, but he knew it. Had he been an ordinary being, he would have merely subsided into selfishness and caprice, but having good abilities and a good disposition, he was eccentric, adventurous, and sentimental. Notwithstanding the apathy which had been engendered by premature experience, St. Aldegonde held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the reddest dye. He was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at anyone differing from him; "as if a fellow could have too much land," he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. St. Aldegonde had married for love and he loved his wife, but he was strongly in favour of woman's rights and their extremest consequences. It was thought that

he had originally adopted these latter views with the amiable intention of piquing Lady St. Aldegonde; but if so, he had not succeeded. Beaming with brightness, with the voice and airiness of a bird, and a cloudless temper, Albertha St. Aldegonde had, from the first hour of her marriage, concentrated her intelligence, which was not mean, on one object; and that was never to cross her husband on any conceivable topic. They had been married several years, and she treated him as a darling spoiled child. When he cried for the moon, it was promised him immediately; however irrational his proposition, she always assented to it, though generally by tact and vigilance she guided him in the right direction. Nevertheless, St. Aldegonde was sometimes in scrapes; but then he always went and told his best friend, whose greatest delight was to extricate him from his perplexities and embarrassments.

It was agreed that after breakfast they should go and see Corisande's garden. And a party did go: all the Phœbus family, and Lord and Lady St. Aldegonde, and Lady Corisande, and Bertram and Lothair.

In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present Duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed, and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed, as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century. It was formed upon a gentle southern slope, with turfen terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The Duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory, that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses: huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of

roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall, and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air, but their homes were near, and you might watch them labouring in their glassy hives.

"Now, is not Corisande quite right?" said Lord St. Aldegonde, as he presented Madame Phœbus with a garland of woodbine, with which she said she would dress her head at dinner. All agreed with him, and Bertram and Euphrosyne adorned each other with carnations, and Mr. Phœbus placed a flower on the uncovered head of Lady St. Aldegonde, according to the principles of high art, and they sauntered and rambled in the sweet and sunny air amid a blaze of butterflies and the ceaseless hum of bees.

Bertram and Euphrosyne had disappeared, and the rest were lingering about the hives while Mr. Phœbus gave them a lecture on the apiary and its marvellous life. The bees understood Mr. Phœbus, at least he said so, and thus his friends had considerable advantage in this lesson in entomology. Lady Corisande and Lothair were in a distant corner of the garden, and she was explaining to him her plans; what she had done and what she meant to do.

"I wish I had a garden like this at Muriel," said Lothair.

"You could easily make one."

"If you helped me."

"I have told you all my plans," said Lady Corisande.

"Yes; but I was thinking of something else when you spoke," said Lothair.

"That is not very complimentary."

"I do not wish to be complimentary," said Lothair, "if compliments mean less than they declare. I was not thinking of your garden, but of you."

"Where can they have all gone?" said Lady Corisande, looking round. "We must find them."

"And leave this garden?" said Lothair.

"And I without a flower, the only one without a flower? I am afraid that is significant of my lot."

"You shall choose a rose," said Lady Corisande.

"Nay; the charm is that it should be your choice."

But choosing the rose lost more time, and when Corisande and Lothair reached the

arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

"I think I hear sounds this way," said Lothair, and he led his companion farther from home.

"I see no one," said Lady Corisande, distressed, and when they had advanced a little way.

"We are sure to find them in good time," said Lothair. "Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go there and help me to make it. Yes," he added, after some hesitation, "on this spot, I believe on this very spot, I asked the permission of your mother two years ago to express to you my love. She thought me a boy, and she treated me as a boy. She said I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters were unformed. I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies, have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love for you."

She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

He soothed and sustained her agitated frame, and sealed with an embrace her speechless form. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed. They had arrived at the limit of the pleasure-grounds, and they wandered into the park and into its most sequestered parts. All this time Lothair spoke much, and gave her the history of his life since he first visited her home. Lady Corisande said little, but when she was more composed, she told him that from the first her heart had been his, but everything seemed to go against her hopes. Perhaps at last, to please her parents, she would have married the Duke of Brecon, had not Lothair returned; and what he had said to her that morning at Crecy House had decided her resolution, whatever might be her lot, to unite it to no one else but him. But then came the adventure of the crucifix, and she thought all was over for her, and she quitted town in despair.

"Let us rest here for a while," said Lothair. "under the shade of this oak;" and Lady Corisande reclined against its mighty trunk, and Lothair threw himself at her feet. He had a great deal still to tell her, and among other things, the story of the pearls, which he had wished to give to Theodora.

"She was, after all, your good genius," said Lady Corisande. "I always liked her."

"Well now," said Lothair, "that case has never been opened. The year has elapsed, but I would not open it, for I had always a wild wish that the person who opened it should be yourself. See, here it is." And he gave her the case.

"We will not break the seal," said Lady Corisande. "Let us respect it for her sake: ROMA!" she said, examining it; and then they opened the case. There was the slip of paper which Theodora at the time had placed upon the pearls, and on which she had written some unseen words. They were read now, and ran thus:

"THE OFFERING OF THEODORA TO LOTHAIR'S BRIDE"

"Let me place them on you now," said Lothair.

"I will wear them as your chains," said Corisande.

The sun began to tell them that some hours had elapsed since they quitted Brentham House. At last a soft hand which Lothair retained, gave him a slight pressure, and a sweet voice whispered, "Dearest, I think we ought to return."

And they returned almost in silence. They rather calculated that, taking advantage of the luncheon-hour, Corisande might escape to her room; but they were a little too late. Luncheon was over, and they met the duchess and a large party on the terrace.

"What has become of you, my good people?" said her grace: "bells have been ringing for you in every direction. Where can you have been?"

"I have been in Corisande's garden," said Lothair, "and she has given me a rose."

THREE YEARS.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me,
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

20 SKALES, VOL. I.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

THE PASSING CROWD.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"The passing crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration, by the ability, worth, benevolence, or

BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

Many would excite us by their sufferings—some meekly and well, some with a sense of others than themselves, some with a sense of human weal and woe, some with a sense of humiliation, could be forgiven, whom, in passing, we should be as they are by us, how should we ourselves repose upon them, and in our own hearts, and would we not for any earthly compensation. These persons, in all probability, are the ones the cherished recollections of our days, spent in some scene which we forget, though there they are forgotten, friends and fellows who, though removed in distance and in fortune, are to be given up by the heart. Every individual, in all probability, will deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unclouded by the slightest thought of self, and which time purifying and elevating the character above its ordinary standard. Beneath the gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary, there resides for certain a fountain of pureness, pure in its inner depths as the purest rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature it is. When where our fellow-creatures are in vice and poverty, let us still be

gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

O the sunny days before us, before us, before us
When all was bright
From hoit to height,
And the heavens were shining o'er us;
When sound and scent, with vision blent,
Winged Hope, and perched Content,
Joys that came, and ills that went,
Seemed singing all in chorus.

O the dreary days behind us, behind us, behind us
When all is dark,
And care, and care,
Or transient gleams remind us
Of fruitless sighs, averted eyes,
Baffled hopes and loosened ties,
Pain that lingers, time that flies,
And the hot tears come and blind us.

O! is there nought beyond us, beyond us, beyond us,
When all the dead,
The changed, the fled,
Will rise, and look as fond as
Ere Faith put out, and Love in rout,
Foes with vigour, friends without,
Pique and rancour, make us doubt
Hoc tolerare pondus?

—Interlude.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

[Samuel Rogers, born in London, 30th July, 1763; died there, 18th December, 1855. He was the son of a wealthy banker, and his house in St. James's Place was the resort of all the famous authors and artists of his time. He wrote many poems, but the *Pleasures of Memory*, first published in 1792, remained his best and finest achievement in verse. Byron, in his *English Bards*, says that this and Pope's *Essay on Man*, are "the most beautiful didactic poems in our language." Of his other poems the chief are: *Jacqueline*, a tale; *Human Life*; *Italy*, &c. Lord Jeffrey said of Rogers' poems that "they come over us with a bewitching softness, and soothe the troubled spirits with a refreshing sense of truth, purity, and elegance."¹]

Sweet MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far freer flowers.

Age and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in Genius and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hands the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From thee gay Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
And ere, with iron-tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,

¹ Rogers never married; and an interesting anecdote of the cause of his celibacy is told by the *Edinburgh Review*. "When a young man, he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still thought he had ever seen. At the end of a London season, at a ball, she said, 'I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?' He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband: stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said—'You never came to Worthing.'"

Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whispered vow, the chaste carous prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moon-light glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, see the captive bartered as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?
Here what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,

With MAMMONY'S aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bade to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery sight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There, in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.

Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!

From the rude wall what bright ideas start!

Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,

With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!

And whence these scenes, these images, declare,

Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,

Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.

He who, through Nature's various walks, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden olime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.

But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumed and by taste refined?
When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere.

Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the Past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And smatch the faithless fugitive to light.

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Hail, MEMONY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
—only pleasures we can call our own.
More than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
A fleeting cloud obscure the sky;

If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

FRENCH MEMOIRS.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

The French surpass every other nation, indeed all the other nations of Europe put together, in the amount and excellence of their memoirs. Whence comes this manifest superiority? The important collection relating to the history of France, commencing as early as the thirteenth century, forms a basis of civil history, more authentic, circumstantial, and satisfactory to an intelligent inquirer, than is to be found among any other people. And the multitude of biographies, personal anecdotes, and similar scattered notices, which have appeared in France during the two last centuries, throw a flood of light on the social habits and general civilization of the period in which they were written. The Italian histories (and every considerable city in Italy, says Tiraboschi, had its historian as early as the thirteenth century) are fruitful only in wars, massacres, treasonable conspiracies, or diplomatic intrigues, matters that affect the tranquillity of the state. The rich body of Spanish chronicles, which maintain an unbroken succession from the reign of Alphonso the Wise to that of Philip the Second, are scarcely more personal or interesting in their details, unless it be in reference to the sovereign and his immediate court. Even the English, in their memoirs and autobiographies of the last century, are too exclusively confined to topics of public notoriety, as the only subject worthy of record, or which can excite a general interest in their readers. Not so with the French. The most frivolous details assume in their eyes an importance when they can be made illustrative of an eminent character. And even when they concern one of less note they become sufficiently interesting, as just pictures of life and manners. Hence, instead of exhibiting their hero only as he appears on the great theatre, they carry us along with him into retirement, or into those social circles where, stripped of his masquerade dress, he can

indulge in all the natural gaiety of his heart,—in those frivolities and follies which display the real character much better than all his premeditated wisdom; those little nothings which make up so much of the sum of French memoirs, but which, however amusing, are apt to be discarded by their more serious English neighbours, as something derogatory to their hero. Where shall we find a more lively portrait of that interesting period when feudal barbarism began to fade away before the civilized institutions of modern times, than in Philip de Comines' sketches of the courts of France and Burgundy, in the latter half of the fifteenth century? Where a more nice development of the fashionable intrigues, the corrupt Machiavelian politics which animated the little coteries, male and female, of Paris, under the regency of Anne of Austria, than in the *Memoirs of De Retz*? To say nothing of the vast amount of similar contributions in France during the last century, which, in the shape of letters and anecdotes, as well as memoirs, have made us as intimately acquainted with the internal movements of society in Paris, under all its aspects, literary, fashionable, and political, as if they had passed in review before our own eyes.

The French have been remarked for their excellence in narrative, ever since the times of the *fabliaux* and the old Norman romances. Somewhat of their success in this way may be imputed to the structure of their language, whose general currency, and whose peculiar fitness for prose composition, have been noticed from a very early period. Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his *Tesoro* in French, in preference to his own tongue, as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, on the ground "that its speech was the most universal and most delectable of all the dialects of Europe." And Dante asserts, in his treatise on *Vulgar Eloquence*, that "the superiority of the French consists in its adaptation, by means of its facility and agreeableness, to narratives in prose." Much of the wild artless grace, the *naïveté*, which characterized it in its infancy, has been gradually polished away by fastidious critics, and can scarcely be said to have survived Marot and Montaigne. But the language has gained considerably in perspicuity, precision, and simplicity of construction; to which the jealous labours of the French Academy must be admitted to have contributed essentially. This simplicity of construction, refusing those complicated inversions so usual in the other languages of the Continent, and its total want of prosody, though fatal to

poetical purposes, have greatly facilitated its acquisition to foreigners, and have made it a most suitable vehicle for conversation. Since the time of Louis XIV., accordingly, it has become the language of the courts, and the popular medium of communication in most of the countries of Europe. Since that period, too, it has acquired a number of elegant phrases and familiar turns of expression, which have admirably fitted it for light popular narrative, like that which enters into memoirs, letter-writing, and similar kinds of composition.

The character and situation of the writers themselves may account still better for the success of the French in this department. Many of them, as Joinville, Sully, Comines, De Thou, Rochefoucault, Torcy, have been men of rank and education, the counsellors or the friends of princes, acquiring from experience a shrewd perception of the character and of the forms of society. Most of them have been familiarized in those polite circles which, in Paris more than any other capital, seem to combine the love of dissipation and fashion with a high relish for intellectual pursuits. The state of society in France—or what is the same thing, in Paris—is admirably suited to the purposes of the memoir-writer. The cheerful gregarious temper of the inhabitants, which mingles all ranks in the common pursuit of pleasure: the external polish which scarcely deserts them in the commission of the grossest violence; the influence of the women during the last two centuries, far superior to that of the sex among any other people, and exercised alike on matters of taste, politics, and letters; the gallantry and licentious intrigues so usual in the higher classes of this gay metropolis, and which fill even the life of a man of letters, so stagnant in every other country, with stirring and romantic adventure; all these, we say, make up a rich and varied panorama, that can hardly fail of interest under the hand of the most common artist.

Lastly, the vanity of the French may be considered as another cause of their success in this kind of writing—a vanity which leads them to disclose a thousand amusing particulars which the reserve of an Englishman, and perhaps his pride, would discard as altogether unsuitable to the public ear. This vanity, it must be confessed, however, has occasionally seduced their writers, under the garb of confessions and secret memoirs, to make such a disgusting exposure of human infirmity as few men would be willing to admit, even to themselves.

THINK.

THE HOLMES.

Not more than now,
Not more than shed,
Not more than brow;
Not more than children wed.

Not more than heavenly glow,
Not more than those "good old days,"
Not more than with deeper snow,
Not more than with a softer haze.

Not more than wife, or child—
Not more than "women" each has known.
Not more than ever half so wild?
Not more than the grandpas have grown!

Not more than our souls were free,
Not more than that our lives were blest;
Not more than no season yet to be
Not more than will leave us time to rest.

Not more than we groan with ache or pain.
Not more than common ailment of the race—
Not more than doctors think the matter plain—
Not more than ours is "a peculiar case."

Not more than, like babes with fingers burned,
Not more than one bitter maxim more,
Not more than all the world has learned,
Not more than men are wiser than before.

Not more than when we sob o'er fancied woes,
Not more than the angels hovering overhead
Not more than every pitying drop that flows,
Not more than And love us for the tears we shed.

Not more than when we stand with tearless eye
Not more than And turn the beggar from our door,
Not more than They still approve us when we sigh,
Not more than "Ah, had I but one thousand more!"

Not more than weakness smoothed the path of sin,
Not more than In half the slips our youth has known;
Not more than And whatso'er its blame has been,
Not more than That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Not more than Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
Not more than Of changing truth's eternal flow,
Not more than Their tablets bold with what we think,
Not more than Their echoes dumb to what we know;

Not more than That one unquestioned text we read,
Not more than All doubt beyond, all fear above—
Not more than Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Not more than Nor blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

RELIGIOUS PLAYS AND MYSTERIES.

[Thomas Warton, born at Basingstoke, 1728; died 21st May, 1790. Educated at Oxford University, at which seat of learning he afterwards became professor of poetry and of history. He was also appointed to the living of Kiddington, and presented to the donative of Hill Farrance. He obtained the poet-laureateship in 1785, on the death of William Whitehead. His chief works are: *The Pleasures of Melancholy*; *The Triumph of Isis*; *Newmarket*, a satire; *The History of English Poetry*, &c. He also wrote several biographies and other works.]

About the eighth century trade was principally carried on by means of fairs, which lasted several days. Charlemagne established many great marts of this sort in France; as did William the Conqueror, and his Norman successors, in England. The merchants who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons, who were no less interested in giving their attendance, and exerting all their skill, on these occasions. As now but few large towns existed, no public spectacles or popular amusements were established; and as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair-time was the season for diversion. In proportion as these shows were attended and encouraged, they began to be set off with new decorations and improvements: and the arts of buffoonery being rendered still more attractive by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees the clergy, observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at these protracted annual celebrities, made the people less religious, by promoting idleness and a love of festivity, proscribed these sports, and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy. The death of St. Catherine, acted by the monks of St. Dennis, rivalled the popularity of the professed players. Music was admitted into the churches, which served as theatres for the representation of holy farces. The festivals among the French, called *La Fete de Foux, de l'Ance, and des Innocens*, at length became greater favourites, as they

certainly were more capricious and absurd, than the interludes of the buffoons at the fairs. These are the ideas of a judicious French writer, now living, who has investigated the history of human manners with great comprehension and sagacity. Voltaire's theory on this subject is also very ingenious and quite new. Religious plays, he supposes, came originally from Constantinople, where the old Grecian stage continued to flourish in some degree, and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented, till the fourth century. About that period, Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, banished pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, and introduced select stories from the Old and New Testament. As the ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle, a transition was made on the same plan; and the choruses were turned into Christian hymns. Gregory wrote many sacred dramas for this purpose, which have not survived those inimitable compositions over which they triumphed for a time: one, however, his tragedy called *CHRIST'S PASSION*, is still extant. In the prologue it is said to be an imitation of Euripides, and that this is the first time the Virgin Mary has been produced on the stage. The fashion of acting spiritual dramas, in which at first a due degree of method and decorum was preserved, was at length adopted from Constantinople by the Italians; who framed, in the depth of the dark ages, on this foundation, that barbarous species of theatrical representation called *MYSTERIES*, or sacred comedies, and which were soon afterwards received in France. This opinion will acquire probability, if we consider the early commercial intercourse between Italy and Constantinople: and although the Italians, at the time when they may be supposed to have imported plays of this nature, did not understand the Greek language, yet they could understand, and consequently could imitate, what they saw. In defence of Voltaire's hypothesis, it may be further observed, that the *FEAST OF FOOLS* and of the *Ass*, with other religious farces of that sort, so common in Europe, originated at Constantinople. They were instituted, although perhaps under other names, in the Greek church, about the year 990, by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, probably with a better design than is imagined by the ecclesiastical annalists; that of weaning the minds of the people from the pagan ceremonies, particularly the Bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, by the substitution of Christian spectacles, partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness.

I must, however, observe here, that in the fourth century it was customary to make Christian parodies and imitations in Greek, of the best Greek classics, for the use of the Christian schools. This practice prevailed much under the emperor Julian, who forbade the pagan poets, orators, and philosophers to be taught in the Christian seminaries. Apollinarius, bishop of Laodicea, wrote Greek tragedies, adapted to the stage, on most of the grand events recorded in the Old Testament, after the manner of Euripides. On some of the familiar and domestic stories of Scripture, he composed comedies in imitation of Menander. He wrote Christian odes on the plan of Pindar. In imitation of Homer, he wrote an heroic poem on the history of the Bible, as far as the reign of Saul, in twenty-four books. Sozomen says that these compositions, now lost, rivalled their great originals in genius, expression, and conduct. His son, a bishop also of Laodicea, reduced the four Gospels and all the apostolical books into Greek dialogues, resembling those of Plato. But I must not omit a much earlier and more singular specimen of a theatrical representation of sacred history than this mentioned by Voltaire. Some fragments of an ancient Jewish play on the *Exodus*, or the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet Moses, are yet preserved in Greek iambics. The principal characters of this drama are Moses, Sapphira, and God from the Bush, or God speaking from the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue, or introduction, in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this piece is Ezekiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. The learned Huetius endeavours to prove that Ezekiel wrote at least before the Christian era. Some suppose that he was one of the seventy, or Septuagint interpreters of the Bible under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I am of opinion that Ezekiel composed this play after the destruction of Jerusalem, and even in the time of Barcochbas, as a political spectacle, with a view to animate his dejected countrymen with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new Moses, like that from the Egyptian servitude. Whether a theatre subsisted among the Jews, who by their peculiar situation and circumstances were prevented from keeping pace with their neighbours in the culture of the social and elegant arts, is a curious speculation. It seems most probable, on the whole, that this drama was composed in imitation of the Grecian stage, at the close of the second century, after

WHAT WE

BY OLIVER W.

That age was old
In spite of
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That babes new

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... founded in 1546. one of the
... entitled, *De Præfecto Lutorum qui*
... a *licitor*, under whose direction and
... Latin comedies and tragedies are
... exhibited in the hall at Christmas: as
... SPECTACULA, or as many DIALOGUES.
... title to this statute, which seems to
... substituted by another and a more modern
... *De Comediis ludisque in natale Christi*
... With regard to the peculiar busi-
... and office of IMPERATOR, it is ordered,
... one of the masters of arts shall be placed
... the juniors, every Christmas, for the regu-
... of their games and diversions at that
... of festivity. At the same time, he is
... govern the whole society in the hall and
... chapel, as a republic committed to his special
... charge, by a set of laws, which he is to frame
... in Latin or Greek verse. His sovereignty is
... to last during the twelve days of Christmas,
... and he is to exercise the same power on Candle-
... mas-day. During this period, he is to see that
... six SPECTACLES or DIALOGUES be presented.
... His fee is forty shillings. Probably the con-
... stitution of this officer, in other words, a
... *Master of the Revels*, gave a latitude to some
... licentious enormities, incompatible with the
... decorum of a house of learning and religion;
... and it was found necessary to restrain these
... Christmas celebrities to a more rational and
... sober plan. The SPECTACULA also, and DIA-
... LOGUES, originally appointed, were growing ob-
... solete when the substitution was made, and
... were giving way to more regular representa-
... tions. I believe these statutes were reformed
... by Queen Elizabeth's visitors of the university
... of Cambridge, under the conduct of Archbishop
... Parker, in the year 1573.

MONEY.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine!
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich:
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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... of Oxford
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... in Cam-
... 1886, the
... *Pro ly pallio*
... *comedia*.
... rail, or cloak,
... the comedy.
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... College in
... before the privy-
... chancellor of the
... containing
... on the papistic
... The comedy of
... acted in the
... In an ori-
... Trinity College

EPIGRAMS.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free,
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
No wonder that he has forgotten me;
Since it is plain he has forgot himself.

Anon.

Wearied of you, dear wife? Oh no, thank Heaven!
But marriage now has made us one;
And I to ennui am given,
Whenever I am thus alone.

Anon.

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said,
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head.

Grimm's Ghost.

How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies;
Old D.D. has the Cure of souls,
And M.D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure.

Ibid.

The miniature, Phyllis, you're showing us now,
Proves the artist with you well acquainted,
That 'tis monstrously like you we all must allow,
When we see, as we do, that 'tis painted.

KELLY.

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What say you, my love, does it strike you?"
"I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

Anon.

"You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage-vow is said."

"The change, good wife, is easily forgiven;
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven."

HAUG.—Translated by Russel.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I ask'd my love, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
"Choose," said she, "what suits the line,
Only—only—call me thine!"

Ibid.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before;
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted Devil, *not* to take his spouse!

Ibid.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech-trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the reliques of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys: still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill

the Jews had been dispersed, and intermixed with other nations.

On the whole, the MYSTERIES appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics; and were most probably first acted, at least with any degree of form, by the monks. This was certainly the case in the English monasteries. I have already mentioned the play of St. Catherine, performed at Dunstable Abbey by the novices in the eleventh century, under the superintendence of Geoffry, a Parisian ecclesiastic; and the exhibition of the PASSION, by the mendicant friars of Coventry and other places. Instances have been given of the like practice among the French. The only persons who could read were in the religious societies; and various other circumstances, peculiarly arising from their situation, profession, and institution, enabled the monks to be the sole performers of these representations. As learning increased, and was more widely disseminated from the monasteries, by a natural and easy transition, the practice migrated to schools and universities, which were formed on the monastic plan, and in many respects resembled the ecclesiastical bodies. Hence a passage in Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is to be explained; when Hamlet says to Polonius, "My lord, you play once in the university, you say." Polonius answers, "That I did, my lord, and was counted a good actor.—I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' th' Capitol." Boulay of Meudon, that it was a custom, not only still subsisting, but of very high antiquity, *vetustissima consuetudo*, to act tragedies and comedies at the university of Paris.

It is more generally known, that the custom of acting Latin plays in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge continued to flourish till the middle of the last century. The oldest notice I can find of this sort of spectacle in an English university is in the fragment of an ancient statute of the dissolved college of Michaelhouse, at Cambridge; in which, under the following expense is entered, *Pro sordibus et brusdato et pro sex laribus et sex visoribus*. That is, For an embroidery and six visors and six brushes. The year 1544 a Latin play was acted by PAMMACHIUS, was acted by the students of Cambridge, which was approved by the council by Bishop of Ely. The university, as a general rule, was not many offensive ceremonies. (Gayman G.)

at Cambridge, four chapters is entitled

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ognition, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagement—his betrothed word; ordered his horse, that he rode to the castle of Landshort; and performed the fancied act of vaulting into the

count bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's pondered on the untimely fate of his comrade; and on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy and his mind perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, soli-

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at first so unimpressive, admitted no hesitation. He vowed to soothe his friend's anxiety, and faithfully to execute his hand in solemn

tary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He, however, pacified himself with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably—"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corselets, splintered jousting-spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched accidentally over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a

low tone that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-long glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blest with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor but merry and broad-faced cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were

interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, everything was prepared for his reception: a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night?"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement—"

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg Cathedral—"

"Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the draw-bridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs were lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg Cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! If the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man! She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on

sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen-tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the spectre bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning, that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown.

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the

agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labours of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and perchance a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and to scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and, falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfau. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in

every attempt to tell his tale; how the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue; how he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit; how, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeiter; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

THE OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, 't'other day,
 "In earnest love me as you say?
 Or are these tender words applied
 Alike to fifty girls beside?"
 "Dear, cruel girl," said I, "forbear—
 For by these cherry lips I swear"—
 She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
 And said, "You've sworn—so kiss the book."

FESTUS.

[Philip James Bailey, born at Nottingham, 22d April, 1816. He is the son of Thomas Bailey, author of the *Annals of Notts*. He studied at the Glasgow University, and was called to the bar in 1840. *Festus* first appeared in 1839 (the eighth edition in 1868), and was at once acknowledged to be a great poem. "With a truth, force, and simplicity seldom paralleled," says Dr. Westland Marston, "we have here disclosed the very inmost life of a sincere and energetic mind." The Rev. P. Landreth says: "There is no poem in any language which gives such a noble and striking idea of humanity under a divine grace which bears it victorious from and through evil, within and without." The scope of the poem is somewhat similar to that of Goethe's *Faust*, from which it differs, however, in many essential principles. *Festus* is tempted by Lucifer, but is purified and saved, as is Lucifer himself, by divine grace. Mr. Bailey's other works are: *The Angel World*, now incorporated with *Festus*; *The Mystic*; *The Age*, a satire; and *The Universal Hymn*. We have selected the scene from *Festus* in which the hero reveals something of his own character.]

Scene—Home; Dusk

FESTUS, HELEN, and the STUDENT.

Festus. I knew one once—he was a friend of mine:
 I knew him well; his mind, habits, and works,
 Taste, temper, temperament, and every thing;
 Yet with as kind a heart as beats, he was
 Earthlike no sooner made than marred. Though young,
 He wrote amid the ruins of his heart;
 They were his throne and theme—like some lone king,
 Who tells the story of the land he lost,
 And how he lost it.

Student.

Tell us more of him.

Helen. Nay, but it saddens thee.

Festus.

'Tis like enough.

We slip away like shadows into shade;
 We end, and make no mark we had begun;
 We come to nothing, like a pure intent.
 When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,
 Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,
 Like a white brow, through its overshadowing hair—
 As though the day were overcast, my Helen!
 But I was speaking of my friend. He was
 Quick, generous, simple, obstinate in end,
 High-hearted from his youth; his spirit rose
 In many a glittering fold and gleamy crest,
 Hydra-like to its hindrance; mastering all,
 Save one thing—love, and that out-hearted him.
 Nor did he think enough, till it was over,
 How bright a thing he was breaking, or he would
 Surely have shunned it, nor have let his life
 Be pulled to pieces like a rose by a child.
 And his heart's passions made him oft do that
 Which made him writhe to think on what he had done,
 And thin his blood by weeping at a night.
 If madness wrought the sin, the sin wrought madness,
 And made a round of ruin. It is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away;
 Know eyes are dimming, bosom shrivelling, feet
 Losing their spring, and limbs their illy roundness;
 But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,
 To lose hope, care not for the coming thing.
 And feel all things go to decay with us,
 As 'twere our life's eleventh month: and yet
 All this he went through young.

Helen. Poer soul! I should
 Have loved him for his sorrows.

Festus. It is not love
 Brings sorrow, but love's objects.

Student. Then he loved.

Festus. I said so. I have seen him, when he hath had
 A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
 The paper that her hand had travelled over,
 And her eye looked on; and would think he saw
 Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes
 Wandering amid the words of love there traced,
 Like glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed
 To bear with being but because she loved him.
 She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
 As hath a sword from war: and he at night
 Would solemnly and singularly curse
 Each minute that he had not thought of her.

Helen. Now that was like a lover! and she loved
 Him, and him only.

Festus. Well, perhaps it was so.
 But he could not restrain his heart, but loved
 In that voluptuous purity of taste

Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,
 As night-dew, whenever he met with beauty.

Helen. It was a pity, that inconstancy—
 If she he loved were but as good and fair
 As he was worthy of.

Student. It was his way.

Festus. There is a dark and bright to every thing;
 To everything but beauty such as thine,
 And that is all bright. If a fault in him,
 'Twas one which made him do the sweetest wrongs
 Man ever did. And yet a whisper went
 That he did wrong: and if that whisper had
 Echo in him or not, it mattered little;
 Or right or wrong, he were alike unhappy.
 Ah me! ah me! that there should be so much
 To call up love, so little to delight!
 The best enjoyment is half disappointment
 To that we mean or would have in this world.
 And there were many strange and sudden lights
 Beckoned him towards them; they were wreckers' lights:
 But he shunned these, and righted when she rose,
 Moon of his life, that ebb'd and flow'd with her.
 A sea of sorrow struck him, but he baid
 On; dashed all sorrow from him as a bark
 Spray from her bow bounding: he lifted up
 His head, and the deep ate his shadow merely.

Helen. A poet not in love is out at sea;
 He must have a lay-figure.

Festus. I mean not
 To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

Helen. Describe the lady, too; of course she was
 Above all praise and all comparison.

Festus. Why, true. Her heart was all humanity,
 Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form
 Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
 Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
 She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
 In silver dew; she spake as with the voice
 Of spherul harmony which greets the soul
 When at the hour of death the saved one knows
 His sister angels near; her eye was as
 The golden pane the setting sun doth just
 Imbaze; which shows, till heaven comes down again,
 All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark,
 Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
 Might search for gold, and searching find. Her frown—

Helen. Nay, could she frown?

Festus. Ay, but a radiant frown
 In common with the stars, which men malign
 Who call malignant. Stars are always kind.

Helen. Enough. I have her picture perfect. Cease.

Student. What were his griefs?

Festus. He who hath most of heart
 Knows most of sorrow; not a thing he saw
 Nor did, but was to him, at times, a woe;
 At times indifferent, at times a joy.
 Folly and sin and memory make a curse
 Wherewith the future fires my vie in vain.
 The sorrows of the soul are graver still.

Student. Where and when did he study? Did he mix
 Much with the world, or was he a recluse?

Festus. He had no times of study, and no place;
 All places and all times to him were one.
 His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
 And sounded only when the spirit blew.
 Sometimes in feasts and follies, for he went
 Lifelike through all things; and his thoughts then rose
 Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still.
 Sometimes in dreams, and then the aching words
 Would wake him in the dark before his face.
 All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad,
 And the wind whined as 'twere in pain, to show
 Each one his meaning; and the awful sun
 Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night
 The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers.
 The spirit speaks all tongues and understands
 Both God's and angel's, man's and all dumb things,
 Down to an insect's inarticulate hum,
 And an inaudible organ. And it was
 The spirit spake to him of everything;
 And with the moony eyes like those we see,
 Thousands on thousands, crowding air in dreams,
 Looked into him its mighty meanings, till
 He felt the power fulfil him, as a cloud
 In every fibre feels the forming wind.
 He spake the world's one tongue; in earth and heaven
 There is but one, it is the word of truth.
 To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;
 And young and old made their hearts over to him;

And thoughts were told to him as unto none
Save one who heareth said and unsaid, all.
And his heart held these as a grate its gleeds,
Where others warm them.

Student. I would I had known him.

Festus. All things were inspiration unto him:
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
And crowds and streets, and man where'er he was;
And the blue eye of God which is above us;
Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spirits flit;
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;
Old orchard's leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheeked load;
And the blood-coloured tears which yew-trees weep
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful.
The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup;
Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips,
The white moon shimmering on their longing lips;
The large o'erloaded wealthy-looking wains,
Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,
Leaving on all low branches, as they come,
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home.
Summer's warm soil or winter's cruel sky,
Clear, cold, and icy-blue like a sea-eagle's eye;
All things to Him bare thoughts of minstrelsy.
He drew his light from that he was amidst,
As doth a lamp from air, which hath itself
Matter of light although it show not. His
Was but the power to light what might be lit;
He met a muse in every lovely maid,
And learned a song from every lip he loved.
But his heart ripened most 'neath southern eyes,
Which sunned their sweets into him all day long:
For fortune called him southwards, towards the sun.

Helen. Did he love music?

Festus. The only music he
Or learned or listened to was from the lips
Of her he loved; and then he learned by heart
Her words, delicious as the candied dew,
And durable, which gems the rose, on shores
Pacific, where the western sun hath sown
The soil conceptive with the seed of gold.
Albeit she would try to teach him tunes,
And put his fingers on the keys; but he
Could only see her eyes, and hear her voice,
And feel her touch.

Helen. Why, he was much like thee.

Festus. We had some points in common. When we
love,
All air breathes music, like the branchy bower,
By Indian bards feigned, which, with ceaseless song,
Answers the sun's bright raylets; nor till eve,
Folds her melodious leaves, and all night rests;
Drinking deep draughts of silence.

Student. Was he proud?

Festus. Lowliness is the base of every virtue:
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest.
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

Student. Was he world-wise?

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Festus.

The only wonder is
He knew so much, leading the life he did.

Student. Yet it may seem less strange when we think
back,

That we, in the dark chamber of the heart,
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us;
And the world wonders how recluses know
So much, and most of all how we know them.
It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts
In their own lights and darknesses, not we;
One stream of light is to us from above,
And that is that we see by, light of God.

Festus. We do not make our thoughts; they grow
in us

Like grain in wood: the growth is of the akies,
Which are of nature, nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear, and sweet, and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
Illimitable faith—strong as a state's
In its own might—in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think
Subsist the same in God as stars in heaven.
And as these specks of light will prove great worlds,
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
So too our thoughts will become magnified
To mindlike things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.
And thoughts rise from our souls, as from the sea
The clouds sublimed in heaven. The cloud is cold,
Although ablaze with lightning—though it shine
At all points like a constellation; so
We live not to ourselves, our work is life;
In bright and ceaseless labour as a star
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.

Helen. And were this friend and bard of whom thou
speakest,

And she whom he did love, happy together?

Festus. True love is ever tragic, grievous, grave.
Bards and their beauties are like double stars
One in their bright effect.

Helen. Whose light is love.

Student. Or is it poesie thou meanest?

Festus. Both:
For love is poesie—it doth create
From fading features, dim soul, doubtful heart,
And this world's wretched happiness, a life
Which is as near to heaven as are the stars.
They parted; and she named heaven's 'udgment-seat
As their next place of meeting; and it was kept
By her, at least, so far that nowhere else
Could it be made until the day of doom.

THE MINISTER'S BEAT.

"I am just about," said the minister, "making a round of friendly visits; and as far as our roads lie together, you will perhaps go with me. You are a bad visitor, I know, Mr. Frank; but most of my calls will be where forms are unknown, and etiquette dispensed with."

I am indeed a bad visitor, which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, means no visitor at all; but I own the temptation of seeing my worthy friend's reception, and the hope of coming in for a share at least of the cordial welcome he was sure to call forth overcame my scruples, especially as in cottages and farm-steadings there is generally something to be learned even during a morning call,—some trait of unsophisticated nature to be smiled at, or some sturdy lesson of practical wisdom to be treasured for future use.

We had not ridden far when my companion, turning up a pretty rough cart-road leading to a large farm-house on the right, said, with an arch smile, "I love what our superstitious forefathers would esteem a lucky beginning even to a morning's ride, and am glad ours commences with a wedding visit. Peter Bandster has taken a wife in my absence, and I must go and call him to account for defrauding me of the play. Have you heard anything, Mr. Francis, about the bride?"

More than I could wish, thinks I to myself; for my old duenna, who indemnifies herself for my lack of hospitality by assiduous frequentation of all marriages, christenings, and gossipings abroad, had deaved me for the last three weeks with philippics about this unlucky wedding. The folly of Peter in marrying above his own line; the ignorance of the bride, who scarce knew lint-yarn from tow, or bear from barley; her unpardonable accomplishments of netting purses and playing on the spinnet; above all, her plated candlesticks, flounced gown, and fashionable bonnet, had furnished Hannah with inexhaustible matter for that exercise of the tongue which the Scots call "rhyming," and the English "ringing the changes;" to which, as to all other noises, custom can alone render one insensible.

I had no mind to damp the minister's benevolent feelings towards the couple, and contented myself with answering that I heard the bride was both bonny and braw. The good man shook his head. "We have an old proverb and a true one," said he,—"'A bonnie

bride is sune buskit;' but I have known gaudy butterflies cast their painted wings, and become excellent housewives in the end."

"But there stands Peter—no very blithe bridegroom, methinks!" said I, as my eye rested on the tall and usually jolly young farmer, musing disconsolately in his cattle-yard over what appeared to be the body of a dead cow. He started on seeing the minister, as if ashamed of his sorrow or its cause, and came forward to meet us, struggling to adapt his countenance a little better to his circumstances. "Well, Peter!" said the minister, frankly extending his hand, "and so I am to wish you joy! I thought when I gave you your name five-and-twenty years ago, if it pleased God to spare me, to have given you your helpmate also; but what signifies it by whom the knot is tied, if true love and the blessing of God go with it? Nay, never hang your head, Peter; but tell me, before we beat up the young gude-wife's quarters, what you were leaning over so wae-like when we rode forward?"

"Odd, air!" cried Peter, reddening up, "it wasna the value o' the beast—though she was the best cow in my mother's byre—but the way I lost her, that pat me a wee out o' tune. My Jessie (for I maunna ca' her gudewife, it seems, nor mistress neither) is an ill guide o' kye—ay, and what's waur, o' lasses. We had a tea-drinking last night, nae doubt, as new-married folk should; and what for no?—I see warrant my mither had them too in her daft days. But she didna keep the house asteer the haill night wi' fiddles and dancin', and it neither New-Year nor Handsel-Mononday; nor she didna lie in her bed till aught or nine o'clock, as my Jess does—na, nor yet—"

"But what has all this to do with the loss of your cow, Peter?"

"Ower muckle, sir; ower muckle. The lasses and lads liket reels as weel as their mistress, and whisky a hantle better. They a' sleepit in, and mysell among the lave. Nae mortal ever lookit the air that pair Blue Bell was in, and her at the very calving; and this morning, when the byre-door was opened, she was lying stiff and stark, wi' a dead calf beside her. It's no the cow, air—though it was but the last market I had the offer o' fifteen pund for her—it's the thought that she was sae sair forwarded amang me and my Jess, and her tawpies o' lasses."

"Come, come, Peter," said the good minister, "you seem to have been as much to blame as the rest; and as for your young town bride, she maun creep, as the auld wives say, before she can gang. Country thrift can no more be

learned in a day than town breeding; and of that your wife, they say, has her share."

"Ower muckle, maybe," was the half-muttered reply, as he marshalled us into the house. The *ben* end of the old-fashioned farm-house, which, during the primitive sway of Peter's mother, had exhibited the usual decorations of an *amrie*, a clock, and a pair of press-beds, with a clean-swept ingle and carefully-sanded floor, had undergone a metamorphosis not less violent than some of Ovid's or Harlequin's. The *amrie* had given place to a satin-wood work-table, the clock to a mirror, and the press-beds (whose removal no one could regret) to that object of Hannah's direst vituperations, the pianoforte; while the fireplace revealed in all the summer luxury of elaborately-twisted shavings, and the once sanded floor was covered with an already soiled and faded carpet, to whose delicate colours Peter, fresh from the clay furrows, and his two sheep-dogs dripping from the pond, had nearly proved equally fatal.

In this sanctum sanctorum sat the really pretty bride, in all the dignity of outraged feeling which ignorance of life and a lavish perusal of romances could inspire, on witnessing the first cloud on her usually good-natured husband's brow. She hastily cleared up her ruffled looks, gave the minister a cordial though somewhat affected welcome, and dropped me a curtsy which twenty years' rustication enabled me very inadequately to return.

The good pastor bent on this new lamb of his fold a benignant yet searching glance, and seemed watching where, amid the fluent small-talk which succeeded, he might edge in a word of playful yet serious import to the happiness of the youthful pair. The bride was stretching forth her hand with all the dignity of her new station, to ring the bell for cake and wine, when Peter (whose spleen was evidently waiting for a vent), hastily starting up, cried out, "Mistress! if ye're ower grand to serve the minister yoursell, there's ane'll be proud to do't. There shall nae quean fill a glass for him in this house while it ca's me master. My mither wad hae served him on her bended knees gin he wad hae let her; and ye think it ower muckle to bring ben the bridal bread to him! Oh, Jess, Jess! I canna awa' wi' your town ways and town airs!"

The bride coloured and pouted; but there gathered a large drop in her eye, and the pastor hailed it as an earnest of future concession. He took her hand kindly, and put it into Peter's not reluctant one. "'Spring showers make May flowers,' my dear lassie, says the

old proverb, and I trust out o' these little clouds will spring your future happiness. You, Jessie, have chosen an honest, worthy, kind-hearted, country husband, whose love will be well worth the sacrifice of a few second-hand graces; and you, Peter, have taken for better and for worse, a lassie in whose eye, in spite of foreign airs, I read a heart to be won by kindness. Bear and forbear, my dear bairns—let each be apter to yield than the other to exact. You are both travelling to a better country—'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

The bride by this time was sobbing, and Peter's stout heart evidently softened. So leaving the pair to seal their reconciliation in this favourable mood, the good minister and I mounted our horses, and rode off without farther parley.

We were just turning the corner of the loan to regain the high-road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion—endeavouring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom laboured. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, "He's come back!—the Lord be praised for it!"

"Who is come back, Jenny?" said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy; "is it little Andrew ye mean?"

"Andrew!" echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favourite grandchild would have been very far from calling forth: "Andrew! Andrew's *father*; I mean my ain first-born son, Jamie, that I wore mournings for till they would wear nae langer, and thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture—he's yonder!" said she, wildly pointing to the house; "he's yonder, living and living-like; and oh gin ye wad come, and maybe speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is his due."

We turned our horses' heads, and followed her, as she ran, or rather flew, towards the cottage, with the instinct of some animal long

separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, "Daddy's come hame frae the sea."

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-ridden father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-mourned son. On a low stool before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipped and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye rivetted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unbidden from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word "Daddy" from the childish prattle of his older brother Andrew and his sisters. Of these one had been summoned, wild and bare-legged, from the herding; the other, meek and modest, from the village school. The former, idle and intractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's well-remembered strictness; the other, too young not to have forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in Heaven of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief or trouble there, and this father looked as if he had seen much of both.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn. "Jamie," said the good pastor (gently pressing the still united hands of the mariner and his faithful Annie), "you are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than other men; but it was not from storm and tempests alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness—wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay—these have been

around your dreary path; but He that was with you was mightier than all that were against you, and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men." We all knelt down, and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lisp of wondering childhood, the soul-felt piety of rescued manhood, and the deep unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart!

For such high-wrought emotions prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors. They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

"I never despaired, sir," said the hardy Scotsman; "we were young and stout. Providence, aye when at the warst, did us some gude turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wives or mithers at hame, and kent that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage, a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were lang! I was aye a great dreamer; and ye maunna be angry, sir (to the minister), the seeing Annie and the bairns amaisit ilka time I lay down, and aye braw and buskit, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest. I never could see wee Jamie, though," said he, smiling, and kissing the child on his knee: "I saw a cradle weel enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I feared it had never been born; but God be praised he's here, and no that unlike mysell, neither."

"Annie!" said the minister, gently loosing her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, "you are forgetting your duty as a gudewife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness ere we go. We'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial-bottle; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'."

"Atweel, that's true!" said the old father,

with a distinctness of utterance and acuteness of hearing he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought—the health of the day went round. I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

"Andrew!" said he, giving the little patient equerry a bright new sixpence, "tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the sea." The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command; and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

The day was advancing. These two scenes had encroached deeply on the privileged hours for visiting; and the minister, partly to turn the account of our thoughts into a less agitating channel, partly to balance the delights of the last hour with their due counterpoise of alloy, suggested the propriety of going next to pay at the house of his patron, the laird of the parish, the visit of duty and ceremony which his late return, and a domestic affliction in the family, rendered indispensable. There were reasons which made my going equally proper and disagreeable; and formal calls being among the many evils which are lightened by participation, I gladly availed myself of the shelter of the minister's name and company.

Mr. Morison of Castle Morison was one of those spoiled children of fortune whom, in her cruel kindness, she renders miserable. He had never known contradiction, and a straw across his path made him chafe like a resisted torrent; he had never known sorrow, and was, consequently, but half acquainted with joy; he was a stranger to compassion, and, consequently, himself an object of pity to all who could allow for the force of early education in searing and hardening the human heart. He had, as a boy, made his mother tremble; it is little to be wondered that in manhood he was the tyrant of his wife and children. Mrs. Morison's spirit, originally gentle, was soon broken; and if her heart was not equally so, it was because she learned reluctantly to despise her tyrant, and found compensation in the double portion of affection bestowed on her by her son and daughters. For the latter Mr. Morison manifested only contempt. There was not a horse in his stable nor a dog in his kennel which did not engross more of his attention; but, like the foxes and hares which it was the business of these favourite animals to hunt down, girls could be made to afford no bad sport in a rainy day. It was no wonder that with them fear usurped the place of rever-

ence for such a parent. If they did not hate him, they were indebted to their mother's piety and their own sweet dispositions; and if they neither hated nor envied their only brother, it was not the fault of him, who, by injudicious distinctions and blind indulgence, laid the foundation for envy and all uncharitableness in their youthful bosoms. In that of his favourite they had the usual effect, of generating self-will and rebellion; and while Jane and Agnes, well knowing nothing they did would be thought right, rarely erred from the path of duty, Edmund, aware that he could scarce do wrong, took care his privileges should not rust for want of exercise.

But though suffered in all minor matters to follow the dictates of caprice, to laugh at his tutor, lame the horse, and break rules (to all others those of the Medes and Persians) with impunity, he found himself suddenly reined up in his headlong career by an equally capricious parent, precisely at the period when restraint was nearly forgotten, and peculiarly irksome. It was tacitly agreed by both parties that the heir of Castle Morison could only go into the army; but while the Guards or a dragoon regiment was the natural enough ambition of Edmund, Morison was suddenly seized with a fit of contradiction, which he chose to style economy, and talked of a marching regiment, with perhaps an extra £100 per annum to the undoubted heir of nearly ten thousand a year. Neither would yield: the one had taught, the other learned, stubbornness; and Edmund, backed by the sympathy of the world and the clamours of his companions, told his father he had changed his mind, and was going to India with a near relation about to proceed to Bombay in a high official character.

Morison had a peculiar prejudice against the East, and a personal pique towards the cousin to whose patronage Edmund had betaken himself. His rage was as boundless as his former partiality; and the only consolation his poor wife felt when her darling son left his father's house, alike impenitent and unblest, was that her boy's disposition was originally good, and would probably recover the ascendant; and that it was out of the power of her husband to make his son a beggar as well as an exile. The estate was strictly entailed, and the knowledge of this, while it embittered Morison's sense of his son's disobedience, no doubt strengthened the feeling of independence so natural to headstrong youth.

While Morison was perverting legal ingenuity in vain hopes of being able to disinherit his refractory heir, his unnatural schemes were

anticipated by a mightier agent. An epidemic fever carried off in one short month (about two years after his quitting England) the unreconciled but no longer unconciliatory exile; and his young and beautiful bride, the daughter of his patron, his union with whom had been construed, by the causeless antipathy of his father, into a fresh cause of indignation. Death, whose cold hand loosens this world's grasp, and whose deep voice stills this world's strife, only tightens the bonds of nature, and teaches the stormiest spirits to part in *peace*. Edmund lived to write to his father a few lines of undissembled and unconditional penitence, to own that if the path of duty had been rugged, he had in vain sought happiness beyond it, and to entreat that the place he had forfeited in his father's favour might be transferred to his unoffending child.

All this had been conveyed to Mr. Monteith and myself by the voice of rumour some days before; and we had been more shocked than surprised to learn that Morison's resentment had survived its object, and that he disclaimed all intention of ever seeing or receiving the infant boy who, it was gall to him to reflect, must inherit his estate. Mrs. Morison had exerted, to soften his hard heart, all the little influence she ever possessed. Her tender soul yearned towards her Edmund's child; and sometimes the thought of seeking a separation, and devoting herself to rear it, crossed her despairing mind. But her daughters were a tie still more powerful to her unhappy home. She could neither leave them unprotected to its discomforts, nor conscientiously advise their desertion of a parent, however unworthy; so she wandered, a paler and sadder inmate than before of her cold and stately mansion; and her fair subdued-looking daughters shuddered as they passed the long-locked doors of their brother's nursery and schoolroom.

The accounts of young Morison's death had arrived since the good pastor's departure. and it was with feelings of equal sympathy towards the female part of the family, and sorrow for the unchristian frame of its head, that he prepared for our present visit. As we rode up the old strait avenue, I perceived a post-chaise at the door, and instead of shrinking from this probable accession of strangers, felt that any addition to the usually constrained and gloomy family-circle must be a relief. On reaching the door we were struck with a very unusual appendage to the dusty and travel-stained vehicle, in the shape of an ancient venerable-looking Asiatic in the dress of his country, beneath whose ample muslin folds he

might easily have been mistaken for an old female nurse—a character which, in all its skill and tenderness, was amply sustained by this faithful and attached oriental. His broken English and passionate gestures excited our attention, already awakened by the singularity of his costume and appearance; and as we got close to him, the big tears which rolled over his sallow and furrowed cheeks powerfully called forth our sympathy, and told, better than words, his forcible exclusion from the splendid mansion which had reluctantly admitted within its precincts the child dearer to him than country and kindred!

Our visit, had it borne less of a pastoral character, had all the appearance of being very ill timed. There were servants running to and fro in the hall, and loud voices in the dining-room; and from a little parlour on one side the front-door issued female sobs, mingled with infant wailings in an unknown dialect.

"Thank God!" whispered the minister, "the bairn is fairly in the house. Providence and nature will surely do the rest."

It was not a time to intrude abruptly, so we sent in our names to Mr. Morison; and during our pretty long detention on horseback, could not avoid seeing in at the open window of the parlour before mentioned a scene which it grieved us to think was only witnessed by ourselves.

Mrs. Morison was sitting in a chair (on which she had evidently sunk down powerless) with her son's orphan boy on her knee, the bright dark eyes of the little wild unearthly-looking creature fixed in steadfast gaze on her pale matronly countenance. "No cry, Mama Englishe," said the child, as her big tears rolled unheeded on his bosom—"Billy Edmund will be welly welly good." His youngest aunt, whose keen and long-repressed feelings found vent in sobs of mingled joy and agony, was covering his little hands with showers of kisses, while the elder (his father's favourite sister) was comparing behind him the rich dark locks that clustered in his neck with the locket which, since Edmund's departure, had dwelt next her heart.

A message from the laird summoned us from this affecting sight, and amid the pathetic entreaties of the old oriental that we would restore his nursing, we proceeded to the dining-room, made aware of our approach to it by the still storming, though half-suppressed imprecations of its hard-hearted master. He was pacing in stern and moody agitation through the spacious apartment. His

welcome was evidently extorted, and his face (to use a strong Scripture expression) set as a flint against the voice of remonstrance and exhortation, for which he was evidently prepared. My skilful coadjutor went quite another way to work. "Mr. Morison," said he, apparently unconscious of the poor man's pitiable state of mind, "I came to condole, but I find it is my lot to congratulate. The Lord hath taken away with the one hand, but it has been to give with the other. His blessing be with you and your son's son, whom he hath sent to be the staff and comfort of your age!" This was said with his usual benign frankness; and the hard heart, which would have silenced admonition and scorned reproof, scarce knew how to repulse the voice of Christian congratulation. He walked about, muttering to himself, "No son of mine—bad breed! Let him go to those who taught his father disobedience, and his mother artifice!—anywhere they please; there is no room for him here."

"Have you seen your grandchild yet, Mr. Morison?" resumed the minister, nothing daunted by the continued obduracy of the proud laird. "Let me have the joy of putting him into your arms. You must expect to be a good deal overcome. Sweet little fellow; there is a strong likeness!" A shudder passed across the father's hard frame, and he recoiled as from an adder when worthy Mr. Monteith, gently grasping his arm, sought to draw him, still sullen, though more faintly resisting, towards the other room. A shrill cry of infant agony rose from the parlour as we crossed the hall; and Nature never perhaps exhibited a stronger contrast than presented itself between the cruel old man, struggling to escape from the presence of his grandchild, and the faithful ancient domestic, shrieking wildly to be admitted into it.

As I threw open the door for the entrance of the former, little Edmund, whose infant promises of good behaviour had soon given way before the continued society of strangers, was stamping in all the impotence of baby rage (and in this unhallowed mood too faithful a miniature of both father and grandfather), and calling loudly for the old oriental. With the first glance at the door his exclamations redoubled. We began to fear the worst effect from this abrupt introduction; but no sooner had the beautiful boy—beautiful even in passion—cast a second bewildered glance on his still erect and handsome grandfather, than, clapping his little hands, and calling out, "My Bombay Papa!" he flew into his arms.

The servants, concluding the interdict re-

moved by their master's entrance into the apartment, had ceased to obstruct the efforts of the old Hindu to flee to his precious charge; and while the astonished and fairly overwhelmed Morison's neck was encircled by the infant grasp of his son's orphan boy, his knees were suddenly embraced by that son's devoted and gray-haired domestic.

One arm of little Edmund was instantly loosened from his grandfather's shoulder, and passed round the neck of the faithful old oriental, who kissed alternately the little cherub hand of his nursing and the hitherto iron one of the proud laird. It softened, and the hard heart with it! It was long since love—pure unsophisticated love—and spontaneous reverence had been Morison's portion, and they were proportionally sweet. He buried his face in his grandson's clustering ringlets. We heard a groan deep as when rocks are rending and the earth heaves with long pent-up fire. It was wildly mingling with childish laughter and hysteric bursts of female tenderness, as stealing cautiously and unheeded from the spot, we mounted our horses and rode away.

"God be praised!" said the minister, with a deep-drawn sigh, when, emerging from the gloomy avenue, we regained the cheerful beaten track. "This has been a day of strange dispensations, Mr. Francis; we have seen much together to make us wonder at the ways of Providence—to soften and, I hope, improve our hearts. But after such solemn scenes, mine, and yours, I doubt not, also requires something to cheer and lighten it; and I am bound where, if the sight of virtuous happiness can do it, I am sure to succeed. Do let me persuade you to be my companion a little longer, and close this day's visitation at the humble board of, I'll venture to say, the happiest couple in Scotland. I am engaged to christen the first-born of honest Willie Mel-drum and his bonnie Helen, and to dine, of course, after the ceremony. Mrs. Monteith and the bairns will be there to meet me; and as my friend, you'll be welcome as the flower in May!"

After some slight scruples about intruding on this scene of domestic enjoyment, easily overruled by the hearty assurances of the divine and my own natural relish for humble life, we marched towards the farm-house of Blinkbonnie; and during our short ride the minister gave me, in a few words, the history of its inmates.

"I don't know, Mr. Francis, if you remember a bonnie orphan lassie called Helen Ormiston, whom my wife took, some years back,

into the family, to assist her in the care of the bairns. Helen was come of no ungentle kin; but poverty had sat down heavily on her father and mother, and sunk them into an early grave; and it was a Godsend to poor Helen to get service in a house where poverty would be held no reproach to her. If ye ever saw the creature, ye wadna easily forget her. Many bonnier blither lasses are to be seen daily, but such a look of settled serenity and downcast modesty ye might go far to find. It quite won my wife's heart and mine, and more hearts than ours, as I shall tell you presently. As for the bairns, they just doated on Helen, and she on them; and my poor youngest, that is now with God, during all her long long decline was little, if ever, off her knee. No wonder then that Helen grew pale and thin, ate little, and slept less. I first set it down to anxiety, and, when the innocent bairn was released, to grief; and from these no doubt it partly arose. But when all was over, and when weeks had passed away—when even my poor wife dried her mother's tears, and I could say, 'God's will be done'—still Helen grew paler and thinner, and refused to be comforted; so I saw there was more in it than appeared, and I bade her open her heart to me; and open it she did, with a flood of tears that would have melted a stone.

"Sir," said she, "I maun go away; I think it will kill me to leave you and Mrs. Monteith, and the dear bairns in the nursery, and wee Jeanie's grave in the kirkyard; but stay I canna, and I will tell you why. It is months—ay, amaist years—since Willie Meldrum, auld Blinkbonnie's son, fell in fancy wi' me; and a sair sair heart I may say I have had ever sin-ayne. His auld hard father, they tell me, swears (wi' sic oaths as wad gar ye grow to hear them) that he will cut him off wi' a shilling if ever he thinks of me; and oh! it wad be a puir return for the lad's kindness to do him sic an ill turn! So I maun awa' out of the country till the auld man dies, or Willie takes a wife to his mind; for I've seen ower muckle o' poverty, Mr. Monteith, to be the cause o't to ony man, though I whiles think it wad be naething to me that's sae weel used till't mysell."

"Helen," said I, "when did Willie Meldrum find opportunities to gain your heart? I never saw him in the house in my life."

"Oh, sir," said she, "gin I could hae bidden in the house, he wad never hae seen me either; but I was forced to walk out wi' the bairns, and there was nae place sae quiet and out o' the gate but Willie was sure to find me

out. If I gaed down the burn, Willie was aye fishing; if I gaed up the loan, there was aye something to be dune about the kye. At the kirk-door Willie was aye at hand to spier for your honour, and gie the bairns posies; and after our sair distress, when I was little out for mony a day, I couldna slip out ae moonlight night to sit a moment upon Jeanie's grave, but Willie was there like a ghaist aside me, and made my very heart loup to my mouth!"

"And do you return his good-will, Helen?" said I, gravely.

"Oh, sir," said the poor thing, trembling, "I dare na tell you a lie. I tried to be as proud and as shy as a lassie should be to ane abune her degree, and that might do sae muckle better, puir fallow! I tried to look anither gate when I saw him, and mak' mysell deaf when he spoke o' his love; but oh! his words were sae true and kindly, that I doubt mine were nae aye sae short and saucy as they suld hae been. It's hard for a tocherless fatherless lassie to be cauldride to the lad that wad tak' her to his heart and hame; but oh! it wad be harder still if she was to requite him wi' a father's curse! It's ill enouch to hae nae parents o' my ain, without makin' mischief wi' ither folk's. The auld man gets dourer and dourer ilka day, and the young aye dafter and dafter—sae ye maun just send me aff the country to some decent service, till Willie's a free man or a bridegroom."

"My dear Helen," said I, "you are a good upright girl, and I will forward your honest intentions. If it be God's will that Willie and you come together, the hearts of men are in His hand. If otherwise, yours will never at least reproach you with bringing ruin on your lover's head."

"So I sent Helen, Mr. Francis, to my brother's in the south country, where she proved as great a blessing and as chief a favourite as she had been with us. I saw her some months afterwards; and though her bloom had not returned, she was tranquil and contented as one who has cast her lot into the lap of Heaven."

"Well, to make a long story short, Willie, though he was unreasonable enough—good worthy lad as he is—to take in dudgeon Helen's going away (though he might have guessed it was all for his good), was too proud, or too constant, to say he would give her up, or bind himself never to marry her, as his father insisted. So the old man one day, after a violent altercation, made his will, and left all his hard-won siller to a rich brother in Liverpool,

who neither wanted nor deserved it. Willie, upon this quarrel, had left home very unhappy, and stayed away some time; and during his absence old Blinkbonnie was taken extremely ill. When he thought himself dying he sent for me (I had twice called in vain before), and you may be sure I did my best not to let him depart in so unchristian a frame towards his only child. I did not deny his right to advise his son in the choice of a wife; but I told him he might search the world before he found one more desirable than Helen, whose beauty and sense would secure his son's steadiness, and her fragility and sobriety double his substance. I told him how she had turned a deaf ear to all his son's proposals of a clandestine marriage, and made herself the sacrifice to his own unjust and groundless prejudices. Dying men are generally open to conviction; and I got a fresh will made in favour of his son, with a full consent to his marriage honourably inserted among its provisions. This he deposited with me, feeling no great confidence in the lawyer who had made his previous settlement, and desired me to produce it when he was gone.

"It so happened that I was called away to a distance before his decease, and did not return till some days after the funeral. Willie had flown home on hearing of his father's danger, and had the comfort to find him completely softened, and to receive from his nearly speechless parent many a silent demonstration of returned affection. It was therefore a doubly severe shock to him, on opening the *first* will (the only one forthcoming in my absence), to find himself cut off from everything except the joint lease of the farm, and instead of five thousand pounds, not worth a shilling in the world. His first exclamation, I was told, was, 'It's hard to get baith scorn and skaith—to lose poor Helen and the gear baith. If I had lost it for her, they might hae ta'en it that liket!'

"About a week after I came home, and found on my table a letter from Helen. She had heard of Willie's misfortune, and in a way the most modest and engaging expressed herself ready, if I thought it would still be acceptable, to share his poverty and toil with him through life. 'I am weel used to work,' said she, 'and but for you wad hae been weel used to want. If Willie will let me bear a share o' his burden, I trust in God we may wrastle through thegither; and to tell you the truth,' added she, with her usual honesty, 'I wad rather things were ordered as they are, than that Willie's wealth should shame my poverty.'

"I put this letter in one pocket, and his father's will in the other, and walked over to Blinkbonnie. Willie was working with the manly resolution of one who has no other resource. I told him I was glad to see him so little cast down.

"'Sir,' said he, 'I'll no say but I am vexed that my father gaed to his grave wi' a grudge against me—the mair sae, as when he squeezed my hand on his death-bed I thought a' was forgotten. But siller is but warld's gear, and I could thole the want o't an it had nae been for Helen Ormiston, that I hoped to hae gotten to share it wi' me. She may sune do better now, wi' that bonnie face and kind heart o' hers!'

"'It is indeed a kind heart, Willie,' answered I; 'if ever I doubted it, this would have put me to shame.' So saying, I reached him the letter; and oh that Helen could have seen the flush of grateful surprise that crossed his manly brow as he read it! It passed away, though, quickly, and he said, with a sigh, 'Very kind, Mr. Monteith, and very like herself; but I canna take advantage o' an auld gude-will, now that I canna reward it as it deserves.'

"'And what if ye could, Willie?' said I, 'as far, at least, as worldly wealth can requite true affection? There is your father's will, made when it pleased God to touch his heart, and you are as rich a man as you were when Helen Ormiston first refused to make you a beggar.'

"Willie was not insensible to this happy change in his prospects; but his kind heart was chiefly soothed by his father's altered feelings; and at the honourable mention of Helen's name he fairly began to greet.

"The sequel is easily told; but I think the jaunt I made to Tweeddale with Willie, to bring back Helen Ormiston in triumph, was the proudest journey of my life.

"A year ago I married them at the manse, amid much joy, but abundance of tears in the nursery. To-day, when, according to an old promise, I am to christen my name-son Charlie, I expect to be fairly deaved with the clamorous rejoicings of my young fry, who, I verily believe, have not slept this week for thinking of it. But" (pulling out his watch) "it is near four o'clock!—sad quality hour for Blinkbonnie! The hotch-potch will be turned into porridge, and the how-todies burned to sticks, if we don't make haste!"

I wish, my dear reader, you could see the farm of Blinkbonnie, lying, as it does, on a gently sloping bank, sheltered from the north by a wooded crag or knoll, flanked upon the east by a group of venerable ashes, enlivened

and perfumed on the west by a gay luxuriant garden, and open on the south to such a sea-view as none but dwellers on the Frith of Forth have any idea of. Last Saturday it was the very beau ideal of rural comfort and serenity. The old trees were reposeing, after a course of somewhat boisterous weather, in all the dignity and silence of years. The crows, their usual inhabitants, having gone on their Highland excursion, those fantastic interlopers, Helen's peacocks (a present from the children at the manse), were already preparing for their *siesta* on the topmost boughs. Beneath the spreading branches the cows were dreaming delightfully, in sweet oblivion of the heats of noon. In an adjoining paddock graceful foals and awkward calves indulged in their rival gambols; while shrieks of joy from behind the garden hedge told these were not the only happy young things in creation.

We deposited our horses in a stable to whose comforts they bore testimony by an approving neigh, and made our way by a narrow path, bordered with sweet-brier and woodbine, to the front of the house. Its tall good-looking young master came hastily to meet us; and I would not have given his blushing welcome, and the bashful scrape that accompanied it, for all the most elaborate courtesies of Chesterfield.

No sooner were our footsteps heard approaching than out poured the minister's whole family from the little honeysuckled porch, with glowing faces and tangled hair, and frocks probably white some hours before, but which now claimed affinity with every bush in the garden.

Mrs. Monteith gently joined in the chorus of reproaches to papa for being so late; but the look with which she was answered seemed to satisfy her, as it usually did, that he could not be in fault. We were then ushered into the parlour, whose substantial comforts and exquisite consistency spoke volumes in favour of its mistress. Opulence might be traced in the excellent quality of the homely furniture, in the liberal display of antique china (particularly the choice and curious christening-bowl); but there was nothing incongruous, nothing out of keeping, nothing to make you for a moment mistake this first-rate farmhouse parlour for a clumsy ill-fancied drawing-room. A few pots of roses, a few shelves of books, bore testimony to Helen's taste and education; but there were neither exotics nor romances in the collection; and the piece of furniture evidently dearest in her eyes was the cradle, in which reposeed, amid all the din of this joyous occasion, the yet unchristened hero of the day. It is time to speak of Helen her-

self, and she was just what, from her story, I knew she must be. The actors in some striking drama of human life often disappoint as by their utter dissimilitude to the pictures of our mind's eye, but Helen was precisely the perfection of a gentle, modest, self-possessed Scottish lassie—the mind, in short, of Jeanie Deans, with the personal advantages of poor Effie. Her dress was as suitable as anything else. Her gown, white as snow, and her cap, of the nicest materials, were neither of them on the pattern of my lady's, but they had a matronly grace of their own worth a thousand second-hand fashions; and when Helen, having awakened her first-born, delivered him with sweet maternal solicitude into the outstretched arms of the minister's proud and favoured youngest girl, I thought I never saw a picture worthier the pencil of Coreggio. It was completed when, bending in all the graceful awkwardness of a novice over the group, Willie received his boy into his arms, and vowed before his pastor and his God to discharge a parent's duty, while a parent's transport sparkled in his eyes!

I have sat, as Shakspeare says, "at good men's feasts ere now"—have ate turtle at the lord-mayor's, and venison at peers' tables, and *soufflés* at diplomatic dinners; I have ate sturgeon at St. Petersburg, and mullet at Naples, mutton in Wales, and grouse in the Highlands, roast-beef with John Bull, and *volauxvents* at Beauvilliers; but I have no hesitation in saying that the hotch-potch and how-towdies of Blinkbonnie out-herod them all. How far the happy human faces of all ages round the table contributed to enhance the *gusto*, I do not pretend to decide; but I can tell Mr. Very that, among all his *consommés*, there is nothing like a judicious mixture of youth and beauty with manliness, integrity, and virtue! — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopped; began to call,
"Pray, wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud—you'll wake the king."

REV. RICHARD GRAVES (born 1715; died 1841)

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.¹

Scene: QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN landing at the Tower a prisoner, attended by SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON and guards.

QUEEN.

Here—here, then, all is o'er!—Oh! awful walls,
Oh! sullen towers, relentless gates, that open,
Like those of hell, but to receive the doom'd,
The desperate—Oh! ye black and massy barriers,
But broken by yon barr'd and narrow loop-holes,
How do ye coop from this God's sunshine world
Of freedom and delight, your world of woe,
Your midnight world, where all that live, live on
In hourly agony of death! Vast dungeon,
Populous as vast, of your devoted tenants!
Long ere our bark had touch'd the fatal strand,
I felt your ominous shadows darken o'er me,
And close me round; your thick and clammy air,
As though 'twere loaded with dire imprecations,
Wailings of dying and of tortured men,
Tainted afar the wholesome atmosphere.

KINGSTON (*to the guard*).

Advance your halberds.

QUEEN.

Oh! sir, pause—one look,

One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
Oh! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
With the faint amber of the setting sun,
Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
To diadem the sky:—thou noble river,
Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
With gentle downfall, and around the keels
Of those thy myriad barks makest passing music:—
Oh! thou great silent city, with thy spires
And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult
In all your wondering streets and jocund marts:—
But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
Thou art a rapture to the breath! The slave,
The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life—
They may inhale the liquid joy heaven breathes—
They may behold the rosy evening sky—
They may go rest their free limbs where they will:
But I—but I, to whom this summer world
Was all bright sunshine; I, whose time was noted
But by succession of delights—Oh! Kingston,
Thou dost remember, thou wert then lieutenant,
Thou now—how many years?—my memory wanders—

Since I set forth from yon dark low-brow'd porch,
A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride?
Oh! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the waters—
Oh! the rich streams of music that kept time
With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
That might have drown'd the thunders—I've more
need
Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

KINGSTON.

Your grace, no doubt, will long survive this trial

QUEEN.

Sir, sir, it is too late to flatter me:
Time was I trusted each fond possibility,
For hope sate queen of all my golden fortunes;
But now—

KINGSTON.

Day wears, and our imperious mandate
Brooks no delay—advance.

QUEEN.

Back, back, I say—
I will not enter! Whither will ye plunge me?
Into what chamber, but the sickly air
Smells all of blood—the black and cobwebb'd walls
Are all o'ertraced by dying hands, who've noted
In the damp dews indelible their tale
Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
But bears th' impression of a wretch call'd forth
To execution. Will ye place me there,
Where those poor babes, their crook-back'd uncle murder'd,
Still haunt?—Inhuman hospitality!
Look there! look there! fear mantles o'er my soul
As with a prophet's robe, the ghostly walls
Are sentinel'd with mute and headless spectres,
Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers
Point to their gory and dismember'd necks,
The least a lordly noble, some like princes:
Through the dim loop-holes gleam the haggard faces
Of those whose dark unutterable fate
Lies buried in your dungeons' depths; some wan
With famine, some with writhing features fix'd
In the agony of torture.—Back! I say:
They beckon me across the fatal threshold,
Which none may pass and live.

KINGSTON.

The deaths of traitors,
If such have died within these gloomy towers,
Should not appal your grace with such vain terrors;
The chamber is prepar'd where alect your highness
When last within the Tower.

QUEEN.

Oh! 'tis too good
For such a wretch—a death-doom'd wretch, as me.

¹ See *Cezanne*, vol. ii. page 53.

My lord, my Henry—he that call'd me forth
 Even from that chamber, with a voice more gentle
 Than flutes o'er calmest waters—will not wrong
 Th' eternal justice—the great law of kings!
 Let him arraign me—bribe as witnesses
 The angels that behold our inmost thoughts,
 He'll find no crime but loving him too fondly;
 And let him visit that with his worst vengeance.
 Come, sir, your wearied patience well may fail:
 On to that chamber, where I slept so sweetly,
 When guiltier far than now. On—on, good Kingston.

—*Anne Boleyn, a Dramatic Poem.*

THE GOOD-NATURED COUPLE.¹

There was once a man called Frederick: he had a wife whose name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said, "Kate! I am going to work in the fields; when I come back I shall be hungry, so let me have something nice cooked, and a good draught of ale." "Very well," said she, "it shall all be ready." When dinner-time drew nigh, Catherine took a nice steak, which was all the meat she had, and put it on the fire to fry. The steak soon began to look brown, and to crackle in the pan; and Catherine stood by with a fork and turned it: then she said to herself, "The steak is almost ready, I may as well go to the cellar for the ale." So she left the pan on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and Catherine stood looking on. At last it popped into her head, "The dog is not shut up—he may be running away with the steak; that's well thought of." So up she ran from the cellar; and sure enough the rascally cur had got the steak in his mouth, and was making off with it.

Away ran Catherine, and away ran the dog across the field: but he ran faster than she, and stuck close to the steak. "It's all gone, and 'what can't be cured must be endured,'" said Catherine. So she turned round; and as she had run a good way, and was tired, she walked home leisurely to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had not turned the cock; and when the jug was full the liquor ran upon the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the cellar stairs she saw what had happened.

"My stars!" said she, "what shall I do to keep Frederick from seeing all this slopping about?" So she thought a while; and at last remembered that there was a sack of fine meal bought at the last fair, and that if she sprinkled this over the floor, it would suck up the ale nicely. "What a lucky thing," said she, "that we kept that meal; we have now a good use for it." So away she went for it: but she managed to set it down just upon the great jug full of beer, and upset it; and thus all the ale that had been saved was set swimming on the floor also. "Ah! well," said she, "when one goes another may as well follow." Then she strewed the meal all about the cellar, and was quite pleased with her cleverness, and said, "How very neat and clean it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, wife," cried he, "what have you for dinner?" "O Frederick!" answered she, "I was cooking you a steak; but while I went down to draw the ale, the dog ran away with it, and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of meal that we got at the fair, I upset the jug: but the cellar is now quite dry, and looks so clean!" "Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the steak to fry, and the ale to run, and then spoil all the meal?" "Why, Frederick," said she, "I did not know I was doing wrong; you should have told me before."

The husband thought to himself, if my wife manages matters thus, I must look sharp myself. Now he had a good deal of gold in the house: so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a box and bury them in the garden: but take care that you never go near or meddle with them." "No, Frederick," said she, "that I never will." As soon as he was gone, there came by some pedlars with earthenware plates and dishes, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I should like to buy very much, but I have no money: if you had any use for yellow buttons, I might deal with you." "Yellow buttons?" said they, "let us have a look at them." "Go into the garden and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons: I dare not go myself." So the rogues went; and when they found what these yellow buttons were they took them all away, and left her plenty of plates and dishes. Then she set them all about the house for a show: and when Frederick came back, he cried out, "Kate, what have you been doing?" "See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons:

¹ This is a popular German story which, being susceptible of many variations, is used by the peasantry as a satire upon silly housekeepers.

but I did not touch them myself; the pedlars went themselves and dug them up." "Wife, wife," said Frederick, "what a pretty piece of work you have made! those yellow buttons were all my money: how came you to do such a thing!" "Why," answered she, "I did not know there was any harm in it; you should have told me."

Catherine stood musing for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Hark ye, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back: let us run after the thieves." "Well, we will try," answered he; "but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat by the way." "Very well," said she, and they set out; and as Frederick walked the fastest, he left his wife some way behind. "It does not matter," thought she; "when we turn back I shall be so much nearer home than he."

Presently she came to the top of a hill, down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cart wheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah! see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded these poor trees; they will never get well." So she took pity on them, and made use of the butter to grease them all, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing this kind office, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was gone; so she said, "Well, I suppose the other will go the same way and find you; he has younger legs than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it; and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. "Where is the butter and the cheese?" said he. "O!" answered she, "I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so; and one of the cheeses ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it, and I suppose they are both on the road together somewhere." "What a goose you are to do such silly things!" said the husband. "How can you say so?" said she; "I am sure you never told me not."

They ate the dry bread together; and Frederick said, "Kate, I hope you locked the door safe when you came away." "No," answered she, "you did not tell me." "Then go home and do it now, before we go any further," said

Frederick, "and bring with you something to eat."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, "Frederick wants something to eat; but I don't think he is very fond of butter and cheese: I'll bring him a bag of fine nuts, and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and said, "Frederick told me to lock the door, but surely it can nowhere be so safe as if I take it with me." So she took her time by the way: and when she overtook her husband, she cried out, "There, Frederick, there is the door itself, now you may watch it as carefully as you please." "Alas! alas!" said he, "what a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the house fast, and you take the door away, so that everybody may go in and out as they please:—however, as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains." "Very well," answered she, "I'll carry the door; but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also—that would be too much of a load; so, if you please, I'll fasten them to the door."

Frederick, of course, made no objection to that plan, and they set off into the wood to look for the thieves; but they could not find them; and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very rogues they were looking for. They were in truth great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost: they were tired, so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were. Frederick slipped down on the other side, and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again, and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them; but they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir-apples down."

Catherine, who had the door on her shoulder, began to be very tired; but she thought it was the nuts upon it that were so heavy, so she said softly, "Frederick, I must let the nuts go." "No," answered he, "not now, they will discover us." "I can't help that, they must go." "Well then, make haste and throw them down if you will." Then away rattled the nuts down among the boughs; and one of the thieves cried, "Bless me, it is hailing."

A little while after Catherine thought the door was still very heavy, so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down."

"Pray don't," answered he, "it will discover us." "I can't help that," said she, "go it must." So she poured all the vinegar down; and the thieves said, "What a heavy dew there is!"

At last it popped into Catherine's head that it was the door itself that was so heavy all the time; so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the door down soon." But he begged and prayed her not to do so, for he was sure it would betray them. "Here goes, however," said she: and down went the door with such a clatter upon the thieves, that they cried out, "Murder!" and not knowing what was coming, ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold. So when Frederick and Catherine came down, there they found all their money safe and sound.

GOOD NIGHT!

BY W. M. FRAED.

Good night to thee, lady! Though many
Have join'd in the dance of to night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;—
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady! 'Tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song,
The whispered "Farewell!" of the lover,
The heartless "Adieu!" of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that long'd for repose,
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over! The lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay:
And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homewards she drives;
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower,
That fell from your wreath, on the floor.
I'll keep it!—if but to remind me,
Though wither'd and faded its hue,
Wherever next season may find me,
Of England, of Almack's, and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts that, though fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light;
The ball and my dream are all over,—
Good night to thee, lady! Good night!

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

[Sir Thomas Browne, born in London, 19th October 1605; died at Norwich, 19th October, 1682. Antiquary and physician, knighted by Charles II. He wrote. *Religio Medici*, the *Religion of a Physician*; *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*; *Urne-Burial*, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urnes lately found in Norfolk, 1658 (from which our extract is taken); and several other treatises on antiquities. Dr. Johnson, who wrote a biography of Sir Thomas Browne, said: "There is no science in which he does not discover some skill."]

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subast like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations without deserts and noble acts which are the balsam of our memories, the entelechia and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burned the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it; time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations: and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the savour of the everlasting register.

Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired; the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die: since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes: since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their latest durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, conserving their bodies

in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations: Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Oasiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing immortal, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus; the man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred

by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing humane discovery. Enoch and Elias without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act on this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepulchres; some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the covering of mountains, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of Chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers: 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the sands of Egypt: ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

END OF VOLUME FIRST (SECOND SERIES).

THE CASQUET
OF
LITERATURE.



Portrait of F. W. K. and F. W. K. and F. W. K.
Portrait of F. W. K. and F. W. K. and F. W. K.

THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

SECOND SERIES



THE DOGS OF THE REGIMENT.

LONDON

BLACKIE & SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS
GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

THE CASQUET

OF

LITERATURE:

BEING

A SELECTION IN POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRERD AUTHORS.

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BY CHARLES GIBBON,

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VOL. II.—SECOND SERIES.



LONDON:

BLACKIE & SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, EC.;

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

1874.

THE MASQUET OF LITERATURE

SECOND SERIES



Painted by J. G. Jones.

Engraved by J. J. Hayman.

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THE CASQUET.

THE QUEEN'S LIFE AT BALMORAL.¹

[Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Was born in Kensington Palace, 24th May, 1819; succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837; and her coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, 28th June, 1838. Her Majesty married his Royal Highness the late Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on the 10th February, 1840. The *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands* present a simple and, remembering her loss and the nation's, a pathetic record of the rare holidays which state cares permitted the Queen and the Prince Consort to enjoy together. The circumstances which led to the publication of the volume are explained by Sir Arthur Helps, the editor, in his preface. Her Majesty felt extremely reluctant to publish anything written by herself; but, thanks to her gracious readiness to sacrifice any merely personal feeling to the happiness of her people, this most precious gift was presented to them. The book was received with affectionate enthusiasm; it was immediately translated into almost every known language, and in order that it might reach the hands of the humblest of her subjects, her Majesty directed the issue of an edition at a very small price. Apart from the personal interest of the book, its moral value is great beyond measure; because it presents the reflection of a life, simple, pure, and noble in the highest sense—faithful in duty, appreciative in spirit, and earnest in doing good and generous deeds. The dedication forms one of the most beautiful and touching pages of the work: "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy, these simple records are lovingly and gratefully inscribed." These words will be the most enduring memorial of a great and good man, and of the tenderness of the gracious Lady who wrote them. There has never been a sovereign so loyally loved as our Queen; and never had subjects a sovereign so worthy of their devotion.]²

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BALMORAL.

Balmoral, Friday, September 8, 1848.

WE arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque

tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around.

There is a nice little hall with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing-room which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one

to the diary, Sir Arthur Helps says:—"These notes, besides indicating that peculiar memory for persons, and that recognition of personal attachment, which have been very noticeable in our Sovereigns, illustrate, in a striking manner, the patriarchal feeling (if one may apply such a word as 'patriarchal' to a lady) which is so strong in the present occupant of the throne. Perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who feels more keenly what are the reciprocal duties of masters and servants.

"Nor does any one wish more ardently than her Majesty that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes—caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation."

¹ From *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*.

² Regarding the notes which her Majesty added to *SENES, VOL. II.*

gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful, rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine.

When I came in at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house.

A "DRIVE" IN BALLOCH BUIE.

September 18, 1848.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock we set off in a postchaise with Bertie, and drove beyond the house of Mr. Farquharson's keeper in the Balloch Buie. We then mounted our ponies, Bertie riding Grant's pony on the deer-saddle, and being led by a gillie, Grant walking by his side. Macdonald and several gillies were with us, and we were preceded by Bowman and old Arthur Farquharson, a deer-stalker of Invercauld's. They took us up a beautiful path winding through the trees and heather in the Balloch Buie; but when we had got about a mile or more they discovered deer. A "council of war" was held in a whisper, and we turned back and went the whole way down again, and rode along to the keeper's lodge, where we turned up the glen immediately below Craig Daign, through a beautiful part of the wood, and went on along the track, till we came to the foot of the Craig, where we all dismounted.

We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box, made of hurdles and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching and quite concealed; some had gone round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still, and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and, in a few minutes, Macdonald whispered that he saw stags, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but

through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had hit a stag. He ran up to the keepers, and at that moment they called from below that they "had got him," and Albert ran on to see. I waited for a bit; but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help; and Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, "a royal," which had dropped, soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted,—Macdonald and the keepers in particular;—the former saying, "that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck." I was supposed to have "a lucky foot," of which the Highlanders "think a great deal." We walked down to the place we last came up, got into the carriage, and were home by half-past two o'clock.

SALMON LEISTERING.

September 13, 1850.

We walked with Charles, the boys, and Vicky to the river-side above the bridge, where all our tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather "leisters," for catching salmon. They all went into the river, walking up it, and then back again, poking about under all the stones to bring fish up to where the men stood with the net. It had a very pretty effect; about one hundred men wading through the river, some in kilts with poles and spears, all very much excited. Not succeeding the first time, we went higher up, and moved to three or four different places, but did not get any salmon; one or two escaping. Albert stood on a stone, and Colonel Gordon and Lord James Murray waded about the whole time. Duncan, in spite of all his exertions yesterday, and having besides walked to and from the Gathering, was the whole time in the water. Not far from the laundry there was another trial, and here we had a great fright. In one place there was a very deep pool, into which two men very foolishly went, and one could not swim; we suddenly saw them sink, and in one moment they seemed drowning, though surrounded by people. There was a cry for help, and a general rush, including Albert, towards the spot, which frightened me so much that I grasped Lord Carlisle's arm in great agony. However, Dr. Robertson¹ swam in

¹ The gentleman who has had from the beginning the entire management of our property at Balmoral, &c. He is highly esteemed, and is a most amiable man, who has carried out all the Prince's and my wishes admirably.

and pulled the man out, and all was safely over; but it was a horrid moment.

A salmon was speared here by one of the men; after which we walked to the ford, or quarry, where we were very successful, seven salmon being caught, some in the net, and some speared. Though Albert stood in the water some time he caught nothing: but the scene at this beautiful spot was exciting and picturesque in the extreme. I wished for Landseer's pencil. The sun was intensely hot. We did not get back till after three o'clock, and then took luncheon. The Duchess of Gordon came to see us afterwards; and while she was still with us, Captain Forbes (who had asked permission to do so) marched through the grounds with his men, the pipers going in front. They stopped, and cheered three-times-three, throwing up their bonnets. They then marched off; and we listened with pleasure to the distant shouts and the sound of the pibroch.

We heard afterwards that our men had carried all Captain Forbes's men on their backs through the river. They saw the fishing going on, and came to the water's edge on the opposite side; and on being greeted by our people, said they would come over, on which ours went across in one moment and carried them over—Macdonald at their head carrying Captain Forbes on his back. This was very courteous, and worthy of chivalrous times.

TORCH-LIGHT BALL AT CORRIEMULZIE.

September 10, 1852.

We dined at a quarter-past six o'clock in morning gowns (not ordinary ones, but such as are worn at a "breakfast"), and at seven started for Corriemulzie, for a torch-light ball in the open air. I wore a white bonnet, a gray watered silk, and (according to Highland fashion) my plaid scarf over my shoulder; and Albert his Highland dress which he wears every evening. We drove in the postchaise; the two ladies, Lord Derby, and Colonel Gordon following in the other carriage.

It was a mild though threatening evening, but fortunately it kept fine. We arrived there at half-past eight, by which time, of course, it was quite dark. Mr. and Lady Agnes Duff¹ received us at the door, and then took us at once through the house to the open space where the ball was, which was hid from our view till the curtains were drawn asunder. It

was really a beautiful and most unusual sight. All the company were assembled there. A space about one hundred feet in length and sixty feet in width was boarded, and entirely surrounded by Highlanders bearing torches, which were placed in sockets, and constantly replenished. There were seven pipers playing together, Mackay² leading—and they received us with the usual salute and three cheers, and "Nia! nis! nis!" (pronounced: "Neeah! neesh! neesh!") the Highland "Hip! hip! hip!") and again cheers; after which came a most animated reel. There were about sixty people, exclusive of the Highlanders, of whom there were also sixty; all the Highland gentlemen, and any who were at all Scotch, were in kilts, the ladies in evening dresses. The company and the Highlanders danced pretty nearly alternately. There were two or three sword-dances. We were upon a *haut pas*, over which there was a canopy. The whole thing was admirably done, and very well worth seeing. Albert was delighted with it. I must not omit to mention a reel danced by eight Highlanders holding torches in their hands.

We left at half-past nine o'clock, and were home by a little past eleven. A long way certainly (14 miles I believe).

THE KIRK.—ARRIVAL AT THE NEW CASTLE OF BALMORAL.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CASTLE.

October 29, 1854.

We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night; St. John, chapter iii. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we *all* tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, "bless their children." It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for

² My piper from the year 1843, considered almost the first in Scotland, who was recommended by the Marquis of Breadalbane; he unfortunately went out of his mind in the year 1854, and died in 1855. A brother of his was piper to the Duke of Sussex.

¹ Now Earl and Countess of Fife.

"the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans." Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders—all—were equally delighted.

September 7, 1855.

At a quarter-past seven o'clock we arrived at dear Balmoral. Strange, very strange, it seemed to me to drive past, indeed *through*, the old house; the connecting part between it and the offices being broken through. The new house looks beautiful. The tower and the rooms in the connecting part are, however, only half finished, and the offices are still unbuilt: therefore the gentlemen (except the Minister¹) live in the old house, and so do most of the servants; there is a long wooden passage which connects the new house with the offices. An old shoe was thrown after us into the house, for good luck, when we entered the hall. The house is charming: the rooms delightful; the furniture, papers, everything perfection.

September 8, 1855.

The view from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, &c., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background—which one never could see from the old house, is quite beautiful. We walked about, and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done; and afterwards we went over to the poor dear old house, and to our rooms, which it was quite melancholy to see so deserted; and settled about things being brought over.

BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

September 29, 1855.

Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of "good luck"), which he gave

¹ A Cabinet Minister is always in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral.

to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, as they rode down Glen Gironch, which led to this happy conclusion.

FINDING THE OLD CASTLE GONE.

August 30, 1856.

On arriving at Balmoral at seven o'clock in the evening, we found the tower finished as well as the offices, and the poor old house gone! The effect of the whole is very fine.

LOVE FOR BALMORAL.

October 13, 1856.

Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dear Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year.

VISITS TO THE OLD WOMEN.

Saturday, September 28, 1857.

Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balmacraff, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me: it was very touching.

I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, "May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm." She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is "past fourscore," with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly,

shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: "May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it." To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, "May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye." She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that "she should be called any day," and so did Kitty Kear.¹

We went into three other cottages: to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an "unwell boy;" then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's² mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, "You're too kind to me, you're over-kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year." After talking some time with her, she said, "I am happy to see ye looking so nice." She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, "I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself;" and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said: "I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fit" (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person.

Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.

ASCENT OF BEN MUICH DHUI.

Friday, October 7, 1859.

Breakfast at half-past eight. At ten minutes to nine we started, in the sociable, with Bertie

¹ She died in January 1865.

² Head-keeper. He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon, nine as keeper; he was born in Braemar, in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons,—the second, Alick, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold: all are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale, old woman of eighty years, "stope" in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He himself lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him.

and Alice and our usual attendants. Drove along the opposite side of the river. The day very mild and promising to be fine, though a little heavy over the hills, which we anxiously watched. At Castleton we took four post-horses, and drove to the Shiel of the Derry, that beautiful spot where we were last year—which Albert had never seen—and arrived there just before eleven. Our ponies were there with Kennedy, Robertson, and Jemmie Smith. One pony carried the luncheon baskets. After all the cloaks, &c., had been placed on the ponies, or carried by the men, we mounted and began our "journey." I was on "Victoria," Alice on "Dobbins," George M'Hardy, an elderly man who knew the country (and acts as a guide, carrying luggage for people across the hills "on beasts" which he keeps for that purpose), led the way. We rode (my pony being led by Brown most of the time both going up and down) at least four miles up Glen Derry, which is very fine, with the remnants of a splendid forest, Cairn Derry being to the right, and the Derry Water running below. The track was very bad and stony, and broken up by cattle coming down for the "Tryst." At the end of the glen we crossed a ford, passed some softish ground, and turned up to the left by a very rough, steep, but yet gradual ascent to Corrie Etchan, which is in a very wild rugged spot, with magnificent precipices, a high mountain to the right called Ben Main, while to the left was Cairngorm of Derry. When we reached the top of this very steep ascent (we had been rising, though almost imperceptibly, from the Derry Shiel), we came upon a loch of the same name, which reminded us of Loch-na-Gar and of Loch-na-Nian. You look from here on to other wild hills and corries—on Ben A'an, &c. We ascended very gradually, but became so enveloped in mist that we could see nothing—hardly those just before us! Albert had walked a good deal; and it was very cold. The mist got worse; and as we rode along the stony, but almost flat ridge of Ben Muich Dhui, we hardly knew whether we were on level ground or the top of the mountain. However, I and Alice rode to the very top, which we reached a few minutes past two; and here, at a cairn of stones, we lunched, in a piercing cold wind.

Just as we sat down, a gust of wind came and dispersed the mist, which had a most wonderful effect, like a dissolving view—and exhibited the grandest, wildest scenery imaginable! We sat on a ridge of the cairn to take our luncheon,—our good people being grouped with the ponies near us. Luncheon over,

Albert ran off with Alice to the ridge to look at the splendid view, and sent for me to follow. I did so; but not without Grant's help, for there were quantities of large loose stones heaped up together to walk upon. The wind was fearfully high, but the view was well worth seeing. I cannot describe all, but we saw where the Dee rises between the mountains called the Well of Dee—Ben-y-Ghlo—and the adjacent mountains, Ben Vrackie—then Benna-Bhourd—Ben A'an, &c.—and such magnificent wild rocks, precipices, and corries. It had a sublime and solemn effect; so wild, so solitary—no one but ourselves and our little party there.

Albert went on further with the children, but I returned with Grant to my seat on the cairn, as I could not scramble about well. Soon after, we all began walking and looking for "cairn gorms," and found some small ones. The mist had entirely cleared away below, so that we saw all the beautiful views. Ben Muich Dhui is 4297 feet high, one of the highest mountains in Scotland. I and Alice rode part of the way, walking wherever it was very steep. Albert and Bertie walked the whole time. I had a little whisky and water, as the people declared pure water would be too chilling. We then rode on without getting off again, Albert talking so gaily with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me in simple Highland phrase, "It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always 'content.'" Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, "Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction." I said, they certainly did.¹

By a quarter-past six o'clock we got down to the Shiel of the Derry, where we found some tea, which we took in the "shiel,"² and started again by moonlight at about half-past six. We reached Castleton at half-past seven—and after this it became cloudy. At a quarter-past eight precisely we were at Balmoral, much delighted and not at all tired; everything had been so well arranged, and so quietly, without any fuss. *Never shall I forget this day, or the impression this very grand scene made upon me; truly sublime and impressive; such solitude.*

¹ We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders—with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence, which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them.

² "Shiel" means a small shooting-lodge.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born in Portland, Maine, 27th February, 1807. The most popular of American poets. He was educated at Bowdoin College, in which he became professor of modern languages in 1826. Nine years afterwards he was appointed professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College; and he continued to discharge the duties of that office until 1854, when he retired. He has visited Europe several times, and his works are almost as highly valued in this country as in his own. His principal prose works are: *Outre-Mer*, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea; *Hyperion*, a romance; and *Kavanagh*, a tale. Of his poems it will be enough to mention *Brangeline*; *The Song of Hiawatha*; *The Golden Legend*; *The Spanish Student*; *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; *Voices of the Night*; *Ballads*; *The Seaside and the Fireside*; *Birds of Passage*; *Flower-de-Luce*; *Three Books of Song* (from which we quote); and *Aftermath*. Mr. E. P. Whipple, the American critic, sums up Longfellow's general characteristics thus: "He idealizes real life; he elicits new meaning from many of its rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart: but he rarely soars into those regions of abstract imagination, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with a 'peevading vision.'"]

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision—
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost,
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame—
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who, upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest—
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,

And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying—
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the wave of life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE PARISH-CLERK.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.¹

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Once upon a time, in a very small country town, at a considerable distance from London, there lived a little man named Nathaniel Pipkin, who was the parish-clerk of the little town, and lived in a little house in the little High Street, within ten minutes' walk of the little church; and who was to be found every day, from nine till four, teaching a little learning to the little boys. Nathaniel Pipkin was a harmless, inoffensive, good-natured being, with a turned-up nose and rather turned-in legs: a cast in his eye, and a halt in his gait; and he divided his time between the church and his school, verily believing that there existed not, on the face of the earth, so clever a man as the curate, so imposing an apartment as the vestry-room, or so well-ordered a seminary as his own. Once, and only once in his life, Nathaniel Pipkin had seen a bishop—a real bishop, with his arms in lawn sleeves, and his head in a wig. He had seen him walk,

and heard him talk at a confirmation, on which momentous occasion Nathaniel Pipkin was so overcome with reverence and awe, when the aforesaid bishop laid his hand on his head, that he fainted right clean away, and was borne out of church in the arms of the beadle.

This was a great event, a tremendous era, in Nathaniel Pipkin's life, and it was the only one that had ever occurred to ruffle the smooth current of his quiet existence, when happening one fine afternoon, in a fit of mental abstraction, to raise his eyes from the slate on which he was devising some tremendous problem in compound addition for an offending urchin to solve, they suddenly rested on the blooming countenance of Maria Lobbs, the only daughter of old Lobbs, the great saddler over the way. Now the eyes of Mr. Pipkin had rested on the pretty face of Maria Lobbs many a time and oft before, at church and elsewhere; but the eyes of Maria Lobbs had never looked so bright, the cheeks of Maria Lobbs had never looked so ruddy, as upon this particular occasion. No wonder then that Nathaniel Pipkin was unable to take his eyes from the countenance of Miss Lobbs; no wonder that Miss Lobbs, finding herself stared at by a young man, withdrew her head from the window out of which she had been peeping, and shut the

¹ One of the occasional sketches introduced in the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. The origin of the work is amusingly told by Dickens in his preface:—"I was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the *Old Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—a paper in the 'Sketches,' called *Mr. Minus and his Cousin*—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidences, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business. The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should

be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist or of my visitor, that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and his happy portrait of its founder—the latter on Mr. Edward Chapman's description of the dress and bearing of a real personage whom he had often seen. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with only two illustrations, and remained so to the end."—See *Casquet*, vol. i. p. 7; and vol. ii. p. 19.

casement and pulled down the blind; no wonder that Nathaniel Pipkin immediately thereafter fell upon the young urchin who had previously offended, and cuffed and knocked him about to his heart's content. All this was very natural, and there's nothing at all to wonder at about it.

It is matter of wonder, though, that any one of Mr. Nathaniel Pipkin's retiring disposition, nervous temperament, and most particularly diminutive income, should from this day forth have dared to aspire to the hand and heart of the only daughter of the fiery old Lobbs—of old Lobbs the great saddler, who could have bought up the whole village at one stroke of his pen, and never felt the outlay—old Lobbs, who was well known to have heaps of money invested in the bank at the nearest market town—old Lobbs, who was reported to have countless and inexhaustible treasures, hoarded up in the little iron safe with the big key-hole, over the chimney-piece in the back parlour—old Lobbs, who, it was well known, on festive occasions garnished his board with a real silver tea-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin, which he was wont, in the pride of his heart, to boast should be his daughter's property when she found a man to her mind. I repeat it, to be matter of profound astonishment and intense wonder, that Nathaniel Pipkin should have had the temerity to cast his eyes in this direction. But love is blind; and Nathaniel had a cast in his eye; and perhaps these two circumstances taken together prevented his seeing the matter in its proper light.

Now if old Lobbs had entertained the most remote or distant idea of the state of the affections of Nathaniel Pipkin, he would just have razed the school-room to the ground, or exterminated its master from the surface of the earth, or committed some other outrage and atrocity of an equally ferocious and violent description; for he was a terrible old fellow, was Lobbs, when his pride was injured, or his blood was up. Swear! Such trains of oaths would come rolling and pealing over the way sometimes, when he was denouncing the idleness of the bony apprentice with the thin legs, that Nathaniel Pipkin would shake in his shoes with horror, and the hair of the pupils' heads would stand on end with fright.

Well! Day after day, when school was over, and the pupils gone, did Nathaniel Pipkin sit himself down at the front window, and while he feigned to be reading a book, throw side-long glances over the way in search of the bright eyes of Maria Lobbs; and he hadn't sat there many days before the bright eyes

appeared at an upper window, apparently deeply engaged in reading too. This was delightful, and gladdening to the heart of Nathaniel Pipkin. It was something to sit there for hours together, and look upon that pretty face when the eyes were cast down; but when Maria Lobbs began to raise her eyes from her book, and dart their rays in the direction of Nathaniel Pipkin, his delight and admiration were perfectly boundless. At last, one day when he knew old Lobbs was out, Nathaniel Pipkin had the temerity to kiss his hand to Maria Lobbs; and Maria Lobbs, instead of shutting the window and pulling down the blind, kissed *hers* to him, and smiled. Upon which Nathaniel Pipkin determined that, come what might, he would develop the state of his feelings without further delay.

A prettier foot, a gayer heart, a more dimpled face, or a smarter form, never bounded so lightly over the earth they graced, as did those of Maria Lobbs, the old saddler's daughter. There was a roguish twinkle in her sparkling eyes that would have made its way to far less susceptible bosoms than that of Nathaniel Pipkin; and there was such a joyous sound in her merry laugh, that the sternest misanthrope must have smiled to hear it. Even old Lobbs himself, in the very height of his ferocity, couldn't resist the coaxing of his pretty daughter; and when she and her cousin Kate—an arch, impudent-looking, bewitching little person—made a dead set upon the old man together, as, to say the truth, they very often did, he could have refused them nothing, even had they asked for a portion of the countless and inexhaustible treasures which were hidden from the light in the iron safe.

Nathaniel Pipkin's heart beat high within him when he saw this enticing little couple some hundred yards before him one summer's evening, in the very field in which he had many a time strolled about till night-time, and pondered on the beauty of Maria Lobbs. But though he had often thought then how briskly he would walk up to Maria Lobbs and tell her of his passion, if he could only meet her, he felt now that she was unexpectedly before him, all the blood in his body mounting to his face, manifestly to the great detriment of his legs, which, deprived of their usual portion, trembled beneath him. When they stopped to gather a hedge-flower, or listen to a bird, Nathaniel Pipkin stopped too, and pretended to be absorbed in meditation, as indeed he really was; for he was thinking what on earth he should ever do when they turned back, as they inevitably must in time, and

meet him face to face. But though he was afraid to make up to them, he couldn't bear to lose sight of them; so when they walked faster he walked faster, when they lingered he lingered, and when they stopped he stopped; and so they might have gone on until the darkness prevented them, if Kate had not looked slyly back, and encouragingly beckoned Nathaniel to advance. There was something in Kate's manner that was not to be resisted, and so Nathaniel Pipkin complied with the invitation; and after a great deal of blushing on his part, and immoderate laughter on that of the wicked little cousin, Nathaniel Pipkin went down on his knees on the dewy grass, and declared his resolution to remain there for ever unless he were permitted to rise the accepted lover of Maria Lobbs. Upon this the merry laughter of Maria Lobbs rang through the calm evening air—without seeming to disturb it, though; it had such a pleasant sound—and the wicked little cousin laughed more immoderately than before, and Nathaniel Pipkin blushed deeper than ever. At length, Maria Lobbs being more strenuously urged by the love-worn little man, turned away her head, and whispered her cousin to say, or at all events Kate *did* say, that she felt much honoured by Mr. Pipkin's addresses; that her hand and heart were at her father's disposal; but that nobody could be insensible to Mr. Pipkin's merits. As all this was said with much gravity; and as Nathaniel Pipkin walked home with Maria Lobbs, and struggled for a kiss at parting, he went to bed a happy man, and dreamed all night long of softening old Lobbs, opening the strong box, and marrying Maria.

The next day Nathaniel Pipkin saw old Lobbs go out upon his old gray pony; and after a great many signs at the window from the wicked little cousin, the object and meaning of which he could by no means understand, the bony apprentice with the thin legs came over to say that his master wasn't coming home all night, and that the ladies expected Mr. Pipkin to tea at six o'clock precisely. How the lessons were got through that day, neither Nathaniel Pipkin nor his pupils knew any more than you do; but they were got through somehow, and after the boys had gone, Nathaniel Pipkin took till full six o'clock to dress himself to his satisfaction. Not that it took long to select the garments he should wear, inasmuch as he had no choice about the matter; but the putting of them on to the best advantage, and the touching of them up previously, was a task of no inconsiderable difficulty or importance.

There was a very snug little party, consisting of Maria Lobbs and her cousin Kate, and three or four romping, good-humoured, rosy-cheeked girls. Nathaniel Pipkin had ocular demonstration of the fact that the rumours of old Lobbs' treasures were not exaggerated. There were the real solid silver tea-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin on the table, and real silver spoons to stir the tea with, and real china cups to drink it out of, and plates of the same, to hold the cakes and toast in. The only eye-sore in the whole place was another cousin of Maria Lobbs', and a brother of Kate, whom Maria Lobbs called "Henry," and who seemed to keep Maria Lobbs all to himself up in one corner of the table. It's a delightful thing to see affection in families, but it may be carried rather too far; and Nathaniel Pipkin could not help thinking that Maria Lobbs must be very particularly fond of her relations if she paid as much attention to all of them as to this individual cousin. After tea, too, when the wicked little cousin proposed a game at blind man's buff, it somehow or other happened that Nathaniel Pipkin was nearly always blind, and whenever he laid his hand upon the male cousin, he was sure to find that Maria Lobbs was not far off. And though the wicked little cousin and the other girls pinched him and pulled his hair, and pushed chairs in his way, and all sorts of things, Maria Lobbs never seemed to come near him at all; and once—once—Nathaniel Pipkin could have sworn he heard the sound of a kiss, followed by a faint remonstrance from Maria Lobbs, and a half-suppressed laugh from her female friends. All this was odd, very odd, and there is no saying what Nathaniel Pipkin might or might not have done in consequence, if his thoughts had not been suddenly directed into a new channel.

The circumstances which directed his thoughts into a new channel was a loud knocking at the street-door, and the person who made this loud knocking at the street-door was no other than old Lobbs himself, who had unexpectedly returned, and was hammering away like a coffin-maker: for he wanted his supper. The alarming intelligence was no sooner communicated by the bony apprentice with the thin legs, than the girls tripped upstairs to Maria Lobbs' bedroom, and the male cousin and Nathaniel Pipkin were thrust into a couple of closets in the sitting-room, for want of any better places of concealment; and when Maria Lobbs and the wicked little cousin had stowed them away, and put the room to rights, they opened the street-door to old

Lobbs, who had never left off knocking since he first began.

Now it did unfortunately happen that old Lobbs, being very hungry, was monstrous cross. Nathaniel Pipkin could hear him growling away like an old mastiff with a sore throat; and whenever the unfortunate apprentice with the thin legs came into the room, so surely did old Lobbs commence swearing at him in a most Saracenic and ferocious manner, though apparently with no other end or object than that of easing his bosom by the discharge of a few superfluous oaths. At length some supper, which had been warming up, was placed on the table, and then old Lobbs fell to in regular style; and having made clear work of it in no time, kissed his daughter, and demanded his pipe.

Nature had placed Nathaniel Pipkin's knees in very close juxtaposition, but when he heard old Lobbs demand his pipe, they knocked together as if they were going to reduce each other to powder; for, depending from a couple of hooks in the very closet in which he stood, was a large brown-stemmed silver-bowled pipe, which pipe he himself had seen in the mouth of old Lobbs, regularly every afternoon and evening, for the last five years. The two girls went down-stairs for the pipe, and up-stairs for the pipe, and everywhere but where they knew the pipe was, and old Lobbs stormed away meanwhile in the most wonderful manner. At last he thought of the closet, and walked up to it. It was of no use a little man like Nathaniel Pipkin pulling the door inwards, when a great strong fellow like old Lobbs was pulling it outwards. Old Lobbs gave it one tug, and open it flew, disclosing Nathaniel Pipkin standing bolt upright inside, and shaking with apprehension from head to foot. Bless us! what an appalling look old Lobbs gave him, as he dragged him out by the collar, and held him at arm's length.

"Why, what the devil do you want here?" said old Lobbs, in a fearful voice.

Nathaniel Pipkin could make no reply, so old Lobbs shook him backwards and forwards for two or three minutes, by way of arranging his ideas for him.

"What do you want here?" roared Lobbs; "I suppose you have come after my daughter, now?"

Old Lobbs merely said this as a sneer; for he did not believe that mortal presumption could have carried Nathaniel Pipkin so far. What was his indignation when that poor man replied—

"Yes, I did, Mr. Lobbs. I did come after your daughter. I love her, Mr. Lobbs."

"Why, you snivelling, wry-faced, puny villain!" gasped old Lobbs, paralyzed by the atrocious confession; "what do you mean by that? Say this to my face! Damme, I'll throttle you!"

It is by no means improbable that old Lobbs would have carried this threat into execution in the excess of his rage, if his arm had not been stayed by a very unexpected apparition, to wit, the male cousin, who, stepping out of his closet, and walking up to old Lobbs, said—

"I cannot allow this harmless person, sir, who has been asked here in some girlish frolic, to take upon himself, in a very noble manner, the fault (if fault it is) which I am guilty of, and am ready to avow. I love your daughter, sir; and I am here for the purpose of meeting her."

Old Lobbs opened his eyes very wide at this, but not wider than Nathaniel Pipkin.

"You did?" said Lobbs, at last finding breath to speak.

"I did."

"And I forbade you this nouse long ago."

"You did, or I should not have been here, clandestinely, to-night."

I am sorry to record it of old Lobbs, but I think he would have struck the cousin if his pretty daughter, with her bright eyes swimming in tears, had not clung to his arm.

"Don't stop him, Maria," said the young man; "if he has the will to strike me, let him. I would not hurt a hair of his gray head for the riches of the world."

The old man cast down his eyes at this reproof, and they met those of his daughter. I have hinted once or twice before that they were very bright eyes, and though they were tearful now, their influence was by no means lessened. Old Lobbs turned his head away as if to avoid being persuaded by them, when, as fortune would have it, he encountered the face of the wicked little cousin, who, half afraid for her brother, and half laughing at Nathaniel Pipkin, presented as bewitching an expression of countenance, with a touch of shyness in it too, as any man, old or young, need look upon. She drew her arm coaxingly through the old man's, and whispered something in his ear; and do what he would, old Lobbs couldn't help breaking out into a smile, while a tear stole down his cheek at the same time.

Five minutes after this the girls were brought down from the bedroom with a great deal of giggling and modesty; and while the young people were making themselves perfectly happy,

old Lobbs got down the pipe, and smoked it; and it was a remarkable circumstance about that particular pipe of tobacco, that it was the most soothing and delightful one he ever smoked.

Nathaniel Pipkin thought it best to keep his own counsel, and by so doing gradually rose into high favour with old Lobbs, who taught him to smoke in time; and they used to sit out in the garden on the fine evenings for many years afterwards, smoking and drinking in great state. He soon recovered the effects of his attachment, for we find his name in the parish register as a witness to the marriage of Maria Lobbs to her cousin; and it also appears, by reference to other documents, that on the night of the wedding he was incarcerated in the village cage for having, in a state of extreme intoxication, committed sundry excesses in the streets, in all of which he was aided and abetted by the bony apprentice with the thin legs.

THE CLOUD.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my akeye bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls at its ties.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genti that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while back in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I raise and unbuild it again.

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH
OTHERS.

[Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., born about 1817. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees. Passing through various secretaryships and other offices, he became clerk to the privy council in 1859. He was knighted in 1872 by her Majesty, — a very widely appreciated recognition of his genius and faithful service to the state. His works are: *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*; *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*; *King Henry II.*, an historical drama; *Catherine Douglas*, a tragedy; *The Claims of Labour*; *Friends in Council*, a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon. The friends are Milverton and Elmsmere, and their old tutor, Dunsford. Milverton wrote essays which he read to his friends, and the three discussed the various principles and topics suggested by each essay. We quote one of the essays. Besides the foregoing, Sir Arthur Helps has written: *Companions of my Solitude*; *Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen*; *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*; *The Life of Pizarro*; *Casimir Maremma*; *Brevia*, or Short Essays and Aphorisms; *Conversations on War and General Culture*; *Life of Hernando Cortes, and the Conquest of Mexico*; *Thoughts upon Government*; &c. Sympathetic and subtle thought, expressed in the purest English, characterize his works. Ruskin says: "A true thinker who has practical purpose in his thinking, and is sincere, as Plato, or Carlyle, or Helps, becomes in some sort a seer, and must be always of infinite use to his generation."]

The *Iliad* for war; the *Odyssey* for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round a tea-table which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war-chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourselves to it if we like, but the hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth. The various relations of life which bring people together cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a state where there will, perhaps, be no occasion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavour to see whether there are any methods which may make these relations in the least degree more harmonious now.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their

lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said— "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have

taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "Had you listened to me," "But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give, and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite); but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is heaven and hell in those rooms—the same heaven and hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness—cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes

sometimes to look on at a quarrel; and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles II. liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were "as good as a play."

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But to cut off the means and causes of bad temper is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humour and sour-sensitiveness, which especially belong to equal intimacy (though indeed they are common to all), are best to be met by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.

Lastly: in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, moulding the one and expressing the other.

KUBLA KHAN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

In the summer of the year 1797 the author of the following fragment, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas' Pilgrimage*:—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines, if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things* with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour; and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after-restoration of the latter.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise.

SUMMER.

BY THOMAS CAREW.

Now that the Winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the morning of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile! only my love doth lour;
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt the marble ice that still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and make her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireade; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the season. Only she doth carry
June in her eyes; in her heart, January!

THE WATER-GLASS; OR, A DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

[Thomas Chandler Haliburton, D.C.L., born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1796; died at Isleworth, 27th August, 1865. Educated at King's College, London; and called to the bar in 1820. He was Judge of Common Pleas, and of the Supreme Court, N.S., and on his return to England he was elected M.P. for Launceston. His fame was acquired, and will survive, as the author of *The Clockmaker*, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville; *The Attache*, or Sam Slick in England; *Wim Saws and Modern Instances*, by Sam Slick (from which we quote); *Letter Bag of the Great Western*; *Traits of American Humour*; *Nature and Human*; *The Old Judge*, or Life in a Colony; *Bubbles of Canada*; &c. These are all works of great power, the result of keen and extensive observation of life and manners in the colonies and at home (Hurst and Blackett, publishers). His more serious productions are: *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*; *Letters to Lord Durham*, &c. "He deserves to be entered on our list of friends, containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the 'Shepherd' of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and other rhapsodical discourses on time and change, who, besides the delights of their discourse, possess also the charm of individuality."—*Athenæum*.]

As the men rowed us towards the *Nantasket*, the captin and I couldn't very well talk afore 'em on the subjects we wanted to speak of, so we held a sort of Quaker's meetin', and said nothin'. I pulled the peak of my cap over my eyes, for the sun dazzled me, and afore I knowed where I was, I was off into one of my day-dreams, that I sometimes indulge in. I was musin' on what a strange thing life is, what a curious feller man is, and what a phantom we pursue all the time, thinkin' it points the way to happiness, instead of enticin' us into swamps, quagmires, and lagoons. Like most day-dreams it warn't very coherent, for one thought leads to another, and that has an affinity to something else; and so at last the thread of it, if it don't get tangled, ain't very straight, that's a fact. I shall put it down as if I was a talkin' to you about everythin' in general, and nothin' in particular.

Sais I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there ain't but four classes among them: fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wrecked there. All that could float had been picked up or washed away; but the heavy things sank to the bottom,

and these, in a general way, were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea every now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

It was near about dinner-time, so I thought I'd just wait, as I had nothin' above particular to do, and see what this thing was; so when the man came on shore, "Mornin' to you," sais I. "That was an awful wreck that, warn't it?" and I looked as dismal as if I had lost somethin' there myself. But there was nothin' very awful about it, for everybody was saved; and if there was some bales and boxes lost, why, in a general way, it's good for trade. But I said awful wrack, for I've observed you have to cant a little with the world, if you want even common civil usage.

In fact, in calamities I never new but one man speak the truth. He lived near a large range of barracks that was burnt, together with all the houses around him, but he escaped; and his house was insured. Well, he mourned dreadful over his standing house, more than others did over their fallen ones. He said, "He was ruined; he lived by the barrack expenditure, and the soldiers were removed, and the barracks were never to be rebuilt; and as he was insured, he'd a-been a happy man if his house had been burnt, and he had recovered the amount of his loss."

Now that man I always respected; he was an honest man. Other folks would have pretended to be thankful for so narrow an escape, but thought in their hearts just as he did, only they wouldn't be manly enough to say so. But to get back to my story.

"Awful wrack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! sais I to myself, I see how it is, you hain't lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Sarching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on t'other tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days."

"Well," sais he smiling, "I ain't sarching for gold, for it ain't so plenty on this coast; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," sais I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," sais he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look down into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"od!" said I; "now that's a wrinkle on I daresay a water-glass is a common I never heard of it afore. Might it be, for it is an excellent one?"

"suspicious like.

"of a water-glass?" he said, "what your name mought

"friend; you answered

"and I will answer

"said I, "at least

"er?" said he.

"never heard of

, said he, "I'm not

me to be. You can't

way, but you are welcome

anyhow. I wish you good

nat's human natur' all over. *A man*

over astonished or ashamed that he don't

know what another does; but he is surprised

at the gross ignorance of the other in not

knowin' what he does. But to return. If

instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man

I never heard of before that day), if we had a

breast-glass to look into the heart, and read

what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a

great part of the saints—they that don't know

music or paintin' and call it a waste of precious

time, and can't dance and call it wicked, and

won't go to parties, because they are so stupid

no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a

great lot of the saints would pass over to the

sinner. Well, the sinners must be added to the

fools, and it swells their numbers up consider-

able, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner

at all, seein' that the way of the transgressors

is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a

considerable some must be added to the fools'

ranks too, for it ain't every pious man that's

wise, though he may have sense enough to be

good. After this deduction, the census of

them that's left will show a small table, that's

a fact. When the devoted city was to be de-

stroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty right-

eous men. And then for forty-five, and finally

for ten; but arter all, only Lot, his wife, and

two daughters was saved, and that was more

from marcy than their desarts, for they warn't

no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast-glass

would work wonders, but I don't think it

would be overly safe for a man to invent it;

he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a

plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post,

and further from the ground than was agree-

able; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to mankind? That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great shoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem made a-purpose to feed these hungry onmarciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

Them's the boys that don't know what dyspepsy is. Considerable knowin' in the way of eatin', too, takin' an appetizer of sardines in the mornin' afore breakfastin' on macarel, and havin' lobster sauce with their cod-fish to dinner, and a barrel of anchovies to digest a little light supper of a boat-load of haddock, halibut, and flat-fish. Yes, yes! the bulk of mankind is knaves and fools; religious knaves, political knaves, legal knaves, quack knaves, trading knaves, and sarvent knaves; knaves of all kinds and degrees, from officers with gold epaulettes on their shoulders, who sometimes condescend to *relieve* (as they call it) a fool of his money at cards, down to thimble-rigging at a fair.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the country, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlasting tinkerin' injures both. How in natur' folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them two the most dangerous, for both deal in pysinous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin, hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that lockrum every year, and every year the Congress sais, "Tho' there ain't much truth in you, old slippry-go-easy, at no time, *that's* no lie, at any rate." Every young lady sais, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that's coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist, and sais, "That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and afterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zaddoc Seth, of Holmes' Hole, what does he do but buy a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little grain heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," says he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as if it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanksgiving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" said he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," says I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure."

"Why that's of course," says he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you didn't understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," says I; "happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for joy."

"Yes—yes," says he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr. Johnson says."

"He says it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

"Now," said he, "at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky: and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me," said he, "and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin' to lay down the law,—"that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which that word is properly used, namely, a state of joyfulness—light-heartedness—inerriment, but we won't stop to inquire into that. It is a great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticize Dr. Johnson."

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and a modester man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin' first fiddle wherever he was. *Thunderin' long words ain't wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his understandin'.*

"You may go to the ball," said he; "and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it."

"Thank you, sir," said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin' to renig—

"Sam," said he, and he held out his hand and took mine, and looked very seriously at me; "Sam, my son," said he, "now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word."

"I will observe any direction you may give me, sir," said I.

"Sam," said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comin' next,— "Sam," said he, "don't let your heart jump out of its jacket;" and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all eend in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both his, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

"Minister," says I, "will you let me just say a word?"

"Yes," says he.

"Well, according to Dr. Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was 'ready.'"

"Well, I won't say it warn't" said he; "and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always 'ready;' take care you ain't too sharp."

But to get back, for I go round about sometimes. Tho' Daniel Webster said I was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did beat round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and morsel too short an allowance of time to swallow it, is bein' happy, then we are so beyond all doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine, where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toilin' from day-dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their

own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of biology, for the deuce a thing else is that or mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a feller rave at a protracted meetin' for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of woman; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing petticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal? What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's '*In-kneed*.' Well, if this is bein' happy, we are a happy people.

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regelar nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things, not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known; then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa, and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh), a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and

undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-quarters of a medical man!" sais I, "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no! sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this: Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, sais I to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. Well now, none of our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be; politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't be; it ain't in natur', it's onpossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again, What is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. *Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.* When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. *When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an onstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone.* Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville once called Dotey Conky, and he sartainly did look dotey like lumber that ain't squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a-wishing. I used to call him Wishey Washey

Dotey. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldn't call the President my cousin."

"Well," said I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is no cousin of mine, and if he was he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; ain't it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence; if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotey," said I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know how you suffer from that."

"Phoo," said he.

"Well, what would you do with it?" said I.

"I would go and travel," said he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotey; at your age give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on."

"Hire it, Sam," said he, touching his nose with his fore-finger.

"And manners," said I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockies, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by railroad instead of a one-horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It ain't cash, then, that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it then that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the *Nantasket*, "in with your oars, my men. Now, Mr. Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarsaparilly Pills*."

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

BY P. B. SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved, in star-showers thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone.
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my
emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
E'en as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan.
They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory
yet.

THE ONLY SAFE PILOT.

Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world;
When they have done it (coming near their haven),
Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor stayed fisherman, that never pass'd
His country's sight, to wait and guide them in:
So, when we wander farthest through the waves
Of glassy glory, and the gulfs of state,
Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE QUITO MOUNTAINS.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborasso's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning,—flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From everything I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken

refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to

remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew their triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without—and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore: and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner—then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He

was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighbouring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance: and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced

that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed everything of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperi-

ness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his foreclaws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the

edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand, to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it, to rise no more!

We gave vent to a shriek of horror, and then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton fainting upon the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn in a dreadful manner, and the blood flowed incessantly from the wide and deep gash. The Indians collected some plants and herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding; and we then bound up the mangled limb, while poor Wharton lay perfectly insensible. His breathing was thick and heavy, and his pulse beat feverishly. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians lighted a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; and, having gathered some fruit, I partook of a meal that was the most sorrowful of my life. No sleep visited my eyes that night. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became always more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians thought it would be best to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to re-pass the gulf. It was a

mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination, and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learned poor Lincoln's unhappy fate. Yanna, the fair maiden whose heart he had won, burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay apparently insensible to everything that passed around him. Towards morning sleep overpowered me. A song of lamentation and mourning aroused me. It was the Indians returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was at the head of the procession. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tiger's skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot. "There it stands!" and on saying these words, he fell back and died.—*From the Danish.*

LAST WORDS.

Gane were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.
Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een
Closing them to sleep.
Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear:
I'll meet them baith in Heaven,
At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LIFE.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Festus. This life's a mystery.

The value of a thought cannot be told;
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
 As if mere life were worth their living for.
 What but perdition will it be to most?
 Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood:
 It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
 The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
 One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
 Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
 Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
 Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
 We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto an end—that end
 Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
 The dead have all the glory of the world.
 Why will we live and not be glorious?
 We never can be deathless till we die.
 It is the dead win battles. And the breath
 Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
 Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
 It dims his well worn scythe. But not the brave
 Die never. Being deathless, they but change
 Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
 Give then the dead their due: it is they who saved us.
 The rapid and the deep—the fall, the gulf,
 Have likeness in feeling and in life.
 And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
 In one day than a creeping century
 Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change
 Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
 Becomes variety, and takes its place.
 Yet some will last to die out, thought by thought,
 And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
 Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
 Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;
 Till even the burden of some ninety years
 Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
 Their system as if ninety suns had rushed
 To ruin earth—or heaven had rained its stars;
 Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
 Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned and read?
 Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

Lucifer. The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow:
 The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
 Thin themselves off or whitely wither; still
 Ages not spirit, even in one point,
 Immeasurably small; from orb to orb,
 In ever-rising radiance, shining like
 The sun upon the thousand lands of earth.
 Look at the medley, motley throng we meet!

Some smiling—frowning some; their cares and joys
 Alike not worth a thought—some sauntering slowly,
 As if destruction never could overtake them;
 Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift
 Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.
Festus. Grief hallows hearts even while it ages heads;
 And much hot grief, in youth, forces up life
 With power which too soon ripens and which drops.

—*Festus.*

CARNATION AND INSECTS.

[Sir John Hill, M.D., born 1716, died 1775. He wrote numerous books treating of medicine, botany, natural philosophy, and natural history, besides several dramas and novels. *The History of Mr. Lovell, The Adventures of a Creole, and Lady Frail*, were his chief novels. He presented a copy of his great work, *The Vegetable System*, 26 volumes, to the King of Sweden, who invested him with the order of the Polar Star, or Vasa, and he thereafter assumed the title of Sir John.]

The fragrance of a carnation led me to enjoy it frequently and near. While inhaling the powerful sweet, I heard an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal, within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I am furnished with apparatuses of a thousand kinds for close observation. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects friking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. I was not cruel enough to pull out any one of them; but adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance.

Under the microscope, the base of the flower extended itself to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces.

On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with

living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its hue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females, courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk: here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized; here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance;—in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Nature, the God of nature, has proportioned the period of existence of every creature to the means of its support. Duration, perhaps, is as much a comparative quality as magnitude; and these atoms of being, as they appear to us, may have organs that lengthen minutes, to their perception, into years. In a flower destined to remain but a few days, length of life, according to our ideas, could not be given to its inhabitants; but it may be according to theirs. I saw, in the course of observation of this new world, several succeeding generations of the creatures it was peopled with; they passed, under my eye, through the several successive states of the egg and the reptile form in a few hours. After these, they burst forth at an instant into full growth and perfection in their wing-form. In this they enjoyed their span of being, as much as we do years—feasted, sported, revelled in delights; fed on the living fragrance that poured itself out at a thousand openings at once before them; enjoyed their loves, laid the foundation for their succeeding progeny, and after a life thus happily filled up, sunk in an easy dissolution. With what joy in their pleasures did I attend the first and the succeeding broods through the full period of their joyful lives! With what enthusiastic transport did I address to each of these yet happy creatures Anacreon's gratulation to the Cicada:

Blissful insect! what can be,
In happiness, compared to thee?

Fed with nourishment divine,
The dowy morning's sweetest wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy fragrant cup does fill.
All the fields that thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee:
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with ripening juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he, and landlord thou.
Thee the hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
To thee alone, of all the earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy creature! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drank, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with the glorious feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

While the pure contemplative mind thus almost envies what the rude observer would treat unfeelingly, it naturally shrinks into itself on the thought that there may be, in the immense chain of beings, many, though as invisible to us as we to the inhabitants of this little flower—whose organs are not made for comprehending objects larger than a mite, or more distant than a straw's breadth—to whom we may appear as much below regard as these to us.

With what derision should we treat these little reasoners, could we hear them arguing for the unlimited duration of the carnation, destined for the extent of their knowledge, as well as their action! And yet among ourselves, there are reasoners who argue, on no better foundation, that the earth which we inhabit is eternal.

THE DOGS OF THE REGIMENT.

The cannon-thunder booms and roars,
The smoke-clouds curling rise,
Swords clash on swords, the musket cracks,
The bullet hissing flies.

The farmer fleeing hearth and home,
As nears the sound of war,
His brawny breast with anguish torn,
Makes haste to 'scape afar.

The prudent miller, as he sees
His mill-sails torn apace
By flying balls, the danger shuns,
And flees with livid face.

And o'er the fields, where war's fell tide
Has ruin spread around,
The spent ball bounds with slackening speed,
And rolls along the ground.

And now as slower moves the ball,
On murderous errand sped,
See two that by the bounding mass
To gleeful sport are led.

The Regiment's Dogs, 'mid battles reared,
The soldiers' honest care,
Run up to gambol with the ball,
As if to daintiest fare.

They leap with it, and jump about,
And frolic round and round,
And chase the dangerous visitor
Along the ploughed-up ground.

They tumble over—under it,
With pure delight impressed,
And labour hard to push it on,
When now it comes to rest.

Ye who have youthful hearts to lead
May here a lesson gain,
And in these sportive gambols see
The moral they contain:—

“That habit second nature is,
Is proverb old and true;
Great is its power for good or ill—
Bad habits then eschew.”

—From the Dutch.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

BY JAMES SMITH.

You must know, that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. Having been sent to the university by my father, a farmer of no great property, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand

pounds. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled: for often, when I have rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches “grown gentlemen to dance;” and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity of the five positions.—Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could

enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had

disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already fired and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

THE NYMPH'S WEDDING.

[Michael Drayton, born in Atherston, Warwickshire, 1563 or 1570; died 1631. A poet of the time of Elizabeth and James I., and by some called poet-laureate. His chief poems are: *The Shepherd's Garland*, a series of pastorals; *The Baron's Wars*; *The Poly-Olbion*, a description of the tracts, rivers, mountains, and forests of Great Britain, with the most remarkable legends and antiquities associated with them—a poem which contains 30,000 Alexandrine lines, and which is remarkable for its topographical correctness, and beauty and variety of its allusions; and the *Nymphidia*, from which we quote. Campbell said: "The *Nymphidia* is in his happiest characteristic manner of airy and sportive pastime."]

A Nymph is married to a Fay.
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla. But will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claia. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Claia. Why, by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, he's deft and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name,
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Cloris. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear);
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells to be in love.

Claia. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendant, then take mine;

A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love.
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears she's sped:
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tire,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold-ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Claia. Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun:
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train:
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mix'd with the plume of (so high price)
The precious bird of paradise:

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
 Into a curious canopy,
 Borne o'er her head (by our equery)
 By Elfs, the fittest of the fairy.

Mertilla. But all this while we have forgot
 Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

Claia. We had: for those I'll fit her now,
 They shall be of the lady-cow—
 The dainty shell upon her back
 Of crimson strew'd with spots of black;
 Which, as she holds a stately pace,
 Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for music of the best,
 This must be thought on for the feast.

Mertilla. The nightingale, of birds most choice,
 To do her best shall strain her voice;
 And to this bird to make a set,
 The mavis, merl, and robinet:
 The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
 That make a choir of every bush.
 But for still music, we will keep
 The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
 Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
 The rest into their chambers gone.
 And like those upon ropes that walk
 On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
 The tripping fairy tricks shall play
 The evening of the wedding day.

Claia. But for the bride-bed, what were fit?
 That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaves of roses, white and red,
 Shall be the covering of her bed:
 The curtains, vallens, tester, all
 Shall be the flower imperial;
 And for the fringe, it all along
 With azure harebells shall be hung;
 Of lilies shall the pillows be,
 With down stuff of the butterfly.

Mertilla. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
 Now for our prothalamion,
 Or marriage song—of all the rest,
 A thing that much must grace our feast.
 Let us practise then to sing it
 Ere we before the assembly bring it;
 We in dialogue must do it,
 Then my dainty girls set to it.

Claia. This day must Tita married be;
 Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla. But is it certain that ye say?
 Will she wed the noble Fay?

Cloris. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
 Such as the gods at banquets use:
 Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
 And make proud the posts with posies:
 Shoot your sweets into the air,
 Charge the morning to be fair,

Claia. } For our Tita is this day
Mertilla. } To be married to a Fay.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

[Justin M'Carthy, born in Cork, November, 1830. Novelist and journalist. He is a contributor to the principal English and American magazines and reviews, and is the author of *The Waterdale Neighbours*; *My Enemy's Daughter*; *Lady Judith*; *Con Amore*, a volume of critical essays; *A Fair Saxon*, a political novel; *Modern Leaders*, a series of sketches of sovereigns, statesmen, authors, &c., published in America (1872), where it has obtained much popularity. Mr. M'Carthy having spent several years in the United States, won for himself there extensive reputation as novelist, critic, and lecturer.]

"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, he says there are Fenians no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell! If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!"

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White

Roses; of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege—new, strange, and dear to young lawyers—of wearing the mustache. He it was who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland; and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumours of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, south-western county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatterbox and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the

moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavour of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the "boys" of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighbourhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighbourhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt bold scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!"

"Thru for you, boy!" growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the country is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em!" growled the postillion.

"What nonsense!" laughed Laurence; and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding!" said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic!" was the reply. "Look at our flag!" One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men, I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a

revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "He understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at once," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airy, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men

were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have

tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonour on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honourable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone—

"In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that we have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

"Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honour to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honourable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name?—you will do me the honour of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honoured, I am sure," faltered Lau-

rence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven."

She bowed; one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow, and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!" said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavour to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half-sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature

to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death-sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barry-

more! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green!

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemned to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit he tipp'd like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon;

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling :
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that, even on Lent days,
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty ;
And if ye suppd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine, fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs ;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipped her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the frères
Went out to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good-night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh:
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed :
And hark ! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation !

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one ;
And talks of killing both the frères,
The fat one, and the lean one,

To-morrow by the break of day ;
He orders too, saltpetre,
And pickling-tubs—But, reader, stay !
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Give pigs the name of friars ;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb !
God curse him and his larders !
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he saltpetre friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die !—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly ;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake,
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip, to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation ;
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight,
A thought their fancies tickled :
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down—
Ass-ass-ass-assination!

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly?

Ass—quothe the priest—ass-assins, sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes' house
Of twenty men rode, sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's-house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, "Rascal, hold thy whinyard."

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :—
"And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, "Help! hallo! the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig—but no!
They shall not barbecue me."

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, "Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh!"
Jacquez was comforting the frère
With a good glass of noyau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row; but, waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, "You're a d——'d good fellow."

Explaining lost but little breath :—
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henri Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they'd known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody;
So may my readers too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good-day.

SUMMER EVENING.

It was a lovely summer's loveliest eve,
When she, far lovelier still, her secret told.
The lingering sunset took reluctant leave;
As ray by ray expired in purpling gold,
The very twilight, dying, seemed to grieve
Lest never more such joy it should behold.
All nature slept as if on folded wing,
And silence listened like a charmed thing.

THE CRUSADERS AT ANTIOCH.

BY EDWARD GIBBON.

In the eventful period of the siege and defence of Antioch, the Crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair—either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross—the deliverers of the holy sepulchre—prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished, but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates; the authority of the chiefs was despised; and sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and the possession of Antioch the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months. The desolate country no longer yielded a supply; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of the winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence are always the same, and always disgusting; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat, and fifteen for a lean camel, the Count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. 60,000 horses had been reviewed in the camp; before the end of the siege they were diminished to 2000, and scarcely 200 fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims, and every motive of honour and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs three heroes may be found without fear or reproach: Godfrey of Bouillon

was supported by his magnanimous piety; Bohemond by ambition and interest; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the Count of Toulouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition; the Duke of Normandy was recalled from the sea-shore by the censures of the Church; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France; and Stephen, Count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, Viscount of Melun, surnamed the *Carpenter*, from the weighty strokes of his axe; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life; and the opprobrious epithet of the rope-dancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The Emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succour of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair; oaths and punishments were tried without effect; and to rouse the soldiers to the defence of the walls it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory they were indebted to the same fanaticism which had led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success. St. Ambrose had assured a pious ecclesiastic that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself; the dead had promised to rise and combat with their brethren; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins; and their confidence was relieved by a visible sign—the seasonable and splendid discovery of the HOLY LANCE. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons, and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was

Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council-chamber to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal salvation, will be manifested to his disciples. Search and ye shall find; bear it aloft in battle, and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the Bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain; and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt, and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit; the darkness of the hour and of the place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance; and the first sound, the first gleam of the steel, was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the Crusaders. Their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valour. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skilfully improved this fortunate revolution by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul the gates of Antioch were thrown open; a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a proces-

sion of priests and monks; the battle-array was marshalled in twelve divisions, in honour of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumour of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills. The voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal alms which the Count of Toulouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy and awakened the reason of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamours and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane sceptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry faggots, four feet high and fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp; the flames burned fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed, but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat; he expired the next day; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians; and such is credulity, that miracles most doubtful on the spot and at the moment will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.—*History of the Crusades.*

OLD TIME'S HOLIDAY.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE OF TIME
PLAYING ON A HARP.

[Rev. William Lisle Bowles, born at King's Sutton, 1762; died 1850. Educated at Winchester and Oxford; became vicar of Bremhill, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary. He wrote many poems, and some of his early sonnets were highly esteemed by Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. His chief works are: *St. Michael's Mount: The Battle of the Nile; The Sorrows of Switzerland; The Spirit of Discovery, or the Conquest of the Ocean: The Missionary of the Andes; The Grave of the Last Saxon; St. John in Patmos; Ellen Gray*; &c. &c. He also published an edition of Pope's works, and several volumes on religious subjects. "He has a fine eye for the beautiful and the true; and, although his enthusiasm was tempered, we never miss a cordial sympathy with whatever is pure, noble, and generous."—D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature*.]

Though swift the moments pass along,
To some they scarcely seem to move;
Whilst Fancy sings her eld'n song,
Of Hope, of Joyance, and of Love.

As through a valley far remote I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mould'ring temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
I saw the form of Time: his scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind the tussocks green
Moved, stirring to and fro: the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn;
When, touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent:
Meantime a naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hour-glass at his feet!
Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
A sleeping Infant on the moss was laid,
O'er which a female form her vigils kept,
And watch'd it, softly breathing as it slept.
Then I drew nigh, and to my list'ning ear
Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear:

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing.

"Here, where innocence reposes,
Fairy sylphs, your sports delay;
Then the breath of morning roses
From its bed of bliss convey.

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing."

Hush'd in sweet slumber, its calm eye-lids closed,
One little hand upon its heaving breast,

Amidst the flow'rs a beauteous Child reposed,
And ring-doves murmur'd it to stiller rest.
Unseen, far off, the mutt'ring thunder roll'd;
Unheard, far off, the meteor lightnings play'd;
When all was sunshine here, and clouds, like gold,
Hung, as delaying, o'er the shadowy glade.
I turn'd, and lo! a bevy bright and fair
Come dancing, youths and virgins in a throng.
Heard ye the animated air
Rich tones of pleasure and of hope prolong?

"Golden lads and lasses gay,
Now is life's sweet holiday:
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Then sweeter came, methought with accents clear,
The song, in soft accordance to mine ear.
It said, "O Youth, still joyous on thy way,
Mayst thou be found; now that her purple wing
The morning waves and the fresh woodlands sing.
Nor let cold Wisdom's voice thy heart dismay,
Telling thee Hope and Pleasure last not long;
That Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
And wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
But listen to my mirth-inspiring song:
The shadow'd landscape, and the golden sun,
The skies so pure, the vernal pastures green,
And hills and vales, at distance softer seen,
Invite thee life's glad race secure to run;
Thine every joy the smiling prospect yields—
To-morrow to fresh streams and fairer fields."

As light of heart they pass'd along,
At once the dark Musician changed his song:

"Who, in tender transport lying,
While the gentle wizard sings,
Thinks not of the hour that's flying,
Or the noise of human things?"

I look'd, and saw upon a lake, alone,
Stealing beneath the bank, a little boat
(Upon whose sail the beams of morning shone)
Soft on its shade without a murmur float.
Aërial rocks gleam'd o'er the woods remote:
On all things round there was a silence deep,
Save when at times was heard the turtle's note,
Or distant pipe, or bell of wand'ring sheep.
Upon the bank myrtles and lilies grew,
And spreading woodbine mark'd a sylvan cave,
And sometimes, deck'd with flow'rs of various hue,
The green-ward slope descended to the wave.

And in that boat, with look that witness'd joy
And hope, a beautiful and winged Boy
Sat at the helm, and as the breezes fan'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smiled, and lifted in his hand
A blooming May-thorn, whilst the Wizard sung,
Old Time, as he himself were beautiful and young,
And seem'd with moody joy the fairy sight to hail:

"Bless the hour Endearment gives!
Who on earth's cold climate lives,
But has felt his heart rejoice,
When woman's smile, and woman's voice,
Hath sent, with magical control,
All sweetness to the soften'd soul?

"Oh! Happiness, where art thou found
(If indeed on mortal ground)
But with faithful hearts alone,
That Love and Friendship have made one —
In tenderness and faith sincere,
In affection's sweetest tear!"

It was a livelong holiday;
And in that boat, far from the faithless crowd,
They who true love and mutual trust avow'd,
Pursued in peace their solitary way.
And it was bliss to see the manly youth,
Whose look bespoke sincerity and truth,
Gaze upon her he loved, as he could bless
Th' Almighty Being, in the living light
Of whose warm sun he felt such happiness,
Whilst tears of transport almost dimm'd his sight.
To tenderness and confidence resign'd,
On his protecting bosom she reclined
Her head: and so, beneath the gleamy sail,
They pass'd, amid the summer-shining vale.

Meantime the hoar Musician sings,
Hiding the shadow of his sable wings:—
"Come, and forget the coil of human things!
The sound of many sorrows, that dismay
The shrinking heart of man, here dies away!
Come, pure Endearment, be this moment thine;
Kiss from the lid the tears that rapturous shine,
And let one Spirit of Affection say,
Blest hours, but ah! too transient, could ye stay
Your rapid flight, how sweet were life's long way!"

Now where a gloom of thicker myrtles grew,
The fading vision lessen'd from my view.
As far away the stealing shadows float,
Still ev'ning slowly sheds her umbrage hoar,
One streak of light strays from the parting boat,
And softest sounds die on the distant shore.
I stood like one who, with delighted eyes,
Pursues the noontide rainbow as it flies;
When, from a cloud that sapphire-bright appear'd,
Words, like the sound of waves remote, I heard:

"Mortal, would thy search obtain
True wisdom in a world of pain?
Oh! when all the valleys ring
To music of life's opening spring,
Let not Flattery's syren lay
Lure thy trusting heart astray.
Let Gaiety's glad dance and song
Detain, but not detain thee long.
Love's enchanting visions gleam,
But, ah! they are not what they seem!

Nor yet let sullen Care destroy
Vernal hopes, and summer joy!
Use the present, but not so
That it may lead to years of woe.
Take the joys the Heav'ns impart
With a meek and thankful heart;
And think them, when they steal away,
But as companions of a day.
Love, and youth's delightful spring,
Time shall bear with rapid wing;
But, when Passion's hour is past,
Fidelity and Truth shall last;
Last till life's few sands are run!
And Nature views the sinking Sun!
Nor think that then the parting knell
Sounds o'er the grave a last farewell;
For higher, purer joys remain,
Far beyond yon starry plain;
Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
Where Time and change shall be no more."

I look'd, and saw no more the boat the stream;
Pass'd like the silent pictures of a dream:—
I turn'd to the same spot, where with white beard
That Phantom-Minutrel o'er his harp inclined;
I saw alone his Shadow vast, and heard
The sound of mighty pennons, clanging in the wind!

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.¹

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SHAKESPEARE.

¹ Dr. John Donne has written a song called "The Bait" very similar to the foregoing, but coarse in some of its conceits.

VISIONS—A PHANTASY.

[Ivan Turgeneff, or Turgenev, the most prominent of modern Russian novelists. His principal works, translations of which have appeared in English, French, and other languages, are: *Memoirs of a Sportsman*; *Russian Life in the Interior*; (*Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*); *Fathers and Sons*, considered his masterpiece: it presents a photograph of the characteristics of old and new Russian society; *Lisa*; *Smoke*, &c. The first two works contained such powerful sketches of serfdom that the present Emperor Alexander declared them to be "one of the first incitements to the decrees which gave freedom to thirty millions of serfs." The novelist resided for a number of years at Baden-Baden, and he visited Scotland in 1871 to pay homage to the memory of Scott at the Edinburgh Centenary Banquet.]

For a long time I tried in vain to sleep, and kept tossing from side to side. "The devil take all this nonsense of tipping tables," I said to myself, "it certainly shakes the nerves." At length, however, drowsiness began to get the upper hand.

Suddenly it seemed to me that a harp-string twanged feebly in my chamber. I lifted my head. The moon was low in the sky and shone full in my face; its light lay like a chalk-mark on the carpet. The strange sound was distinctly repeated. I raised myself on my elbow, my heart beat forcibly. A minute passed so—another—then in the distance a cock crowed and a second answered him from yet further.

My head fell back on the pillow. "It comes even to that," I thought, "my ears are fairly ringing."

In a moment more I was asleep, or seemed to myself to be sleeping. I had a singular dream. I thought that I was in my chamber in my own bed, wide awake. Suddenly I hear the noise again. I turn. The moon-beam on the floor begins to waver, to rise, to take shape, stands motionless before me like the white figure of a woman, transparent as mist.

"Who are you?" I ask, trying to retain my composure.

A voice resembling the sighing of the wind among the tree-tops answers me. "It is I—I—I. I am come for you."

"For me? But who are you?"

"Come at nightfall to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood. I will be there."

I wish to see more closely the features of this mysterious being; an involuntary cold shudder runs through me. I find myself not lying, but in a sitting posture on my bed, and where the appearance of the figure was there is a long pale moon-streak on the floor.

I do not know how the next day passed. I tried, I remember, to read and to work a little but could accomplish nothing. Night fell: my heart beat as if I had been expecting some one. I went to bed and turned my face to the wall.

"Why did you not come?" The whisper was plainly audible in the chamber.

Hastily I turned my head.

There was the form again, the mysterious being with fixed eyes in its rigid countenance and an expression of woe.

"Come?" I heard faintly.

"I will come," I answered with uncontrollable terror. The shape wavered, sank into itself like a puff of smoke, and once more it was only the wan moonlight that lay on the smooth floor.

I passed the day in excitement. At tea I nearly emptied a bottle of wine, and for a moment stood hesitating at the open door, but almost immediately turned back and threw myself upon my couch. The blood rushed at fever-speed through my veins.

Again I heard the tones. I shrank, but would not look up. Then suddenly I felt myself tightly clasped by something, and a whisper in my very ear, "Come, come, come!" Trembling with fright I stammered, "I will come," and raised myself upright.

The woman's form was bending over the head of my bed. It smiled slightly, and faded, but not before I had been able to distinguish the features. It seemed to me that I had seen them before; but where—when? It was late when I rose, and I spent almost the whole day in the fresh air, went to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood and regarded it thoroughly. Toward evening I seated myself beside the open window in my study. My housekeeper brought me a cup of tea, but I was unable to taste it. All sorts of thoughts besieged me, and I asked myself seriously whether I was not on the road to madness. It was just after sunset, and not only the sky but the whole atmosphere was suddenly suffused with a supernatural purple light; leaves and weeds, smooth as if freshly varnished, were alike motionless, there was something singular, almost mysterious, in this absolute quiet, this dazzling sharpness of outline, this combination of intense glow with the stillness of death itself. A large gray bird flew noiselessly toward me and settled itself upon the balustrade of my balcony. I looked at it and it looked at me, its head sideways, with its round, dusky eye. "Are you sent to remind me?" I thought.

The bird spread its wings and flew away as silently as it had come. I remained at the window for some time longer absorbed in thought. I seemed to be under a spell, a gentle but irresistible power controlled me, as the boat is swept on by the current long before the cataract is in sight. When I regained possession of myself the glow was gone from the sky, which had grown dark, and the enchanted stillness had ceased. A light breeze had sprung up, the moon rode bright and brighter through the blue expanse, and in her cold light the trees shimmered, half dusk half silver. My old servant entered with a lamp, but the draught from the window extinguished the flame. I waited no longer, thrust my hat on my head and hurried to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood.

Years ago this oak had been struck by lightning; its top was shivered and entirely blasted, but the trunk had still vigour for coming centuries. As I approached, a filmy cloud drew over the moon; blackest shadow lay under the broad branches. At first I was not conscious of anything unusual, but as I glanced to one side my heart throbbed—a white form was standing motionless by a tall sapling between me and the tree. My hair stood on end, but I plucked up courage and walked steadily on.

Yes, it was she, my nightly visitant. As I drew near, the moon shone out in full splendour. The figure seemed woven, as it were, out of a half-transparent milky cloud; through the face I could see a twig that stirred with the wind, only the hair and the eyes were of a somewhat darker colouring, and on one finger of the folded hands I saw the faint glimmer of a narrow ring. I remained standing before it and attempted to speak to it, but my voice died in my throat; although I was not sensible of fear. Its glance was full upon me, the expression was neither of grief nor of gladness, but a rigid, unlife-like attention. I waited to be addressed, but it kept immovable and silent, with its death-like stare fixed on me. Again I felt my self-possession failing.

"I am come," I said at last with a mighty effort. My voice was hollow and unnatural.

"I love you," returned a whisper.

"You love me?" I asked in amazement.

"Give yourself to me," was answered, still in the same tone.

"Give myself to you? You are only a ghost. You have no bodily existence." A peculiar excitement had taken possession of me. "What are you? Smoke—air—vapour? Give myself up to you? First answer me—

who are you? Have you lived on earth? And whence do you now come?"

"Give yourself to me. I will do you no ill. Say but two words: 'take me.'"

I looked at it attentively. "What is it talking about?" I thought. "What does it all mean? How can it take me? Shall I venture?"

"Very good," I answered so that it should hear, with unexpected loudness, indeed, as if some one had hit me from behind, "Take me!"

I had hardly pronounced the syllables when the form bent forward with a smile, so that the features trembled for a moment, and slowly extended its arms. I would fain have drawn back, but found it already out of my power. It twined about me, my body was caught up a yard from the ground, and gently, and not too rapidly, I floated over the still and dewy grass.

My head swam. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, only to open them, however, the next moment. We were still floating upward. But the wood was no longer to be seen. Under us lay a wide plain, flecked here and there with shadow. With horror I realized that we had gained a fearful height.

"I am lost. I am in the devil's clutches," was the thought that shot lightning-like through my brain. Till this moment the idea of demoniacal interference in my undertaking had not occurred to me. We were borne constantly farther, and took our flight higher and higher as it appeared.

"Where are you taking me?" burst from me at length.

"Wherever you will," answered my guide. It clung closer and closer to me, its face almost touching my own. Yet I could not feel the contact.

"Take me back to the earth. This height makes me giddy."

"Good; only shut your eyes and hold your breath."

I followed this counsel and found myself sinking like a stone, the wind fairly whistling through my hair. When I recovered myself we were hovering just above the ground, so that we stirred the tops of the grass blades.

"Put me down," I said, "on my feet, I have had enough of flying. I am no bird."

"I believed it would be pleasant to you. We have no other power."

"We? Who are you, then?"

No answer.

"Can't you tell me anything?"

A woful tone, like that which had wakened me the first night, trembled at my ear. All

this while we had been moving almost imperceptibly through the damp night air.

"Set me down," I repeated. My guide moved quietly aside, and I stood upon my feet. It remained before me again with folded hands. I had regained my composure, and looked closely in its face. There was the same expression of melancholy not human.

"Where are we?" I inquired, for I did not recognize my surroundings.

"You are not far from home, but in a moment you may be there."

"What? Must I trust myself to you again?"

"I have done you no harm and will let none come to you. We can fly till dawn, not later. I can take you wherever you may desire—to the ends of the earth. Resign yourself to me; say once more 'take me.'"

"Then—'take me.'"

Again she clasped me. I was lifted from the ground and we floated in air.

"Whither?" she asked me.

"On, straight on."

"But here are trees."

"Rise above them—only gingerly."

We soared upward, and took once more an onward course. Instead of grass, the tops of the trees waved under our feet. The wood seen from above, presented a singular appearance, with its moon-lighted, prickly back. It was like some monstrous sleeping creature, and the low, steady rustling of the leaves, like measured breath, carried the resemblance yet farther. Now and then we passed above a little clearing, along whose edge a charmingly indented line of shadow lay. Occasionally we heard below us the plaintive cry of a hare, nearer, the hoot of owls rang dolefully; the air was full of wild and piny smells; on all sides the moonlight lay absolute and cold, and high above our heads shone the Pleiades. Speedily we left the wood behind us, and debouched upon a plain through which some stream ran like a ribbon of mist. We flew along its banks over bushes that were still and heavy with dampness. Here the little waves swelled blue on the river, there they rose dark and threatening. Sometimes a fine faint fragrance rose in a wonderful fashion, as if the water were taking life and soul; it was where the water-lilies unfolded their white petals in a maidenly splendour, conscious that no hand could reach them. The whim seized me to gather one of these, and behold me already at the surface of the stream. There was an unpleasant sensation of moisture in my face as I broke the tough stem of a great flower. We flew from shore to shore like the

jack-o'-lanthorns which we saw glittering about us, and which we seemed to chase. At times we hit upon whole families of wild ducks squatting in a circle in a hollow of the reeds, but they did not stir; it was a chance if one or another would withdraw its head from its wing, look about it, and hasten to bury its beak again in the soft down, or make a cackling accompanied by a shake of the whole body. We roused a heron; he emerged from a clump of willows, stretched his legs, spread his clumsy wings, and flapped heavily away. Nowhere did a fish leap in the water, apparently they also slept. I had by this time become accustomed to the sensation of flying, and even began to find it agreeable: every one who has dreamed of flying will understand this. I began to scrutinize the wonderful being who bore me, and whom I had to thank for these incredible experiences.

It had the appearance of a woman with delicate, not Russian, features. Grayish-white, nearly transparent, with scarcely perceptible shading, it reminded me of an alabaster vase, and once more seemed suddenly, strangely familiar to me.

"May I talk to you?" I asked it.

"Speak."

"I see a ring on your finger. You have lived on earth, then, have been married?"

I stopped, but there was no answer.

"What is your name, or rather what was your name?"

"You may call me Ellia."

"Ellis! That is an English name. Are you an Englishwoman? Have you known me before?"

"No."

"Why have you appeared to me then?"

"I love you."

"Well—does this satisfy you?"

"Yes; we are flying and circling together in pure space."

"Ellis!" I cried, "can it be that you are a lost soul?"

My companion's head sank. "I do not understand," she whispered.

"I conjure you in the name of God"—I began.

"What are you saying?" she asked, bewildered. And I fancied that the arm that surrounded me like a chill girdle, trembled slightly.

"Do not fear, my beloved," Ellis said, "do not fear." Her face turned to mine and approached it closely, and I felt a curious sensation on my lips, like the prick of a fine needle.

I looked down. We had again ascended to a tremendous height, and were flying over a large city unknown to me, which was built on the side of a high hill. Church spires rose here and there from the dark mass of roofs and gardens, a bridge arched the river-bend, everything lay in the deepest stillness, bound in sleep. Domes and crosses glimmered faintly in the peaceful light; a gray-white road ran still and straight as an arrow from one end of the city and vanished still and straight in the dim distance among the monotonous fields.

"What is this city?" I asked.

"—sow."

"—sow is in the —schen province, is it not?"

"Yea."

"Then we are a long way from home?"

"For us distance is not."

"Truly?" A sudden recklessness awoke in me. "Take me to South America then."

"To America—there I cannot. There it is day."

"So, we are birds o' night, then, both of us. Well, wherever you can, only let it be right far."

"Shut your eyes and hold your breath," was Ellis's response, and we began to move with the swiftness of a hurricane. With stunning violence the wind rushed past my ears.

We stopped, but the rushing sound did not cease. On the contrary, it increased to a frightful roar, like a thunder peal.

"Now you can open your eyes," Ellis said.

I obeyed. Good Heavens, where am I?

Over the heavy clouds are hurrying across the sky like a herd of angry beasts, and below is another monster, the sea, in wildest rage. White foam is spouting and seething madly, waves tower mountain-high and dash themselves with hoarse fury against a gigantic, pitch-black reef. Everywhere the howling of the tempest, the icy breath of the revolted elements, the hollow roar of the breakers, through which at times I caught something like loud lamentations, distant cannon and the peal of bells; ear-splitting grate and crunch of the chalk cliffs, the sudden cry of an unseen gull, and against the gray horizon the outline of a reeling vessel—everywhere confusion, horror, and death. My head swam, my heart stopped; I closed my eyes anew.

"What is that and where are we?"

"Off the southerly coast of the Isle of Wight, before the Blackgang Rock, where so many vessels are lost," replied Ellis, this time with great distinctness of tone, and, as I fancied, a shade of joyous excitement.

"Take me away—away from here—home."

I shrank into myself and pressed my hands over my eyes. I could feel that we were moving more swiftly than before; already the wind ceased to howl and shriek, it blew evenly in my face, but so strongly that I could hardly breathe.

"Take your foot-hold," I heard Ellis say.

I made a mighty effort to regain my full consciousness and the mastery of myself. I felt the ground beneath my feet, but could hear no more than if everything about me lay dead; only on my own temples the veins throbbed violently, unevenly, and with a little inward ringing; I was still half fainting. But I stood up and opened my eyes.

We were on the bank of my own pond. Straight before me I could see through the slender willow leaves the glassy surface of the water, dappled here and there with mist. On the right was a ryefield in tremulous motion, on the left rose steady and dewy-wet the trees of my garden. The morning had already breathed on them. In the empty gray sky a pair of narrow clouds hung like smoke-wreaths; they were russet, the first faint hint of dawn had reached them, the eye could not distinguish as yet any spot on the wide horizon where the daylight should break. The stars were gone, there was no stir yet in the magical half-light, everything drew consciously to its awakening.

"Morning, morning is here!" Ellis murmured in my ear. "Farewell till to-morrow."

I turned to her. She rose, lightly swaying, from the ground, and lifted both arms above her head. Head, arms, and shoulders were suddenly suffused with a warm, rosy flesh tint, the fire of life glowed in the shadowy eyes, a smile of secret joy played over the scarlet lips, it was a charming woman all at once who stood before me. But almost instantly she sank back as if exhausted, and melted away like mist.

I stood motionless.

When things about me had re-assumed the aspects of ordinary life, I looked round, and it seemed to me as if the rosy glow that had irradiated the form of my shadowy companion had not faded, but still permeated the air and surrounded me on every side. It was the Dawn. An irresistible languor crept over me, and I went to the house. As I was passing the hennery my ear caught the first morning gabble of the young geese (of all winged creatures these are the earliest to stir) and I saw the jackdaws perched on the ridge-pole busily preening their feathers against the milky-coloured sky. From time to time they all flew off simultaneously, and after a short flight settled again silently in their old places.

From the wood at hand sounded twice or thrice the shrill cry of the mountain cock that had alighted in the dewy grass to seek for berries there. With a slight chilliness in my limbs I reached my own bed and sank at once into a profound sleep.

On the following night as I neared the oak-tree, Ellis glided to meet me as toward a familiar friend. Nor did I experience the horror of yesterday in her presence, indeed I was almost glad to see her; I did not even speculate on what might happen, but only desired to be taken to some great distance and to some interesting places.

Ellis placed her arm about me and our flight began.

Our flight was less rapid than usual, and I could follow with my eye the unfamiliar aspect of the familiar ground as it unrolled like an endless panorama before me. Woods, bushes, fields, ravines, streams, occasionally villages and churches; then fields, woods, bushes, and ravines again. I had a feeling of sadness and also of indifference, almost of ennui; but not in the least because it was Russia over which we were taking our flight. No; the earth in and for itself; this flat plain that spread beneath me, the whole planet with its short-lived, helpless races, oppressed with poverty, sickness, and care, chained to a clod of dust; this rough and brittle crust, this sediment upon our planet's fiery core on which a mould is grown that we call by the high-sounding title of the vegetable world; these men-flies, a hundred times less useful than the flies themselves, with their dwellings of clay and the fugitive trace of their little monotonous lives, their eternal strife against the inevitable and the immutable—how it shocked me! My heart beat heavily in my bosom; the desire to contemplate any longer these unmeaning pictures had entirely left me. Yes, it was ennui that I felt, but something sharper than ennui as well. Not once did I feel pity for my fellow-men; every other thought was swallowed up in one that I hardly dare to name; it was loathing, and the profoundest, deepest loathing of all was—for myself.

"O cease," breathed Ellis, "cease your thoughts, else it would be impossible for me to carry you. You are too heavy."

"Home!" I cried to her with the tone in which I had summoned my driver once when at four o'clock in the morning I took leave of the friends at Moscow with whom I had been discussing Russia's future. "Home!" I repeated and closed my eyes.

It was not long till I opened them. Ellis began to nestle against me in a singular way; she nearly stifled me. I turned my eyes upon her and the blood curdled in my veins. Every one will understand me who has ever chanced to catch an expression of extreme terror on a stranger's face without any suspicion of its cause. A transport of horror drew and distorted Ellis's pallid, almost blotted-out features. Never had I seen the like on mortal face; here was a bodiless, nebulous ghost, a shadow, and such rigidity of fear!

"Ellis! What is the matter with you?" I asked at last.

"He! It is he!" With difficulty she brought the words forth.

"He? Who is he?"

"Do not name him, do not name him," Ellis stammered in haste. "We must seek some refuge, else it is all at an end, and forever. Look! There!"

I turned my head to the side where her shuddering finger was pointing, and was conscious of Something—something that was indeed awful to look upon.

This something was the more frightful that it had no decided form. A clumsy, horrible, dark-yellow thing, spotted like a lizard's belly, neither cloud nor smoke, was crawling snake-like over the earth. Its motion was measured, broad-sweeping from above to below and from below to above, like the ill-omened flight of a bird of prey that seeks its booty: from time to time it swooped upon the earth in an indescribable, hideous way; so the spider pounces upon the entrapped fly. Who or what art thou, grewsome Shape? Under its influence—I saw and felt this—everything shrivelled and grew rigid. A foul, pestilential chill spread upward. I felt myself fainting. My sight grew dim, my hair stood on end. It was a Power that was approaching; a power that knows no obstacle, that subjects everything to itself; that, blind and formless and senseless, sees everything, knows everything, controls everything; like a vulture selects its prey, like a snake crushes it and licks it with its deadly tongue.

"Ellis, Ellis," I shrieked like a madman. "That is Death! The very, living Death himself!"

The lamentable sound that I had heard before escaped Ellis's lips, only this time it was far more like a mortal cry of despair; and we flew on. Our flight was singularly and frightfully unsteady; Ellis turned over and over in the air, plunged first in one direction then in the other, like a partridge that.

wounded unto death, still endeavours to distract the dog from her brood. But in the meanwhile long feelers, like extended arms, or rather lassos, had disengaged themselves from the lump, and were stretching out after us with groping movements. And then of a sudden it rose into the gigantic shape of a shrouded figure on a pale horse. It grew, filling the heavens themselves. More agitated, more desperate became Ellis's flight. "He has seen me—it is all over—I am lost," I caught in broken whispers. "O miserable that I am! The opportunity so close! Life within my grasp! and now—nothingness—nothingness!"

I could bear it no longer. Consciousness left me.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back in the grass, and I felt through my body a dull ache as if after a heavy fall. Morning flickered in the sky. I could clearly distinguish my surroundings. Nor far off there was a willow-fringed road that ran beside a birch wood. The region seemed familiar. I began to recall what had happened to me, and could not repress a shudder as I remembered the last awful spectacle.

"But what can have terrified Ellis?" I thought. "Can she be subject to his power? Is she not immortal? How is it possible that she can be doomed to annihilation?"

A low moan sounded not far away. I hastily turned my head in that direction, and there, two paces from me, lay the motionless form of a young woman in a white garment, with thick, unbound hair, and shoulders bared. One arm was over her head, the other had fallen across her bosom, the eyelids were closed, and the tightly-compressed lips were stained slightly with a reddish froth. Could it be Ellis? But Ellis was a ghost, and it was a real woman whom I saw. I crawled over to her and bent above her. "Ellis, is it you?" I cried. The eyelids quivered, slowly uplifted; dark, expressive eyes fixed themselves earnestly on my face, and in the next instant a warm, moist, fragrant mouth was pressed to mine, slender, strong arms clasped themselves round my neck, a hot breath swelled against my own. "Farewell! farewell!" the dying voice said, and everything disappeared.

I staggered to my feet like a drunken man, passed my hand across my forehead, and looked about me. I found myself on the —schen road, two versts from my country-seat. Before I reached home the sun had risen.

For some nights following this I waited, let me confess it, not altogether without fear,

for the return of my companion, but she came no more. One evening, indeed, I stationed myself at the old place, at the old hour, but nothing unusual occurred. After all, I could not regret the end of so singular an intimacy. I pondered much and earnestly upon this inexplicable, incomprehensible experience, and had to come to the conclusion that not only positive science is in no condition to handle it, but that it is out of the range of legends and fairy tales even. Indeed, what was Ellis? A ghost, a wandering soul, an evil spirit, a sylph, a vampire, finally? At times the fancy possessed me that Ellis was in truth a woman whom I had known; and I ransacked my memory to find where I might have seen her before. Hold! a moment more and I have it! But it never came. Everything grew confused like a dream. Yes, I have thought much and, as is very often the case, have arrived at no conclusion. I could not bring myself to ask the advice or the opinion of others, for fear of being taken for a madman. At last I gave up all my gropings; to tell the truth, I had other things to think of. First, the emancipation of the serfs and the equal distribution of lands, &c., intervened; then the condition of my health, that has received a shock; I have a pain in my chest, cough much, and suffer from sleeplessness. I am visibly growing thin. I am as yellow as a mummy. The doctor assures me that I suffer from consumption of the blood, calls my complaint by a Greek name, "*anæmie*," and declares that I must go to Gastein.

GOOD WISHES.

BY P. J. BAILEY.

For every leaf the loveliest flower
Which beauty sighs for from her bower—
For every star a drop of dew—
For every sun a sky of blue—
For every heart a heart as true.

For every tear by pity shed
Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,
Oh! be a crown of glory given;
Such crowns as saints to gain have striven—
Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
A proud, a pure, a deathless name;
For all who love, who loving bless,
Be life one long, kind, close career—
Be life all love, all happiness.

—F. S. S.

THREE BEAUTIES.

A LETTER FROM LADY MARIAN TO LADY GRACE.

How strange it seems, dear Grace, that we
Remain, while Polly's left us;—
Ah, what a force we were, we three,
Who could withstand our coquetry,
Till Time of charms bereft us!

Poor Polly's gone—and that's a sign
Our time is coming fast, love;
And just because the day's decline
Is now a source of much repine,
I talk about the past, love.

Ah me, the morning and the night
Of old just touched hands, gracing
The act with cheer and promise bright;
But now, as if in our despite,
They seem to be embracing.

Three beauties were we;—Harry Hood
Declared upon his honour,
That every time he came he would
Have asked us, but he never could
Say which might bring him *bonheur*.

He could not choose one of the three,
And kindly did not bore us;
So, bolder men won you and me,
And Polly—well, we never see
What fate there is before us.

She was an honest wife, that's plain,
And he—we shall not name him,
Although it goes against the grain
To let him 'scape our just diadain,
We'll let her virtues blame him.

She suffered much and never spoke—
Was always too submissive;
She lingered till her spirit broke,
Then Heaven freed her from the yoke
In this way most decisive.

Peace to her!—of the beauties three,
Two only now remaining,
Our very selves revived I see
In children—sunny buds, while we
Are the old roses waning.

There are we three, as young as when
We laughed at every wooer:
Each gay and lovely and as vain—
Distraction to weak-minded men—
In them, dear Grace, we live again;
God keep them well and pure!

Goodbye, dear, and we must not fret
That time old ties *will* sever;
Our best being done, needs no regret:
Man's value on what's won is set—
God values the endeavour.

JOHN CHALMERS, M.D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[Sir Archibald Alison, D.C.L., born at Kenley, Shropshire, 29th December, 1792; died at Glasgow, 23d May, 1867. Historian and essayist. Called to the Scottish bar in 1814; became sheriff of Lanarkshire in 1828, and was created a baronet by the Derby government in 1852. His chief works are: *The History of Europe; Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*—contributed for the most part to *Blackwood's Magazine; Principles of Criminal Law, &c.* His *History of Europe* is regarded as one of the most remarkable historical works of the century. "Its vigour of research and its manliness of principle, its accurate knowledge and its animation of style, have been the grounds of its remarkable public favour, as they are the guarantee for its permanent popularity."—*Blackwood*.]

Autobiography, when skilfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to become familiar with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations, to discover how they became so great as they afterwards turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesmanlike sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Caesar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there is some doubt whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity afford; and the lasting reputation of Boswell's *Johnson* is mainly to be ascribed to the same cause.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses



THE LADY OF THE LAMP

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

a peculiar charm from the simplicity with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so difficult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader, as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous—if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of himself entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine:—

"At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 16th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."—*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.

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Again the well-known description of the conclusion of his labours:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not disassemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."—*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense; but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object: he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced when the first volume of his History was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his many great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his latter years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to

Mr. Lockhart for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law: on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he had chosen to set about it, he thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philosopher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterwards made a boast of her disgrace; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned *five* of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was, that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what

he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has ever been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the horrors of the 10th August:—“*Je connais bien les grands, mais je ne connais pas les petits.*” He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, render them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and labouring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park. at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness; now striving from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate

Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety, joined to the simplicity and candour of the confessions, which constitutes the very charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goethe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was of a more domestic kind; it was characterized more by the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goethe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childishness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature-comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse, to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose, in a great measure, from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few friends in the quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goethe

thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshipped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than vanity; and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

The *Life of Lord Byron* which Moore has published leaves no room for doubt, that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the passions, that he had forgot in what light they are viewed by the generality of men; he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible does their applause become, in the progress of time, when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum? Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch*? Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of abandon to his devout worshipper. It is not going too far to say, that it is among the most popular books in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they contain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's

hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing, and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however interesting to those who heard it, especially for the first time, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity, with inimitable fidelity, all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would, in every case, reveal no more weakness or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. But being aware of all this, we

were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors of mankind. From the days of Milton, whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalized his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy of his private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labours of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read Disraeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most

flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine, and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterized. We may regret that it is so; we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers who, to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the delicacy of the grayhound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

THE SIMMER GLOAMIN'.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
The dew begins to fa',
The patricks down the rushy howm
Set up their e'ening ca';
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, fleeting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends his lay,
The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,
To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honey-suckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNABILL.

THE MERRY HEART.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half-inclined
To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

LEGEND OF THE GREAT PLANE-TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

[Right Hon. Sir Francis Bond Head, P.C., K.C.H., and Knight of the Prussian military Order of Merit, born at Hermitage, near Rochester, 1st January, 1793. He served with the Royal Engineers at Waterloo, and under the Prussian General Ziethen at Fleurus. In 1825 he took charge of an association for working the gold and silver mines of Rio de la Plata. A ride of six thousand miles supplied the materials for his *Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas* (1826). He was next appointed assistant-commissioner of poor-law for Kent, and then Governor of Upper Canada, where he suppressed an internal rebellion, and repelled an invasion of "sympathisers" from the United States. For this important service, amongst other honours conferred upon him, he was created a baronet in 1838; and in 1867 he was made a privy-councillor. His chief works are: *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau* (from which we quote); *Life of Bruce: The Emigrant; A Faggot of French Sticks; A Fortnight in Ireland; Stokers and Pokers; Descriptive Essays; The Horse and his Rider; The Royal Engineer; Narrative of his Administration in Upper Canada*; &c. He has been awarded £100 a year in recognition of his services to literature.]

What more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein was an immense plane-tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose easy dishabille, were spinning; many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding; and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every little village there exists a huge volume, either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the *Schultheisz*, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight; the old man reflects upon it with silent pride; and to any traveller searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple

information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I must acknowledge, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume the *rigmarole* history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of high-born sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I venture to submit the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff: he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "Haus-frau" (wife) died, and the count buried the companion of his days: his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then, solitary and alone, he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted, upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through

them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armour, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

"Where art thou," he mournfully exclaimed, "thou who art banished? O my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or . . . art thou dead? and is that thy fitting spirit which rustles in my armour, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee! I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!"

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane-tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane-tree, neighbours," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man.

"Many years ago there came a young man here in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some

secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling than he was seized by the prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane-tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared she had this plane-tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed; since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossom, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old count, and departed.

"That is an odd man!" said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbours, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm. I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms; let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbours went their way, while the aged count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings, give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path, which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly, grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear bright stones harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless

thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look! yonder he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable-end peeps between the trees; come with us, stranger-man; our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl; "then we always have the best dishes; therefore do come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprang backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger; and thus slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark as the pilgrim entered; at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry away the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman, thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear).

"Counsel may here be had," said the count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will

some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No; you will also go!" said the boy, warmly; "how beautiful is it to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labour," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honours that you can promise the boy; he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives. Knights sit in their castles, and know not how much labour, yet how much blessing and peace, can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow: alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbour of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day; and when I pity him, he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy!' Yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul. I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged gray father; and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now"—

At this minute the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forgot myself."

In deep meditation the aged count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the count, said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! my father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear: the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!" The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

"Right so, my boy!" said the aged man; but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains?"

"Yes! that he does; and the neighbours

praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn."

In the midst of this conversation the father entered; his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

"You have had again a hot labouring day."

"Yes," said the man; "but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest labourer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day."

"Our father is without!" cried suddenly the boy, threw the hunter's spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

"Good evening, father!" cried the boy; "come quick into the room—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you!"

"Ah! there you have done well," said the father; "one must not allow one tired to pass one's gate without inviting him in. Dear wife!" continued he, "does not labour well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

"Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!"

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half dark: the children sat upon their father's knees.

"Relate to us something, father, as usual," said the boy.

"That won't do to-day," replied the father; "for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter's spear do there? have you been again playing with it? Carry it away into the corner."

"You have there," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned huntsman in this valley; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine-labourer; "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use . . . formerly . . . but, aged sir, we will not think of the past. Wife! bring to the reverend"—

At this minute the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-labourer, as I am," said the father; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him—hot and haaty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honourable. Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one by a cheerful glass. If he did but see thee—thee—child of the best and most affectionate mother, on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age; in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again; but!"

"What dost thou say there?" said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; "explain that more fully to me."

"Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father; but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative. I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history."

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly; SPEAK! who art thou?"

"What connection hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim; "I must know thy history."

"Well," replied he, "let it be! I was not born a vine-labourer—a noble stem has engendered me, but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness; my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honour, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he!"

The pilgrim suddenly rose, and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-labourer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this moment the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-labourer the aged count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbour of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms; but, as an honourable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labour degrades man, or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

I love, and have some cause to love, the Earth:
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food.
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me.
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonic notes delight me.
But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee?

I love the Sea: she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor—she provides me store;
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the Ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye—
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heaven, great God, compared with Thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1685).

EDWIN THE FAIR.¹

[Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., born at Bishop Middleham, Durham, 18th October, 1800. Dramatic poet and essayist. He spent some years in the Colonial Office. His works are: *Isaac Comenau*, a play, 1837—the character of Isaac is remarkable for its singularly forcible expression of satirical humour and pathetic grandeur; *Philip Van Artevelde*, a dramatic romance, 1834. *The Statesman*, 1836; *Edwin the Fair*, a drama, 1842; *Notes from Life*, 1847; *Notes from Books*, 1848; *A Sicilian Summer*, 1850, and *St. Clement's Eve*. The story of the unfortunate love of Edwin and Elgiva is told in *Edwin the Fair*, in which the fanatic monk Dunstan plays the part of evil genius. "This is a dramatic poem full of life and beauty, thronged with picturesque groups, and with characters profoundly discriminated. They converse in language the most chaste, harmonious, and energetic."—Sir James Stephen in the *Edinburgh Review*. We have selected two scenes from this poem, the wooing of Edwin and Elgiva, and the attempt of Dunstan to secure the abdication of the imprisoned king, who is happily rescued by his friends.]

SCENE.—Chamber in the Palace.

ELGIVA and ETHELDA.

Elgiva. How is it I find favour in the sight
Of the Queen Mother, and so suddenly?
When I was last at court no word she spake
Of welcome by herself, the King, or thee.
Whence is the change?

Ethilda. I know not; but I know
That but one change in thee would work in us
All love that thou couldst wish. O sweet Elgiva,
Restore thyself to God in his true church,
And stray not in that howling wilderness
Where never is the voice of gladness heard,
Of bridegroom nor of bride.

Elgiva. My royal cousin,
Tis thou that strayest in that wilderness.

¹ "Even when Anglo-Saxon history was less read and otherwise understood than it is now, some interest was always felt in the reign of Edwin the Fair. There was left to us little more than the outline of a tragic story; in some parts, indeed, even less—for here and there the outline itself is broken and wavering; but the little that was known was romantic enough to have impressed itself upon the popular mind, and the tale of 'Edwy and Elgiva' had been current in the nursery long before it came to be studied as an historical question. . . .

"The growing influence and uncompromising spirit of the monastic orders had been regarded by successive Kings, sometimes with favour, and sometimes with jealousy and fear; and according as one side or the other was uppermost, Seculars were ejected from their benefices and monasteries established; or Monks were ejected from the monasteries and Seculars restored. But upon the whole, the fanatical party had been gaining ground for more than a century; and in the reign immediately preceding that of Edwin monasteries had been multiplied throughout the land."—*Author's Preface*.

Except amongst the monks, I know not where
The voice is silenced of the bride and bridegroom.
I pray you be not factious for the monks.
Ask Athulf—ask my brother. Have you seen him?
He came but yesterday.

Ethilda. I saw him not.

Elgiva. Oh he is bright and jocund as the morn,
And there is not on earth that wilderness
Which he could not reclaim, and in its wastes
Detect the springs of fruitfulness and joy.

Ethilda. When last I saw him—ere he went to the west,

I was almost a child; but I remember
How wild he was with pleasantness and mirth.
I was gay then, although I seem'd not so
Beside his bounding spirit. Is he now
Of the same temper?

Elgiva. Not so thoughtless now,
And more in broken lights; but nature still
Predominates, whose revels in his heart
Hardly can care suspend.

Enter EDWIN.

Edwin. Oh this is kind!
You know not, my fair cousin, what a cloud
Came over all the court when you were gone;
It was as dreary as a city churchyard.
Now we shall smile again.

Enter an Usher.

Usher. Her Majesty
Prepares for her devotions, and bade say
She waits the Princess.

Ethilda. For this night adieu.

[*Exit.*

Elgiva. Adieu, good night, sweet kind *Ethilda*!

[*Exit.*

Edwin. Yes;
Kind is she always; she is kind to stay
Ever, when you are absent, by my side,
And also kind to go when you are here.

Elgiva. Your Majesty . . .

Edwin. We are alone, *Elgiva*;
Oh how I hate my title in your mouth,
Whence every other utterance is a charm.
Rather than speak as in the audience-chamber,
Let us be children once again, to rove
O'er hill, through vale, with interlacing arms,
And thrid the thickets where wild roses grow
Entangled with each other like ourselves.
Can you and will you those sweet days remember,
And strive to bring them back?

Elgiva. Those days—Oh *Edwin*!
Can I remember? when can I forget them?
When flowers forget to blow and birds to sing,
And clouds to kindle in the May-day dawn,
And every spring-tide sight and sound shall cease.
Or cease for me, then too for me shall cease
The sweet remembrance of the tender joys,
The smiles, the tears of those delightful days.

Edwin. And can they not repeat themselves? Again
Let us, though grown, be children in our hearts.
Then with the freedom and the innocence
Which led our childish steps we'll wander on
Through after life, but with a fuller joy.
Let recollections of the past, if sweet,
Plead sweetly for the present.

Elgiva. Edwin, Edwin!
You are a King.

Edwin. Now, see! I've summon'd up,
Like a magician whose strong spell evokes
A beautiful spirit, the spirit of the past,
And bid it speak and prophecy and plead;
And lo! it nothing answers but the words
The herald spoke when o'er my father's grave
He brake his wand of office. I am a King,
But may not Kings be happy? Nor not love?

Elgiva. Oh they are most unfortunate in that!
For when their hearts would rise from earth to heaven,
Leaving low aims, which can but be through love,
Then strangers intermeddle with their joy.
And strangers such as those that thee surround
Are opposites to joy and love not more
Than they are to all monarchy malignant.
The monks are enemies that Kings may fear,
Though of the bravest, and my father's house
Is hateful in their sight.

Edwin. Nay, talk not of them;
I loathe this monkery, and if I live
Will root it from my realm.

Elgiva. Oh that you may!
And ears not few and many a gallant thane
Would gladly in that cause their hearts' best blood
Pour out like water. Athulf is but one,
Yet if you knew him is he many's worth.

Edwin. If more of him I know not, yet that much
I amply know. Then surely with his aid
We may defy the monks, or better still
We may forget them, ay forget the world,
Its cares, its kingdoms, and unbank the hours
To that soft overflow which bids the heart
Yield increase of delight. Beloved *Elgiva*,
Thy beauty o'er the earth a passion breathes
Which softly sweeping through me, brings one tone
From all this plural being, as the wind
From yonder sycamore, whose thousand leaves
With lavish play to one soft music moved
Tremble and sigh together.

Elgiva. What a charm
The neighbouring grove to this lone chamber lends!
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it, that standing in this compass'd window
The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
That hides the arbour, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky.
But hark! what strain is this? No blackbird's song,
Nor sighing of the sycamore!

Edwin. Some friend,
As if the key-note of our hearts divining,
Accordant music ministers. Hist! Hist!

(*A Song from without.*)

God speed thee, false day,
With thy gauds and thy splendour;
Thy glare frights away
All that's truthful and tender

Give place then above
To the star that of old
Lit the glances of Love
When his secret was told.

Eligiva. It dies away.

Edwin. It is but distant more.

(*Song resumed.*)

On the bosom of night
Lie the tresses of truth,
But its moments take flight
With the light steps of youth.

Make the most of the least,
For too soon comes the warning,
When announced in the east
Is the gray-headed morning.

Edwin. Come, follow it; but stop—let me leap down
And help you from the window-sill. So quick!
If you are light of foot as Atalanta,
You ought like her to give your Love the start.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter the QUEEN MOTHER and DUNSTAN from opposite sides.

Queen Mother. So, well—so, well. It may be so, my lord;

But mercy on my soul! if she should prosper!

Dunstan. To bed, to bed; 'tis late.

Queen Mother. But if she should!

Dunstan. The sky is clear; the air is still; the blue
Of yonder firmament is pure and soft.
God rules the night. Saw'st thou the falling star?

SCENE.—*A Chamber in the Tower.*

DUNSTAN and EDWIN (a prisoner).

Dunstan. How does your grace?

Edwin. What need for you to ask?
Let me remind you of an antique verse:

What sent the messengers to hell
Was asking what they knew full well.

You know that I am ill and very weak.

Dunstan. You do not answer with a weaken'd wit.
Is there offence in this my visitation?
If so, I leave you.

Edwin. Yes, there is offence.
And yet I would not you should go. Offence
Is better than this blank of solitude.
I am so weary of no company
That I could almost welcome to these walls
The devil and his angels. You may stay.

Dunstan. What makes you weak? Do you not like
your food,
Or have you not enough?

Edwin. Enough is brought;
But he that brings it drops what seems to say
That it is mix'd with poison—some slow drug;
So that I scarce dare eat and hunger always.

Dunstan. Your food is poison'd by your own suspi-
cions.

'Tis your own fault. Though Gurmo's seal is great,
It is impossible he should so exceed
As to put poison in your food.—I think
But thus it is with Kings; suspicions haunt
And dangers press around them all their days;
Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

Edwin. This homily you should read to prosperous
kings;

It is not needed for a king like me,

Dunstan. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous
king!

'Twas not long since that thou didst seem to prosper,
And then I warn'd thee; and with what event
Thou knowest; for thy heart was high in pride.
A hope that, like Salomé, danced before thee
Did ask my head. But I reproach thee not.
Much rather would I, seeing thee abased,
Lift up thy mind to wisdom.

Edwin. Heretofore
It was not in my thoughts to take thy head;
But should I reign again . . . Come then, this wisdom
That thou wouldst teach me; harmless as the dove
I have been whilome; let me now, though late,
Learn from the serpent.

Dunstan. To thy credulous ears
The world, or what is to a king the world,
The triflers of thy court, have imaged me
As cruel and insensible to joy,
Austere and ignorant of all delights
That arts can minister. Far from the truth
They wander who say thus. I but denounce
Loves on a throne and pleasures out of place.
I am not old; not twenty years have fled
Since I was young as thou; and in my youth
I was not by those pleasures unapproach'd
Which youth converses with.

Edwin. No! wast thou not?
How came they in thy sight?

Dunstan. When Satan first
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape:
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind
When Greece or Rome uprear'd with Pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polish'd and exuberant grace,
And mien whose dimpled changefulness betray'd
Through jocund hues the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
With female pipe and melodies that thrill'd
The soften'd soul, of mild voluptuous ease
And tender sports that chased the kindling hour
In odorous gardens or on terraces

To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten
Or warm winds kiss'd, whilst we from shine to shade
Rov'd unregarded. Yea, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had call'd
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoin'd upon me,—had I not been vow'd
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have own'd it for an angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childlikeness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine
From God or man, what voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

Edwin. What voice? My kingdom's voice—my
people's cry,
Whom ye devour—the wail of shepherds true
Over their flocks,—those godly, kindly priests
That love my people and love me withal—
Their voice requires me, and the voice of kings
Who died with honour and who live in me,
The voice of Egbert, Ethelbert, and Alfred.
What wouldst thou more? the voice of kings unborn
To whom my sceptre and my blood descends—
A thousand voices call me.

Dunstan. Sir, not so;
The voices of this people and those kings
Call on Prince Edgar, not on thee, to reign.
There is a voice calls thee, but not to reign,
The voice of her thou fain wouldst take to wife;
An excommunicated wretch she is
Ev'n now, and if thy lust of kingly power
Outbid thine other lusts, and starken thee
In grasping of that shadow of a sceptre
That still is left thee, 'tis a dying voice.
For know—unless thou by an instant act
Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.
The deed is ready, to which thy name affix'd
Discharges from restraint both her and thee.
Say wilt thou sign?

Edwin. I will not.

Dunstan. Be advised.
What hast thou to surrender? I look round;
This chamber is thy palace, court, and realm.
I do not see the crown. Where is it hidden?
Is that thy throne? why 'tis a base joint-stool;
Or this thy sceptre? 'tis an ashen stick
Notch'd with the days of thy captivity.
Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,
Should hardly hold thee long; nay, I myself,
That love not ladies greatly, would give these
To ran-on whom I loved.

Edwin. If all I have
Be nothing worth, why ask'st thou me to give it?
I trust thee not. I deem myself a king.
But let me go at large, and knowing then

How stands my realm, what's lost and what remains,
I'll answer thee.

Dunstan. Now, now, I bid thee answer:
Anon I bring the parchment that redeems
Another and thyself, both from captivity,
And one from worse. I bid thee be prepared. *[Exit.]*

Edwin. Elgiva! for thy ransom life were little,
A kingdom in itself of no account.
But oh! an abject and unkingly act
Done by a king, and, as his foes will say,
To save himself in his extremity,—
This is a purchase thou thyself wilt scorn,
Although thyself the rescued. Yet, oh! yet . . .
What step is this?

Enter EMMA.

Emma. My lord, the Abbot comes,
And I am here at peril of my life . . .
This from Earl Leolf . . . it says the Queen is safe . . .
No more or I am lost . . . Earl Athulf . . . nay . . .
[Exit.]

Edwin (after reading the letter). Farewell, then, loved
Elgiva! I shall die,
As now I may, with honour from mankind,
And no one in thine ear shall dare to breathe
A defamation of my kingly name.
They shall not say but that I died a king,
And like a king in my regalities.

Re-enter DUNSTAN (holding a scroll).

Dunstan. Thy signature to this.

Edwin. I will not sign.

Dunstan. Thou wilt not! Wilt thou that thy mistress
die!

Edwin. Insulting Abbot! she is not my mistress;
She is my wife, my Queen.

Dunstan. Predestinate pair!
He knoweth who is the searcher of our hearts,
That I was ever backward to take life,
Albeit at His command. Still have I striven
To put aside that service, seeking still
All ways and shifts that wit of man could scheme
To spare the cutting off your wretched souls
In unrepented sin. But tendering here
Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,
The sentence that deliverest.

Edwin. Our lives
Are in God's hands.

Dunstan. So, liar, miscreant, no!
God puts them into mine! and may my soul
In tortures howl away eternity
If ever again it yield to that false fear
That turn'd me from the shedding of thy blood!
Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!
Thou delicate Agag, I will spill thy blood!
Ho, Gurmo! . . . I have sinned like Saul . . . What, ho!
Gurmo, I say . . . The sword of Samul . . . ho!

Enter GURMO.

Thou knowest thine office. Let me see thee soon. *[Exit.]*

Gurno (falling on his knees). Mercy, my lord! I pray your grace to spare me.

Edwin. Mercy for thee; what mercy canst thou show?

Yet thou art but another senseless weapon,
And if thou needst must do thy bloody work,
Strike; I forgive thee.

Gurno. Gracious lord, not I.

Edwin. Then I may have some minutes more to live;
But if thou falter, soon will the Abbot find
A readier hand.

Gurno. He knows not what I know.

Edwin. What dost thou know?

Gurno. Hark! hear you not, my lord?

Trumpets and shouts! Anon they storm the Tower.

Edwin. 'Tis Athulf's cry! the guards are gone! 'Tis he!

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

BY EDWARD KING.

Mr. Henry Stanley, the courageous searcher after and finder of Livingstone, must have had in large degree the feeling of limitless life, of unbounded capacity for effort, such as only youth can feel, when, after a long journey through Lower Egypt to Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea, across the Caspian, down to Persepolis, to Bagdad, to India, and thence to Zanzibar, he paused on the borders of that mystic continent whose inhabitants wear the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and reflected that he had two dread foes to encounter—African fever and African ignorance.

Mr. Stanley resolutely refuses to take to himself the credit of originating the Livingstone expedition. On the contrary, he has told you all how a sudden telegram called him from Madrid to Paris, and how, when he reached the Grand Hotel late at night, he encountered young Mr. Bennett, who commanded him to complete a long and arduous series of travels by penetrating to Central Africa and finding Livingstone. Even the announcement of Mr. Stanley that Burton and Speke's journey into the great unknown land cost between £3000 and £5000 did not deter Mr. Bennett from his purpose—the only answer was explicit—

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; but FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

Mr. Stanley did not hesitate. His previous education and training in the school of journalism had accustomed him to rigorous obediences; and as he had done when the elder Bennett gave him ten minutes in which to consider whether or not he would accept the mission to Abyssinia, so now he simply drew a long breath, and agreed to find Livingstone living or Livingstone's bones dead.

A little less than a year after his interview with young Mr. Bennett at the Grand Hotel, Mr. Stanley sailed from Bombay in the barque *Polly*, and after a slow voyage of thirty-seven days arrived at Mauritius. During the voyage he became acquainted with the first mate, a Scotchman named William Lawrence Farquhar, and engaged him as a member of the expedition into Africa. He had also brought with him a Christian Arab boy of Jerusalem, named Selim, who was to act as interpreter; and the adventurous little party reached Zanzibar, via the Mauritius, January 6th, 1871.

Here was their last resting-place before the object of their expedition should be accomplished. In the early dawn of a glorious day they sailed through the channel which separates Zanzibar from Africa, and the highlands of the continent loomed up in ghastly prominence. Zanzibar itself gradually unfolded its low coast, over which the sap-green water ever rolled with low moaning, and presently a dense mass of white flat-topped houses came into view. Above many of them streamed the well-known banners of many foreign powers, denoting hospitable consulates; and the American consul welcomed the weary travellers to his commodious home. A brief repose, and the work began.

Mr. Stanley says that a day's sojourn in Zanzibar convinced him how little he knew respecting African people and things. All the estimates of expense, of pleasure, or of pain, which he had based upon copious studies in books of African travel, during the long voyages, were ridiculous. His brain was confused in vain efforts to distinguish one new type of nationality from another, one hard dialect from another still harder to master; and as he wandered through the crooked and narrow lanes, bordered with white-washed and ill-smelling rookeries, he for the first time began to appreciate the grave difficulties of his mission.

But here at Zanzibar, which is in a measure the Bagdad, the Ispahan, the Stamboul of East Africa—the great mart to which come the ivory, the gum copal, the hides, the orchilla, the timber, and the slaves from the

African interior, must the outfit of the caravan with which Stanley was to find Livingstone—nay, the very persons to receive the outfit, be sought. Here everything must be purchased; here he might be compelled to wait months before he could accumulate the necessary supplies. And here he was compelled to encounter two types of the genus trader, who excel in sharpness at a bargain the most exaggerated specimens ever known in America—the Banyan and the Muscat Arab. The Banyan exercises the most powerful influence upon the trade of Central Africa. He is an usurer of the worst class, a swindler, and a thief; but to his pockets money flows as naturally as water down a steep. The Arab is adventurous and shrewd; will undertake the most difficult and dangerous journeys into the centre of Africa after ivory and slaves; is usually of prepossessing appearance and manners, and easily dominates the simple tribes of the interior. Mr. Stanley had ample chance to learn all the pet meannesses of these traders ere he had completed his outfit.

A few days sped rapidly away, and Mr. Stanley had made no progress toward the one item of knowledge next his heart—had Livingstone latterly been heard from? Although he was anxious to conceal from the majority of the foreign residents at Zanzibar the real object of his mission, he finally felt impelled to ask Dr. Kirk, the British consul at Zanzibar, where he thought the great traveller was.

Dr. Kirk answered that Livingstone might be dead; that nothing had been heard from him for more than two years; and that there was even then a small expedition at Bagamoyo preparing to go in search of him.

Next day he began to organize the expedition. He must have more than an hundred men for a year, and immense stores of cotton sheeting, brass wire, and beads, which take the place of specie among barbarous tribes who have never heard of money, and who are perpetually at war with each other. Not a white man in Zanzibar could tell him how to equip his caravan; so he was compelled to ask an Arab merchant for details. Sheikh Hassid, a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar, came to his aid. From him Mr. Stanley learned that with forty yards of cloth daily food for one hundred men could be purchased along the route; the quantity that would be necessary for an absence of one or two years; the qualities and textures preferred or expected by the different tribes; and the white, black, brown, yellow, red, and green beads considered most acceptable. This question of currency

was of the greatest difficulty. It was precisely as if one who contemplated a trip in Europe were compelled before leaving America to calculate exactly how many days it would take him to travel through France, how many through Prussia, Austria, Russia, etc.; and then to reckon, in the currency of each country, how much expense he should incur each day. Then this currency, which was of tremendous bulk, was to be transported on the shoulders of men for hundreds of miles, and was likely at any time to be swooped down upon by the chieftain of some thievish tribe. Mr. Stanley purchased supplies of currency for a two years' journey, and packed them in the capacious store-room of the American consulate. He had obtained the main sinews of war. Next arose a huge catalogue of provisions, cooking utensils, boats, ropes, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tan, needles, tools, ammunition and guns, equipments, hatchets, bedding, presents for chiefs, —and men! While Stanley was driven half mad by the haggling of steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, and Arabs, in the crooked markets of Zanzibar, another sailor, an Englishman named Shaw, joined his expedition, and Shaw and Farquhar were made the two lieutenants of the caravan. Men who were familiar with the route toward Ujiji were next necessary, and Mr. Stanley was fortunate in securing the services of a number who had formerly been the servants of Speke and Grant. Six of these men wore medals awarded them for having aided in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," and all were duly furnished with guns and clothing. Bombay, the captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" or soldiers, and declared himself responsible for their conduct. Mr. Stanley's heart gladdened as he saw a fine-looking body of black men march into his head-quarters one day, and place themselves at his disposition. Each man was engaged for thirty-six dollars per year, and provided with a flint-lock musket, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, knife, hatchet, and powder and ball for two hundred rounds. A large boat capable of carrying twenty men, and a smaller one to hold six, were procured, Stanley not wishing to be subject to the capricious insolence of any African chief whenever a river was to be ferried. Only the timbers and thwarts of the boats, covered with well tarred canvas, were carried. Stanley's English assistants showed themselves deft workmen; and when the last purchase was made, a pile of material weighing six tons had been accumulated at the American consulate

in Zanzibar. Twenty-eight days after Mr. Stanley's arrival on the island, the equipment and organization of the "*New York Herald Expedition*" was complete; and after a visit to the sultan of the island, the reception of letters of introduction to officers and Arab merchants along the route, and presents of fine-blooded horses from the American merchants on the island, the expedition was ready to sail for the mainland, and for the dangers which lurked along the savage road.

Four clumsy crafts, called dhows, were anchored before the American consulate. Into one were lifted Mr. Stanley's two new horses, into two others the donkeys, and into the fourth the black escort and the bulky moneys of the expedition. Cheered by the foreign residents of the strange little island, which during his brief sojourn there Mr. Stanley had learned almost to love, the fleet set sail for Bagamoyo on the mainland. A sinuous line of green verdure, looming in a northerly direction to the sublimity of a mountain chain, greeted the traveller's eyes as Zanzibar, with its groves of cocoa-nut, mango, clove, and cinnamon, and its sentinel adjacent islets, faded from view. The distance from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo is only about twenty-five miles, yet it took the dull and lazy dhows ten hours before they dropped anchor on the top of the coral reef, plainly visible a few feet above the surface of the water, within a hundred yards of the beach.

Stanley's black soldiers celebrated their arrival on the mainland by repeated salvoes from their muskets to the mixed crowds of Arabs, Banyans, and Wasawahili who stood on the beach to welcome the "white master," and who greeted him most cordially. Every one cried out, "Yambo, Bana?"—(How are you, master); and Jemedar Esau, the commander of the local forces, gave material aid in the debarkation. Mr. Stanley was also greeted by a French Jesuit, who was in charge of a missionary post at Bagamoyo, and who afterward gave him many a good dinner and bottle of Burgundy in these African wilds. Nay, this good Jesuit even furnished the bottle of champagne which Stanley afterwards cracked with Livingstone on that memorable day when he came upon the "old man dressed in faded blue." In the gaily-lighted rooms of the mission village the young explorer, while remaining at Bagamoyo to perfect the equipment of his caravan, passed many a joyful evening; but the contrast was painful when he plunged from the light and cheer into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened

only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant howl of the hyena. Each morning brought fresh vexations; the native population of Bagamoyo had a supreme affection for the *Herald* donkeys, and stole them oftener than was convenient.

The expedition was hindered for some time at Bagamoyo by the knavishness of one of the native dignitaries who had formerly been employed by Burton and Speke, and who showed a real genius for procrastination in procuring the hundred and forty *pagazis*, or carriers of the goods which had been accumulated at Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley had numerous reasons for wishing to start on the march inland as speedily as possible. He desired to cross the sickly maritime region before the fever which was certain to come had seized firmly upon him; and he had learned that the original Livingstone caravan, which Dr. Kirk had despatched with supplies for Livingstone from Zanzibar, was about to proceed on its way, after having lain for one hundred days at Bagamoyo. The rainy season was also near at hand, and that meant a delay of forty days. Fifteen days passed by, and the *pagazis* promised by Ali-bin-Salim came not!

Meantime the soldiers and the porters whom Stanley had brought with him from Zanzibar, occupied themselves with the repacking of the cloth which was to serve as money. They cut a *doti*, or four yards, of Merikani (American cotton), ordinarily sold at Zanzibar for 2 dols. 75 cents for the piece of thirty yards, and spread it out. Then they took a piece, or bolt, of good Merikani, and instead of the double fold given it by the Nashua and Salem mills, they folded it into three parts, by which the folds had the breadth of a foot. This piece formed the first layer, and weighed about nine pounds; then came six other layers of various kinds of cottons, each bale or bundle weighing in all about seventy-two pounds. The cloth was then folded singly over these layers, each corner tied to another. The bale was next beaten down securely with a wooden mallet, and tied up with extreme nicety, so that when completed it was a solid mass three feet and a half long, a foot deep, and a foot wide. Of these bales the caravan had to convey eighty-two to Unyanyembe, many of which were to serve in payment of tribute to chieftains, and in the hiring of new carriers and soldiers for journeys beyond Ujiji. When the fifteen days which Mr. Stanley had believed would be the limit of his stay in Bagamoyo had expired, the wily Ali-bin-Salim failed to come to time with his soldiers and carriers; and a vexatious

delay occurred in obtaining fresh letters of introduction from Zanzibar, and in quarrelling with new knaves, until soldiers and carriers enough to start the first section of the caravan were secured. On making an estimate of the time of starting this branch of his expedition on the road to Unyanyembe, Mr. Stanley discovered that the cost of the carriage of the goods throughout the journey would considerably exceed the original cost of the goods themselves. The question of tribute was also very grave. The chiefs, it was found, would only be contented with costly stuffs, and Mr. Stanley made up his mind that African travel was as expensive as the dearest roystering along the well-worn routes from one European capital to another.

When at last the preparations were complete, and during these tedious months of hard labour, four caravans had been despatched by the commander of the *Herald* forces into the interior. Mr. Stanley headed the fifth and last detachment himself; and on the 21st of March, 1871, exactly seventy-three days after his arrival at Zanzibar, left the blue ocean behind him, and turned his back on civilization and his face toward Livingstone. The American flag was unfurled; the *Kirangozi* who upheld it stepped out majestically at the head of the little procession; twelve soldiers under Captain Marak Bombay, who had many times before made the journey, came next, in charge of seventeen donkeys and their loads; Selim, the boy-interpreter, proudly drove a little donkey-cart; the cook, tailor, and man-of-all-work followed leading the gray horse; the Englishman Shaw, rear-guard and overseer, was next, striding a donkey; and lastly, riding his bay horse, came the "Bana Mkuba," the "big master," the controller of the expedition. The little procession left the village of Bagamoyo at early morn, and defiled up a narrow lane shaded almost to twilight by the dense umbrage of two parallel hedges of mimosas. The soldiers sang loud and rude psalms of joy, and the little caravan sped briskly onward among the fertile fields, the luxurious vegetation, and the strange thickets from which constantly came the sibilant sound of innumerable insects. Naked men and women were tranquilly delving in the fields, as stolidly pursuing their daily tasks as would so many German or French peasants.

Beyond the Kingani river there were lawns and swards; here and there the road led through a grove of young ebony-trees, where the guinea-fowl and hartebeest were seen, or led up and down a succession of land-waves

crested by the green foliage of the mango. Great flocks of green pigeons, jays, ibis, turtle-doves, golden pheasants, quails, and moorhens winged their way above the heads of the travellers. Monkeys with round bullet-heads, white breasts, and long tufted tails, swung and chattered in the branches. The settlements in this section were usually the merest collection of straw huts, built with an especial reference to keeping out sunshine; a sluice and a few wells, the water almost always unfit to drink, because of the decayed matter which had been allowed to accumulate and had filtered through the soil; and a clearing of a few acres of jungle.

Ever and ever ahead rolled the monotonous land-waves, each ridge having its knot of jungle or its thin combing of heavily-foliaged trees, like every other; valleys bisected by little streams nestling between. From time to time Stanley's detachment caught up with the four preceding, and then there were quarrels, complainings, and fresh extortions from the soldiers and carriers composing the motley troop. Wherever his tent was pitched in a village, the giant negroes from the country round came to see him and to say, "Hi, hi! white man; I never saw anything like you before!" and when examining any object novel to them, like a watch or a fire-arm, would invariably retaliate, after an explanation of its qualities, with "Oh! you fool!" or "You are a liar!"—which is African etiquette for a mild expression of doubt or eticure.

Now and then the soldiers of the caravan were stricken down with sickness, and even on the march would prostrate themselves on the ground and cry, "Mama, mama!" although they were all grown men. The flies were a terrible pest; and the *Herald* commander began to foresee that he should soon lose his horses, which loss Dr. Kirk had predicted from the outset. When the "chufura," or any other venomous insect, fastened upon the donkeys or horses, the poor animals kicked and roared with pain, while the blood streamed from their limbs. The great thorns, *Acacia horrida*, sometimes caught in the thick European garments worn by Mr. Stanley, and tore them from his back; and once in a while he would trip against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and would measure his length upon a bed of thorns. Every day the fatiguing journey told upon him; his skin was torn and poisoned by thorns and strange plants; and he was heartily glad when he left the jungle for a time and travelled once more in the "open." In a few days his best horse succumbed to the

climate, and he saw that he should soon be compelled to walk side by side with his servants. The great chief of Kingani, the place where the horse died, was utterly amazed to learn that the beast had been buried by order of Mr. Stanley, and inquired who gave the white man permission to use the royal soil as a burial-ground. Whereupon Stanley ordered his men to dig up the body; but the great chief finally relented. The second horse died in a day or two from cancer in the stomach, and Stanley felt the loss bitterly, when, a few days afterward, he was compelled to penetrate a narrow jungle where fell plants emitted a fearful miasma, and thorny plants and creepers bristled on either side.

At Muhallah, just after Stanley had completed a long and tiresome march through deep clefts in a mountain chain, the expedition encountered an Arab caravan, bound eastward, with three hundred ivory tusks, and bringing news from Livingstone. Stanley looked upon them almost with awe. These Arabs had then really come from the interior, had seen Livingstone, could testify that he was alive! The young explorer's pulses beat deliriously, and the march through the valley of the Ungerengeri was taken up with alacrity and pleasure. In this section the natives were savage and brutal; they traded insolently, not suavely and cunningly, as among other tribes; and sometimes hinted at violence. The walled town of Simbamwenni was their next halting-place. There, in a well-built town, the sultana, the daughter of Kisabengo the infamous kidnapper, held her court and marshalled her warriors—fine-looking fellows armed with spears, bows, and muskets.

Near Simbamwenni the young explorer found that even his previous experience in the ague-fields of Arkansas would not grant him immunity from the East African fever, the dread mukurungu. All the horrible premonitory symptoms came rapidly on—the general lassitude, the spinal aches, the chilliness over the whole body, a heavy head, swimming eyes, throbbing temples, and a distortion of all objects passing before the eyes. So he began to draw upon his stores of quinine, and by the time the ambassadors of the Sultana of Simbamwenni had arrived to demand their tribute, the crisis was over, but it was only a brief respite.

Mr. Stanley reviewed his progress when he had reached Simbamwenni. Since leaving Bagamoyo he found that he had travelled 119 miles in twenty-nine days. He saw no reason why a railway might not be constructed from Simbamwenni to the coast as readily as any

section of the Union Pacific was built. After a few days of repose the caravans once more set off, in the midst of the rainy season, and, wading through Stygian quagmires, crossed a large river on tree-trunks, and came into a series of glades, opening one after another between forest-clumps of young trees, hemmed in distantly by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. Henceforward, with no adventures save the thievery of some of the servants and a prompt penalty of severe scourgings, and an arrest of some of his soldiers by emissaries of the sultana because he had not paid tribute enough, they went dragging through dripping woods enveloped in opaque mist, where the inundated country, with swathes of tiger-grass laid low by the turbid flood, and mounds of decaying trees and canes, were enough to engender the worst fever ever concocted under African skies. The soldiers arrested by the sultana were released when the mistress of Simbamwenni learned how strong in arms, "which could carry bullets half an hour's distance," the white master was.

So on through swamp and forest, over moor and fen, along the bases of mountains, the little expedition urged its way, its four detachments now forming a solid column, and now scattered over miles of territory, but always clinging to the same trail. The animals died rapidly; the negroes were smitten with all kinds of disorders, and acute dysentery prostrated Stanley. After a few days he was up again, and found his attention at once occupied by the caravan headed by Farquhar; that enterprising mariner bidding fair, long before reaching Ujiji, to have no stores left, so freely had he used them. He had managed also to contract elephantiasis, and was almost a cripple. Stanley's heart began to fail him.

By-and-by they came to the confines of an uninhabited wilderness, where the hill-tops were bared of their bosky crowns, and showed rocks bleached white by rain and sun. For five days' journey ahead of them stretched a wilderness in which there was neither food nor natural shelter; and while Stanley was fearfully waiting for his lagging comrades to come up, a singular procession appeared. First came stout Chowpereh, one of the master-carriers of the expedition, and on his head he carried proudly the cart which the poor donkeys had become too ill to trundle. Stanley promptly ordered the cart to be left by the roadside, and found that his European assistant Shaw had monopolized the draught-donkey, on the plea that he was too ill to walk. On the road through this wilderness desartious

from the expedition were frequent; and as fast as Stanley's soldiers could bring the fugitives back from the rear, they were placed in chains and soundly whipped, that they might not be likely to undertake any such rogueries in future. Shortly after, while the expedition was camped in a wild and lonely section of the country, Shaw and Farquhar one day came to breakfast with expressions on their faces which boded anything but good. When Mr. Stanley greeted them with a kindly "Good morning!" they did not answer him. As soon as a roast quarter of a goat, some stewed liver, some sweet-potatoes, and coffee had been served on the extempore table, Shaw began to quarrel with the food, and complained, with torrents of profanity, of the hardships he had endured. A quarrel ensued, in which Mr. Shaw measured his length on the ground, and in consequence of which he asked permission to return to the coast. Mr. Stanley therefore ordered him to bring his gun and pistol to head-quarters, and detailed five men to take the recalcitrant two hundred yards outside the camp, and there leave him. This was done, and the leader of the expedition then turned to his other white companion, Farquhar, who made no further complaints. After an hour or two of penance, Shaw was willing enough to come back, and professed devotion for the future.

But that same night, as Mr. Stanley lay wakeful in his tent, a shot was heard, and a bullet tore through the canvas a few inches above his body. He rose and went to Shaw's tent. The Englishman lay apparently asleep, and breathing heavily. Beside his blankets was his gun; Stanley felt it; it was warm. He inquired of him if he had fired. "Ah, yes," said Shaw, suddenly awakening, "I remember it; I dreamed I saw a thief pass my door, and I fired. Why? What is the matter?"

Stanley cautioned him as to the future, and charitably, in the New York fashion, said that he supposed he was temporarily insane.

Shaw somewhat recovered his strength, but Farquhar grew rapidly ill, from excesses along the route, and was soon unfitted for marching. A long halt in a fertile region was necessary, and when the expedition reached Ugogo, a "land rich with milk and honey, flour, and beans," a stay was ordered, and the half-famished men feasted for a week. Meantime Farquhar was placed in the kindly care of the chief of a village, to remain until he could regain his strength, and was given cloth and beads enough to purchase six months' provisions.

After a three days' halt at Iuwapwa, a beautiful country, whose greenly-tinted slopes, dark

with many a densely-foliaged tree, whose many rills, flowing sweet and clear, nourishing thick patches of gum and thorn-bush, quaint sycamore and parachute-topped mimosa, and whose broad fields, with thousands of cattle tranquilly grazing in them, were grateful to the weary traveller—the expedition moved forward to Chunyo, where several Arab caravans were united with it, and whence they all set off, about four hundred strong, to cross the dread waterless region of Ugogo. On the road a new and dangerous fever attacked Stanley, and he was borne along in his hammock by his soldiers, his heated imagination teeming with dreadful figures. In each village through which they passed, thousands of naked men and women rushed to see the musungu—the white man; and the sultan of each district sent forth stern demands for tribute of cotton-cloth and beads. The country of the Ugogo was one of the most difficult to pass through, for there abode swarms of fierce and blood-thirsty warriors, and they endeavoured, by every possible device, to bring about quarrels. The fourth caravan of the *Herald* expedition distinguished itself by making a strong fight against some outlawed subjects of the Ugogo sultan, who had attempted to rob them, and by killing two of them. Some of the Ugogo sultans were arrant drunkards, and were always in an unfit condition to transact business; to which fact Mr. Stanley was happily indebted for much immunity from outrage.

On one occasion, when the caravans halted by the roadside near the village, the rascally savages crowded about them by thousands, insulting them in every possible manner, and endeavouring to provoke them to fight; but a few levelled rifles scattered the mob as quickly as it assembled. One of the Arab chiefs, now Stanley's companion, dressing himself in his best clothes, went to the sultan of the district and appealed for protection; but the sultan was, unhappily, very drunk, and all he was pleased to say was, "What do you want, you thief? You are come to steal my ivory or my cloths. Go away, thief." A friendly chief interfered, however, and peace was finally made.

On the 7th of June the caravan departed from this village, where they had so nearly escaped destruction; and after an attempt at mutiny on the part of the carriers and soldiers, because Stanley insisted on taking a shorter route than that usually employed for reaching Unyanyembe, they passed through the great Riti defile, over a rugged and steep ridge, where thorns of the prickliest nature punished them severely; where the gum-trees

stretched out their branches and entangled the loads; and the mimosa, with its umbrella-like top, served to shade them from the sun, but impeded a rapid advance. Great outcrops of syenite and granite, worn smooth by many feet, had to be climbed over; rugged terraces had to be ascended; and the resounding of shots in the forests from time to time, added no little to the general alarm and discontent. Stanley was compelled to ride around his caravan from hour to hour, as, had he not been watchful of every manoeuvre, his soldiers would have deserted to a man. After they had left the difficult and dangerous country of the Ugogo, they found the people more friendly, food and water more plenty. The Wanyamwezi celebrated their departure from the hated region by singing quaint songs as they bore onward their burdens, making the great forest resound with their voices. Here the scenery was much more picturesque than anything that they had seen since leaving the coast. The ground rose into grander waves; hills cropped out here and there; castles of syenite appeared, giving a weird and strange look to the forest; the rocks assumed wonderfully fantastic shapes. Now they were round boulders, raised one above another, apparently susceptible to every breath of wind; anon they towered like blunt-pointed obelisks, taller than the tallest trees; again they took the shape of mighty waves vitrified. Here they were a small heap of fractured and riven rock; there they rose to the grandeur of mountains.

Passing through a succession of thriving and peaceful villages, where the races were given up to agriculture rather than to war, hunting only the elephant for his ivory, and trading decorously and willingly with passing caravans; now dragging onward across plains where the sun, like a globe of living flame, flared its heat on their heads, or descending toward the west, scorched the air before it was inhaled by the lungs which craved it; while *pagazis*, stricken down with the small-pox and fevers, fell by the roadside to die: now striding through forests gradually dwarfed into low jungles; now hurrying over subsiding, undulating, swelling plains, vanishing in front to one indefinite horizontal line, which purpled in the far distance, or through fields of ripening grain which followed the contour of the plain, and which rustled before the morning breeze, which came laden with the chills of Usagara; now visited at night by innumerable thieves, who tried to steal their cotton and their beads; now passing village after village, burned during the hostile incursion of

some neighbouring tribes, and around which the grain in the fields was left standing, to be overgrown with jungle and weeds, they finally reached a little town not far from Unyan-yembe, where they were hospitably received by the sultan, and whence, after a feast, they departed merrily for the half-way point which had been so long the object of their aspiration, and entered it joyfully, with banners flying, trumpets and horns blaring, and soldiers, who had mustered in new tarbooshes and long white shirts, firing volleys from their muskets, the Arab merchants meantime eagerly advancing to inquire the news, and to welcome Stanley and his companions. This was the great and happy occasion to which they had looked forward so eagerly ever since quitting the coast, and to reach which they had latterly made those noted marches of 178½ miles in sixteen days.

Mr. Stanley received a noiseless ovation as he walked side by side with the governor, Sayd-ben-Salim, toward his *tembe* in the capital of Unyan-yembe. Soldiers were out by thousands; the warriors of the sultan hurried around their chiefs; the children—naked, dusky cherubs—were nestled between the legs of their parents, even infants a few months old—all paid the tribute due to the white man's colour, with one grand concentrated stare. The only persons with whom he could converse were the Arabs and the aged ruler of Unyan-yembe.

At the house of the governor, within the fortified inclosure of the town, tea, made in a silver teapot, was served; and Mr. Stanley having walked eight miles before breakfast, with a tropical sun shining on him, did ample justice to the meal, and astonished the governor by the dexterous manner in which he managed to get away with eleven cups of the aromatic concoction of herbs of Assam, and the easy effortless style with which he diminished his tower of slapjacks. After breakfast the chief conveyed Mr. Stanley to the house which had been selected for him, because Speke and Grant had lived near there when they were at Unyan-yembe. They crossed a low ridge to Kwhari. There was a glare of intense sunshine over the valley; the hills were bleached, or seemed to be; the corn had been cut, and the stubble and fields were a brown-white expanse. The houses were of mud, their flat roofs were of mud, and even the mud was of a brownly whiteness. The huts were thatched, the stockades around them were of barked timber, and these were of a brownly whiteness. The cold winds off the mountains of Usagara sent a chill through their very marrow, yet

the intense sunshiny glare never changed; and if one looked up, above him there was the sky, pale blue, spotless, awfully serene!

Stanley's house proved a comfortable place for Central Africa. In it was a reception-room, where he was to meet the great Arabs; a cook-house, a store-house, a prison for the refractory; his "white man's apartments," as the negroes called them—a bed-room, a gun-room, and a bath-room.

Bombay, the leader of Stanley's caravan, was ordered to unlock the strong store-room, to pile the bales of cloth in regular tiers, the packages of beads one above the other, and the wire in coils. The boats and canvas were placed high above the reach of white ants. The leaders of the first, second, and fourth *Herald* caravans were then received, their separate stores inspected, and the details of the events of their marches heard. The first caravan had been engaged in a war on the road, but had come out of the fight successful; and none of the others had suffered misfortune. In the afternoon, when Mr. Stanley had dismissed from his service the carriers whom he no longer needed, and sent letters and despatches by them to the coast, a long train of slaves came in procession, bearing trays full of good things from the Arabs; enormous dishes of rice, bowls full of curried chicken, huge wheaten cakes, pawpaws, pomegranates, and lemons. Then came men driving humpbacked oxen, sheep, and goats, and bringing fresh eggs and chickens. Mr. Stanley's people were reduced to twenty-five, and set up a howl of rejoicing over the prodigal plenitude now visible on their tables. On the second day after his arrival the Arab magnates from Tabora came to congratulate him. Tabora is the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa, with a population of 5000. The Arabs were fine handsome men, mostly from Oman, and each had a large retinue of servants with him. After having exchanged the usual stock of congratulations, Stanley accepted an invitation to return the visit at Tabora, and three days afterward, accompanied by eighteen bravely-dressed soldiers, he was presented to a group of stately Arabs in long white dresses and jaunty caps of snowy white, and introduced to the hospitalities of Tabora.

This visit was not without singular results. A certain chief of Uyoweh, named Mirambo, had for the last few years been in a state of chronic discontent with the policies of all the neighbouring chiefs. A kind of Napoleon III. in his own country, he had usurped power, entered the capital town, and constituted him-

self paramount by force. Certain feats of enterprise had firmly established him in his position, and he had carried war into all the surrounding country, and after destroying the populations over three degrees of latitude, had conceived a grievance against the Arabs, because they would not sustain him in his ambitious projects against their allies and friends. He had begun hostilities by halting Arab caravans, and demanding from them kegs of gunpowder and bales of cloth, and had finally declared that no Arab caravan should henceforth pass through his country to Ujiji, save over his dead body. This was a virtual declaration of war against the Arabs, who had accordingly resolved to humble this proud chieftain; and on the very day of Stanley's arrival in Tabora they held a council of war, in which it was resolved not to give up the ivory trade because of one opposing chief, but to put his beard, as they expressed it, under their feet, and to make the country so that they could walk through it with only their walking-canes.

Mr. Stanley's march toward Ujiji and Livingstone lay directly through the field of operations. As he found that the Arabs intended to finish the work quickly—at most within fifteen days—he volunteered to accompany them, taking his loaded caravan part of the way, and then, leaving it in charge of a few guards, to march with the rest toward Mirambo. He threw himself heartily into the enterprise, and returned to his house cheered by the Arabs.

Although fully aware of the danger he was about to incur, his mind was more firmly settled upon the expedition by an incident which occurred a few days afterward. The Livingstone caravan which had left ahead of him at Bagamoyo was still in Unyamwebe, and one day the chief of the caravan brought to Mr. Stanley a packet of missives directed to "Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, Nov. 1st, 1870—registered letters." This convinced the young traveller that it would be but merciful to press on toward Livingstone, and give speedy relief, since he knew that the missives contained important advices; and that the Livingstone caravan, either owing to the thoughtlessness of Dr. Kirk, the consul at Zanzibar, or to its own recklessness, had already halted for a hundred days at Bagamoyo, and might halt for a hundred more in Unyamwebe. So he resolved to lose no time.

On the 7th of July, however, while sitting after dinner, sheltered from the heat of the sun, in his porch, he began to feel listless and languid, and a drowsiness came over him. All his life passed in retrospect before him. He

thought of the great forests of Arkansas—the dreaming days passed under the sighing pines on the Ouachita's shores; how he had drifted down the Mississippi; how he had wandered on foot through Spain and France, through Asia Minor; of his hurried march from Zanzibar; then there came a long blank, and he found he had been in bed two weeks, mortally ill with fever, attended by Shaw and his people. He owed his life to his own sagacity, because he had taught the Arab boy whom he had brought from Jerusalem with him the use of every medicine in his medicine-chest, and, thanks to the memory of the youth, he had been properly attended. No sooner had he recovered than Shaw was stricken down; then the Arab boy was prostrated; but by the 28th of July all had recovered, and he began to brighten up with the prospect of a march upon Mirambo's stronghold.

On the morning of the 29th fifty men were loaded with beads and cloth for Ujiji. Bombay the leader was missing, and after a long search was found blubbering at the prospect of being killed by Mirambo's soldiers. Only a stern lesson from Stanley's cane awakened him, and he finally led the caravan, the red blanket-robos of the men streaming behind them as the furious north-easter blew over them.

When they arrived at the rendezvous of the Arab army, which consisted of about 2200 men, armed with guns, flint-lock muskets, German and French double-barrels, English Enfields, and American Springfields, powder and ball were served out to all of Stanley's caravan; and although Stanley was again smitten with intermittent fever, an expedition at once set off into the hostile country. No sooner had they arrived in front of the first hostile village than a volley was opened on them as they emerged from the forests along the Unyanyembe road, and immediately the attacking force began its firing in the most splendid style. There were some ludicrous scenes of men pretending to fire and then jumping off to one side, then forward, then backward, with the agility of hopping-frogs; but the battle was none the less in earnest. The soldiers were soon rushing into the village from west, east, and north; and the poor villagers were flying from the inclosure toward the mountains, vigorously pursued. In about an hour the neighbourhood was cleared of the enemy, and two other villages were captured and committed to the flames. A second expedition of Arabs went out toward the stronghold where it was supposed Mirambo was living, and was defeated with great slaughter.

Mirambo's men suddenly arose out of the long grass on each side of them, and stabbed them with their spears. The effect of this defeat was indescribable. Great consternation was brought among the Arabs by the news, and the next morning Stanley found that the Arabian forces were retreating, and his servants adjured him to follow, saying that "Mirambo was coming!" Stanley was wild with fever, and so ill that he would gladly have laid down by the roadside to die, but he was compelled to follow the retreating Arabs; and when he asked Selim, "Why did not you also run away and leave your master to die?" the Arab boy answered naively, "Oh, sir, I was afraid you would whip me." It never occurred to the Arab magnates that Mr. Stanley had any cause of complaint against them, or that he had a right to feel aggrieved for their base desertion of an ally, and they were consequently surprised when he told them that they must not consider him as an ally any longer. He succeeded, after some effort, in producing a little courage among them; but that finally failed, and they retreated still further, he being compelled to follow them to Tabora. Meantime a caravan came in from the sea-coast, reporting that Stanley's man Farquhar, whom he had left sick in Usagara, was dead, and that the body had been left naked in the jungle, without the slightest covering over it. Shaw was again taken down ill, and Stanley busied himself with preparations for another march, when he was surprised by the news that Mirambo had attacked Tabora with over 2000 men, and that a large force which had allied itself with him for the sake of plunder had also instituted an attack in an opposite direction; therefore a sally was at once determined against him. Some of the bravest of the Arabs saw a pavilion at some distance on the plain, which they knew to be Mirambo's war-tent, and under cover of a flag of truce approached the redoubtable chieftain, only to be incontinentally slain by his men. The whole surrounding country was in flames, and Stanley at once began to prepare his house for defence. Loopholes for muskets were made in the stout gray walls, and refugees had guns put into their hands. Livingstone's men were invited to help defend their master's goods, and at night Stanley had 160 armed men in his court-yard, stationed at every possible point where an attack might be expected. The American flag was raised above the house: provisions and water enough for six days were brought in; rifle-pits were constructed round the exterior; all native huts that obstructed

the view were taken down; and while the commander of the *Herald* expedition freely admitted that, with cannon, fifty Europeans could easily take the position, he readily defied 10,000 Africans. After waiting some days, Mirambo, having heard of all these formidable preparations, retreated; and when the Arabs went in force to attack his village of Kazama, they found it vacant.

Shaw meantime grew rapidly worse, and Stanley daily feared that he would die. The only comfort which he had during these exciting times was in a packet of letters and newspapers from the American consul at Zanzibar. The expedition increased in numbers. Mirambo made no more attempt at war, but finally retreated in disgust. Stanley gave a grand banquet to celebrate his departure from the forbidding and unhealthy country. Pots of "pombe," or native beer, were served out to the people; and on the 20th of September the American flag was once more raised, and the Kirangozi shouted lustily his song as he upheld the "Stars and Stripes," and led the caravan along the southern route toward Ujiji and Livingstone.

There were fifty-four people in the newly-constituted caravan. Although the fevers came and went with terrible persistence, and from time to time carriers deserted, stealing cloths and guns, they made a fine march during four days; but at the end of that time Mr. Shaw was so capricious and constantly ill, as the result of his own excesses, that when he finally asked to be allowed to return to the coast, Stanley readily consented; but he warned Shaw not to desert the only companion really faithful to him, and said, "If you return, you die!" Shaw was not so afraid of death, however, as of progress forward into the unknown land of Africa; and a strong litter was made, on which he was transported back to Kwihara. The *Herald* caravan moved forward, and Shaw was soon lost in the distance. It moved forward through illimitable forests, stretched in grand waves beyond the ken of vision; ridges, forest-clad, rising gently one above another, until they receded in the dim, purple, blue distance, through a leafy ocean, where was only an indistinct outline of a hill far away, or here and there a tall tree higher than the rest, conspicuous against the translucent sky; now mounting to the summit of a ridge, expectant of a change, but only to find wearied eyes fixed upon the same vast expanse of woods, woods, woods; leafy branches, foliaged globes, or parachutes, green, brown, or sere in colour; forests one above another. "And I

say," adds Mr. Stanley, Windsor and New Forest and noble in England, yet of sticks compared with that of Unyanyembe." Moun the journey would have been the fever continually racked white man, and even pe skins of his comrades. I ceeded by a severe headac pains about the loins and which presently would spr der-blades, and, running u final lodgment in the bac head. After languor and t the sufferer, raging thirst. The brain became crowded cies, figures of created and and headless monsters float ened vision, until, unable scene, the fever-stricken wre opened his eyes, and disc dream, only to glide into ano

Stanley next passed thro noble expanse of grass-land the finest scenes he had with the coast. Great herds of l affe, and antelope coursed t and the expedition indulged i hunting. Mr. Stanley, wh at this point, narrowly escap by a crocodile, but little reck on by the excitement of sta shooting buffalo-cows, and ba

On the 7th of October, as ing camp once more, to th the gormandizing savages, a Stanley was busy with pre start, when he saw the men st and conversing angrily toget double-barrelled gun from Selim, the Arab boy; selecte of buck-shot, and slipping t the barrels, and adjusting l handy work, he walked towa he advanced they seized th within thirty yards of the g heads of two men appear abo his left, with the barrels o lessly pointed towards the ro liberate aim at them, threaten heads off if they did not com to him. They presently cau his eye on Asmani, the larges him move his fingers to the t and bring it to a "ready." other fellow slipped round to men had murder in their

planted the muzzle of his rifle close to the wicked-looking face of the first, and ordered him to drop his rifle instantly. He did so; and in a few moments both were profuse in their protestations that they had not intended harm, but that they disliked to penetrate further into the country. Stanley found upon investigation that Bombay and Ambari were the institutors of the mutiny; and after giving them a sound thrashing with a spear-stalk, clapped them into chains, with the threat that they would be kept chained until they knew how to ask his pardon. A penitent request came in an hour, and they were released.

Now from time to time they heard from passing savages occasional rumours of the presence of white men at various points. This encouraged Stanley to believe that Livingstone was not far off, and gave him the necessary boldness to traverse the great wilderness beyond Marara, the transit of which he was warned would occupy nine days. The negroes became enthusiastic at the prospect of their journey's end, and said they could already smell the fish in the waters of Lake Tanganika. It constantly haunted Stanley's mind that if Dr. Livingstone should ever hear of his coming, which he might possibly do if he travelled out of the known road, he would leave, and his search for him would consequently be a stern-chase. They therefore boldly turned their faces north, and marched for the Malagarazi, a large river flowing from the east to the Tanganika. One of the exciting episodes of the journey was a boar-hunt, in which Mr. Stanley had a narrow escape from ignominious death. In one of the forests through which he passed he encountered a huge reddish-coloured boar; and after provoking him with bullets, and shooting him through and through, found that his formidable antagonist still had strength to charge furiously upon him. But Mr. Stanley, by placing his snow-white Indian helmet at the foot of a tree, and enticing the boar to rush at it, managed to escape, but did not succeed in bagging his game. On the 1st of November they arrived at the long-looked-for river, and after a fierce dispute with the officials of the primitive ferry, and a loss of one of the beasts of burden in the river, they met a caravan coming from the interior, and were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji.

"A white man!" cried Stanley.

"Yes; an old white man, with white hair on his face, and he was sick."

"Where had he come from?"

"From a very far country, indeed."

"Was he—stopping at Ujiji?"

"Yes."

"And was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah!" said Stanley; "this must be Livingstone!"

Livingstone! Livingstone! Yes; but suppose that Livingstone were dead, or that he had departed on another exploring expedition. What then would become of Stanley's courage? He determined to hasten forward at all hazards; and passing through Ukha, where the scoundrelly chiefs and kings made most alarming exactions, and sadly diminished his stock of cloth—now running away by night to avoid fresh exactions on the following day, and now deciding to fight rather than submit to any more swindles, the caravan arrived on the 8th of November at the Rugufu river, at which point they could distinctly hear the thunders from the mysterious torrents which rolled into the cavernous recesses of Kabogo Mountain, on the further side of Lake Tanganika. The negroes informed Stanley that if he passed near there he must throw beads and cloth into the caverns to appease the god of the lake, or he would be lost. But the noise of the torrents gave Stanley the heartiest joy, because he knew that he was only forty-six miles from Ujiji, and possibly Livingstone! Still that was a march of eighteen hours. He could have ridden it in one day if his noble horse had been alive, but now he must toil forward at a snail's pace. The thought made him frantic! On the 9th, in the morning, they had a terrible journey, hiding in the thicket nearly every hour, in mortal dread of pursuit by the redoubtable warriors of Ukha; but by noon they had passed out of the limits of this dangerous territory, and reached a picturesque and sequestered series of valleys, where wild fruit-trees grew, and rare flowers blossomed. On this day they caught sight of the hills from which Lake Tanganika could be seen and passed through Ukarango. Stanley ordered his boy Selim to furbish up his tattered travelling suite, that he might make as good an appearance as possible. On the 28th day from Bagamoyo, and the 51st from Unyan-yembe, they saw the Lake of Tanganika spread out before them, and around it the great blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. It was an immense broad sheet—a burnished bed of silver—a lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains for its valances, and palm-forests for its fringes.

Descending the western slope of the mountain, the port of Ujiji lay below, embowered in palms.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!" cried Stanley.

"Ay wallah, ay wallah, bana!" eagerly responded the men.

"One, two, three!"—and a volley from fifty muskets woke up the peaceful village below. The Kirangozi raised the American flag aloft once more; the men stepped out bravely as the crowds of villagers came flocking around them, shouting *Bindera Merikani*!—an American flag!

Suddenly Stanley heard a voice on his right say, in English, "Good morning, sir!"

The blood leaped fiercely to his heart. Was it then true? Livingstone was near at hand!

A black man, dressed in a long white shirt, announced himself to the young adventurer as "Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"What? Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

Then another servant introduced himself; the crowds flocked around anew; Stanley scoured himself to keep down his furious emotions; and finally, at the head of his caravan, arrived before a semicircle of Arab magnates, in front of whom stood an old white man with a gray beard.

As Stanley advanced toward him, he noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had on his head a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. He would have run to him, but he remembered the traditional coldness of the English race; and so he walked deliberately to him, took off his hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

Then they clasped hands; and, after the necessary formalities with the Arab magnates, Mr. Stanley explained himself and his mission.

It was a great day for the old explorer. There were letters from his children! "Ah!" he said, patiently, "I have waited years for letters." There was a whole epic of pathos in his voice.

And you may picture for yourselves that strangely-met pair seated in the explorer's house, Livingstone hearing for the first time of the great changes in Europe, and Stanley offering a brimming goblet of champagne, brought all the way from the Jesuit mission at Bagamoyo! They sat long together, with their faces turned eastward, noting the dark shadows creeping up above the grove of palms beyond the village, and the rampart of moun-

tains; listening to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganika, and to the dreamy chorus which the night-insects sang. When Livingstone bade Stanley "Good night!" he added, "God bless you!"

Mr. Stanley remained four months in the company of Dr. Livingstone, during which time an intimate and rich friendship grew up between the two men. Stanley brought youth, impulse, generous freedom of expression, and long experience of travel, to the veteran; Dr. Livingstone gave a deep gratitude, a thorough Christian love, and the wisdom of age to the companionship. From November 10, 1871, until March 14, 1872, the men were daily together. Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa since March, 1866. He left Zanzibar in April of that year for the interior, with thirty men, and worked studiously at his high mission of correcting the errors of former travellers, until early in 1869, when he arrived in Ujiji, and took a brief rest. He had been deserted in the most cowardly manner by the majority of his followers, and was much of the time in want. At the end of June, 1869, he went on to the lake into which the Lualaba ran, and then was compelled to return the weary distance of 700 miles to Ujiji. The magnificent result of his labours, both in the interest of science and humanity, are now known to all the world. Up to the time of Mr. Stanley's arrival, to succour him with Mr. James Gordon Bennett's generous stock of supplies, Livingstone had refrained from communicating to the Royal Geographical Society of England, as a body, even an outline of his discoveries.

The two friends made a long cruise together on Lake Tanganika, traversing over 300 miles of water in the primitive manner of African travel, in twenty-eight days, and passing through a great variety of adventures; after which Mr. Stanley persuaded Livingstone to return with him to Unyanyembe, where he received his supplies, and enlisted soldiers and carriers enough to enable him to travel anywhere it might be necessary to thoroughly effect the settlement of the Nile problem. On the 27th of December they left Ujiji, and on the 31st of January met a caravan which brought them the news of the death of poor Shaw, Stanley's old comrade, at Kwi-hara, long before they reached Unyanyembe unharmed. On the 18th of February four years' supplies, brought by the caravans of the *Herald* and the faltering expedition despatched by Dr. Kirk, were given into Livingstone's possession; and on the 14th of March the two men parted, not without tears. On the way to Bagamoyo

Stanley suffered much anxiety on account of the precious box containing the Livingstone papers; and once, at the crossing of a stream, nothing saved it from being lost but the prompt aim of Stanley's pistol at the head of the careless bearer. It was not until sunset on the 6th of May that the worn and fatigued Stanley re-entered Bagamoyo, and learned, from members of the Dawson expedition quartered there, the real purport and scope of his own magnificent daring and success. The next morning he crossed to Zanzibar, and thence, as soon as possible, departed for Europe with his precious freight, the Livingstone

journal and letters, and his own rich experience. These details, few in comparison with the mass given in Mr. Stanley's own account in his published book, *How I Found Livingstone*,¹ will serve to whet the reader's appetite. Mr. Stanley has not paraded himself as a hero; but those who read his book, as well as those who know him, can have no doubt that the heroic element is strong in his soul, and that his name will henceforth be as famous as those of Marco Polo, or the grimly striving Livingstone, who, with true British pluck, proposes to cling to his task of exploration until it is finished.²—*Scribner's (New York) Magazine*.

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.³

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooiin' to break my rule.

Doctors, they knows nowt, for a says what's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koin'd o' use to säky the things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
"The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,
An' a tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
Thof a knaws I hallus voäted 'wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäid,
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awäky loike a buzzard-cloek⁴ ower my yeäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to säky,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awäky.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understond;
I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

¹ "How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa.—By Henry M. Stanley." London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

² It should be added that the English people very heartily recognized the courage and success of Mr. Stanley; and her majesty the Queen was amongst the

first to mark her appreciation of the service he had rendered this country, by presenting him with a diamond-studded snuff-box.

³ The Poet Laureate's works were first published by Moxon & Co.; they were then transferred to Strahan & Co., and subsequently to H. S. King & Co.

⁴ Cockchafer.

But Parson a comes an' a goes, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
 "The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'iasén, my friend," says 'eä.
 I weänt säky men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste:
 But a reäds wonn sarmin a weëk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
 Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen;
 Moätst loike a butter-bump,¹ for I 'eerd un about an' about,
 But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled un oot.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun un theer a-laäid on 'is faäce
 Doon i' the woid 'emies² afoor I comed to the plaäce.
 Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as deäid as a näil.
 Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my yaäle.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste: theer warn't not feäid for a cow:
 Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now—
 Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feäid,
 Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäid.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
 Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
 If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
 Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squire's, an' lond o' my oän.

Do Godamoighty know what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
 An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
 And I 'a monaged for Squire come Michaelmas thirty year.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o' sense,
 Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a fence:
 But Godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
 Wi' 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow!

Looäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,
 Says to thesén naw doot "what a mon a beä sewer-ly!"
 For they knaws what I beän to Squire sin fust a comed to the 'All;
 I done my duty by Squire an' I done my duty by all.

Squire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
 For who's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
 Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
 Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
 Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Devil's oän teäm.
 Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
 But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?
 Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
 I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
 Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

¹ Bittern.² Anemones.

A VIOLET'S ADVENTURES.

[H. A. Page (*nom de plume*), born at Dun, near Brechin, Forfarshire, 1837. Studied at the Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in rhetoric, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. He early became connected with newspapers as contributor and editor; removed to London in 1864, and since then has been an active contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, under Dean Alford; to the *British Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Good Words*, and other reviews and magazines. He has written much in various styles on various topics. Of his separate works we may mention: *Memoir of Hawthorne*, with Stories now first published in England; *Golden Lives*—an admirable series of biographies; and *Out and all About*, a book of fables from which the following is taken, and by which the author will be probably best known for some time to come. This work is full of quaint fancy, picturesque humour, and skill in quiet satire; it displays in a remarkable degree the power of happily selecting symbols and of conveying great moral lessons in simple language.]

"True fame is hardly to be bought,
She sometimes follows where she is not sought."
—*Paraphrase of Persian Proverb.*

A wild Violet that grew very snugly sheltered at the foot of a high hill, once shook hands with a wandering Fairy, and was immediately seized with a great desire to know where the sun went to when it set and sank. This was perhaps a mere excuse for a wish to see the world, and to gratify vanity on the Violet's part; for it no sooner found that it could hold intercourse with beings of a superior order, than it began to look down upon its neighbours and old friends. It very indignantly snubbed a young Fern that had been attentive to it, and had helped to carry water to it many a time. As for the young Primrose which it used to admire so much, the Violet would not vouchsafe the poor creature so much as a single word.

And the wild Violet was very firm; for the Fairy had told it that it could only succeed, if it kept itself aloof from all companions, and told no one of its secret. So it lay and waited, and, whenever it felt a warmer glow of life thrilling through its fibres, it hoped and dreamed its deliverance was now near at hand, and shut its ears to all that was going on near by, which before used to interest it much. And it fell into the habit of speaking to itself and laughing at the low aims of its old friends.

"As for affection," it would reflect, "that's all humbug! The Fern helped me because it was its nature to and couldn't help it; and as

for that Primrose, she thought to mate with me and be honoured—poor, pale, yellow thing!" and even as he looked the Primrose seemed to fade and shrink away.

But the Violet had no time to make any work about that: he had his own business to mind; and just as the Primrose shrivelled and died, the Violet was loosed from earth, and, with a cheer that escaped him in spite of his resolution, he broke away from his old home without so much as an adieu, and made directly towards the sunsetting, as he had intended.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I'll soon be famous,—men will learn to speak of me with respect and admiration; for I'll find out the secret of the sun, and come back and tell all about it, notwithstanding that I once lived in that mean hole east there;" and he quickened his pace again as he thought of it. So he wandered all day, till the sun-setting, when he sat down to see if he was making any progress. He could not convince himself that he had made much; but then he thought, "It is a great work, and doubtless demands much time;" and in sheer weariness he lay down on the bank to rest. He had not lain very long, when he was rudely shaken, and, looking up, he saw his friend the Fairy and a great number of others, some of them with heads like men, and others with the strangest appearance; but almost all of them giggling, and laughing, and dancing about in the oddest manner.

"Rise, and join us!" said the Fairy.

"I need rest," said the Violet, rubbing his eyes and looking round in amazement.

"We are your friends," said the Fairy, "and friendship is better than sleep."

"I don't know that," the Violet ventured to say, a little shortly, for he was almost unable to keep his eyes open.

"We'll prove it to you," said a pair of Compasses and a Triangle, that trotted up together, and peered into the Violet's face, in a way that would have been disrespectful if it hadn't been so evidently serious. "We are masters of the ceremonies," said they, "and look to the rules; so get up; it is our pleasure so! When the rest dance, we work; but, for all that, we're the *masters* here!"

"It's all right," said the Fairy, who had all this while been listening; "take this, and that will do for sleep, and better too;" and he gave the Violet a little white powder and sprinkled some liquid over his face.

"Put the powder on your tongue," said a Fairy Leaf that came up at the moment,

"and that'll make you right;" and he turned and pirouetted away again.

The Violet did as he was bid, and in a moment—O delightful sensation!—all weariness had vanished; and, like the others, he felt impelled to dance and sing. It was as though all the dull bliss of growing was pressed or concentrated into a single instant of time. So he mixed with the rest, and gave himself up to the spirit of the party, and poured forth his thoughts to any one that would listen, in language so sweet and convincing that he wondered at himself.

A Drumhead was very attentive and proved a remarkably good listener, gaining the Violet's respect immensely by his quietness, and his easy way of saying "Ha, ha!" "Yes, yes!" "So!" "Quite so!" "Re-ally!" "Do you say so!" "Hum!" "Well, I never!" and so forth. The awkward thing was, that they were followed by a Trombone, whose weakness was not to listen, but to make himself heard, as he went alongside blowing every now and then, on which the Drumhead once or twice whispered to the Violet, "He's a good fellow, and very useful to me, but he's cracked, quite cracked with vanity,"—here touching his forehead significantly—"and one must just humour him."

When the first faint light of morning came, all the Fairies vanished, and the Violet felt solitary and worn out. But whenever he thought of his great object, he resolved to go on. So he wandered for a while, till the sun became strong, and, reaching the border of a field, he thought to himself that he had better lie down and rest. But the buzzing of bees, and the chirping of crickets, and the singing of birds, and the very sound of the branches as they waved in the breeze that languidly stirred now and then, distressed him, and wouldn't let him sleep; and while he listened, as he really could not help doing, he began to fancy he heard words distinctly. At first it was just a vague hum, such as you, my reader, may sometimes have heard on suddenly coming close to a village school; but by-and-by he could more and more clearly make out words: "The Violet is full; the Violet is full!" He felt flattered at this notice; but turned round desiring sleep. He could not banish the words, however. They kept ringing in his ears, till his brain was quite in a fever, and he rose and walked on through the wood. The sun had sunk, and he had some difficulty in finding his way, as he had nothing to guide him aright now. He was sorry that he had not asked some advice on the point from the

Compasses and the Triangle, who seemed to be so grave and so knowing; but he had not mentioned his secret to them, as he had not had any opportunity of asking the Fairy if it would be right for him to do so. The windings of the wood and the confused state of his mind at length made him lose all reckoning. He tried and tried to discover his exact whereabouts, but could not manage it, and went round and round in a maze as it seemed to him. To his horror, as he sat on a bank looking about, he beheld a great red bull feeding quite close to him, and at sight of it he rose and ran, for he was afraid of being eaten up and dying the most terrible of deaths. He was sure it was following him, and held on wildly, till his breath was almost spent in his breast. He fell prone into a field, over a tree-root, from beneath which, as it chanced, a Mole was just then looking out.

"Ah!" said the Mole, "you're in haste, and hasty folks are seldom well served. You look faint—can I do anything for you?"

"I want water sorely," said the Violet.

"You'll have plenty of it soon enough," said the Mole. "If it hadn't been for that, you wouldn't have found me here just at this moment." And as he spoke, thunder pealed through the wood, lightning darted through the trees, and struck some of them, rending their strong trunks in pieces.

"Come into my house!" said the Mole, roughly pulling the Violet, "till I close the door against the rain. It was for that I came up, and I may be too late, and we may both be ruined." And he at once set to throwing up earth in all directions. The atmosphere was so close, and the place so dark, that the Violet thought he would have died; but the Mole pulled him along passage after passage—up and down, and down and up—till they came to a round hall, and there they sat down.

"I wonder to see you out at such a time," said the Mole.

"I was seeking for my home—I'd lost my way," answered the Violet; for he remembered what the Fairy had said about keeping his great search a secret; but his chief reason was that he thought the Mole would laugh if he was told that a Violet had been trying to find where the sun went to when it set and sank out of sight. And then he began to describe the hill at the foot of which he had lived for so long.

"Oh, that must be Snow-cap," said the Mole; "you're very nearly lost in your own castle, for it's just at the border of the wood.

If you keep round to the left, five minutes, or even less, will bring you to it. But you can stay here quietly for the night, and then leave in the morning." To this the Violet, faint to exhaustion, at length agreed, and lay down. But there was little rest for him. The Mole was busy most part of the night. Now and again, the Violet heard the rain patter-pattering on the earth above, and a thunder-peal would rise over all else, and then he would tremble, so that the Mole would stop working, and look at him, and laugh to himself quietly, as he poked his sharp nose and his hand-like paws in the wet earth. "He's a tender fellow," thought the Mole; "but Violets are a good sort, and not given to travel. He looks as if he'd had trouble, and so I'm glad I befriended him. His folk may serve me some day, who knows?"

At length the morning came, clear and calm; the air and the sky, with their freshness and odour, seeming as though Nature strove through them to atone for her angry passion of the night. The Mole pointed out the way to the Violet, and after warm expressions of gratitude, he bade the Mole good-bye, and soon found himself at his old home, where he at once went to bed, and slept soundly for a good many hours.

When he awoke, he found changes among his neighbours, though his absence had been so short. Some had gone away, others had come. The Wood-Sorrels and the Starworts were in the lodgings the Cousins Primrose and Cowslip had had, and the Ferns had added to their family, and were all the prouder and more overbearing-looking that they had got a little red-headed.

The Violet took in these facts as he opened his eyes in a half-dreamy way, and he felt that he was being scanned and criticized by all and sundry around, and that the Ferns were speaking about him to the others in a very disparaging manner. At first the Violet could not make out the words, but he shut his eyes and listened intently, and was sure he caught, amongst the gabble of flower-dialects, "The Violet is full! the Violet is full!" and he was seized with terrible chagrin and self-contempt in thinking of the airs he had given himself towards his neighbours before he had set out to find the secret of the sun. "And here I am again," he thought, "and perhaps they will contrive to make the place too hot for me. If they do, I'll take staff in hand

once more and ascend the hill; they can't follow me there!"

The days passed slowly and heavily, and the Violet did not feel any more at peace: his neighbours treated him coldly, and seemed to combine against him, and kept up a constant chatter in which he was sure he heard himself named. So one fine morning he started, saying to himself—

"It may be all for the best. Why should I remain to disturb their peace or destroy my own self-respect by staying among people who despise me? I've heard say it's cold up there, but I deserve no better, and perhaps even there I may grow a little!"

So with a sore and humbled heart he set forth on his road. He journeyed for three days, only resting as long as to enable him to take refreshment. On the evening of the third day he found himself resting on a jutting spur of the mountain. The sun was sinking, and as he looked he suddenly exclaimed—

"I have found the secret, when I no more hoped to gain it, but only peace and quietness. Instead of travelling the plains, one must clamber higher and higher up towards the cold snow-peaks to see the sun the longer. Perhaps if I struggle to the top of this mountain it may be made all clear to me."

So, nerved with a new hope, he pushed on day by day, higher and higher, till he reached near to the summit, where patches of snow lingered in the shaded hollows even until summer time. There was a murmur of water and a cold air stirring, but he said to himself—

"I like it; this is the place for me." And planting himself in a crevice where some grass grew sweet and green on a little ridge, he settled himself and waited for the sunset. It was so glorious that it completely overwhelmed him; for long after the sun was lost to all below he could see it, and see it growing more brilliant and beautiful every moment.

"It is worth the trouble and the sacrifice," said the Violet; "here will I abide and do my duty, and strive to grow in the added light of the sun; and though men may call me the Mountain Violet, and tell of my past foolish ambitions, that will not matter, since they will once more speak of me with respect, if not with honour, and since, in spite of the coldness of my dwelling, I shall be longer than any of my old friends in the blessed light of the sun."

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON
LOGAU.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MONEY.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man
sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever
round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must them-
selves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort
it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like
the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness
grinds he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a
torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences
the liar.

THE RING.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Thus to a fair Venetian maid,
The proudest of the train,
With which the Doge went forth arrayed
To wed his vassal main;
"This very day," her lover said,
"Will Venice go the sea to wed."

"Now tell me, lady, what to do,
To win this hand of thine;
I'll risk both soul and body too,
For such a prize divine."
"I'll have the bridal ring," said she,
"Wherewith the Doge will wed the sea."

Came forth the Doge and all his train,
And sailed upon the sea;
The banners waved, and music's strain
Rose soft and heavenwardly;
And blue waves raced to seize the ring
Which glided through them glittering.

The lover through the bright array
Rushed by the Doge's side:
A plunge—and plume and mantle gay
Lay lashing on the tide;
He heard a shriek, but down he dived,
To follow where the ring arrived.

He sought so long, that all above
Believed him gone for aye;
Nor knew they 'twas his haughty love
Who shrieked and swooned away.
At length he rose to light—half-dead—
But held the ring above his head.

The lady wept—the lover smiled—
She had not deemed he would
Have dared it,—was a foolish child—
And loved as none else could.
"Take it and be a faithful bride
To death," the lover said, and died.

The lady to a convent hied,
And took the holy vows;
And was till death a faithful bride
To her Eternal spouse.
And then the ring her lover gave
They buried with her in her grave.

—Festus.

THE TROUBADOURS.

[Henry Hallam, LL.D., born 1778; died 21st January, 1859. Educated at Eton and Oxford. One of the greatest historians of our century. *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, from which the following is taken; *The Constitutional History of England*, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II., and the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, are his principal works. He was a cordial co-operator with Wilberforce for the suppression of the slave-trade; and in 1830 received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals awarded by George IV. for eminence in historical composition; the other medal was given to Washington Irving. "In extent and variety of learning, and a deep acquaintance with antiquarian lore, the historian of the middle ages may deservedly take a place with the most eminent writers in that style that Europe has produced."—*Sir A. Alison*.]

For three or four centuries after what was called the Romance tongue was spoken in France, there remain but few vestiges of its employment in writing; though we cannot draw an absolute inference from our want of proof, and a critic of much authority supposes translations to have been made into it for religious purposes from the time of Charlemagne. During this period the language was split into two very separate dialects, the regions of which may be considered, though by no means strictly, as divided by the Loire. These were called the *Langue d'Oïl*, and the *Langue d'Oc*: or in more modern terms, the French and Provençal dialects. In the latter of these I know of nothing which can even by name be traced beyond the year 1100. About that time, Gregory de Bechada, a gentleman of Limousin, recorded the memorable events of the first crusade, then recent, in a metrical history of great length. This poem has altogether perished; which, considering the popularity of its subject, as M. Sismondi justly remarks, would probably not have been the case if it had possessed any merit. But very soon afterwards a multitude of poets, like a swarm of summer insects, appeared in the southern provinces of France. These were the celebrated Troubadours, whose fame depends far less on their positive excellence, than on the darkness of preceding ages, on the temporary sensation they excited, and their permanent influence on the state of European poetry. From William, count of Poitou, the earliest troubadour on record, who died in 1126, to their extinction about the end of the next century, there were probably several hundred of these versifiers in the language of

Provence, though not always natives of France. Millot has published the lives of one hundred and forty-two, besides the names of many more whose history is unknown; and a still greater number, it cannot be doubted, are unknown by name. Among those poets are reckoned a king of England (Richard I.), two of Aragon, one of Sicily, a dauphin of Auvergne, a count of Foix, a prince of Orange, many noblemen, and several ladies. One can hardly pretend to account for this sudden and transitory love of verse; but it is manifestly one symptom of the rapid impulse which the human mind received in the twelfth century, and contemporaneous with the severer studies that began to flourish in the universities. It was encouraged by the prosperity of Languedoc and Provence, undisturbed, comparatively with other countries, by internal warfare, and disposed by the temper of their inhabitants to feel with voluptuous sensibility the charm of music and amorous poetry. But the tremendous storm that fell upon Languedoc in the crusade against the Albigeois shook off the flowers of Provençal verse; and the final extinction of the fief of Toulouse, with the removal of the counts of Provence to Naples, deprived the troubadours of their most eminent patrons. An attempt was made in the next century to revive them, by distributing prizes for the best composition in the Floral Games of Toulouse, which have sometimes been erroneously referred to a higher antiquity. This institution perhaps still remains; but, even in its earliest period, it did not establish the name of any Provençal poet. Nor can we deem those fantastical solemnities, styled Courts of Love, where ridiculous questions of metaphysical gallantry were debated by poetical advocates, under the presidency and arbitration of certain ladies, much calculated to bring forward any genuine excellence. They illustrate, however, what is more immediately my own object, the general ardour for poetry, and the manners of those chivalrous ages.

The great reputation acquired by the troubadours, and panegyrics lavished on some of them by Dante and Petrarch, excited a curiosity among literary men, which has been a good deal disappointed by further acquaintance. An excellent French antiquary of the last age, La Curne de St. Palaye, spent great part of his life in accumulating manuscripts of Provençal poetry, very little of which had ever been printed. Translations from part of this collection, with memorials of the writers, were published by Millot; and we certainly do not often meet with passages in his three

volumes which give us any poetical pleasure. Some of the original poems have since been published, and the extracts made from them by the recent historians of southern literature are rather superior. The troubadours chiefly confined themselves to subjects of love, or rather gallantry, and to satires (*airventes*), which are sometimes keen and spirited. No romances of chivalry, and hardly any tales are found among their works. There seems a general deficiency of imagination, and especially of that vivid description which distinguishes works of genius in the rudest period of society. In the poetry of sentiment, their favourite province, they seldom attain any natural expression, and consequently produce no interest. I speak of course on the presumption that the best specimens have been exhibited by those who have undertaken the task. It must be allowed, however, that we cannot judge of the troubadours at a greater disadvantage than through the prose translations of Millot. Their poetry was entirely of that class which is allied to music, and excites the fancy or feelings rather by the power of sound than any stimulatory of imagery and passion. Possessing a flexible and harmonious language, they invented a variety of metrical arrangements perfectly new to the nations of Europe. The Latin hymns were striking but monotonous, the metre of the northern French unvaried; but in Provençal poetry almost every length of verse, from two syllables to twelve, and the most intricate disposition of rhymes were at the choice of the troubadour. The canzonis, the sestine, all the lyric metres of Italy and Spain, were borrowed from his treasury. With such a command of poetical sounds, it was natural that he should inspire delight into ears not yet rendered familiar to the artifices of verse; and even now the fragments of these ancient lays, quoted by M. Sismondi and M. Ginguéné, seem to possess a sort of charm that has evaporated in translation. Upon this harmony, and upon the facility with which mankind are apt to be deluded into an admiration of exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence. And, however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of habitual language.

It has been maintained by some antiquaries that the northern romance, or what we properly call French, was not formed until the tenth century, the common dialect of all France having previously resembled that of Languedoc. This hypothesis may not be in-

disputable; but the question is not likely to be settled, as scarcely any written specimens of romance, even of that age, have survived. In the eleventh century, among other more obscure productions, both in prose and metre, there appears what, if unquestioned as to authenticity, would be a valuable monument of this language, the laws of William the Conqueror. These are preserved in a manuscript of Ingulfus's *History of Croyland*, a blank being left in other copies where they should be inserted (Gale, xv. Script. t. i. p. 88). They are written in an idiom so far removed from the Provençal, that one would be disposed to think the separation between these two species of romance of older standing than is commonly allowed. But it has been thought probable that these laws, which in fact were a mere repetition of those of Edward the Confessor, were originally published in Anglo-Saxon, the only language intelligible to the people, and translated at a subsequent period, by some Norman monk, into French (Ritson's *Diss. on Romance*, p. 66). This, indeed, is not quite satisfactory, as it would have been more natural for such a transcriber to have rendered them into Latin; and neither William the Conqueror nor his successors were accustomed to promulgate any of their ordinances in the vernacular language of England.

The use of a popular language became more common after the year 1100. Translations of some books of Scripture and acts of saints were made about that time, or even earlier, and there are French sermons of St. Bernard, from which extracts have been published, in the royal library at Paris. In 1126, a charter was granted by Louis VI. to the city of Beauvais in French. Metrical compositions are in general the first literature of a nation, and even if no distinct proof could be adduced, we might assume their existence before the twelfth century. There is, however, evidence, not to mention the fragments printed by Le Bœuf, of certain lives of saints translated into French verse by Thibault de Vernon, a canon of Rouen, before the middle of the preceding age. And we are told that Taillefer, a Norman minstrel, recited a song or romance on the deeds of Roland, before the army of his countrymen, at the battle of Hastings, in 1066. Philip de Than, a Norman subject of Henry I., seems to be the earliest poet whose works as well as name have reached us, unless we admit a French translation of the work of one Marbode upon precious stones to be more ancient. This de Than wrote a set of rules for computation of time, and an account of different

calendars. A happy theme for inspiration without doubt! Another performance of the same author is a treatise on birds and beasts, dedicated to Adelaide, queen of Henry I. (*Archæologia*, vols. xii. and xiii.) But a more famous votary of the muses was Wace, a native of Jersey, who, about the beginning of Henry II.'s reign, turned Geoffrey of Monmouth's history into French metre. Besides this poem, called *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, he composed a series of metrical histories, containing the transactions of the dukes of Normandy, from Rollo, their great progenitor, who gave name to the *Roman de Rou*, down to his own age. Other productions are ascribed to Wace, who was at least a prolific versifier, and if he seem to deserve no higher title at present, has a claim to indulgence, and even to esteem, as having far excelled his contemporaries without any superior advantages of knowledge. In emulation, however, of his fame, several Norman writers addicted themselves to composing chronicles, or devotional treatises in metre. The court of our Norman kings was to the early poets in the Langue d'Oïl what those of Arles and Toulouse were to the troubadours. Henry I. was fond enough of literature to obtain the surname of Beaulerc; Henry II. was more indisputably an encourager of poetry; and Richard I. has left compositions of his own in one or other (for the point is doubtful) of the two dialects spoken in France.

If the poets of Normandy had never gone beyond historical and religious subjects they would probably have had less claim to our attention than their brethren of Provence. But a different and far more interesting species of composition began to be cultivated in the latter part of the twelfth century. Without entering upon the controverted question as to the origin of romantic fictions, referred by one party to the Scandinavians, by a second to the Arabs, by others to the natives of Brittany, it is manifest that the actual stories upon which one early and numerous class of romances was founded are related to the traditions of the last people. These are such as turn upon the fable of Arthur; for though we are not entitled to deny the existence of such a personage, his story seems chiefly the creation of Celtic vanity. Traditions current in Brittany, though probably derived from this island, became the basis of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin prose, which, as has been seen, was transfused into French metre by Wace. The vicinity of Normandy enabled its poets to enrich their narratives with other Armorican fictions, all relating to the heroes who had surrounded the table of the

son of Uther. An equally imaginary history of Charlemagne gave rise to a new family of romances. The authors of these fictions were called *Trouveurs*, a name obviously identical with that of Troubadours. But, except in name, there was no resemblance between the minstrels of the northern and southern dialects. The invention of one class was turned to description, that of the other to sentiment; the first we epic in their form and style, the latter almost always lyric. We cannot perhaps give a better notion of their dissimilitude than by saying that one school produced Chaucer, and the other Petrarch. Besides these romances of chivalry, the *trouveurs* displayed their powers of lively narration in comic tales or *fabliaux* (a name sometimes extended to the higher romance), which have aided the imagination of Boccaccio and La Fontaine. These compositions are certainly more entertaining than those of the troubadours; but, contrary to what I have said of the latter, they often gain by appearing in a modern dress. Their versification, which doubtless had its charm, when listened to around the hearth of an ancient castle, is very languid and prosaic, and suitable enough to the tedious proximity into which the narrative is apt to fall; and though we find many sallies of that arch and sprightly simplicity which characterizes the old language of France as well as England, it requires, upon the whole, a factitious taste to relish these Norman tales, considered as poetry in the higher sense of the word, distinguished from metrical fiction.

A manner very different from that of the *fabliaux* was adopted in the *Roman de la Rose*, begun by William de Loris about 1250, and completed by John de Meun half a century later. This poem, which contains about sixteen thousand lines in the usual octo-syllable verse, from which the early French writers seldom deviated, is an allegorical vision, wherein love, and the other passions or qualities connected with it, pass over the stage, without the intervention, I believe, of any less abstract personages. Though similar allegories were not unknown to the ancients, and, which is more to the purpose, may be found in other productions of the thirteenth century, none had been constructed so elaborately as that of the *Roman de la Rose*. Cold and tedious as we now consider this species of poetry, it originated in the creative power of imagination, and appealed to more refined feeling than the common metrical narratives could excite. This poem was highly popular in the middle ages, and became the source of those numerous

allegories which had not wholly ceased in the seventeenth century.

The French language was employed in prose as well as in metre. Indeed it seems to have had almost an exclusive privilege in this respect. The language of Oil, says Dante, in his treatise on vulgar speech, prefers its claim to be ranked above those of Oc and Si (Provençal and Italian), on the ground that all translations or compositions in prose have been written therein from its greater facility and grace; such as the books compiled from the Trojan and Roman stories, the delightful fables about Arthur, and many other works of history and science.

MORNING.

BY JAMES BEATTIE.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim desoried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage cures at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings:
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings:
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tour.

—*The Minstrel.*

THE ARAB MAID'S SONG.

Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.
Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

—*Lalla Rookh*—THOMAS MOORE.

MANSIE WAUCH'S ANCESTORS.¹

[David Macbeth Moir, M.D., born at Musselburgh, Edinburgh, 5th January, 1798; died at Dumfries, 6th July, 1851. As the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dr. Moir earned wide and enduring fame, and at the same time he faithfully performed the arduous duties of a popular medical practitioner in his native borough. He contributed about four hundred poems to *Blackwood*, besides prose sketches; and he was an occasional contributor to other periodicals. His works are: *The Bombardment of Algiers*, and other poems; *The Legend of Genevieve*, with other tales and poems; *The Life of Mansie Wauch*, tailor in Dalkeith, written by himself (from which we quote); *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*; two treatises on Malignant Cholera; *Domestic Verses*, including "Casa Wappy," and other poems on the death of three of the author's children; and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century*. His *Poetical Works*, with an appreciative memoir by Mr. Thomas Aird, were published in two volumes by Blackwood & Sons, 1852. "His indeed was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandizement."—*Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Aird says of the poet: "Good sound sense, and simple, healthy feeling, excited and exalted though these may be, never fail him. He draws from nature, and from himself direct."]

Auld Grandfather died when I was a growing callant, some seven or aught year auld: yet I mind him full well; it being a curious thing how early matters take haud of one's memory. He was a straught, tall, auld man, with a shining bell-pow, and reverend white locks hinging down about his haffets; a Roman nose, and twa cheeks blooming through the winter of his lang age like roses, when, puir body, he was sand-blind with infirmity. In his latter days he was hardly able to crawl about alone; but used to sit resting himself on the truff seat before our door, leaning forit his head on his staff, and finding a kind of pleasure in feeling the beams of God's ain sun beaking on him. A blackbird, that he had tamed, hung above his head in a whand-cage of my faither's making; and he had taken a pride in learning it to whistle twa three turns of his ain favourite sang, "Oure the Water to Charlie."

I recollect, as well as yesterday, that on the Sundays he wore a braid bannet with a red worsted cherry on the tap o't; and had a single-

¹ "The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch' began in 1824, and the series ran on for the three following years [in *Blackwood*]. So popular was it in Scotland, that I know districts where country clubs, waiting impatiently for the magazine, met monthly, so soon as it was issued, and had 'Mansie' read aloud by one of their number, amidst explosions of congregated laughter."—*Memoir* by Thomas Aird.

breasted coat, square in the tails, of light Gilmerton blue, with plaited white buttons, bigger than crown-pieces. His waistcoat was low in the neck, and had flap pouches, wherein he kept his mull for rappee, and his tobacco-box. To look at him wi' his rig-and-fur Shetland hose pulled up oore his knees, and his big glancing buckles in his shoon, sitting at our door-cheek, clean and tidy as he was kept, was just as if one of the auncient patriarchs had been left on earth, to let succeeding surviveors witness a picture of hoary and venerable eld. Puir body, mony a bit Gibraltar rock and gingerbread did he give to me, as he would pat me on the head, and prophesy I would be a great man yet; and sing me bits of auld sangs about the bloody times of the Rebellion and Prince Charlie. There was nothing that I liked so well as to hear him set a-going with his auld-world stories and lits; though my mother used sometimes to say, "Wheesht, grandfather, ye ken it's no canny to let out a word of thae things; let bygones be bygones, and forgotten." He never liked to gie trouble, so a rebuke of this kind would put a tether to his tongue for a wee; but when we were left by ourselves, I used aye to egg him on to tell me what he had come through in his far-away travels beyond the broad seas; and of the famous battles he had seen and shed his precious blood in; for his pinkie was hacked off by a dragoon of Cornet Gardener's, down by at Prestonpans, and he had caught a bullet with his ankle over in the north at Culloden. So it was no wonder that he liked to crack about these times, though they had brought him muckle and no little mischief, having obliged him to skulk like another Cain among the Hieland hills and heather, for many a long month and day, homeless and hungry. No dauring to be seen in his own country, where his head would have been chacked off like a sybo, he took leg-bail in a ship, over the sea among the Dutch folk; where he followed out his lawful trade of a cooper, making girrs for the herring barrels, and so on; and sending, when he could find time and opportunity, such savings from his wages as he could afford, for the maintenance of his wife and small family of three helpless weans, that he had been obligated to leave, dowie and destitute, at their native home of pleasant Dalkeith.

At lang and last, when the breeze had blown oore, and the feverish pulse of the country began to grow calm and cool, auld grandfather took a longing to see his native land; and though not free of jeopardy from king's cutters on the sea, and from spies on shore, he risked

his neck over in a sloop from Rotterdam to Aberlady, that came across with a valuable cargo of smuggled gin. When grandfather had been obliged to take the wings of flight for the preservation of his life and liberty, my father was a wean at grannie's breast: so, by her fending—for she was a canny industrious body, and kept a bit shop, in the which she sold oatmeal and red herrings, needles and prins, potaties, and tape, and cabbage, and what not—he had grown a strapping laddie of eleven or twelve, helping his two sisters, one of whom perished of the measles in the dear year, to gang errands, chap sand, carry water, and keep the house clean. I have heard him say, when auld grandfather came to their door at the dead of night, tirling like a thief o' darkness at the windowbrod to get in, that he was so altered in his voice and lingo, that no living soul kened him, not even the wife of his bosom; so he had to put grannie in mind of things that had happened between them, before she would allow my father to lift the sneek, or draw the bar. Many and many a year, for gude kens how long after, I've heard tell, that his speech was so Dutchified as to be scarcely ken-speckle to a Scotch European; but nature is powerful, and in the course of time he came in the upshot to gather his words together like a Christian.

Of my auntie Bell, that, as I have just said, died of the measles in the dear year, at the age of fourteen, I have no story to tell but one, and that a short ane, though not without a sprinkling of interest.

Among her other ways of doing, grannie kept a cow, and sold the milk round about to the neighbours in a pitcher, whiles carried by my father, and whiles by my aunties, at the ransom of a ha'penny the mutchkin. Well, ye observe, that the cow ran yield, and it was as plain as pease that she was with calf:—Geordie Drouth, the horse-doctor, could have made solemn affidavit on that head. So they waited on, and better waited on for the prowie's calving, keeping it upon draff and ait-strae in the byre: till one morning everything seemed in a fair way, and my auntie Bell was set out to keep watch and ward.

Some of her companions, howsoever, chancing to come by, took her out to the back of the house to have a game at the pallall; and in the interim, Donald Bogie the tinker from Yetholm, came and left his little jackass in the byre, while he was selling about his crockery of cups and saucers, and brown plates, on the auld ane, thro the town, in two creels.

In the middle of auntie Bell's game, she heard an unco noise in the byre; and kenning that she had neglected her charge, she ran round the gable, and opened the door in a great hurry; when seeing the beastie, she pulled it to again, and fleeing, half out of breath, into the kitchen, cried—"Come away, come away, mother, as fast as ye can. Ay, lyst, the cow's cauffed, and it's a cuddie!"

My own faither, that is to say auld Mansie Wauch with regard to myself, but young Mansie with reference to my grandfaither, after having run the errands, and done his best to grannie during his early years, was, at the age of thirteen, as I have heard him tell, bound a prentice to the weaver trade, which, from that day and date, for better for worse, he prosecuted to the hour of his death;—I should rather have said to within a fortnight o't, for he lay for that time in the mortal fever that cut through the thread of his existence. Alas! as Job says, "How time flies like a weaver's shuttle!"

He was a tall, thin, lowering man, black-aviced, and something in the physog like myself, though scarcely so well-faured; with a kind of blueness about his chin, as if his beard grew of that colour—which I scarcely think it would do—but might arise either from the dust of the blue cloth, constantly flying about the shop, taking a rest there, or from his having a custom of giving it a rub now and then with his finger and thumb, both of which were dyed of that colour, as well as his apron, from rubbing against, and handling the webs of checkit cloth in the loom.

Ill would it become me, I trust a dutiful son, to say that my faither was anything but a decent, industrious, hard-working man, doing everything for the good of his family, and winning the respect of all that kened the value of his worth. As to his decency, few—very few indeed—laid beneath the mools of Dalkeith kirk-yard, made their beds there, leaving a better name behind them; and as to industry, it is but little to say that he toiled the very flesh off his bones, caaing the shuttle, from Monday morning till Saturday night, from the rising up of the sun, even to the going down thereof; and whiles, when opportunity led him, or occasion required, digging and delving away at the bit kail-yard, till moon and stars were in the lift, and the dews of heaven that fell on his head were like the oil that flowed from Aaron's beard, even to the skirts of his garment. But what will ye say there? Some are born with a silver spoon in their

mouths, and others with a parritch-stick. Of the latter was my faither, for with all his fecht-ing, he never was able much more than to keep our heads above the ocean of debt. Whatever was denied him, a kind Providence, howsoever, enabled him to do that; and so he departed this life contented, leaving to my mother and me, the two survivors, the prideful remembrance of being respectively, she the widow, and me the son of an honest man. Some left with twenty thousand cannot boast as much, so ilka ane has their comforts.

Having never entered much into public life, farther than attending the kirk twice every Sabbath, and thrice when there was evening service, the days of my faither glided over like the waters of a deep river that make little noise in their course; so I do not know whether to lament or to rejoice at having almost nothing to record of him. Had Buonaparte as little ill to account for, it would be well this day for him:—but, losh me! I had amaisit skipped over his wedding.

In the five-and-twentieth year of his age he had fallen in love with my mother, Marion Laverock, at the Christening of a neighbour's bairn, where they both happened to forgather, little, I daresay, jalousing at the time their een first met, that fate had destined them for a pair, and to be the honoured parents of me, their only bairn. Seeing my faither's heart was caught as in the net of the fowler, she took every lawful means, such as adding another knot to her cockernony, putting up her hair in screw curls, and so on, to follow up her advantage; the result of all which was, that, after a three months' courtship, she wrote a letter out to her friends at Loanhead, telling them of what was more than likely to happen, and giving a kind invitation to such of them as might think it worth their whiles, to come in and be spectators of the ceremony. And a prime day I am told they had of it, having by advice of more than one consented to make it a penny-wedding; and hiring Deacon Laurie's maltbarn for five shillings, for the express purpose.

Many yet living, among whom are James Batter, who was the best-man, and Duncan Imrie, the heelcutter in the Flesh-market Close, are yet above board to bear solemn testimony to the grandness of the occasion, and the unaccountable numerousness of the company, with such a display of mutton-broth, swimming thick with raisins, and roasted jiggets of lamb,—to say nothing of mashed turnips and champed potatoes,—as had not been seen in the wide parish o' Dalkeith in the memory

of man. It was not only my faither's bridal-day, but it brought many a lad and lass together by way of partners at foursome reels and hieland jigs, whose courtship did not end in smoke, couple above couple dating the day of their happiness from that famous forgathering. There were no less than three fiddlers, two of them blind with the sma'-pox, and one naturally, and a piper with his drone and chanter, playing as many pibrochs as would have deaved a mill-happer,—all skirling, scraping, and bumming away throughither the whole afternoon and night, and keeping half the countryside dancing, capering, and cutting, in strathspey step and quick time, as if they were without a weary, or had not a bone in their bodies. In the days of darkness the whole concern would have been imputed to magic and glamour; and douce folk, finding how they were transgressing over their usual bounds, would have looked about them for the wooden pin that auld Michael Scott the warlock drave in behind the door, leaving the family to dance themselves to death at their leisure.

Had the business ended in dancing, so far well, for a sound sleep would have brought a blithé wakening, and all be tight and right again; but, alas and alackaday! the violent heat and fume of foment they were all thrown into, caused the emptying of so many ale-tankers, and the swallowing of so muckle toddy by way of cooling and refreshing the company, that they all got as fou as the Baltic; and many plays that shall be nameless were the result of a sober ceremony, whereby two douce and decent people, Mansie Wauch, my honoured faither, and Marion Laverock, my respected mother, were linked thegither, for better for worse, in the lawful bonds of honest wedlock.

It seems as if Providence, reserving everything famous and remarkable for me, allowed little or nothing of consequence to happen to my faither, who had few cruiks in his lot; at least I never learned, either from him or any other body, of any adventures likely seriously to interest the world at large. I have heard tell, indeed, that he once got a terrible fright by taking the bounty, during the American war, from an Eirish corporal, of the name of Dochart O'Flaucherty, at Dalkeith Fair, when he was at his prenticeship: he, no being accustomed to malt liquor, having got fousish and frisky—which was not his natural disposition—over a half a bottle of porter. From this it will easily be seen, in the first place, that it would be with a fecht that his master would get him off, by obleeing the corporal to take

back the trepan money; in the second place, how long a date back it is since the Eirish began to be the death of us; and in conclusion, that my honoured faither got such a fleg, as to spain him effectually for the space of ten years from every drinkable stronger than good spring-well water. Let the unwary take caution; and may this be a wholesome lesson to all whom it may concern.

In this family history it becomes me, as an honest man, to make passing mention of my faither's sister, auntie Mysie, that married a carpenter and undertaker in the town of Jedburgh; and who, in the course of nature and industry, came to be in a prosperous and thriving way; indeed, so much so, as to be raised from the rank of a private head of a family, and at last elected, by a majority of two votes, a member of the town-council itself.

There is a good story, howsoever, connected with this business, with which I shall make myself free to wind up this somewhat fusty and fushionless chapter.

Well, ye see, some great lord,—I forget his name, but no matter,—that had made a most tremendous sum of money, either by foul or fair means, among the blacks in the East Indies, had returned, before he died, to lay his bones at home, as yellow as a Limerick glove, and as rich as Dives in the New Testament. He kept flunkies with plush small-clothes, and sky-blue coats with scarlet-velvet cuffs and collars,—lived like a princie,—and settled, as I said before, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh.

The body, though as brown as a toad's back, was as prideful and full of power as auld King Nebuchadneisher; and how to exhibit all his purple and fine linen, he aye thought and better thought, till at last the happy determination came over his mind like a flash of lightning, to invite the bailies, deacons, and town-council, all in a body, to come and dine with him.

Save us! what a brushing of coats, such a switching of stoury trowsers, and bleaching of white cotton stockings as took place before the catastrophe of the feast, never before happened since Jeddert was a burgh. Some of them that were forward and geyan bold in the spirit, crawled aloud for joy, at being able to boast that they had received an invitation letter to dine with a great lord; while others, as proud as peacocks of the honour, yet not very sure as to their being up to the trade of behaving themselves at the tables of the great, were mostly dung stupid with not kenning what to think. A council meeting or two

took place in the gloamings, to take such a serious business into consideration; some expressing their fears and inward down-sinking, while others cheered them up with a fillip of pleasant consolation. Scarcely a word of the matter for which they were summoned together by the town offisher—and which was about the mending of the old bell rope—was discussed by any of them. So after a sowl of toddy was swallowed, with the hopes of making them brave men, and good soldiers of the magistracy, they all plucked up a proud spirit, and, do or die, determined to march in a body up to the gate, and forward to the table of his lordship.

My uncle, who had been one of the ring-leaders of the chicken-hearted, crap away up among the rest, with his new blue coat on, shining fresh from the ironing of the goose, but keeping well among the thick, to be as little kenspeckle as possible; for all the folk of the town were at their doors and windows to witness the great occasion of the town-council, going away up like gentlemen of rank to take their dinner with his lordship. That it was a terrible trial to all cannot be for a moment denied; yet some of them behaved themselves decently; and if we confess that others trembled in the knees as if they were marching to a field of battle, it was all in the course of human nature.

Yet ye would wonder how they came on by degrees; and, to cut a long tale short, at length found themselves in a great big room, like a palace in a fairy tale, full of grahd pictures with gold frames, and looking-glasses like the side of a house, where they could see down to their very shoes. For a while they were like men in a dream, perfectly dazzled and dumfounded; and it was five minutes before they could either see a seat or think of sitting down. With the reflection of the looking-glasses, one of the bailies was so possessed within himself, that he tried to chair himself where chair was none, and landed, not very softly, on the carpet; while another of the deacons, a fat and dumpy man, as he was trying to make a bow, and throw out his leg behind him, tramped on a favourite Newfoundland dog's tail, that, wakening out of its slumbers with a yell that made the roof ring, played drive against my uncle, who was standing abaft, and wheeled him like a butterfly, side foremost, against a table with a heap o' flowers on't, where, in trying to kep himself, he drove his head like a battering-ram through a looking-glass, and bleached back on his hands and feet on the carpet.

Seeing what had happened, they were all frightened; but his lordship, after laughing heartily, was politer, and kent better about manners than all that; so bidding the finkies hurry away with the fragments of the china jugs and jars, they found themselves sweating with terror and vexation, ranged along silk settees, cracking about the weather and other wonderfuls.

Such a dinner! the fume of it went round about their hearts like myrrh and frankincense. The landlord took the head of the table, the bailies the right and left of him; the deacons and councillors were ranged along the sides, like files of sodgers; and the chaplain, at the foot, said grace. It is entirely out of the power of man to set down on paper all that they got to eat and drink; and such was the effect of French cookery, that they did not ken fish from flesh. Howsoever, for all that, they laid their lugs in everything that lay before them, and what they could not eat with forks they supped with spoons; so it was all to one purpose.

When the dishes were removing, each had a large blue glass bowl full of water, and a clean calendered damask towel, put down by a smart funky before him; and many of them that had not helped themselves well to the wine, while they were eating their steaks and French frigassees, were now vexed to death on that score, imagining that nothing remained for them but to dight their nebs and flee up.

Ignorant folk should not judge rashly, and the worthy town-council were here in error: for their surmises, however feasible, did the landlord wrong. In a minute they had fresh wine decanters ranged down before them, filled with liquors of all variety of colours, red, green, and blue; and the table was covered with dishes full of jargonelles and pippins, raisins and almonds, shell-walnuts, and plumdamases, and nut-crackers, and everything they could think of eating; so that after drinking "The King, and long life to him," and "The constitution of the country at home and abroad," and "Success to trade," and "A good harvest," and "May ne'er waur be among us," and "Botheration to the French," and "Corny toes and short shoes to the foes of old Scotland," and so on, their tongues began at length not to be so tacked; and the weight of their own dignity, that had taken flight before his lordship, came back and rested on their shoulders.

In the course of the evening his lordship whispered to one of the finkies to bring in some things—they could not hear what—as

the company might like them. The wise ones thought within themselves that the best aye comes hindmost; so in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes on his arm of twisted black things just like sticks of Gibraltar-rock, but different in the colour.

Bailie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purvis to a wheen raisins; and my uncle, to show that he was not frightened, and kent what he was about, helped himself to one of the long black things, which without much ceremony he shoved into his mouth, and began to. Two or three more, seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine-year olds.

Instead of the curious-looking black thing being sweet as honey—for so they expected—they soon found they had caught a Tartar; for it had a confounded bitter tobacco-taste. Manners, however, forbade them laying them down again, more especially as his lordship, like a man dumfounded, was aye keeping his eye on them. So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, then chewing away again, and syne another whammel from one cheek to the other, and syne another mouthful, while the whole time their een were staring in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined, but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub, and thought he was dreaming, but no—there they were bodily, chewing and whammelling, and making faces; so no wonder that, in keeping in his laugh, he sprung a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair through the floor, in an ecstasy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing sea-sick, and pale as stucco-images.

Frightened out of his wits at last, that he would be the death of the whole council, and that more, of them would pushion themselves, he took up one of the segars—every one knows segars now, for they are fashionable among the very sweeps—which he lighted at the candle, and commenced puffing like a tobacco-pipe.

My uncle and the rest, if they were ill before, were worse now, so when they got to the open air, instead of growing better they grew sicker and sicker, till they were waggling from side to side like ships in a storm; and, no kenning whether their heels or heads were uppermost, went spinning round about like pieries.

"A little spark may make muckle wark."

It is perfectly wonderful what great events spring out of trifles, or what seem to common eyes but trifles. I do not allude to the nine days' deadly sickness, that was the legacy of every one that ate his segar, but to the awful truth, that, at the next election of councillors, my poor uncle Jamie was completely black-balled—a general spite having been taken to him in the town-hall, on account of having led the magistracy wrong, by doing what he ought to have let alone, thereby making himself and the rest a topic of amusement to the world at large, for many and many a month.

Others, to be sure, it becomes me to make mention, have another version of the story, and impute the cause of his having been turned out to the implacable wrath of old Bailie Bogie, whose best black coat, square in the tails, that he had worn only on the Sundays for nine year, was totally spoiled on their way home in the dark from his lordship's, by a tremendous blash, that my unfortunate uncle happened, in the course of nature, to let flee in the frenzy of a deadly upthrowing.

THE INNER LIFE.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

From tender thinkings to the eye's fine lid
A dew comes sweetly. Unforgotten sight,
Escapes of travel, chance-spent glorious nights
With those whose memory like a pyramid
Is broadly based and higher than all mists,
Our daily lot of fortune or of wrong,
We tell in fearless prose though the world lists.
But all have secrets which, like griefs in song,
Disguised are utter'd or kept always hid.
Some early cross or long-repented sin
Cowers in the heart, of daylight eyes afraid;
Some life-aim miss'd, or failure bitter made
By jeering tongues; some grovelling shame of kin
Draining mute drops; some haunting form and face
More precious than the spoils of many books;—
All these we look at, in a secret place,
The letters of dead loves, for aching looks
When clouds of loneliness make gloom within.

But even the silent treasury of the breast,
By pride lone-sentinel'd, has a secret spring
Which lays it open. Music's sorrowing,
Through echo of some voice long years at rest,
May touch it groping in the tearful dark.
Some tale which has a mystery of truth
May on a sudden hit the inviolable mark,
And charm the cloister'd memories of youth
To tears which but to weep is to be blest.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHATEAU.

[Henrietta Keddie ("Sarah Tytler"), born at Cupar, Fife, 1827. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. Her principal works are: *Nut Brown Maids*; *Papers for Thoughtful Girls*; *Citoyenne Jacqueline*; *The Old Masters*; *Lady Bell*, &c. There is pictorial power in her sketches of scenery, delicacy and clearness in her portrayal of character, good sense and a kindly nature apparent in her reflections; and she possesses the historic insight which enables her to reproduce the scenes and people of the past with remarkable spirit and fidelity.]

I.

One April day, in a year of grace now long gone by, a French peasant woman, with a girl of eleven years old, left the village of Saulecourt, and walked up the grass-grown road, which led through the neglected grounds to a chateau, such as used to be perched above every French village.

This middle-aged, short, brown-faced woman in the costume of a well-to-do peasant—striped petticoat, grass-green apron, and white cap, with long lappets shading gold ear-rings—was Madelinette of the mill. She had been intrusted with the sole care of a daughter of the chateau during the terrors of the great Revolution, and of the subsequent stormy, political years, when the count and his family had been in exile. The girl was dressed in the same style as her nurse, peasant-like and quaint in her short petticoat—red, white, and blue, after the fashion of the tricolour—with her buff apron, its bib fastened over her white boddice, and her cap without a border, fitting closely to her round curly black head and serving as a frame to her irregular, dimpled face. Though she had been suffered thus far to grow up in obscurity, she was a real demoiselle, and was now clamping in her wooden shoes on her way to her mother and her aunt, the members of her family who had at last returned to the chateau. The Revolution had formed a gulf which had cut the girl clean asunder from her family, so that the very name by which she had been christened—Angeline Ursule—and by which she was known at the chateau, had been rusticated by her foster-mother, Madelinette, into simple Urlurette.

Urlurette would not have recognized father or mother, brother or sister, had she met any of them by chance.

"Thou wilt be good, my pippin, and do credit to my training," counselled Madelinette, with a quaver in her voice; "assuredly I shall see thee when thou drivest past in the coach

with the mules, as Madame the Countess was wont to take her airing."

"Without doubt thou shalt see me and hear me also, my mother," cried Urlurette, giving a little spring over a rough bit of the pathway, in order to lend emphasis to her purpose; "for I shall alight every time, and bring no end of nice things to thee, and my father, and Jean-not. The red wool for which thou hadst the great wish to knit the socks for my brother, the new bridle my father coveted for Sacristain. Who knows?"

"Softly, my child!" exclaimed Madelinette, as she furtively wiped the troublesome moisture from her brown eyes with her apron. "Thou must not tease the countess for gifts to us."

"But of what value is love without deeds?" insisted Urlurette, not troubling herself to make a loud show of her affection. How could she be supposed to do otherwise than love her father, mother, and brother?

"Hein! I don't want deeds," persisted Madelinette, disinterestedly; and deeds which are not wanted are no better than plaguey midges;" and, suiting the action to the word, she brushed aside an early swarm. "I shall be only too proud to see my *bibiche* sitting in the coach among silks and furs, and looking out of glass, gilding, and coats-of-arms."

"But I don't think I shall like that very well myself," said Urlurette, reflectively. "Thou knowest that I have such a great inclination to walk, run, and jump, my mother." And Urlurette looked very much as if she were about to give an example of her tastes, which must have contrasted oddly with her old woman's dress.

"Great ladies don't often walk, and never run," communicated Madelinette; "at least, they were not wont to do so. They may have learned these tricks, with others, when they were put to hard shifts, and discovered that they were flesh and blood. No shame to them for not knowing it. How could they guess it? But all the troubles are over, and we have kept our chateau." Madelinette looked round her proudly, but a little deprecatingly, at the changes produced by ten years' absenteeism and confiscation to the state.

To Urlurette the chateau, bringing with it no recollection of its former glories, was very grand indeed. There was to her no desolation in the long grass and reedy waste. She shrewdly suspected there would be plovers' eggs there, and tiny balls of curlews hopping thickly in the season. The king-cups, marsh-mallows, and moon-daisies were already colour-

ing the rough pasture amber, golden, and silvery-white. Urlurette was not so old as to be above a lurking weakness for the catkins on the willows and silver poplars, which, to her eyes, were quite as good as acacias and walnut-trees. Those willows and silver poplars drooped so prettily that there were natural bowers among them in which she should rejoice to receive her village companions, Margot, the little Jeanne, and Honorine, and where they might have the most delightful games of hide-and-seek when their brothers joined them after the field and shop work was done, and the feeding of the horses and cows was over.

"Dost thou not think, my princess," began Madelinette persuasively, "that thou shouldst leave off saying father, mother, and brother to us at the mill, now that thy own mother and thy aunt have come home, and have summoned thee?"

Urlurette started, and her somewhat prominent lips seemed to pout of themselves, as she looked reproachfully and a little defiantly at her foster-mother.

"And where should I have been had I possessed none save my true friends, I pray thee tell me that, my mother Madelinette?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" implored Madelinette, much disconcerted, "thou knowest thou wast the *bébé* when the count and the countess fled with the rest. They could not carry thee with them. I am afraid thou art wicked to reflect on them for what the poor people could not help," said Madelinette, striving to be severe for the young girl's good.

"I do not reflect on them for leaving me behind," Urlurette asserted, almost stamping her foot indignantly; "thou knowest better than that. Nor do I mind so much their not seeking after me all the while that I was growing a great girl, though they might have managed to do that;" and Urlurette swelled out her limited proportions ostentatiously and rebelliously. "There is no good in contradicting me. Bah! but I know who did take care of me, and who is my foster-mother, so that she must be really ashamed of me, if she refuse to take the title." Urlurette, much shaken already, now burst into a great sob.

All that poor Madelinette had gained by her over-much anxiety for the proprieties was to put Urlurette into a dubious temper, to damp her sanguine anticipations, to stir up old grievances, and, finally, to provoke her to the very unbecoming impropriety of crying on the eve of the family reunion.

II.

In an uncomfortable mood Madelinette and Urlurette climbed up the flights of stairs to the overgrown, moss-stained terrace, where the orange-tubs had long ago been overturned, and the almond-trees cut down, but where hardy budding syringa and lilac bushes had intruded and replaced more courtly favourites. A glass door opened from the terrace, at which Madelinette knocked. It was opened by a plough-boy in gray, as it seemed to Madelinette. He was gruff, and only acknowledged her greeting by growling a few words in a strange tongue. They were, although the newcomers did not comprehend them, "So, this is the miss; a young farm wench!" The plough-boy handed the couple over to a full-fledged, high-coloured young woman, in a gown and bodice of the same material and colour,—a huge ruff, like the rays of the sun, surrounding her face. She said, "Lawk!" in a tone of entire disapprobation, tossed her head, and next shook it impatiently in rejection of Madelinette's proffered explanation. She conducted the pair up a wide, bare staircase, and with a "Here they are, mums," unintelligible to Madelinette and Urlurette, she ushered them into the first of a darkened suite of rooms, and shut the door behind them.

Luckily Madelinette had a faint recollection of the locality, and as she ejaculated, "Sainte Madeleine! service has changed, like everything else!" groped her way over the inlaid wooden floor, past piled-up, claw-footed, and griffin-legged furniture, which had not yet been taken down and put in order, drew aside one moth-eaten cloth curtain after another, and entered the third and last room, where the air was hot from a wood fire on the hearth, and heavy with perfume.

The first token of the presence of strangers being perceived was given by a short, faint scream coming from a white figure, which looked like a waif stretched on an immense bed. It was one of two figures. The other was in a dark dress, and sat leaning back in a great arm-chair, by the side of the bed. Both figures were dimly discernible by the smouldering, red glow of the fire and the little daylight which penetrated the shut *jalousies*.

Madelinette and Urlurette, at the sound of the scream, stopped short in alarm. At the same time the figure in the chair rose to its full height, and showed a tall, gaunt lady, in rustling black brocade, and wearing a *toque* or formidable head-dress, intended to resemble a soldier's small casque surmounted by a nod-

ding plume of feathers. She proceeded to administer a sharp rebuke to the intruders.

"What couldst thou be thinking of, Madelinette, to enter thus and startle madame the countess?" she demanded wrathfully. "Thou knewest that she was always delicate: and even thy sodden brains might have judged this was a trying moment for her."

"Say no more, Claude," interposed the voice from the bed,—a milder voice, but rendered dull and chill by languor and depression. "Let the good Madelinette bring—the little thing." The voice finished with a gasp, as if the anticipation of the interview were too much for one of the principal parties.

"Here she is, madame the countess," proclaimed Madelinette, in thick, flurried accents, unable to do herself and Urlurette farther justice than to subjoin, "I have done my best for her," and she gave Urlurette a clumsy push, which sent the stupified girl stumbling on to the bed.

Madame the countess did not scream again, but raised herself on her elbow, and opened wide a pair of weary-looking eyes. "But this is a monster—a giantess!" she ejaculated hastily; and certainly, contrasted with the shadowy, fragile lady in her white camisole, Urlurette, square-shouldered, with her face swollen and purple, looked a marvel of vigour and coarseness.

"Claude, my sister," continued the countess, "my excellent woman whom we selected for a foster-mother to our *bébi*, are you sure there is no mistake? are you certain this is the right child?"

"Dost thou doubt it, madame?" cried Madelinette, waxing hot and indignant. "Ouf! will madame Nature not speak even in the breast of a countess? But ten years is more than a day or a month either, and bread and milk, bouillon and bacon, with fresh air and exercise, rear other limbs and complexions—thou mayst live to be thankful for it one day—than chocolate, cakes, and ragouts."

"Yea, yea, Renee," confirmed madame with the *toque*. Revolutionary France, vulgarly polite, gave her the honorary title of madame, due to her years, as if she had been a bourgeoisie. "It is certainly Angeline; I see it in the nose and the chin, though they are *canaille* editions of the original. Besides, who would attempt a fraud which any villager could expose, and that, alas! would not be worth the pains nowadays?"

"I did not mean there was a fraud," the incredulous countess smoothed away her objections, "I only meant there might be an error.

Since you say no, I offer you a thousand apologies and thanks, my Madelinette," she added with grace and sweetness, but cold grace and sweetness; "and thou, my child," she held out her delicate, dainty hand hesitatingly, as if she expected Urlurette to kiss it. But the girl remained standing stock still, her shoulders slightly elevated, her brows bent, darting glances at her mother. A light pink fluttered into the countess's faded cheek, and she made a still farther advance, while at the same time she shrank a little down among her pillows. "Embrace me then, my child."

But Urlurette did not even stir at this concession. Instead, she raised her head and spoke in a harsh, unmodulated, young voice, husky with pain and resentment. "I believe there is a mistake. But it does not signify whether there is or not. I ask to go home with my mother."

"Oh, Urlurette, Urlurette! to forget and disgrace thyself thus; to bring upon thee at starting the displeasure of mesdames thy mother and aunt!" Madelinette bemoaned herself.

The countess and her sister lifted their eyebrows. Madame Claude went so far as to take a pinch of snuff a little viciously. The countess gave a resigned little nod and fell back altogether on her pillows, as she remarked, "Quite savage! How shall we ever break her in? say, will it not be the death of me?"

Madame, to whom the observation was made, responded in her own way to the plaintive appeal. "No more of this ordeal," she commanded. "Go, Madelinette, for the present, we shall settle with thee afterwards; as we shall know how to settle with mademoiselle. What is the woman afraid of? That we shall eat the ostrich." Madame, the countess's sister, went on to reduce Madelinette's nerves and muscles to a quaking jelly by speaking ironically, and waving an arm which would not be guinsayed over the squat little foster-mother. "She is ours, not thine, after all—remain quiet, Madelinette, thou hast done thy duty to the best of thy ability, there is no question of that, and Mademoiselle Angeline is—what nature and misfortune have made her."

III.

The next few days were hard days to Urlurette, for of course she had to stay up at the chateau and be the child of mesdames the countess and her sister, in place of going back to be the nursing of kind Madelinette and fatherly Mathurin, and the comrade of blythe bold Jeannot down at the mill.

Urlurette not only lost her customary surroundings with their chain of associations, but very nearly her identity. Her peasant clothes were taken from her, and she was arrayed in a white gown with a tight waist and a long train which caught her feet. Her wooden shoes were replaced by bronze sandals, and behold! she could no longer walk, far less run—Madelinette might have been spared the fear of that scandal in a demoiselle. Urlurette's cap was cast aside, and her short thick clusters of curls were dragged up into a bunch on the crown of her head, like the feathers in Madame Claude's toque. But Urlurette's bunch made her feel as if she were caught and suspended by her locks, after the fashion of Absalom. Everything she said and did was altogether wrong. She was constantly soiling her gown, crushing her ribands and the frill of her tippet, and breaking the feather in her hat. She could not handle her knife and fork like a lady. When first she heard the chateau gong sounded, she put her hands over her ears, ducked her head, and hobbled out of the *salle* as fast as her sandals would allow her. Her voice croaked like a raven's, her peasant patois was execrable to refined ears. She had not a single elegant accomplishment. As Urlurette had never been taught a note of music, a step of dancing, a stitch of embroidery, naturally Angeline was entirely wanting in these all-important branches. True, Urlurette's education had not been entirely neglected. The village priest had taught her reading and writing, and seen that she was thoroughly versed in her catechism; but that was a small matter when Angeline's pronunciation proved vicious, her handwriting painfully legible, and her practice of the precepts of her catechism likely to turn out exceedingly deficient.

Urlurette's ears rang with the record of her delinquencies and deficiencies, uttered in protests and lamentations—not so much spoken to her as before her—over, "that poor Angeline," "the little miserable one," "the uncouth changeling," "the rude daughter of the horrible Revolution." Such was French family politeness, but it was also the candour of a class; and it barbed the arrows that Urlurette, with her mother-wit, lively penetration, and keen sensibility, could not for the life of her withhold a despairing appreciation and admiration from her slanderers and persecutors. They were so dignified, easy, and ready in their soft-voiced, light-footed sweeping ways. Madame the countess was gentle in her listlessness and fastidiousness; Madame Claude had justice in her sternness. And these elderly women,

who were so critical and unsympathetic to Urlurette, were devoted to, and capable of, any sacrifice for each other.

Urlurette was hardening into stone which no secret tears could melt. She was ungainly, stupid, stubborn, as she sat, at solitary arm's length in the deep embrasure of a window in the *salle*, or in the cabinet, with heavy fingers and aching back, threading gold beads and Roman pearls into intricate patterns. She constantly went wrong, and was as constantly taken to task, and had all her beads pulled down again by Madame Claude. Urlurette's shoulders grew more elevated, the features of her formerly expressive face more blurred, with hanging eyelids and drawn-down upper lip. "The grub will never become a butterfly," said the sisters, who had been handsome women in their day. They laid their heads together and agreed that "there is nothing for her but a convent so soon as French convents are restored," and they did not break their hearts at the sentence. They who were all the world to each other did not want any one else—no, not Urlurette.

Urlurette found no refuge with the English farm servants, the only retinue that *mesdames* had brought home with them. She had not a word in common with Dolli and Rogere, and they on their part, not too well satisfied with the quarters to which their voluntary exile had brought them, were not in a humour to recognize and pity the misfortunes of a young mistress, or to feel anything for her save the stolid scorn with which uneducated men and women are in danger of regarding any tokens of inferiority in their superiors.

The child would fain have fraternized with the dumb animals at the chateau, to which her sick and sore heart warmed in memory of her many dear animal-friends at the mill. But she found, to her chagrin, that there was as great a difference between courtly breeding and homely breeding in beasts as in men and women. Reine Blanche, the countess's cat, would not be hugged as old Loup at the mill would suffer his young friend who brought him his bones to hug him. Solomon, Madame Claude's parrot, would not be clasped to a heaving little bosom, where Madelinette's pigeons consented willingly to nestle. Reine Blanche scratched, and Solomon bit Urlurette for her pains, when she had succeeded in infuriating their majesties, so that peace was not restored for hours.

Madelinette held sorrowfully aloof, fearing to increase by her presence the difficulties of her foster-child. Jeannot did not dare to come

near his adopted sister, forbidden to do it by his mother, in overpowering shyness of the grand ladies, and even—it seemed a very unkind cut—in growing shyness of Urlurette. Only worthy Mathurin, driving homewith sacks of grain, could not pass the gate—which, by the way, stood half off its rusty hinges—without alighting, tying his staid horse, Sacristain, to the iron bars, and striding with his bandy legs across the marshy ground, as the crow flies, to inquire how it went with Urlurette, the child that had sat on his knee in the chimney-corner, while he roasted chestnuts for her delectation, or had been borne on his round shoulders through the mill and over his fields, not so very long ago. Mathurin was shown up the broad, slippery staircase, like his wife and Urlurette before him, and stumbled in his turn into a vast drearily dark and half-furnished *salle*, where his heavy foot caused the china plates, bowls, and cups hung round the doors and the great chimney-piece to rattle amain, as if they were coming clattering down in a general destruction.

A gloomy, ill-conditioned young demoiselle half sprang forward to meet him, and then drew back, hanging her head, for she was promptly anticipated by Madame Claude advancing in person, and by the weak but potent voice of madame the countess issuing through the open doors, alike equal to the occasion. Madame Claude wagged the feathers in her *toque*, and waved her hands, madame the countess made the prettiest little speeches, and both overwhelmed Mathurin with politeness; for it was not as when Madelinette had brought Urlurette, and there had been the shock of a trial to encounter. All that was past, the two ladies had recovered themselves and one source of their power.

The sweat burst from every pore of Mathurin. He hung his head lower than Urlurette's, bobbed his humblest bow, and took a speedy departure, unable to carry with him, as some comfort to atone for the fright which he had got with the quality's manners, the news for his little old woman that the child was looking well and happy.

There was no chestnut-roasting now for Urlurette, no rides on loyal shoulders, or walks on more equal terms with her foster-mother; no shivering-interesting tales of French wills-of-the-wisp and sorcerers, with sensational chronicles of the wars, and kindly village gossip round the stove. No amusing chat with girls like herself by the village fountain.

What were the willow boughs to her when Honorine and the rest might not sit with her

in their shade; when there could be no merry *rondes* and games of hide-and-seek about the clumps of blue-green foliage? Urlurette was far too broken-hearted to notice any longer kingcups and mallows, and she was convinced she would never again have the chance of picking up a plover's egg.

Sometimes she had an idea of running away, and so escaping the oppression and forlornness of her situation; but not to Madelinette, lest mesdames should take vengeance on her; for Urlurette had been impressed with the traditional power of the nobles. However, what she had learned in her catechism, added to her small stock of sense, always held her back though everything was changed with her change of name. As a sign and seal of the deplorable era, Urlurette detested to be called Angeline. She told herself that she was a pretty sort of an angel,—it was mockery and profanity to call her Angeline.

IV.

On another day, several weeks after Urlurette's installation at the chateau, Dolli and Rogère, finding that they had an opportunity of leaving uncongenial France and returning to England, unexpectedly gave in their leave "with the brusqueness of their nation, and the headlong unreasonableness of their nature," as Madame Claude descanted in high-flown style—"But let them go. Dolli's soufflés are a disgrace to her. Rogère cannot tell the best Burgundy from piquette, and I believe he thinks his muddy ale and flat cyder preferable to either. We shall get the places of our English domestics supplied in the twinkling of an eye—the shot of a gun."

But the mesdames had come home rather too soon. They had given offence by bringing English servants with them, though they could not have travelled without such assistance. This was the season of field-work about Saulecourt, and not only were there few hands to do it, but these were mostly women's hands. The mesdames were known to be poor, and could not remunerate field-workers for abandoning their ploughs, their sowing sheets, their scythes; while the quality must cease to dream of compelling the abandonment, as in the evil days of the *gabelle* and the cruel salt-tax. It would take several days to bring servants from the nearest large town, even if the mesdames could afford to do so, or cared to attract attention by it.

"In the meantime we shall perish with cold and hunger—we, who have escaped perishing in so many ways during these long years—this

has been destined to be the end of our sorrows," sighed madame the countess, lying helpless on her bed.

"Thou shalt not perish, Renée, while I can labour or die for thee," Madame Claude pledged herself, with characteristic zeal and energy. "The state—that is I," Louis the Grand was wont to say. The gallant lady tried to pass a similar joke on her extremity, by saying "The household—that is I."

It was the morning after Dolli and Rogère had set off in their own interest, and Madame Claude had ascertained by the extraordinary exertion of a walk through the village that help was not to be had there. Unluckily, the kitchen stove had gone out in Madame Claude's absence, and the first thing to be done was to rekindle it. She would hardly have cared to do it for herself, but she would do it, and a thousand things besides, for the beloved sister. After all, the frightful menial toil was no degradation when the martyred queen had swept her room, and so many duchesses and marchionesses had been scullions and portresses during the late sad years—all the time that the mesdames had been dwelling obscurely but peacefully, and with servants (such as they were) to attend to their wants in their dull and rustic farm-house in England. Madame Claude strove hard, but could not kindle with her tinder-box more than a fast-dying spark among the charcoal. She only blackened her hands and spent her breath in the vain endeavour, while her poor stiff knees began to shake and her head to swim. At last she subsided into a sitting posture, with her brocade spread like the tail of a black peacock (supposing such a *lusus nature*) around her on the flags of the kitchen floor. Determined woman as she was, she cried a little, which only made matters worse so far as her appearance was concerned, for she brushed away the tears with her sooty hands, and blackened her melancholy aristocratic face under her toque.

"Never mind, my dear," cried a soft, patient voice; and there was madame the countess standing in her white camisole at the top of the back-stairs, to which she had dragged herself. "I know what thou art about, Claude, and I forbid any more of it, my friend. Let us prepare to die and go to the good God, as He wills, without further ado."

The two ladies got together, and fell weeping into each other's arms, protesting, comforting, reminding each other of the past, resolving to meet the future together.

In all these arrangements Urlurette had not been considered at all, yet the girl was

roused from her lethargy, and inspired with new life.

"No, mesdames," she said, starting up, and addressing her mother and aunt with sparkling eyes, "there is no necessity. For the love of the saints, let me aid. I can kindle a fire, I can cook. Word of Urlur—of Angeline. I have done it a hundred times. I picked it up of my own self, because the Madelinette, scrupulous sheep! did not care to teach me to be clever, but she was glad that I had thus learned—was it not so?—when she came home weary from the hayfield."

Madame the countess and Madame Claude paused in their caresses and asseverations, stared, shrugged their shoulders, did not know what to say.

Urlurette did not wait to hear, but darted out of the room, and sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, to the little turret chamber, which was appropriated to her. She was fired with ambition again, with a thirst for revenge. In a trice she had stripped off her detested quality trappings, and in a twinkling was back again in the *salle* transformed for the second time. The gawky, glum Angeline was no more, but here again was the vigorous, piquante Urlurette. She had shaken herself into her old, well-known garments, and all her wit and spirit had returned. She made the ladies a profound, not unbecoming curtsy. "Forget Angeline, mesdames," entreated the girl: "she is dead, or she has gone from home, or, better still, she is *en masque*. Believe that she is playing a part in one of the comedies you love to talk of. Behold Urlurette, your wise little domestic, who hopes, indeed, to do her part, and who promises never to give you *congé*, and go away so long as you require her. *Allons*, Urlurette, to the fire!" And the apparition vanished.

"What has come over the child?" cried Madame Claude to the countess. "She is no longer *lourd* and *triste*; she has *esprit*, she has sensibility."

"She is one of us; she is generous," responded the countess, herself generous in that speech. "Seest thou, Claude, *en masque*, as she herself declares. She is a fine girl."

"We shall let her be *en masque*. It is a diversion. Perhaps she will contrive to do something—at least, she can fetch Madelinette."

"Ah, yes, we had forgotten the brave Madelinette. She is the true key to the position," whispered the mesdames.

Permitted to do her endeavours, Urlurette kept her word, and did them to a marvel. She

kindled a bright fire, and improvised a *pot-à-feu*; she went tripping and singing—

"Ba—ba—ba—balancez vous donc,"

to the fountain for water, into the old garden to search for vegetables, to the hen-roost to procure eggs, even to the wilderness, where, to the consternation of the ladies, though it was always *en masque*, she went so far as to milk the little Brittany cow, which Mathurin had obtained and sent up for the family use. She milked her well, too, patting her, switching the flies from her with a willow branch, and tossing her a bundle of red clover, like an old cow-woman. Only she resisted with difficulty (having assumed the rôle of wise domestic), trying to get up on the cow's curved red neck, and sitting there as on a throne, wielding the willow branch for a sceptre.

Urlurette brought up her broth, and her omelette in imitation of the style in which Dolli had served her mistresses. She waited upon them while they ate—steadily resisting any request to eat herself till they had done, and she had retreated to her own premises with a solemn repetition of the information—"Pardon, remember well that I am *en masque*, mesdames."

Household work with which she was acquainted was a world better for Urlurette than threading beads into patterns which she could not compass. Above all, she had an instinctive comprehension that in her disguise, which was her real guise still, and could only be laid aside gently and by degrees, she conquered those friends who were her foes; even Madame Claude had not said a single mocking word to her since madame had striven to light the fire, and been defeated, and sat weeping for her defeat on the kitchen flags, and Urlurette had come on the carpet, and made the fire a brilliant *fait accompli*.

Urlurette's retribution was not so short as the ladies accepting it on protest had proposed it should be. Mathurin met with a dangerous accident in the mill that afternoon, and when Madelinette was summoned to the rescue of the chateau, she was found tied to her husband's bed-side in the anxious task of nursing him, so that she could only run up from the mill in the mornings and evenings to relieve Urlurette of the heavier work. "But you may trust the rest to the *bibiche*, she is strong and sensible for her years, though I should not say it, and she is such a warm-hearted young girl, that she is never happier than when she is serving her elders," declared Madelinette, forgetting in her trouble that Urlurette was no daughter

of her own, no veritable village girl to be recommended to the ladies of the chateau, and rendered proud by the honour and trust of serving them.

As matters went on, the mesdames grew accustomed to their distress, and to the compromise which it had occasioned. They could not help taking an interest in Urlurette, and being touched by her strenuous efforts to be of use to them. Madame the countess sat up in bed, had the *jalousies* opened, and often got into the *fauteuil* by the window to watch Urlurette's proceedings.

Urlurette's bustling housewifery was a true comedy to the countess. She had never paid attention to anything like it before. She found it better than a daily visitor, if she could have secured one, or a game at piquet with Madame Claude. There was always something new and curious in Urlurette's tricks: the study of them was like a pleasant fillip to the monotonous invalid habits of the countess—she was better than she had been for years, and Madame Claude was infinitely grateful for the benefit to her sister. Both ladies took to complimenting and praising her with their gracious manners and in softened tones.

Urlurette trembled all over at the first words of praise from her mother and her aunt, gazed half wistfully, half wildly at them with her great eyes, and felt as if she could die for more of such praise. As it was, she not only recovered her innocent, honest confidence in herself, she had gained confidence in her kinswomen.

"I have made a discovery," announced Urlurette, absolutely skipping into the *salle* one afternoon, having broken off in an original *entrechat* at the very door. "I have found that there are mushrooms in the *bocage*. Assuredly I can prepare them for mesdames' supper, if they wish it. Have the goodness to wish it, mesdames; I die of the wish to have a *fricassée* of mushrooms."

"Thou shalt not die, then, my daughter," answered the countess, with a smile; "but take care that thou dost not poison us all, *petite*. Let me see, Claude, I think I remember where the mushroom buttons used to spring, and the beech-trees where the truffles grew. Ah! the deluge has been here since I was under these beech-trees. The afternoon is warm; the sun shines. I wonder if I could venture to cross the threshold again."

Madame Claude was silent, petrified with amazement and delight; but Urlurette, in her blithe, hopeful, young voice, cried, "Yes, yes,

madame, it will make you as strong and well as I am." And then, capering about madame, rushed off for a load of *roquelaures*, *soufflets*, and walking-sticks.

Madame the countess did not feel too overcome by her promenade along the terrace to the corner of the *bocage*; on the contrary, the air—her native air—revived her, the beauty of the bursting syringas and lilacs, "flowering over" the desolation, cheered her. She was flattered to find that her recollection of the locality of the mushrooms was correct; while Madame Claude's treacherous memory had established them in quite another quarter.

The whole procession was returning successfully to the chateau when Urlurette, having her apron full of mushrooms, and having more regard to her spoils than to her steps, missed a foot and fell as she ascended the terrace stairs. "It is nothing, mesdames!" cried she, looking ruefully at her crushed and scattered treasure, and turning very pale.

"It is something, my dear"—"The child is as white as a lily"—"Remain quiet, Angeline," urged the ladies alternatively, with an anxiety which savoured of tenderness.

Urlurette had twisted her ankle as she fell, and though she continued to protest that she was not much hurt—"fi donc!" if she complained for such a bagatelle—she had to lean on the arm of Madame Claude in order to mount the rest of the steps, while madame the countess, declining all farther support on her own account, and even casting away her walking-stick, patted Urlurette reassuringly on the shoulder.

In spite of every remonstrance, Urlurette was established in the *salle*, in madame the countess's nest among her pillows of worn and tarnished velvet; and very odd the little peasant cap and laced boddy looked in the midst

of cambric frills and Valenciennes lace. The countess was established in a *fauteuil*, and tall, erect unwearied Madame Claude stood on guard. Urlurette was not suffered to stir for the evening, though mesdames should have to sup on dry bread. Her foot became an object of solicitude to the ladies, who were better skilled nurses than they were housekeepers and and cooks, having in their early convent days been educated to that branch of notability, as became future *Châtelaines*. It had been the men of rank who had adopted cooking.

It was passing strange for Urlurette to be thus treated—so much so that she closed her eyes lest she should make a baby of herself—until her mother and aunt believed that she slept.

"Dost thou know, it strikes me that she has a look of thee, Renée," whispered Madame Claude.

"Not that," answered madame the countess eagerly, "but I have recognized that she has the *tournure* of my lost Bernard—my boy from whom I was never separated—who would sit on my side of the coach and think that he was sheltering me when we were fired at as we rode through Bourges—thou rememberest, Claude? I am sure that it is my Bernard whom she resembles," added madame the countess after a fond sigh, "because I always thought that he was my good angel, and she has shown herself my Angeline, though the poor child shuns her name and lot."

"I shall never shun them again," sobbed Urlurette, suddenly slipping down from her bed, limping to her mother and laying her head on the countess's knee; "I shall be proud and happy to be thy Angeline, and to learn whatever thou, my mother, and my aunt wish, since you have been so good as to suffer me to work for you."

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was

struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.



COEUR DE LION.
AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

WALKER & SON LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath, yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill of dread:
And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look, an eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breastplate shook, when he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still, with a drooping brow, and clasped hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low—it was Cœur-de-Lion gazed!

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—men held their breath in awe;
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

“Oh, father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep!
Speak to me, father! once again!—I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire! were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!

“Speak to me:—mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred;
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief, my king! I *must* be heard!—
Hushed, hushed!—how is it that I call, and that that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—woe, woe for all the love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see—so still, so sadly bright!
And, father, father! but for me they had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last; no longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say, ‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest king on a royal throne e'er seen,
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring, of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine, my sire, I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die!”

A PERSIAN FABLE.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

In former days there was an old woman, who lived in a hut more confined than the minds of the ignorant, and more dark than the tombs of misera. Her companion was a cat, from the mirror of whose imagination the appearance of bread had never been reflected, nor had she from friends or strangers ever heard its name. It was enough that she now and then scented a mouse, or observed the print of its feet upon the floor; when, blessed by favouring stars, or benignant fortune, one fell into her claws—she became like a beggar who discovers a treasure of gold; her cheeks glowed with rapture, and past grief was consumed by present joy. This feast would last for a week or more; and while enjoying it she was wont to exclaim—“Am I, Most High! when I contemplate this, in a dream or awake? Am I to experience such prosperity after such adversity?”

But as the dwelling of the old woman was in general the mansion of famine to this cat, she was always complaining, and forming extravagant and fanciful schemes. One day, when reduced to extreme weakness, she, with much exertion, reached the top of the hut; when there, she observed a cat stalking on the wall of a neighbour's house, which, like a fierce tiger, advanced with measured steps, and was so loaded with flesh that she could hardly raise her feet. The old woman's friend was amazed to see one of her own species so fat and sleek, and broke out into the following exclamation:

“Your stately strides have brought you here at last; pray tell me from whence you came? From whence you have arrived with so lovely an appearance! You look as if from the banquet of the Khan of Khatal. Where have you acquired such a comeliness? and how came you by that glorious strength?”

The other answered, “I am the sultan's crumb-eater. Each morning, when they spread the convivial table, I attend at the palace, and there exhibit my address and courage. From among the rich meats and wheat-cakes I cull a few choice morsels; I then retire and pass my time till next day in delightful indolence.” The old dame's cat requested to know what rich meat was, and what taste wheat-cakes had? “As for me,” she added, in a melancholy tone, “during my life, I have neither ate nor seen anything but the old woman's gruel and the flesh of mice.” The other smiling, said, “This

accounts for the difficulty I find in distinguishing you from a spider. Your shape and stature are such as must make the whole generation of cats bluish; and we must ever feel ashamed while you carry so miserable an appearance abroad. You certainly have the ears and tail of a cat, but in other respects you are a complete spider. Were you to see the sultan's palace, and to smell his delicious viands, most undoubtedly those withered bones would be restored; you would receive new life, you would come from behind the curtain of invisibility into the plain of observation: when the perfume of his beloved passes over the tomb of a lover, is it wonderful that his putrid bones should be reanimated?”

The old woman's cat addressed the other in the most supplicating manner: “O, my sister!” she exclaimed, “have I not the sacred claims of a neighbour upon you? are we not linked in the ties of kindred? what prevents your giving a proof of friendship, by taking me with you when next you visit the palace? Perhaps from your favour plenty may flow to me, and from your patronage I may attain dignity and honour. Withdraw not from the friendship of the honourable; abandon not the support of the elect.”

The heart of the sultan's crumb-eater was melted by this pathetic address; she promised her new friend should accompany her on the next visit to the palace. The latter, overjoyed, went down immediately from the terrace, and communicated every particular to the old woman, who addressed her with the following counsel: “Be not deceived, my dearest friend, with the worldly language you have listened to; abandon not your corner of content, for the cup of the covetous is only to be filled by the dust of the grave; and the eye of cupidity and hope can only be closed by the needle of mortality and the thread of fate. It is content that makes men rich; mark this, ye avaricious, who traverse the world; he neither knows nor pays adoration to his God, who is dissatisfied with his condition and fortune.” But the expected feast had taken such possession of poor puss's imagination, that the medicinal counsel of the old woman was thrown away. The good advice of all the world is like wind in a cage, or water in a sieve, when bestowed on the headstrong.

To conclude: next day, accompanied by her companion, the half-starved cat hobbled to the sultan's palace. Before this unfortunate wretch came, as it is decreed that the covetous shall be disappointed, an extraordinary event had occurred, and, owing to her evil destiny, the

water of disappointment was poured on the flame of her immature ambition.—The case was this; a whole legion of cats had, the day before, surrounded the feast, and made so much noise, that they disturbed the guests, and in consequence the sultan had ordered that some archers, armed with bows from Tartary, should, on this day, be concealed, and that whatever cat advanced into the field of valour, covered with the shield of audacity, should, on eating the first morsel, be overtaken with their arrows. The old dame's puss was not aware of this order. The moment the flavour of the viands reached her, she flew like an eagle to the place of her prey. Scarcely had the weight of a mouthful been placed in the scale to balance her hunger, when a heart-dividing arrow pierced her breast. A stream of blood rushed from the wound. She fled, in dread of death, after having exclaimed—"Should I escape from this terrific archer, I will be satisfied with my mouse and the miserable hut of my old mistress. My soul rejects the honey if accompanied by the sting. Content, with the most frugal fare, is preferable."

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dress'd as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bouze from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheep-skin gave the story;
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

[Edward Young, born at Upham, Hampshire, 1684; died 12th April, 1766. Educated at Winchester and Oxford; studied, but subsequently having taken orders, he was appointed one of the royal chaplains and rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. He wrote numerous works in prose and verse, of which the most important are: *Night Thoughts*, a poem which has maintained its place in popular estimation to the present time. It is supposed to have been inspired by his melancholy reflections on the death of his wife in 1741; *Busiris, Revenge*, and *The Brothers*, three tragedies; *The Last Day: The Force of Religion*; *On the Death of Queen Anne: The Instalment*, and other poems; and a series of keen satires under the title of *The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion*.]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; and the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me; I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misery to their gold, while others rest.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch :
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes !
 From different natures, marvellously mix'd,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd !
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wonder'ing at her own. How reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphant distress'd ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof.
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods, or, down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
 Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence, than the trodden clod,
 Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
 E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal Heav'n husbands all events :
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, this the solitude :
 How populous, how vital is the grave !
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom,
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
 Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free.
 From real life, but little more remote
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
 The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
 Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods (O transport !) and of man.

Yet man, full man, here buries all his thoughts ;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh :
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
 Where seraphs gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire !
 And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd !
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.
 Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
 And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ?
 Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself, is folly's character ;
 As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
 A change of evils is thy good supreme ;
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
 The first sure symptom of a mind in health
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
 False pleasure from abroad her joys imports :
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.
 The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;
 Slippery the false, and tossing as the wave.
 This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain :
 That, like the fabled self-enamour'd boy,¹

¹ Narcissus.

Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate: though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream,¹ come from, and go to, heav'n;
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy:
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
Oh for a joy from thy Philander's spring.
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! No turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like loud-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy:
Joy's a fix'd state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss;
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a begging to contingencies
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst insure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, not immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign.
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.

Seest thou, Lorenzo, what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters! At the destined hour,

By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than astonishment, if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! Far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun! A Sun, O how unlike
The babe of Bethle'm! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary! Yet he it is!
That man of sorrows! O how changed! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames:
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo, welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee: this awakes
The most supine; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous, man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the beautiful month of October I made
a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire,
from Orléans to Tours. This luxuriant region
is justly called the garden of France. From
Orléans to Blois the whole valley of the Loire
is one continued vineyard. The bright green
foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations
of the sea, over all the landscape, with here
and there a silver flash of the river, a seques-
tered hamlet, or the towers of an old château,
to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The
peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song

¹ Gen. xxxviii. 12.

that cheered their labour was on the breeze, and the heavy waggon tottered by, laden with the clusters of the vine. Everything around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot-travelling, the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a village, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orléans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatched-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so embowered in trees that not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a groundswallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood, of many a poetic reverie of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman, a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peasantry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful music and the merry laugh which came from

a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work, that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice she looked up from her labour, and returned the salutation; and on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farmhouse in the neighbourhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity,—

"You must be a stranger, sir, in these parts?"

"Yes; my home is very far from here."

"How far?"

"More than a thousand leagues."

The old woman looked incredulous.

"I came from a distant land beyond the sea."

"More than a thousand leagues!" at length repeated she; "and why have you come so far from home?"

"To travel;—to see how you live in this country."

"Have you no relations in your own?"

"Yes; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and——"

"And a mother?"

"Thank Heaven, I have."

"And did you leave *her*?"

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollection had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked; for there is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding!

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the next person I encountered was an old man, stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a crossway in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters or spatter-dashers. Beside him lay a blue cloth cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot traveller like myself, and therefore, without more ado, entered into conversation with him. From his

language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the moustache which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the Great Nation,—his own.

"I like," said he, "after a long day's march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there."

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

"They have reached the last *étape* before me, in the long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. *Sacré nom de—!* There's a tear!"

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labour. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same, but he shook his head.

"I thank you; my pathway lies in a different direction."

"But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set."

"No matter. I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good night."

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from which the labourer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil; the winepress was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet; but at length, with reluctant step, I

took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and, leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day, I found myself before the high and massive walls of the château of Chambord. This château is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the court-yard, and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the court-yard I entered the central tower, and, ascending the principal staircase, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me; and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail, echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers.

The third day's journey brought me to the ancient city of Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire-et-Cher. This city is celebrated for the purity with which even the lower classes of its inhabitants speak their native tongue. It rises precipitously from the northern bank of the Loire; and many of its streets are so steep as to be almost impassable for carriages. On the brow of the hill, overlooking the roofs of the city, and commanding a fine view of the Loire and its noble bridge, and the surrounding country, sprinkled with cottages and châteaux, runs an ample terrace, planted with trees and laid out as a public walk. The view from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in France. But what most strikes the eye of the traveller at Blois is an old, though still unfinished castle. Its huge parapets of hewn stone stand upon either side of the street, but they have walled up the wide gateway, from which the colossal drawbridge was to have sprung high in air, connecting together the main towers of the building, and the two hills upon whose slope its foundations

stand. The aspect of this vast pile is gloomy and desolate. It seems as if the strong hand of the builder had been arrested in the midst of his task by the stronger hand of death; and the unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument both of the power and weakness of man,—of his vast desires, his sanguine hopes, his ambitious purposes,—and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires, and hopes, and purposes are so often arrested. There is also at Blois another ancient château, to which some historic interest is attached, as being the scene of the massacre of the Duke of Guise.

On the following day I left Blois for Amboise; and, after walking several leagues along the dusty highway, crossed the river in a boat to the little village of Moines, which lies amid luxuriant vineyards upon the southern bank of the Loire. From Moines to Amboise the road is truly delightful. The rich lowland scenery, by the margin of the river, is verdant even in October; and occasionally the landscape is diversified with the picturesque cottages of the vintagers, cut in the rock along the roadside, and overhung by the thick foliage of the vines above them.

At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher and the château of Chennanceau. This beautiful château, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture,—a dwelling for a warrior; but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

The château of Chennanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious court-yard in front, from which a drawbridge conducts to the outer hall of the castle. There the armour of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall,—his shield, and helm, and lance,—as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river-scenery. This is said to be the only château in France in which the ancient furniture of its original age is pre-

served. In one part of the building you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favourite hanging over the mantlepiece. In another you see the apartment of the infamous Catherine de' Medici; a venerable arm-chair and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth; and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums, and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis the First. Doubtless the naked walls of the vast solitary chambers of an old and desolate château inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls, and the arm-chair by the fireside,—the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

Rapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble edifice, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the château, and, crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road, and a clump of woodland, at length shut them out from my sight.

A short time after candle-lighting I reached the little tavern of the Boule d'Or, a few leagues from Tours, where I passed the night. The following morning was lowering and sad. A veil of mist hung over the landscape, and ever and anon a heavy shower burst from the overburdened clouds that were driving by before a high and piercing wind. This unpropitious state of the weather detained me until noon, when a cabriolet for Tours drove up; and taking a seat within it, I left the hostess of the Boule d'Or in the middle of a long story about a rich countess, who always alighted there when she passed that way. We drove leisurely along through a beautiful country, till at length we came to the brow of a steep hill, which

commands a fine view of the city of Tours and its delightful environs. But the scene was shrouded by the heavy drifting mist, through which I could trace but indistinctly the graceful sweep of the Loire, and the spires and roofs of the city far below me.

The city of Tours and the delicious plain in which it lies have been too often described by other travellers to render a new description, from so listless a pen as mine, either necessary or desirable. After a sojourn of two cloudy and melancholy days I set out on my return to Paris, by the way of Vendôme and Chartres. I stopped a few hours at the former place, to examine the ruins of a château built by Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry the Fourth. It stands upon the summit of a high and precipitous hill, and almost overhangs the town beneath. The French revolution has completed the ruin that time had already begun; and nothing now remains but a broken and crumbling bastion, and here and there a solitary tower, dropping slowly to decay. In one of these is the grave of Jeanne d'Albret. A marble entablature in the wall above contains the inscription, which is nearly effaced, though enough still remains to tell the curious traveller that there lies buried the mother of the "Bon Henri." To this is added a prayer that the repose of the dead may be respected.

Here ended my foot excursion. The object of my journey was accomplished; and delighted with this short ramble through the valley of the Loire, I took my seat in the diligence for Paris, and on the following day was again swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis, like a drop in the bosom of the sea.—*Outre Mer.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory."

" I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he
" That 'twas a famous victory."

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
You little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head."

" With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

" They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
" Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
" Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
" It was a famous victory."

" And everybody prais'd the duke,
Who such a fight did win."
" But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
" Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
" But 'twas a famous victory."

BULLS AND WIT.

[Rev. Sydney Smith, born at Woodford, Essex, 1771; died in London, 29d February, 1845. Educated at Winchester and Oxford. He resided five years in Edinburgh, as minister of the Charlotte Episcopal Chapel, and formed one of the group of daring youths who founded the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which was prepared under his editorship. After holding various church livings, he became canon residentiary of St. Paul's in 1831. He was even more famous as a conversational wit than as a preacher or reviewer. His works (Longmans & Co.) consist of reviews, sermons and lectures. His *Peter Plymley's Letters* had a large share in promoting Catholic Emancipation. Macaulay says: "He is universally admitted to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." Edward Everett says:—"If he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest." The following is from a review of the work on Irish Bulls by Miss Edgeworth and her father.]

Though the question is not a very easy one, we shall venture to say, that a bull is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and to bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an *apparent* relation between two actions, which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have no relation at all.

Louis XIV., being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." "That is precisely the charge (said the old man) which your Majesty's enemies bring against me."

"An English gentleman (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited from Joe Millar) was writing a letter in a coffee-house; and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious imperti-*

nent, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: 'I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write.'

"'You lie, you soundrel,' said the self-convicted Hibernian."

The pleasure derived from the first of these stories proceeds from the discovery of the relation that subsists between the object he had in view, and the assent of the officer to an observation so unfriendly to that end. In the first rapid glance which the mind throws upon his words, he appears, by his acquiescence, to be pleading against himself. There seems to be no relation between what he says and what he wishes to effect by speaking.

In the second story, the pleasure is directly the reverse. The lie given was *apparently* the readiest means of proving his innocence, and *really* the most effectual way of establishing his guilt. There seems for a moment to be a strong relation between the means and the object; while, in fact, no irrelation can be so complete.

What connection is there between pelting stones at monkeys and gathering cocoa-nuts from lofty trees? Apparently none. But monkeys sit upon cocoa-nut trees; monkeys are imitative animals; and if you pelt a monkey with a stone, he pelts you with a cocoa-nut in return. This scheme of gathering cocoa-nuts is very witty, and would be more so, if it did not appear useful: for the idea of utility is always inimical to the idea of wit.¹ There appears, on the contrary, to be some relation between the revenge of the Irish rebels against a banker, and the means which they took to gratify it, by burning all his notes

¹ It must be observed, that all the great passions, and many other feelings, extinguish the relish for wit. Thus *lympha judica Drum ridit et erubuit*, would be witty, were it not bordering on the sublime. The resemblance between the sandal tree imparting (while it falls) its aromatic flavour to the edge of the axe, and the benevolent man rewarding evil with good, would be witty, did it not excite virtuous emotions. There are many mechanical contrivances which excite sensations very similar to wit; but the attention is absorbed by their utility. Some of Merlin's machines, which have no utility at all, are quite similar to wit. A small model of a steam engine, or mere squirt, is wit to a child. A man speculates on the causes of the first, or on its consequences, and so loses the feelings of wit: with the latter, he is too familiar to be surprised. In short, the essence of every species of wit is surprise; which, *termini*, must be sudden; and the sensations which wit has a tendency to excite, are impaired or destroyed, as often as they are mingled with much thought or passion.

wherever they found them; whereas, they could not have rendered him a more essential service. In both these cases of bulls, the one verbal, the other practical, there is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas. In both the cases of wit, there is an apparent incongruity and a real relation.

It is clear that a bull cannot depend upon mere incongruity alone; for if a man were to say that he would ride to London upon a cocked hat, or that he would cut his throat with a pound of pickled salmon, this, though completely incongruous, would not be to make bulls, but to talk nonsense. The stronger the apparent connection, and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull. The less apparent, and the more complete the relations established by wit, the higher gratification does it afford. A great deal of the pleasure experienced from bulls proceeds from the sense of superiority in ourselves. Bulls which we invented, or knew to be invented, might please, but in a less degree, for want of this additional zest.

As there must be apparent connection, and real incongruity, it is seldom that a man of sense and education finds any form of words by which he is conscious that he might have been deceived into a bull. To conceive how the person has been deceived, he must suppose a degree of information very different from, and a species of character very heterogeneous to, his own; a process which diminishes surprise, and consequently pleasure. In the above-mentioned story of the Irishman overlooking the man writing, no person of ordinary sagacity can suppose himself betrayed into such a mistake; but he can easily represent to himself a kind of character that might have been so betrayed. There are some bulls so extremely fallacious, that any man may imagine himself to have been betrayed into them; but these are rare: and, in general, it is a poor contemptible species of amusement; a delight in which evinces a very bad taste in wit.

LOVE'S GROWTH.

They err who tell us there is need
Of time for Love to grow;
Ah! no, the love that kills indeed,
Despatches at a blow.
And that which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is friendship, habit,—what you please
But Love is not the name.

THE MINSTREL

[James Beattie, D.C.L., born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, 25th October, 1735; died at Aberdeen, 18th August, 1803. Thanks to the self-sacrifice of his widowed mother and of his eldest brother David, he was enabled to attend the Marischal College, Aberdeen, for four years. Having taken his degree of M.A., he was appointed schoolmaster at Fordoun, a village near his native place; thence he removed to the grammar-school of Aberdeen; and in 1760 he was installed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. His works are: *Poems and Translations*; *The Judgment of Paris*; *The Minstrel*, or the Progress of Genius¹ (from which we quote); *Essay on Truth*, which obtained high favour; and the *Elements of Moral Science*. Government granted him a pension of £200 a year.]

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have
bloomed.²

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace,
Yet at the darkened eye, the withered face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

¹ In a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated Aberdeen, 20th May, 1767, Beattie explains the design of his poem:—
"The subject was suggested by a dissertation on the old minstrels, which is prefixed to a collection of ballads lately published by Dodsley in three volumes. I propose to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of those bards; in which I shall have full scope for description, sentiment, satire, and even a certain species of humour and of pathos, which, in the opinion of my great master, are by no means inconsistent, as is evident from his works. My hero is to be born in the South of Scotland; which you know was the native land of the English minstrels; I mean, of those minstrels who travelled into England, and supported themselves there by singing their ballads to the harp. His father is a shepherd. The son will have a natural taste for music and the beauties of nature; which, however, languishes for want of culture, till in due time he meets with a hermit, who gives him some instruction; but endeavours to check his genius for poetry and adventures, by representing the happiness of obscurity and solitude, and the bad reception which poetry has met with in almost every age. The poor swain acquiesces in this advice, and resolves to follow his father's employment."

² See Plato's *Timæus*.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a quail of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trod;
A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamoured of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, surveyed
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rook with woodbine crowned.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow."
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beamed the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have wooed
And hugged the chain that, glittering on their gait,
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

"Like them, abandoned to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawned and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the while;
So knawed the viper the corroding file:
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possessed,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring.

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scatheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

"And thither let the village swain repair:
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go:
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall
know.

"For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
defiled?

"Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear?

"O Thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark confusion, driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies Thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's away,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
way!"

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
"And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
"That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail Poverty, if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learned admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turned away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employed.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoyed:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;¹
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoyed,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbe that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

¹ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HEBREW POETRY.

[Rev. George Gillilan, born at Comrie, Parthshire, 1813. When he completed his studies he was appointed to the charge of the Schoolwynd Church, Dundee, which he still (1874) retains. As a minister of the gospel, poet, critic, lecturer, and miscellaneous writer, Mr. Gillilan has earned extensive reputation in this country and America. Gifted with great energy of character, he has made his influence felt in many departments of literature, and his sympathy for all worthy aspirations made him the early friend of several men who afterwards distinguished themselves in art and letters. His chief works are: *The Gallery of Literary Portraits*, two series; *Bards of the Bible* (from which we quote); *The Scottish Covenants*; *The Fatherhood of God*; *The History of a Man*; *Christianity and our Era*; *Alpha and Omega*, sermons; *Night*, a poem; Prefaces to an edition of the *British Poets*, in 48 vols.; a *Life of Scott*, &c. &c.]

Many thoughts find, after beating about for, natural analogies—they strain a tribute. The thought of genius precedes its image, only as the flash of the lightning, the roar of the near thunder; nay, they often seem identical. Now, the images of Scripture are peculiarly of this description. The connection between them and their wedded thoughts seems necessary. With this is closely connected the naturalness of Scripture figure. No critical reproach is more common, or more indiscriminate, than that which imputes to writers want of nature. For nature is often a conventional term. What is as natural to one man as to breathe, would be, and seems, to another the spasm of imbecile agony. Consequently, the ornate writer cannot often believe himself ornate, cannot help thinking and speaking in figure, and is astonished to hear elaboration imputed to passages which have been literally each the work of an hour. But all modern styles are more or less artificial. Their fire is in part a false fire. The spirit of those unnaturally excited ages, rendered feverish by luxuries, by stimulants, by uncertainties, by changes, and by raging speculation, has blown sevenfold their native ardour, and rendered its accurate analysis difficult. Whereas, the fire of the Hebrews—a people living on corn, water, or milk—sitting under their vine, but seldom tasting its juice—dwelling alone, and not reckoned among the nations—surrounded by customs and manners ancient and unchangeable as the mountains,—a fire fed chiefly by the aspects of their scenery, the force of their piety, the influences of their climate, the forms of their worship, and the

memories of their past—was a fire entirely natural, and the figures used come forth in quick and impetuous flow. There is scarcely any artifice or even art in their use. Hebrew art went no farther than to construct a simple form of versification. The management of figures, in what numbers they should be introduced, from what objects drawn, to what length expanded, how often repeated, and how so set as to tell most powerfully, was beyond or beneath it. Enough that the ardent Hebrew bosom was never empty, that the fire was always there ready to fill every channel presented to it, and to change every object it met into its own nature.

The figures of the Hebrews were very numerous. Their country, indeed, was limited in extent, and the objects it contained, consequently, rather marked than manifold. But the "mind is its own place," and from that land flowing with milk and honey, what a rich *herbarium*, *aviary*,¹ *menagerie*, have the Bards of the Bible collected and consecrated to God! We recall not our former word, that they have ransacked *creation* in the sweep of their genius; for all the bold features and main elements of the world, enhanced in effect, too, by the force of enthusiasm, and shown in a light which is not of the earth, are to be found in them. Their images are never forced out, nor are they sprinkled over the page with a chariness, savouring more of poverty than of taste, but hurry forth, thick and intertangled, like sparks from the furnace. Each figure, too, proceeding as it does, not from the playful mint of fancy, but from the solemn forge of imagination, seems sanctified in its birth, an awful and holy, as well as a lovely thing. The flowers laid on God's altar have indeed been gathered in the gardens and wildernesses of earth, but the dew and the divinity of heaven are resting on every bud and blade. It seems less a human tribute than a selection from the God-like rendered back to God.

We name, as a second characteristic of Hebrew poetry, its simplicity. This approaches the degree of artlessness. The Hebrew poets were, indeed, full-grown and stern men, but they united with this quality a certain childlikeness, for which, at least, in all its simplicity,

¹ "Aviary"—consisting of the ostrich, the eagle, the hawk, the raven, the dove, the stork, the swallow, the crane, the sparrow, the cock, the hen, the vulture, the kite, the pelican, the ossefrage, the osprey, the owl, the night-hawk, the cuckoo, the cormorant, the swan, the heron, the gier-eagle, the lapwing, the bat, &c. All these and more are mentioned in Scripture, and most of them are alluded to in its poetry.

city, we may search other literatures in vain. We find this in their selection of topics. Subjects exceedingly delicate, and, to fastidious civilization, offensive, are occasionally alluded to with a plainness of speech springing from perfect innocence of intention. The language of Scripture, like the finger of the sun, touches uncleanness, and remains pure. "Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?" The quiet, holy hand of a Moses or an Ezekiel *can*. The proof is, that none of the descriptions they give us of sin have ever inflamed the most inflammable imagination. Men read the 20th chapter of Leviticus, and the 23d of Ezekiel, precisely as they witness the unwitting actions of a child; nay, they feel their moral sense strengthened and purified by such passages. The Jewish writers manifest this simplicity, too, in the extreme width and homeliness of their imagery. They draw their images from all that interests man, or that bears the faintest reflection of the face of God. The willow by the watercourses, and the cedar on Lebanon—the coney and the leviathan—the widow's cruse of oil, and Sinai's fiery summit—the sower overtaking the reaper, and God coming from Teman and from Paran—Jael's tent-nail, and Elijah's fiery chariot—boys and girls playing in the streets of Jerusalem, and those angels that are spirits, and those ministers that are flames of fire; yea, meaner objects than any of these are selected impartially to illustrate the great truths which are the subjects of their song. The path of every true poet should be the path of the sun-rays, which, secure in their own purity and directness, pass fearlessly through all deep, dark, intricate, or unholy places—equally illustrate the crest of a serpent and the wing of a bird—pause on the summit of an ant-hillock, as on the brow of Mont Blanc—take up as a "little thing" alike the crater and the shed tress of the pine—and after they have, in one wide charity, embraced all shaped and sentient things, expend their waste strength and beauty upon the inane space beyond. Thus does the imagination of the Hebrew bard count no subject too low, and none too high, for its comprehensive and uncontrollable sweep.

Unconsciousness we hold to be the highest style of simplicity and of genius. It has been said, indeed, by a high authority (the late John Sterling), that men of genius are conscious, not of what is peculiar in the individual, but of what is universal in the race; of what characterizes not a man, but Man—not of their own individual genius, but of God, as moving within their minds. Yet, what in

reality is this, but the unconsciousness for which we would contend? When we say that men of genius, in their highest moods, are unconscious, we mean, not that these men become the mere tubes through which a foreign influence descends, but that certain lofty emotions or ideas so fill and possess them, as to produce temporary forgetfulness of themselves, except as the passive though intelligent instruments of the feeling or the thought. It is true, that afterwards self may suggest the reflection—"the fact that we have been selected to receive and convey such melodies proves our breadth and fitness; it is from the oak, not the reed, that the wind elicits its deepest music." But, first, this thought never takes place at the same time with the true afflatus, and is almost inconsistent with its presence. It is a mere after inference; an inference, secondly, which is not always made; nay, thirdly, an inference which is often rejected, when the poet off the stool feels tempted to regard with suspicion or shuddering disgust the results of his raptured hour of inspiration. Milton seems to have shrunk back at the retrospect of the height he had reached in the "Paradise Lost," and preferred his "Paradise Regained." Shakspeare, on the other hand, having wrought his tragic miracles, under a more entire self-abandonment, becomes, in his sonnets, owing to a reflex act of sagacity, aware of what feats he had done. Bunyan is carried on through all the stages of his immortal Pilgrimage like a child in the leading-strings of his nurse; but, after looking back upon its completed course, begins, with all the harmless vanity of a child (see his prefatory poem to the second part), to *crow* over the achievement. Thus all gifted spirits do best when they "know not what they do." The boy Tell "was great, *nor knew* how great he was."

But, if this be true of men of genius, it is still more characteristic of the Bards of the Bible; for they possess perfect passive reception in the moment of their utterance, and have given no symptoms of that after self-satisfaction which it were hard to call, and harder to distinguish from, literary vanity. We shudder at the thought of Isaiah weighing his "burdens" over against the odes of Deborah or David; or of Ezekiel measuring his intellectual stature with that of Daniel. Like many evening rivers of different bulks and channels, but descending from one chain of mountains, swollen by one rain, and meeting in one valley, do those mighty Prophets lift up their unequal, unemulous, unconscious, but harmonious and heaven-seeking voices.

We notice next the *boldness*, which is not inferior to the beauty of their speech. They use liberties, and dare darings, which make us tremble. One is reminded, while reading their words, of the unhinged intellect of the aged King of England, loosened from all law, delivered from all fear, having cast off every weight of custom, conventionalism, and reason, ranging at large, a fire-winged energy, free of the universe, exposing all the abuses of society, and asking strange and unbidden questions at the Deity himself. Thus, not in frenzy, but in the height of the privilege of their peculiar power, do the Hebrew Prophets often turn their argument and expostulation up from earth to heaven—from Man to God. Hear the words of Jeremiah—"O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man, that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake. Do not *disgrace the throne of thy glory*." Or hear Job—"I know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with his net. Behold I cry out of *wrong*, but I am not heard. I cry aloud, but there is *no judgment*. Why do ye persecute me *as God*, and are not satisfied with my flesh?" Or listen to Jonah's irony, thrown up in the very nostrils of Jehovah—"I *knew* that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil; *therefore*, now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me." These expressions, amid many similar, suggest the memory of those sublimest of uninspired words—

"Ye heavens,
If ye do love old men, if your sweet away
Hallow obedience, if *yourselves are old*,
Make it your cause, avenge me of my daughters."

Surely, there is in such words no irreverence or blasphemy. Nay, on those moments, when prayer and prophecy transcend themselves, when the divine within, by the agony of its earnestness, is stung up almost to the measure and the stature of the divine above—when the Soul rises in its majestic wrath, like "thunder heard remote"—is it not then that men have reached all but the highest point of elevation possible to them on earth, and felt as if they saw "God face to face, nor yet were blasted by his brow?" Very different, however, this spirit from that of some modern poets, who have "rushed in where angels fear to tread,"

and, under the mask of fiction, have taken the opportunity of venting their spleen or personal disgust in the face of God. Without entering on the great enigma of the "*Faust*," we question much if the effect of its opening scenes in heaven be not to produce a very pernicious feeling. Byron, again, at one time stands in the august presence-chamber, like a sulky, speechless fiend, and, at another, asks small uneasy questions, like an ill-conditioned child. Dante and Milton alone, on this high platform, unite a thorough consciousness of themselves, with a profound reverence for Him in whose presence they stand; they bend before, but do not shrivel up in his sight; they come slowly and softly, but do not steal into his presence. We must not stop to do more than allude to those modern caricaturists of Milton and Byron, who, in the guise of vast pietism, display a self-ignorance and self-conceit which are almost blasphemy, and who, as their plumes vaingloriously bristle up and broaden in the eye of Deity, and as their harsh ambitious scream rises in his ear, present a spectacle which we know not whether to call more ludicrous or more horrible.

But the boldness of the Hebrew Bards, which we panegyricize, extends to more than their expressions of religious emotion—it extends to all their sentiment, to their style, and to their bearing. "They know not to give flattering titles; in so doing," they feel "that their Maker would soon take them away." With God vertical over their head in all their motions, miserable courtiers and sycophants they would have made, even if such base avenues to success had been always open before them. They are the stern rebukers of wickedness in high places, the unhired advocates of the oppressed and the poor; and fully do they purchase a title to the charge of being "troublers of Israel," disturbing it as the hurricane the elements and haunts of the pestilence. All classes, from the King of Samaria to the drunkard of Ephraim—from the Babylonian Lucifer, son of the morning, to the meanest, mincing, and wanton-eyed daughter of Zion, with her round tire, like the moon—kings, priests, peasantry, goldsmiths, and carpenters—men and women, countrymen and foreigners, must listen and tremble, when they smite with their hand and stamp with their foot. In them the moral conscience of the people found an incarnation, and stood at the corner of every street, to deplore degeneracy, to expose imposture, to blast the pretences and the minions of despotism, to denounce every kind and degree of sin, and to

point with a finger which never shook, to the unrepealed code of Moses, and to the law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, as the standards of rectitude. Where, in modern ages, can we find a class exerting or aspiring to such a province and such a power? Individuals of prophetic mood we have had. We have had a Milton, "wasting his life" in loud or silent protest against that age of "evil days and evil tongues" on which he had fallen. We have had a Cowper, lifting up "Expostulations," not unheard, to his degraded country. We have had an Edward Irving, his "neck clothed with thunder," and his loins girt with the "spirit and the power of Elias," pealing out harsh truth, till he sank down, wearied and silent in death. But we have not, and never have had, a class *anointed and consecrated by the hand of God to the utterance of eternal truth, as immediately taught them from behind and above*—speaking, moving, looking, gesticulating, and acting, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Our poets have, in general, been beautiful reflectors of the Beautiful, elegant and tuneful minstrels, that could play well on an instrument, and that were to the world as a "very lovely song,"—what else our Rogerses and Moores?—not men persecuted and chased into action and utterance, by the apparition behind them of the True. Our statesmen, as a class, have been cold temporizers, mistaking craft for wisdom, success for merit, and the putting off the evil day for success. Our mental philosophers have done little else than translate into ingenious jargon the eldest sentiments and intuitive knowledge of humanity—they have taught men to lisp of the Infinite by new methods, and to babble of the Eternal in terms elaborately and artistically feeble. Our preachers, as a body, have been barely faithful to their brief, and they have found that brief in the compass of a creed, rather than in the pages of the Bible. But our prophets, where are they? Where many who resemble those wild, wandering, but holy flames of fire, which once ran along the highways, the hills, and the market-places of Palestine? Instead, what find we? For the most part, an assortment of all varieties of scribbling, scheming, speculating, and preaching machines, the most active of whose movements form the strongest antithesis to true life. Even the prophet-seeming men among us display rather the mood than the insight of prophecy—rather its fire than its light, and rather its fury than its fire—rather a yearning after, than a feeling of, the stoop of the descending God. We are

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compelled to take the complaint of the ancient seer, with a yet bitterer feeling than his—

"Our signs we do not now behold:
There is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
That knows the time how long."

And we must even return, and sit at the feet of those bards of Israel, who, apart from their supernatural pretensions—as teachers, as poets, as truthful and earnest men—stand as yet alone, unsurmounted and unapproached—the Himalayan Mountains of mankind.

PALINGENESIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and
glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could recreate the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back!" I cried, "the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

BY JAMES HOGG.

On the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, amongst others, a small colony settled, which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a skene-dhu, or Highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends from

the mountains to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with one of them, little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance would direct them to their lurking-places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe te littlest man—creep you in and durk te little sows, and I'll pe keeping vatch at te door." Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, "But Lord, Tonal, pe sure to keep out te ould ones."—"Tont you pe fearing tat, man," said Donald.

"The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring, and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard upon him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for anything: so setting himself firm, and cocking his gun, he took his aim: but, that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful Heaven!—the gun misad fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the mouth of the den, he hastened back to their rescue. Most men would have given all up for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued

him in his turn, but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him—Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—“O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!” said Donald, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-four; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—wrapped it round both his hands—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered how he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him, but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, “Tonal, man, Tonal—phat is it that’ll ay pe stoping te light?” Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack’s impertinent question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald’s famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled, has often been heard of—“Tonal, man, Tonal—I say phat is it that’ll ay pestoping te light?” bellowed Mack—“Should te tail preak, you’ll fin’ tat,” said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulder to his large buttocks, and pushed him in: and in this position he kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food, that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.

PRESTON MILLS.

[Ebenezer Elliot, born near Rotherham, Yorkshire, 17th March, 1781; died at Barnsley, 1st December, 1842. He became famous by his rhymes against the corn-laws, and his songs illustrative of the struggles of the poor. He was popularly known as the “Corn-law Rhymers.”]

The day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston’s mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like “death-in-life” they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side;
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!
With eyes so glazed and dull!
Alas! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
“This is a wailing for the grave!”
I whispered to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale
O’er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
Where chained despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
A mother who would be!

SOLDIERS' WIVES.¹

[Archibald Forbes, born in Morayshire, 1838. Journalist and miscellaneous writer. He served several years in a cavalry regiment, and his knowledge of a soldier's life proved useful to him when, as special correspondent for the *Daily News*, he accompanied the German army throughout the late war with France. His works are: *Drawn from Life*, a military novel; *My Experiences of the War between France and Germany*; and *Soldiering and Scrubbing*, a series of sketches from which we quote—published by H. S. King & Co. He writes with humour, ease, and much descriptive power.]

In our regimental library I am unable to find any information as to whether the wives of Roman soldiers dwelt in the Prætorium, the Castrum, or the Vallum. Nor have I been more successful in gathering any details as to the early history of the wife of the British soldier—when she first became a recognized institution in the service, and what was the nature of the first privileges accorded to her. I requested a friend in London to make some inquiry on the subject at head-quarters, but the result was by no means encouraging. He went first to the War Office, whence they sent him to the Horse Guards. But the Horse Guards "did not know,—you know," and so he came empty away. So I leave to some one else, with better opportunities, the task of dealing with the historical part of the subject, and with no affectation of regret because of the narrowing of my bounds, I will confine myself to narrating what has come under my own observation since I joined Her Majesty's service, with respect to the condition, habits, morality, and manner of life generally of the private soldier's wife.

It was before I became an unit in the muster-roll of Britain's defenders, that the women of the regiment who were married with leave—technically, "on the strength"—lived, without exception, in the barrack-room among the men. There were commonly a married couple in each room. To them, through long consuetude, was assigned the corner farthest from the door. No matter what their number in family might be, they were allowed but two single bedsteads

and two men's room. No privacy of any kind was afforded them, save what they could contrive for themselves; and the married soldier was wont to rig up around his matrimonial bower an environment of canvas screening, something over six feet high, and inclosing a very little domain of floor-space in addition to that occupied by the two beds, placed together. In most regiments the "woman of the room" cooked for the room at the fireplace therein, in return for which office it was customary for a "mess" to be cut off for her out of the men's rations; for in the days of which I am speaking married couples were entitled to no rations—this arrangement is one of the beneficent outcomes of the commissariat system. The married man was put out of mess, and he had wherewithal to maintain himself and his family nothing save his bare pay, in addition to anything that the wife might earn.

The very idea of a married couple living and sleeping in a common room with a dozen or more of single men, partitioned off but by a flimsy curtain, is outrageously repulsive to our sense of decency. One may well be struck with wonderment that the arrangement should have been left uninterfered with so long. When the soldier got married in those times he strained every effort, it is true, gradually to acclimatize his wife to the barrack-room, fresh as she was, in many cases, from a quiet country cottage, or from service in a decent family. He was wont to take lodgings outside for the first week of the married life, so that at least the earliest quarter of the honeymoon should be invested with some of the sacred privacy of which there was to be so little afterwards. But men have told me how they have seen a pure girl brought straight from the church to the barrack-room corner, and the tremor of mortal shame that overwhelmed her. It wore off, as most things of the kind mercifully do wear off, under exposure to the chafe of custom and necessity; but the bride's blushes for herself fell to be renewed at an after period on the tanned cheek of the mother.

Children were not, indeed, born in the corner; the woman, when her time was near at hand, was removed to lodgings outside, where, at her husband's expense, she tarried till her recovery; but in the corner daughters grew from childhood to girlhood, with but the screen between them and the men outside. When a daughter fell out of place, all the home she had to come to was the corner; and it was nowadays uncommon for grown women to sleep therein, on the top of the chest, alongside the bed of their parents. When the family was large,

¹ The article under this heading is one of a series contributed to *St. Paul's Magazine* under the signature of "A Private Dragon." The condition of the soldier's wife has been considerably improved during Mr. Cardwell's tenure of office. A recent order enacts the beneficent provision that threepence a day may be deducted from the soldier's pay for the maintenance of his wife, even if he has married "without leave."

living, or at all events sleeping, in the corner, was little better than pigging, strictly limited as the authorized sleeping accommodation was to the two narrow regulation bedsteads. The woman used to dispose of her boys in the vacant beds of soldiers who were on duty; but in the case of girls there was nothing for it but close packing behind the screen.

Bad as all this was—disgusting in theory, and repulsive, in many respects, in practice—there were in it, strange as it may seem, some compensatory elements of good. Although the woman had to reconcile herself, with what contentment she might, to a life that perpetually violated the instincts of womanhood, she simply became blunted, not degraded. In proportion as she lived in public, she felt herself amenable to public opinion as represented by the little world of her room; and lowly as her sphere was, and rough as too often became her manners and speech, underneath the skin-deep blemishes there lay self-respect and discretion. She would take her share of a gallon of porter at the common table, but she durst not get drunk, conscious as she was of the critics of her conduct around her. And she made the barrack-room more of a home—of a family circle—than it is to-day. The men of her room looked upon her in some such light as they would upon a sister keeping house for them. On a change of quarters they always struggled hard to keep their coterie together, with the same woman for its presiding genius. She humanized the barrack-room with the sacred influence of her true if somewhat rough womanhood. There was far less profanity among the men then than there is now; and that obscenity of habitual expression which must startle and shock any visitor to the barrack-room of to-day, was unknown then, quelled wholly by the woman within hearing. Ruffians there were in the service then as there are now, and an outbreak of foul language sometimes came from the lips of one of them. But he was sternly put down and silenced; if a hint from an old soldier, and the finger pointed toward the screen did not suffice, a straight right-hand formed a ready and very convincing argument.

The woman was a kindly, motherly soul to the forlorn "cruitie," and would cheer him up with homely words of encouragement as he sat on his bed-iron mopingly thinking of home. She was always obliging if you entreated her civilly, whether to sew on a button or lend a shilling. If she was anything of a scholar, to her fell the office of letter-writer-general for the fellows whose penmanship had been neglected

in early days, and thus she became the repository of not a few confidences, which she scorned to violate. Sometimes, as an especial favour, she would allow a man to bring his sweetheart on a Sunday afternoon to a modest tea within the screen in the corner; and if friends came from a distance to see one of "her men," the married woman was always ready to do her best for the credit's sake of the hospitality of her room. There can be little doubt that fewer scandals were current in those days about married women than there are now, and I question much whether, accepting the roughness of the husk as a necessary outcome of their situation, the women who dwelt in the corners were not more genuine at the core than are the ladies who now inhabit the married quarters.

Besides the evils I have alluded to, there was another connected with the position of the former that must not be forgotten. Soldiers are very fond of children, but are apt to look upon them in the light rather of monkeys than of creatures with souls in their little bodies. So the imps grew up tutored in all manner of tricks—developing a weird precocity in tossing off a basinful of porter and smoking the blackest of pipes, and using not the most choice language. Mostly they went either into the band of the regiment, or into one of the military schools; and thus, under the old long-service regime, the country had an hereditary soldiery, not a few of whom, born at the foot of the regimental ladder, have climbed up it no inconsiderable distance.

In the days I now speak of, there were few railways save some of the great trunk lines. When a regiment went on the line of march, the women rode on the accompanying baggage-waggons, with their brats stowed away in odd corners among the other miscellaneous goods and chattels, and went to their husband's billet, if the people were willing to admit them—as, to their credit, they mostly were. When they were not, the husband had to find lodgings for his wife somewhere else; and when the funds were low, it was customary for women to be smuggled into the hay-loft above the troop-horses, and sometimes even to bivouac on the lee-side of a hedge. To some extent the railways entailed an additional charge on the married soldier's slender purse. He had always had to pay for his baggage; for the chest or two, the feather bed,—if the couple had got that length in prosperity,—and the few feminine belongings which the wife could call her own; but now the husband had to pay for the warrant under which his wife and

family were conveyed by rail. Within the last ten years, however, "baggage-funds" have been formed in most regiments, the proceeds of which go far to meet the travelling charges of the women and children of the regiment. In the days I refer to, if women had to live outside the barracks because of want of room inside, there was no allowance in the shape of lodging-money. The first grant of this was made, I think, in 1852, and consisted of one penny a day, paid quarterly. It was gradually increased, till now I believe the allowance is fourpence per day.

This may be taken as a rough epitome of the condition of the soldier's wife up till the end of 1848, or the beginning of 1849. About that period, I think, through some troubles in the financial world, an exceptional number of better-class men joined the service, and struck with the indecency of the arrangement then in force, not a few sent in anonymous complaints to the Horse Guards; others, through the press, stimulated public opinion to demand a change, and the authorities sluggishly complied. The reform was not carried through with any great promptitude, for I have heard of women living in the barrack-rooms after the Crimean war. But the change was made in the regiment to which I belonged in the year 1849. It was no great change for the better. Into one attic in Christchurch Barracks seven families were huddled pell-mell. No more arrangements for privacy were made than had existed in the common barrack-rooms. Each separate *ménage* was curtailed off by what may be styled private enterprise. There was but one fireplace in the room, and the women squabbled vehemently over their turns for cooking, and were forced to have recourse to the fires in the men's barrack-rooms.

The moral and social tone was visibly deteriorated under this arrangement below that which had characterized the common barrack-room. The women, congregated as they were, and with no check upon them, were too prone to club for gin, and conviviality was chequered with quarrels, into which the husbands were not unfrequently drawn. There was a perceptible growth of coarseness of tone among both the women and the men, that became actual grossness; and I question if a young woman, with some of Nature's modesty clinging to her, did not have it more violently outraged in this congeries of married couples than would have been the case in the old corner-of-the-barrack-room arrangement. Of this at least I am certain, that with ominous rapidity she learned

to talk, and would submit to be jeered on subjects which were ignored under the old system.

The over-crowding, also, which was all but universal, was physically injurious to both adults and children. The latter did not count in allocating quarters. I have known ten families in one long room in Weedon Barracks. Eight families in a hut in the North Camp at Aldershot was nothing uncommon. But a better *régime* is now rapidly obtaining. There are few barracks now which do not contain married quarters; where each couple have a room to themselves. I know not whether the inception of this new system was due to our gracious Queen, but the rapidity with which married quarters have become all but universal is certainly owing in the main to her womanly sympathy with her sex.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

[Mrs. Caroline (Howard) Gilman, born in Boston, America, 8th October, 1794. Novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. She is best known by her *Recollections of a New England Housekeeper*, and *Recollections of a Southern Matron*; but she has written and edited numerous other works, amongst which are *Sybil's Rash Vow*, and *Jairus's Daughter*, poems; *Tales and Ballads: Verses of a Life Time*; *Ruth Raymond*, and *Vernon Grove*, novels.]

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
 Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
 Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
 Languidly under the bright blue sky.
 See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
 Look, how the violet regularly hides;
 Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
 And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
 Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
 And the flies go about him one by one;
 And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
 Without ever thinking of washing her face.
 There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
 But very lazily flieth he,
 And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
 That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
 How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near.
 And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
 It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
 That sails about with its misty shroud;
 Books and work I no more should see,
 And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

STORY OF LE FEVRE.

[Laurence Sterne, born at Clonmel, Ireland, 24th November, 1713; died in London 18th March, 1768. He graduated at Cambridge; took orders, and obtained the livings of Sutton, Stillington, and Coxwold in Yorkshire, and he was a prebendary of York Cathedral. His works are: *Sermons: The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.*; and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. Scott summed up his characteristics by saying that he was "one of the most affected and one of the most simple of writers—one of the greatest plagiarists and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced."]]

My uncle Toby was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack:

"'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast:—I think, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

"If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend," continued he,—"we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby, "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much on the affections of his host:—

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my uncle Toby, "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him then?" said my uncle Toby.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor

creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my uncle Toby. "Trim!" said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—"Corporal!" said my uncle Toby; the corporal made his bow—my uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."

"Your honour's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate at St. Nicholas; and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin."

"I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an' please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal; "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour."

"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."

"I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal

Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."

"Is he in the army then?" said my uncle Toby.

"He is," said the corporal.

"And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby.

"I'll tell your honour," replied the corporal, "everything straight forwards, as I learned it."

"Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again."

The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*your honour is good*:—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,"—

"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby,—

"I was answered, and please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him a chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for

being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.

"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company; what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?"

"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father: and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—("and thou mightest have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby)—"he was heartily welcome to it;—he made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer, for his heart was so full—so he went up-stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong," added the corporal.

"I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."

"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve

hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day—harassing others to-morrow—detached here—countermanded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon—may say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued,” quoth the corporal, “for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an’ please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.”

“Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim,” said my uncle Toby,—“for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.”

“I hope we shall,” said Trim.

“It is in the Scripture,” said my uncle Toby; “and I will show it thee to-morrow;—in the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,” said my uncle Toby, “that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.”

“I hope not,” said the corporal.

“But go on, Trim,” said my uncle Toby, “with thy story.”

“When I went up,” continued the corporal, “into the lieutenant’s room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I suppose he had been kneeling. The book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you be Captain Shandy’s servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy’s thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Levens’, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but ’tis most likely, as I

had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus—but he knows me not, said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story, added he—Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an’ please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.”

“I wish,” said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, “I wish, Trim, I was asleep.”

“Your honour,” replied the corporal, “is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?”

“Do, Trim,” said my uncle Toby.

“I remember,” said my uncle Toby, sighing again, “the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, on some account or other (I have forgot what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art on.”

“’Tis finished already,” said the corporal, “for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good-night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs: and as we went down together, told they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas!” said the corporal, “the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.”

“Then what is to become of his poor boy,” cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby’s eternal honour, —though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts

towards the private distresses at the inn: and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

“Thou hast left this matter short,” said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, “and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.”

“Your honour knows,” said the corporal, “I had no orders.”

“True,” quoth my uncle Toby, “—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

“In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,” continued my uncle Toby, “—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

“In a fortnight or three weeks,” added my uncle Toby, smiling, “—he might march.”

“He will never march, an’ please your honour, in this world,” said the corporal.

“He *will* march,” said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.

“An’ please your honour,” said the corporal, “he will never march, but to his grave.”

“He *shall* march,” cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—“he shall march to his regiment.”

“He cannot stand it,” said the corporal.

“He shall be supported,” said my uncle Toby.

“He’ll drop at last,” said the corporal, “and what will become of his boy?”

“He shall not drop,” said my uncle Toby, firmly.

“A-well-a-day! do what we can for him,” said Trim, maintaining his point,—“the poor soul will die.”

“He shall not die, by God!” cried my uncle Toby.

—The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre’s and his afflicted son’s; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant’s room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down by the chair at the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him; and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—“You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,” said my uncle Toby, “to my house, and we’ll send for a doctor to see what’s the matter,—and we’ll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I’ll be your servant, Le Fevre.”—

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his

eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopped,—went on, throbbed,—stopped again,—moved,—stopped.—Shall I go on?—No.

LADY MABEL.

[Alfred Austin, born near Leeds, 1835. Poet. He attracted much attention by the publication of his first work, *The Season*, a satire, the purpose of which he explains in a preface to the second edition: "I saw, or thought I saw, that the company of the world, which the wisest authority has pronounced to be a stage, and which I will presume to add, is a stage essentially dramatic and sad with pathos, has assumed the attitudes and costume of the ballet, with gauze somewhat more maliciously arranged; and I was ambitious to remind them that, in spite of warm approval from the young, and more cautious, though perhaps not more frigid countenance from the old, life is a very 'serious business' after all." *The Golden Age*, a satire, and *Interludes* (from which we quote) followed; then, *Madonna's Child*, and *Rome or Death*, two portions of a larger work which, in its complete form, will be entitled *The Human Tragedy*. His poems are marked by earnest purpose and elevated thought, often powerfully, always delicately expressed.]

Side by side with Lady Mabel
Sate I, with the sunshade down;
In the distance hummed the Babel
Of the many-footed town;
There we sate with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.

"Must we part? or may I linger?
Wax the shadows, wanes the day."
Then, with voice of sweetest singer
That hath all but died away,
"Go," she said; but tightened finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"

Face to face with Lady Mabel,
With the gauzy curtains drawn,
Till a sense I am unable
To portray began to dawn;
Till the slant sun flung the gable
Far athwart the sleepy lawn.

"Now I go. Adieu, adieu, love!
This is weakness; sweet, be strong.
Comes the footfall of the dew, love!
Philomel's reminding song."
"Go," she said; "but I go too, love!
Go with you, my life along!"

Breast to breast with Lady Mabel,
Shrouded by the courteous night,
Baffling all the forms of fable
To describe our dreams aright;
And as pure as gifts of Abel,
In the Omnipresent sight.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

[Robert Bloomfield, born at Honington, Suffolk, 3d December, 1766; died at Sheffield, 19th August, 1823. Author of the *Farmer's Boy*, a poem descriptive of rural life, which obtained much attention when first published, partly on account of the humble circumstances of the writer, he being a working shoemaker, and the son of a tailor.]

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear!
And, when my husband died.

I've often watched thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filtering through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow,)
Thou measur'st time's expanded wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent now,
Still shalt thou flow,
And joy along thy destined way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here sweet woodbine flower;
Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

[James Hedderwick, born in Glasgow, 1814. He was sometime engaged upon the *Scotman*; established the *Glasgow Citizen* in 1842; and the *Evening Citizen* in 1864—one of the first and most successful of the half-penny daily newspapers. The active duties of a journalist allowed him little time to devote to general liter-

ature; but the few poems he has published—especially the *Lays of Middle Age*—have obtained extensive favour. His love of letters imparted a literary character to the journals under his control, and made him the friend and counsellor of youthful writers, several of whom he has lived to see distinguished in literature.]

Now he stroll'd along the pebbles, now he saunter'd on the pier,
Now the summit of the nearest hill he clomb;
His looks were full of straining, through all weathers foul and clear,
For the ship that he was weary wishing home.
On the white wings of the dawn, far as human eye could reach,
Went his vision like a sea-gull's o'er the deep;
While the fishers' boats lay silent in the bay and on the beach,
And the houses and the mountains were asleep.

'Mid the chat of boys and men, and the laugh from women's lips,
When the labours of the morning were begun,
On the far horizon's dreary edge his soul was with the ships,
As they caught a gleam of welcome from the sun.
Through the gray of eve he peer'd when the stars were in the sky—
They were watchers which the angels seem'd to send;
And he bless'd the faithful lighthouse, with its large and ruddy eye,
For it cheer'd him like the bright eye of a friend.

The gentle waves came lisping things of promise at his feet,
Then they ebb'd as if to vex him with delay;
The soothing winds against his face came blowing strong and sweet,
Then they blew as blowing all his hope away.
One day a wiseling argued how the ship might be delay'd—
"Twas odd," quoth he, "I thought so from the first;"
But a man of many voyages was standing by and said—
"It is best to be prepared against the worst."

A keen-eyed old coast-guardsmen, with his telescope in hand,
And his cheeks in countless puckers 'gainst the rain,
Here shook his large and grizzled head, that all might understand
How he knew that hoping longer was in vain.
Then silent thought the stranger of his wife and children five,
As he slowly turn'd with trembling lip aside;
Yet with his heart to feed upon his hopes were kept alive,
So for months he watch'd and wander'd by the tide.

"Lo, what wretched man is that," asked an idler at the coast,
"Who looks as if he something seem'd to lack?"
Then answer made a villager—"His wife and babes are lost,
Yet he thinks that ere to-morrow they'll be back."

Oh, a fresh hale man he flourish'd in the springtime of the year,
But before the wintry rains began to drip—
No more he climb'd the headland, but sat sickly on the pier,
Saying sadly—"I am waiting for the ship."
On a morn, of all the blackest, only whiten'd by the spray
Of the billows wild for shelter of the shore,
He came not in the dawning forth, he came not all the day;
And the morrow came—but never came he more.

WORDS.

[Edmund Burke, born in Dublin, 1st January, 1730 (o.s.); died at Beaconsfield, Bucks, 9th July, 1797. Orator, politician, and author. He was most distinguished, and he is best remembered for his eloquence in Parliament. His speeches are regarded as the most valuable part of his works. He wrote, in imitation of the style and manner of Lord Bolingbroke, *A Vindication of Natural Society*, or a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every species of Artificial Society, by a late Noble Writer; *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful: An Account of the European Settlements in America* (never acknowledged), &c. Sir Robert Peel said Burke was "the most eloquent of orators, and the most profound of the philosophic statesmen of modern times."]

THE COMMON EFFECTS OF POETRY, NOT BY
RAISING IDEAS OF THINGS.

The common notion of the power of poetry and eloquence, as well as that of words in ordinary conversation, is, that they affect the mind by raising in it ideas of those things for which custom has appointed them to stand. To examine the truth of this notion, it may be requisite to observe, that words may be divided into three sorts. The first are such as represent many simple ideas *united by nature* to form some one determinate composition, as man, horse, tree, castle, &c. These I call *aggregate words*. The second are they that stand for one simple idea of such compositions, and no more; as red, blue, round, square, and the like. These I call *simple abstract words*. The third are those which are formed by an union, an *arbitrary* union, of both the others, and of the various relations between them in greater or less degrees of complexity; as virtue, honour, persuasion, magistrate, and the like. These I call *compound abstract words*. Words, I am sensible, are capable of being classed into more curious distinctions; but these seem to be natural, and enough for our purpose; and they are disposed in that order in which they are commonly taught, and in which the mind gets the ideas they are substituted for. I shall begin with the third sort of words; compound abstracts, such as virtue, honour, persuasion, docility. Of these I am convinced, that whatever power they may have on the passions, they do not derive it from any representation raised in the mind of the things for which they stand. As compositions, they are not real essences, and hardly cause, I think, any real ideas. Nobody, I believe, immediately on hearing the sounds, virtue, liberty, or

honour, conceives any precise notions of the particular modes of action and thinking together with the mixed and simple ideas, and the several relations of them for which these words are substituted; neither has he any general idea, compounded of them; for if he had, then some of those particular ones, though indistinct perhaps, and confused, might come soon to be perceived. But this, I take it, is hardly ever the case. For, put yourself upon analyzing one of these words, and you must reduce it from one set of general words to another, and then into the simple abstracts and aggregates, in a much longer series than may be at first imagined, before any real idea emerges to light, before you come to discover anything like the first principles of such compositions; and when you have made such a discovery of the original ideas, the effect of the composition is utterly lost. A train of thinking of this sort is much too long to be pursued in the ordinary ways of conversation; nor is it at all necessary that it should. Such words are in reality but mere sounds; but they are sounds which being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good, or suffer some evil, or see others affected with good or evil; or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events; and being applied in such a variety of cases, that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterwards mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions. The sounds being often used without reference to any particular occasion, and carrying still their first impressions, they at last utterly lose their connection with the particular occasions that give rise to them; yet the sound, without any annexed notion, continues to operate as before.

GENERAL WORDS BEFORE IDEAS.

Mr. Locke has somewhere observed, with his usual sagacity, that most general words, those belonging to virtue and vice, good and evil, especially, are taught before the particular modes of action to which they belong are presented to the mind; and with them the love of the one, and the abhorrence of the other; for the minds of children are so ductile, that a nurse, or any person about a child, by seeming pleased or displeased with anything, or even any word, may give the disposition of the child a similar turn. When, afterwards, the several occurrences in life come to be applied to these words, and that which is pleasant often appears under the name of evil; and

what is disagreeable to nature is called good and virtuous; a strange confusion of ideas and affections arises in the minds of many; and an appearance of no small contradiction between their notions and their actions. There are many who love virtue and who detest vice, and this not from hypocrisy or affectation, who notwithstanding very frequently act ill and wickedly in particulars without the least remorse; because these particular occasions never came into view when the passions on the side of virtue were so warmly affected by certain words heated originally by the breath of others; and for this reason, it is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though owned by themselves unoperative, without being in some degree affected; especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them, as suppose,

Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.

These words, by having no application, ought to be unoperative; but when words commonly sacred to great occasions are used, we are affected by them even without the occasions. When words which have been generally so applied are put together without any rational view, or in such a manner that they do not rightly agree with each other, the style is called bombast. And it requires in several cases much good sense and experience to be guarded against the force of such language; for when propriety is neglected, a greater number of these affecting words may be taken into the service and a greater variety may be indulged in combining them.

THE EFFECT OF WORDS.

If words have all their possible extent of power, three effects arise in the mind of the hearer. The first is, the *sound*; the second, the *picture*, or representation of the thing signified by the sound; the third is, the *affection* of the soul produced by one or by both of the foregoing. *Compounded abstract* words, of which we have been speaking (honour, justice, liberty, and the like), produce the first and the last of these effects, but not the second. *Simple abstracts* are used to signify some one simple idea, without much adverting to others which may chance to attend it, as blue, green, hot, cold, and the like; these are capable of affecting all three of the purposes of words; as the *aggregate* words, man, castle, horse, &c., are in a yet higher degree. But I am of opinion that the most general effect, even of these words, does not

arise from their forming pictures of the several things they would represent in the imagination; because, on a very diligent examination of my own mind, and getting others to consider theirs, I do not find that once in twenty times any such picture is formed, and when it is, there is most commonly a particular effort of the imagination for that purpose. But the aggregate words operate, as I said of the compound-abstracts, not by presenting any image to the mind, but by having from use the same effect on being mentioned, that their original has when it is seen. Suppose we were to read a passage to this effect: "The river Danube rises in a moist and mountainous soil in the heart of Germany, where, winding to and fro, it waters several principalities, until, turning into Austria, and leaving the walls of Vienna, it passes into Hungary; there with a vast flood, augmented by the Saave and the Drave, it quits Christendom, and rolling through the barbarous countries which border on Tartary, it enters by many mouths in the Black Sea." In this description many things are mentioned, as mountains, rivers, cities, the sea, &c. But let anybody examine himself, and see whether he has had impressed on his imagination any pictures of a river, mountain, watery soil, Germany, &c. Indeed it is impossible, in the rapidity and quick succession of words in conversation, to have ideas both of the sound of the word, and of the thing represented: besides, some words, expressing real essences, are so mixed with others of a general and nominal import, that it is impracticable to jump from sense to thought, from particulars to generals, from things to words, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of life; nor is it necessary that we should.

EXAMPLES THAT WORDS MAY AFFECT WITHOUT RAISING IMAGES.

I find it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this, at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But, strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires a good deal of attention to be

thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blessed with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be attributed to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part, very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of a higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who notwithstanding possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has nor can possibly have any idea further than that of a bare sound: and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of these ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But it is probable that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned he could make no new discoveries in the way of experi-

ment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day* and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, or blue, and green, as well as refrangibility, had I these several colours or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I propose to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted: but least of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only of these ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be formed, but even of particular, real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our minds. Indeed, so little does poetry depend for its effect on the power of raising sensible images, that I am convinced it would lose a very considerable part of its energy if this were the necessary result of all description. Because that union of affecting words, which is the most powerful of all poetical instruments, would frequently lose its force, along with its propriety and consistency, if the sensible images were always excited. There is not perhaps in the whole *Æneid* a more grand and laboured passage than the description of Vulcan's cavern in Etna, and the works that are there carried on. Virgil dwells particularly on the formation of the thunder, which he describes unfinished under the hammers of the Cyclops.

But what are the principles of this extraordinary composition?

*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aqueas
Addiderant; rutili tres ignis, et alitis auri:
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.*

This seems to me admirably sublime; yet if we attend coolly to the kind of sensible images which a combination of ideas of this sort must form, the chimeras of madmen cannot appear more wild and absurd than such a picture. "Three rays of twisted showers, three of watery clouds, three of fire, and three of the winged south wind; then mixed they in the work terrific lightnings, and sound, and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames." This strange composition is formed into a gross body; it is hammered by the Cyclops, it is in part polished, and partly continues rough. The truth is, if poetry gives us a noble assemblage of words corresponding to many noble ideas which are connected by circumstances of time or place, or related to each other as cause and effect, or associated in any natural way, they may be moulded together in any form, and perfectly answer their end. The picturesque connection is not demanded; because no real picture is formed; nor is the effect of the description at all the less upon this account. What is said of Helen by Priam and the old men of his council, is generally thought to give us the highest possible idea of that fatal beauty.

Οὐ νέμεσις, Τρώας καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς,
Τοῦ δ' ἀμφὶ γυναῖκι πολλὸν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχει·
Αἰνῶς δ' ἀθανάτησι θεῇς εἰς ὦπα ἔσκει.

They cried, No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

POPE.

Here is not one word said of the particulars of her beauty; nothing which can in the least help us to any precise idea of her person; but yet we are much more touched by this manner of mentioning her, than by those long and laboured descriptions of Helen, whether handed down by tradition, or formed by fancy, which are to be met with in some authors. I am sure it affects me much more than the minute description which Spenser has given of Belphebe; though I own that there are parts in that description, as there are in all the descriptions of that excellent writer, extremely fine and poetical. The terrible picture which

Lucretius has drawn of religion, in order to display the magnanimity of his philosophical hero in opposing her, is thought to be designed with great boldness and spirit.

*Humana ante oculos stetit cum vita jaceret,
In terribis, oppressa gravi sub religione,
Quæ caput e caeli regionibus ostendebat
Horribilis super aspectu mortalibus instans;
Primus Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus.—*

What idea do you derive from so excellent a picture? none at all, most certainly: neither has the poet said a single word which might in the least serve to mark a single limb or feature of the phantom, which he intended to represent in all the horrors imagination can conceive. In reality, poetry and rhetoric do not succeed in exact description so well as painting does: their business is, to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.

THE FLIGHT OF VENUS WITH ASCANIUS.

Broad lights were in the Tyrian hall,
From golden urns the perfumes breathed;
Round silken couch and brodered pall
The Tyrian rose and lily wreathed;
And hidden music stole between
The love-sighs of the Tyrian queen.

And round the royal banquet lay
Troy's martial sons, with garlands crowned;
Survivors of the mighty fray,
When, with a midnight tiger's bound,
Sprang the fierce Greek on Ilion's lair,
But found the wakened lion there.

The toil was past, the havoc done,
The fires of ruin blazed no more;
No more on Ilion's portals shone
The banner wet with Grecian gore;
Nor warrior's trump nor charger's tread
Profaned the silence of the dead.

No more at morn, her glittering power
Rushed like a torrent to the field;
No more at eve, the royal bower
Welcomed the bearers of the shield:
Now moaned the melancholy wave
The only dirge above the brave.



Engraved by A. Thompson

Painted by J. Wood

THE FLOOD OF THE WORLD AND THE DELUGE

THE FLOOD OF THE WORLD AND THE DELUGE

But on that eve, Troy's warrior sons,
Storm-tost, and weary of the main,
Lay lapsing on their banquet-thrones—
Lay quaffing the celestial rain
That the pressed grape, on Afric's shores,
In drops of purple fragrance pours.

And there, beside th' impassioned Queen,
Their Chieftain tells his lofty tale;
Her bosom burning with the scene,
Her cheek with more than terror pale,
Her eye like lightning through the gloom,
Her thoughts of exile, woe, the tomb!

For in her arms an infant lies,
The loveliest eye e'er looked upon
The little King of smiles and sighs,
Who makes of human hearts his throne:
Once fettered in his viewless chain,
Wit, wisdom, valour, all are vain!

There Cupid, by his mother laid
Where young Ascanius should have lain,
Plays with her tresses' perfumed braid,
Yet steeps her soul in subtle pain;
Seems to her lip in sport to cling,
Yet, aspic-like, there leaves the sting.

But where is gone the guileless child
That should in those white arms repose?
O'er forest deep and desert wild,
He's gone, to bowers of deathless rose;
By Venus borne on wings of wind,
Leaving her fatal son behind.

Now o'er the Grecian sunset-main
High wheels the pomp its bright career;
Till sparkles far Cythera's fane,—
Seen o'er the water's azure sphere,
Through evening cloud and ocean haze,
Rich as some new-born planet's blaze.

And now, upon the silver strand,
The train of beauty fold the wing;
And, myrtle-crowned, and harp in hand,
Wreath round his couch the mystic ring;
And fill with dreams of love and joy
Thy slumbers, infant hope of Troy!

ARATUS.

COUNT FITZ-HUM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULZE.

The town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other; and at the official order (that morning received) which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, how-

ever, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. "What presumption is this?" exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity—necessity has no law—and any more reverential knocking could have no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the puffy commissioner, "allow me to take breath:" and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: "Permit me, Mr. Pig."—"No!" said Mr. Pig: "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honour of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows: "We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately: he means to preserve the strictest *incognito*; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber, viz. Mr. Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau,

the body painted dark blue; and for his highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honour of his first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you."

"Doubtless, most important intelligence!" said the chairman, "but who is your correspondent?"—"The old and eminent house of Wassermuller and Co.; and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure: and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest: for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favour. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig's house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so, in the prince's capital; as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "Treason!" was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the

senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner: which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner: in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig driving them out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—"and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the—"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear, then, my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me the secret, without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before "his passions;" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale: for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the

official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, "What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say." Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, uncereemoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former, peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipzig, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of politicians. "Pure hypochondriacal fiction!" says he. "No such affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters; they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once, none whatever." Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal, amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pighouse for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied; it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honour, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptica." The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies, and indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples, for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the gentleman with the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes, Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here: not coming, but come; and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-theatre*, on the side of the true believers: the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epis-*

tolicum was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire; something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon; before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room—before the—" At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door: a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down; and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately, in order to do the honours of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum; "for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!" So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. "Affection to my person," said he, "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but, for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it." And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—"Ah! what?" said the count, gaily, "my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these." Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him: everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least

successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies, who sat on his right and left hand, and saying—“*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille!*” At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honour and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbore* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

“Tears such as tender fathers shed” had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honoured by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. “I now see more than ever,” said he, “the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito.” And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately honoured by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in

complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of “*Vivat Serenissimus!*” ascended from the mob; amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the “balance of five,” as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for “all work,” though too loyal to decline a labour of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—“early promotion,” and “order of merit.” In the transports of his gratitude he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and a deep premeditation were required; a considerable “balance” of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable “balance” of the muskets not quite *au fait* in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. “But in commercial cities,” as the good-natured count observed to his host, “a large discount must always be made on prompt payment.

Breakfast now over, the bells of the churches were ringing, the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes, and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council, with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance: great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:—“On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained

by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure, and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honour and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honour of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and carriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoes. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations; a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price, which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite, "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourings which they and their works received from the town

newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases, for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favour.

The corporate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honour of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a *ruse*. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pighouse was raised. Farewell now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grantees of the place had been present; all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed

such connections; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honour was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent; upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honour of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. "A special messenger with despatches, no doubt," said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "merely petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the count a "despatch from the privy-council." The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no; none of any importance," said the count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, loud; "nothing more!" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth"—

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion; a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe; truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of—"

"Oh, my dear sir!" interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, "make yourself easy; nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigour and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field;

so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay, for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few moments "the blue landau" and the gentleman with "superb whiskers" had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, "the rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool; but as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax: this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact, they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion: and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state

of affairs, and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote:—

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— & Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed that, in connection with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both; in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P., the father of his mistress; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his serene

highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince. If they *would* kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion" (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot among his creditors for seizing his person), the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately, that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince Von H. had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favour to Von H., could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was that, upon hearing of the total extinction of the "rebellion," he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of — has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B—— in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered one hundred dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, "that he will not consider himself bound to that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate." With respect to the various petitioners—the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c.—they all maintain that, though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.—*Knight's Magazine.*

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

[John Stuart Blackie, born in Glasgow, 1809. Poet, and professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Göttingen. He early devoted himself to the study of classical philology, and has exercised an important influence upon the progress of the science of language. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1834; became professor of humanity in Aberdeen in 1841; and was appointed to the Greek chair of the Edinburgh University in 1852. His chief works are: *A metrical translation of Faust*, with notes and introduction; *Translations of Æschylus and Homer*, with Critical Dissertations and Notes Philological and Archaeological; *A Treatise on Beauty*, with an exposition of the theory of beauty, according to Plato; *A Book of Colloques, English and Greek*; *Phases of Morals*; *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece*; *Musa Burschikosa*, or Students' Songs; *War Songs of the Germans*; *Lays of the Highlands and Islands* (from which we quote); *On Self-culture*; &c. &c. Professor Blackie took a prominent part in the movement for the abolition of the test act in Scottish universities. A keen sensibility to the beauties of nature, lively spirit, and forcible expression characterize his poetry.]

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the ool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted!"

Brave Cameron shot, like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,

But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sire, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground,
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

THE MORAY FLOODS.

[Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, born 1784; died at Edinburgh, 29th May, 1848. He took an active part in political and social affairs, and was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood* and other magazines. His chief works are *Lochandhu*; *The Wolf of Badenoch*—two historical romances; *Highland Rambles*, with Long Tales to Shorten the Way; and *An Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829*, in the province of Moray and adjoining districts. The latter was regarded as his most successful work. "It is worth a gross of fashionable novels and twenty tours," wrote Professor Wilson. "Sir Thomas tells a pathetic or a humorous story admirably, and many such are scattered over these pages."]

The flood, both in the Spey and its tributary burn, was terrible at the village of Charles-town of Aberlour. On the 3d of August Charles Cruickshanks, the innkeeper, had a party of friends in his house. There was no inebriety, but there was a fiddle; and what Scotsman is he who does not know that the well-jerked strains of a lively strathspey have a potent spell in them that goes beyond even the witchery of the bowl? On one who daily inhales the breezes from the musical stream that gives name to the measure, the influence is powerful, and it was that day felt by Cruickshanks with a more than ordinary degree of excitement. He was joyous to a pitch that made his wife grave. I have already noticed the predestinarian principles prevalent in these parts. Mrs. Cruickshanks was deeply affected by her husband's unusual jollity. "Surely

my goodman is daft the day," said she gravely. "I ne'er saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant that he binna fey!"¹

When the river began to rise rapidly in the evening, Cruickshanks, who had a quantity of wood lying near the mouth of the burn, asked two of his neighbours, James Stewart and James Mackerran, to go and assist him in dragging it out of the water. They readily complied, and Cruickshanks getting on the loose raft of wood, they followed him, and did what they could in pushing and hauling the pieces of timber ashore, till the stream increased so much, that, with one voice, they declared they would stay no longer, and, making a desperate effort, they plunged over head, and reached the land with the greatest difficulty. They then tried all their eloquence to persuade Cruickshanks to come away, but he was a bold and experienced floater, and laughed at their fears; nay, so utterly reckless was he, that, having now diminished the crazy ill-put-together raft he stood on, till it consisted of a few spars only, he employed himself in trying to catch at, and save some hay-cocks belonging to the clergyman, which were floating past him. But, while his attention was so engaged, the flood was rapidly increasing, till at last even his dauntless heart became appalled at its magnitude and fury. "A horse! a horse!" he loudly and anxiously cried, "Run for one of the minister's horses, and ride in with a rope, else I must go with the stream." He was quickly obeyed, but ere a horse arrived the flood had rendered it impossible to approach him.

Seeing that he must abandon all hope of help in that way, Cruickshanks was now seen, as if summoning up all his resolution and presence of mind, to make the perilous attempt of dashing through the raging current with his frail and imperfect raft. Grasping more firmly the iron-shod pole he held in his hand, called in floater's language a *sting*, he pushed resolutely into it; but he had hardly done so when the violence of the water wrenched from his hold that which was all he had to depend on. A shriek burst from his friends as they beheld the wretched raft dart off with him down the stream, like an arrow freed from the bow-string. But the mind of Cruickshanks was no common one to quail before the first approach of danger. He poised himself, and stood balanced, with determination and self-command

in his eye, and no sound of fear or of complaint was heard to come from him. At the point where the burn met the river, in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these, and seeing the wide and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely connected logs could stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft hurried away from under his foot, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy arose from his anxious friends, for they now deemed him safe; but he uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure help. "A boat!" was the general cry, and some ran this way and some that, to endeavour to procure one. It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr. Gordon of Aberlour, and, though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruickshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree to admit of their nearing it, so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row through the smoother water, to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as the gentler part of the stream, for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side, to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree, as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction. And often was poor Cruickshanks tantalized with the approach of help, which came but to add to the other miseries of his situation that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him as they were driven past him, they saw no blenching on his dauntless countenance,—they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours. But the evening wore on, and still they were un-

¹ "I think," said the old gardener, to one of the maids, 'the gauger's *fe*;' by which the common people express those violent spirits, which they think a prelude of death."—*Guy Mannering*.

successful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. "His hour is come!" said they, as they regarded one another with looks of awe; "our struggles are vain." The courage and the hope which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours.

Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amidst the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst the rain and the tempest continued to beat more and more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind we know from the fact, afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempest, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distracted wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in its note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy. But the shouts became gradually shorter,—less audible, and less frequent,—till at last their eagerly listening ears could catch them no longer. "Is he gone?"—was the half-whispered question they put to one another, and the smothered responses that were muttered around but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison.

"What was that?" cried his wife in delirious scream,—"*That was his whistle I heard!*"—She said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may

be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again.

Wet and weary, and shivering with cold, was this miserable woman, when the tardy dawn of morning beheld her, straining her eyeballs through the imperfect light, towards the trees where Cruickshanks had been last seen. There was something there that looked like the figure of a man, and on that her eyes fixed. But those around her saw, alas! too well, that what she fondly supposed to be her husband was but a bunch of wreck, gathered by the flood into one of the trees, for the one to which he clung had been swept away.

The body of poor Cruickshanks was found in the afternoon of next day on the Haugh of Dandaleith, some four or five miles below. As it had ever been his uniform practice to wind up his watch at night, and as it was discovered to be nearly full wound when it was taken from his pocket, the fact of his having had self-possession enough to obey his usual custom, under circumstances so terrible, is as unquestionable as it is wonderful. It had stopped at a quarter of an hour past eleven o'clock, which would seem to fix that as the fatal moment when the tree was rent away, for when that happened his struggles amidst the raging waves of the Spey must have been few and short. When the men, who had so unsuccessfully attempted to save him, were talking over the matter, and agreeing that no human help could have availed him, "I'm thinkin' I could ha' ta'en him oot," said a voice in the circle. All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and a general expression of contempt followed, for it was a boy of the name of John Rainey, a reputed idiot, from the foot of Belrinnes, who spoke. "You!" cried a dozen voices at once, "what would you have done, you wise man?"—"I wud ha'e tied an empty anker-cask to the end o' a lang lang tow, an' I wud ha'e floated it aff frae near about whar the raft was ta'en first awa, and syne, ye see, as the stream teuk the raft till the tree, maybe she wud ha'e ta'en the cask there too,—an' if Charley Cruickshanks had ance gotten a hand o' the rope."—He would have finished, but his auditors were gone. They had silently slunk away in different directions, one man alone having muttered, as he went, something about "wisdom coming out of the mouths of fools."

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

BY HENRY WARE.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of his early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies:
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows;—
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends:
There is peace in his eye that upwards bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.

The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

THREE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

[Mrs. Christian Isobel Johnstone, born in Fifeshire, 1781; died at Edinburgh, 26th August, 1857. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. Her chief works are: *Clan Albyn*; *Elizabeth de Bruce*; *Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier*; *Nights of the Round Table*, a series of tales and sketches, from which we quote; the *Edinburgh Tales*; *Meg Dods' Cookery Book*; &c. She was also the director and chief contributor to the *Schoolmaster*, one of the earliest of the cheap periodicals, *Johnstone's* and *Tait's Magazines*.]

The Magic Lantern which belonged to Mr. Dodsley, was elegantly and ingeniously formed. He chose to exhibit its wonders himself; and story, and picture, aiding and illustrating each other, agreeably occupied several NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

"Peep, and tell us what you see, Charles," said the reverend showman to our old friend Charles Herbert—"An old building, forms, desks, a lofty large room, many boys and youths, and three apart and prominent."—"Let me look," cried Sophia,—"Westminster School, I declare! and those three boys!—one very noble and graceful; the next dark, thoughtful, resolute, with keen eyes, and compressed lips; and the third—O! how gently, yet brightly he smiles, dear bashful boy, as his dark, bold companion extends his arm, haranguing and pointing forward to some high distant object! A picture is it,—a figure in state robes?—or is it to the insignia blazoned on that desk?—Nay, I daresay he wishes to be head-master."

"Have you all seen the threeschool-fellows?" asked Mr. Dodsley; "look at them well, for here they part on the path of life, never to meet again. Presto! change:—What see you now, Sophia?"—"Still the dark, stern youth, and the gentle timid one:—they are older now, but I know them well. The noble-looking boy has disappeared. The scene seems chambers in the Temple. Through an open window I have a glimpse of gardens: piles of huge books

are lying on tables, floors, and shelves. The dark resolute youth pores on a black-letter folio, and makes, as it were, notes or extracts. The other leans by the window, gazing over the gardens, a small open volume fluttering in his relaxed hand. Ha! I read on it *Thomson's Seasons*." "Yes, Sophia, your gentle law-student is an idle rogue; he has been seduced into the 'primrose paths of poesy'—let us see the result;—meanwhile here is another picture."—"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the admiring girl, "A large ship!"—"An outward-bound Indianman," said Mr. Dodsley. "All her sails set," continued Sophia. "How proudly, how stately she ploughs her way, breasting the waters like a swan. And there, on her deck, that noble gentleman, the third Westminster boy,—and yet not he,—walking so proudly as if in accordance with the majestic motion of the brave ship. I am glad to meet him again:—and all those military attendants—the gaudily dressed musical band,—the plumed officers,—and he the centre of all! What a great man he must be, and how well honour becomes him!"

"Shall we follow his progress to the East, or return to yonder gloomy, sombre chamber in the Temple?"—"Both," cried several young eager voices; "we must trace them all,—all the three school-fellows."

The next view was of a large oriental city, its architectural splendour and magnificence of outline glittering in the dazzling but uncertain brilliance of the morning sun; domes and minarets, Mahomedan mosques, and Indian pagodas, fountains, and palaces, and stately dwellings, sparkling in the outpouring of the increasing flood of intense and golden light. Over this scene were grouped and scattered Mussulmans, Arab warriors, Brahmins and Sepoys,—all in diversified and picturesque costumes,—ornamented palanquins, European officers richly dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses; elephants prancing in their splendid trappings; females and children, their dark skins and silky hair, and large black eyes, contrasting with their white and gaudily spangled dresses; dancing girls, and marabouts,—all, in short, that could compose a picture of oriental beauty and splendour; and that princely man, now of middle age, on the large white elephant, still the centre of all.

The scene changed slightly, and discovered the interior of the magnificent saloon of a residence that appeared royal, where the noble figure, whom Sophia still declared the third boy of Westminster School, received in oriental state, homage paid with the lowliest pros-

trations of the East, from a long train of nawaubs, rajahs, and envoys, illustrious captives or princely tributaries, whom his policy or his prowess had subdued to the dominion of England. Royal and magnificent was all about him; his aspect grave, dignified, and elate, his step and air majestic; yet the shadow of deep, anxious thought, of heart-struck care, at times darkened his embrowned visage. Whence then had fled the generous, sunny, open smile, that lightened the gray walls of Westminster School?—the noble, free expression of the younger man, who so proudly trode the deck of the outward-bound Indianman?

"Alas! what change!" said Sophia; "I almost dread, yet long to follow him farther."

Dim, troubled, misty scenes next flitted by; battles hid in smoke and obscurity; the wide plain of Hindostan flooded or desolate,—naked huddled millions,—signs of disaster, famine, and misery; and in the foreground still that princely man, his features ploughed with care, knitting his brows in fierce anger and disdain, stamping on the ground, while his eastern slaves cowered around him, as he hastily perused letters and despatches, his English secretary, attendants, and aids-de-camp standing back, anxiously scanning his looks, and reading his troubled mind in his working and eloquent features.

This scene passed, and he was next seen in an English ship, more stately if possible than the former vessel, freighted with all the rich and rare productions of the East; but the bright look had waxed dim, the buoyant spirit of the outward-bound voyager was now heavy and slow. Anon, and he lay reclined on a couch on the deck, under a silken and gold awning. A physician felt his pulse; black servants in splendid costumes fanned him; others approached with profound salams, bearing perfumes, and offering service, as they might have done to a divinity. Indifferent to all, his eye remained rivetted on one paper, on a few cabalistic words, which, like the damned blood-spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth, would not out, could not sweeten.

"Turn we again to England," said Mr. Dodsley, shifting the scene, "to our stern, ambitious, iron-minded man, of invincible purpose, of unconquerable perseverance, and, let me add, of strong intellect, and yet stronger ambition;—there you see him, the slough of the Temple cast, in the King's Bench, in the Court of Chancery, in the commons' House of Parliament, every energy of his mind in perpetual activity, already surrounded by satellites, the ministers or slaves of his will subdued

by that mighty and resistless will to its own purposes of selfish aggrandizement, of intrigue and political ambition, and, it may occasionally be, of pure patriotism. And now every obstacle overcome, undermined, or boldly trampled under foot, see him make one grand spring to reach the height at which every act of his life has aimed; while all men, the stronger as well as the feebler spirits, give way to his resistless progress, or cheer him on to the spot where lie the coveted rich robes, the patents, and the purses, and by these the mighty insignia of the lord high-chancellor of England."

"I begin to long for a glimpse of our gentle boy now," said Sophia, "dreaming over his *Thomson's Seasons*. Has he been borne down by the torrent which has carried his bold and daring companion so high and far?—Our gentle interesting boy!—has he been cast away like a weed, or has he cast away himself?"—"You shall judge," said Mr. Dodsley,—"Here is our lost one——" And there he was, the very boy, developed in the thin, melancholy, woeworn man, sitting lonely on a tombstone, under the elms of a country churchyard.—"He is curate of that church," said Sophia; "and I daresay he has lost his wife or his child. How refined and how expressive are his faded features; a look of meek resignation, stealing over the traces of some deep mysterious affliction."

"He never was in orders, nor yet had wife or child, my sprightly guesser," said Mr. Dodsley. "Mental blight, dark and fearful trial, and the utter desolation of worldly prospects, have all passed over him; but he is, as you see, better now,—there is even an occasional flash of humour kindling over those placid features,—of which, however, gentle kindness, deep, holy submission, is the fixed and habitual expression."

"It makes my heart ache to see him so far thrown out," said Sophia; "for even at Westminster I liked him best."—"He was my boy too," cried Fanny. This was not quite correct, for Sophia had expressed strong sympathy with the "noble boy," as she called him, and great admiration of the Oriental Vice-king; but Mr. Dodsley accepted her own interpretation of her altered feelings, and said "He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd'—nor was he free from blame; but his dark hour is past. Shall we follow him to his humble abode, not far from those churchyard elms, or return to those scenes of splendour, of grandeur, of substantial wealth, of real power, in which his early compeers preside, guiding or wielding the energies and the destinies of nations?"

"Follow him, sir," said Sophia; and the

boys, though anxious for more stirring pictures of life, politely yielded to her wish. The quickly shifting scenes exhibited a dull, dingy, and even mean-looking house in the centre of a small fifth-rate market town, and again a low-roofed parlour in that house, very plainly furnished with things neither fine nor new, and still less fashionable. Here sat an elderly, but comely gentlewoman knitting; and before her stood a plain tea equipage, waiting, as the next scene showed, the arrival of the loiterer under the churchyard elms, whom she seemed to welcome with the placid smile of long-trying affection. This scene looked brighter than the former. The old window-curtain was let down, the old sofa wheeled in, the tea-kettle was steaming,—and it was singing also, no doubt, if pictures could give out sounds; the shadows of a blazing fire of wood were dancing and quivering on walls and roof, and shining on all the polished surfaces of the furniture; and a couple of hares at a touch were seen in another scene, leaping from a box. They gambolled and wheeled on the well-brushed carpet, their benevolent master and protector looking on their sports, and caracoles, and gambades, with pleased, affectionate, and even interested eyes.

"How lively those scenes—they are nature itself, Mr. Dodsley," said Miss Jane Harding.—"Your magic lantern is the finest mimic representation of life I ever saw."

"I know whereabouts we are now," cried Sophia, in a low, earnest, yet delighted tone of voice. "Olney! Cowper! Mrs. Unwin!—Ah! sulky Tiney, and Mistress Bess the vaulter!"—"Let me see, let me see," cried the younger children; and Sophia had now a much stronger object of interest than the pictured scene, which she left to Fanny and Charles, and the other little ones.

"But the studious, thoughtful youth, who pored over the folio in the Temple," she cried, "the dark-browed, stern man of the chancery court, Cowper's early friend—who was he?"

"Edward Thurlow, lord high-chancellor of England."—"And that other boy—the noble boy—the Westminster scholar?" said Sophia.

"Warren Hastings, governor-general of India. These three youths started from the same point. In birth Cowper was certainly the most distinguished of the three;—of their respective talents we will now speak—great men they all were—good men too, let us hope. The lot was cast into the lap. All started for the prize:—by routes how different did each gain the appointed place where all human travellers meet! What then were their gains?—which

was happiest in his course of life?—But we must follow them farther; true is the Italian proverb, which says that no man can be pronounced happy till he is dead! Which of the three Westminster boys became the best man? Which most nobly fulfilled his duties to his God, his country, and his kind? Which—now that they all are gone to their reward—enjoys the widest, the purest, the highest fame? Which remains the best model to the youth of England?—Not one of the three faultless, without doubt; but which of these three great men comes nearest the mark at which you, my boys, would aim?"

"I suppose Lord Thurlow was chancellor before Henry VII.'s time," said Fanny Herbert; and Charles added in explanation, "Our history of England only begins then, so we don't know Lord Thurlow. Sir Thomas More, you remember, Fanny?—he was a merry, kind man, that chancellor."

"Your history goes back to a decently remote period," said Mr. Dodsley, smiling at the observation of the young historians. "Lord Thurlow held this high office at a very recent date, in the reign of George III., at the same time that Mr. Hastings exercised the mighty government of the East, and Mr. Cowper lived in neglect, and obscurity, composing his poetry."

"If we were to judge by our little audience," said Mrs. Herbert, "one of your questions, nay, perhaps two, are already answered. The modest poet, living apart in that nameless obscurity, already enjoys not only a higher, but a more universal fame than either of his youthful compeers. All our good little folks here know him, less or more, in his daily life, as well as in his beautiful verse; they read him, and quote him, and love him, and, by daily draughts from his stores of wisdom and of love, nourish their moral and intellectual nature to a strength and stature it might never otherwise have attained."

"I fear you are a confirmed Cowperite," said Miss Harding to her sister. But what say you, young gentleman?"

"Hastings for me!" cried Mr. Frank Conasidine, the Irish youth. "Hastings, prince and conqueror!"—"And for me the woollack," cried George Herbert. "I would rather, I think, just now, but I may change my mind, be high chancellor of England, than England's sovereign; to the one a prince is born, the other a man must achieve."

"If," said Norman Gordon, the Scottish youth, "one could be an eastern vice-king, or English chancellor, and author of the *Task* at the same time, one would be at no loss to de-

cide;" and he half-laughed at the profound silliness of his own cautious conclusion.

"You would unite impossibilities, Mr. Norman," said the curate. "Cowper's poetry required not only an original cast or bias of mind, but a preparatory course of life, and a mental discipline quite peculiar—very different, indeed, from that of a lawyer and politician, or eastern legislator and conqueror. We must take our three schoolboys and men exactly as we find them; and determine the claims, and estimate the happiness of each on his own merits, nor think of what might have been."

The younger children liked pictures better than discussion, so the whole group solicited Mr. Dodsley to proceed with his exhibition, which he did, still adhering to the original idea.

"To afford you wider grounds for forming your opinions, my little friends, you shall see each of our heroes by his own fireside, and also in more active and distinguished scenes. This first, is the lords' House of Parliament, solemn and antique, with its Gothic, tag-rag decorations.

"It is the day of a trial. These are the peers of Britain,—yonder the judges and prelates of the land,—there some of the young princes of the blood-royal, honoured in being created members of this house. Taken all in all, the scene before you represents the most august tribunal in the world; and before that tribunal is arraigned Warren Hastings, the victim of a triumphant faction, the object of much ignorant clamour, and of popular hatred, which one can yet hardly condemn, as it sprang from the best feelings of humanity. You see the long perspective of council, and clerks, and ushers, and reporters. That is Burke, who, with the lightnings of his eloquence, blights and withers the once flourishing and princely Hastings. And there stands Sheridan, ready to pounce on his victim,—to hold up the proud-minded vice-king to the abhorrence and execration of the world, as a monster of rapacity, cruelty, and tyranny, swollen with wealth and bloated with crime, the desolator of the fairest portion of the East, the wholesale, cold-blooded murderer of millions of Asiatics.

"The partisan orator may be half-conscious of the falsehood of many of his representations, and entirely so of their artificial gloss and high-colouring; but candour and truth are not the object of the party man; he vehemently proceeds in his statements, boldly makes his charges, and eloquently supports them.

"We shall now presume the house adjourned, and follow Hastings to his retirement. Where

now, Sophia, is the gay Westminster boy, the gallant, ambitious, high-minded statesman and soldier of the east? Can you trace him in that sallow, drooping, arraigned criminal, whose spirit is chafed almost to madness! In public he folds up his arms in self-supporting disdain; he tries to smooth his care-worn brow, and to teach his quivering lip to curl in contempt of his open accusers, and more rancorous secret enemies. But, alas! contempt and disdain of our fellow-men are not calm, much less are they happy feelings. The persecuted, if not yet degraded man, is sick at his very soul; his heart is bursting with the indignant anguish, which will break it at last. There may have been, and in this still hour of self-communion conscience so whispers, things faulty and blameworthy in his bold and illustrious career. Nor is he free of guilt; for his station was one of great difficulty, and loaded with responsibility which might make even the strongest and best-hearted man tremble. Images of long-acted, painful scenes rise before him in his solitude; actions justified, in their passing, by the plea of a strong necessity, which he dislikes and dreads to think of now. And here, the world shut out, surrounded as he is with all the wealth and luxury of the eastern and western hemispheres, the hootings of the London rabble, and the hissings of the adder-tongues of his enemies, still ring in his ears; and to these envenomed sounds conscience in his own bosom returns a faint yet an undying echo. Perhaps he may wish, in this anguished hour, that his lot, though less splendid, had been more safe.

"To beguile an hour of care he takes up a volume of the poetry of his old school-fellow, the lost William Cowper. He has little leisure for literature, but a lingering taste remains for what engrossed so many of the happy hours of happier days. He turns up one passage after another; and the map and history of Cowper's life lie before him. Are his feelings those of pity or of envy? Probably they are a strangely-entangled mixture of both. His eye is rivetted on a passage in the poem of *Expostulation*; he reads on and on; and, as if spell-urged, pronounces aloud,

'Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East!
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself a greater in their stead?
Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with power, obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?'

"Hastings can read no farther. This passage could not, did not apply to himself; in his

proud integrity of heart he felt assured of this. The opinions too were those of ignorance. What could Cowper know of the East? And then he wonders at the latitude of discussion and the licentiousness of the press in England. He dips again; his fortune may be better this time; for in these rich volumes he perceives that there is much poetic beauty. He is more fortunate now, for he opens at the admired description of the coming in of the post. How fine an opening; and he reads aloud—

'Hark! 'tis the twanging horn——

But oh! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings?—Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is INDIA FREE? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still?'

"The heart-struck but fascinated reader proceeds on, in spite of himself, till he finishes the finest passages of the poem, those which unveil the habits and amiable character of his early friend. If there were some stir and bitterness in his spirit on the first perusal of offensive strictures, that is past now. He lays down the book with a quiet sigh; and, striving to fix his mind upon all that has been most brilliant in his fortunes, can only remember how many years have elapsed since he was a Westminster school-boy; and that both he and William Cowper have long since passed the meridian of life.

"Are you not yet tired, Miss Fanny, of gazing on that gorgeous bed-chamber," said the curate; "the bed of carved ivory and gold, the silken draperies, and couches of crimson and gold curiously worked; the silver-framed mirrors, the rich porcelain vases and foot-baths; the splendid toilette, with its jewelled ornaments; the ivory and ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with gold, and in the highest style of eastern decoration, exhibiting groups exquisitely executed; religious processions, festivals, marriages, in short, a series of gorgeous pictures of eastern manners. Those caskets on the toilette contain some of the rarest jewels of the East. That large emerald is to be sent to-morrow morning to a certain lady of questionable fame, but of great influence; for the proud Hastings must stoop to make friends at this crisis, by arts he would once have spurned, and still loathes. That gold bed, preserved with such care in his own chamber, is intended for a gift or tribute to the Queen of England."

The children were not yet satisfied with

gazing; and Mrs. Herbert said, "I fear, my dears, if thus fascinated by grandeur, you will ill bear a transition to the dull, low-roofed parlour at Olney." "No: were it a dungeon with such inmates," cried Sophia, resolutely turning from the beautiful picture of the interior of Mr. Hastings' bed-chamber.—"Well said, Sophia, if you can stand to it," returned her mother—"But I see Charles and Mr. Norman long for another peep of those eastern weapons suspended over the chimney."—"That most beautiful scimitar, the handle studded and blazing with jewels!" cried the peeping boy;—"and those exquisite pistols! how was it possible to paint them so truly? And that—Damascus blade, did you call it?"

"Lest the transition to sad, sombre, puritanic Olney be too violent, we will first, if you please, visit the lord-chancellor," said Mr. Dodsley.—"Presto! there he is at the head of the state council-board; these are his colleagues—his party friends, his rivals, his flatterers, his underminers, ranged on each side of him; and he knows them all well: they may injure, but they cannot deceive him. He looks grim, and stern, and unhealthy. Even now there is spasm upon him; a youth of hard sedentary study, a manhood of incessant labour, and latterly, a weight of public and of private cares, have weighed and broken down Lord Thurlow. He looks old before his time. His temper, even his friends allow, has become rugged, boisterous, arrogant,—almost brutal. But they know not the secret pangs that torture him, or they might bear with patience, or pardon with gentleness, those fierce ebullitions of rage that will not acknowledge sickness nor infirmity. Even in the death-gripe, he will clutch those magic seals. But now he presides at that board, where the subject of discussion is the glory and safety of the empire,—the weal or woe of millions yet unborn. If the feeling of bodily languor for an instant overpower his intellectual energies, alarmed ambition stings his mind into preternatural strength, for he penetrates the arts of a wily rival, who, affecting to acquiesce in his measures, secretly labours to thwart them, and to undermine him in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He puts forth all his strength, tramples the reptile in the dust, and seats himself at the head of empire more firmly and securely than ever. Is he happy now? He thinks he should be so, but he thinks little of it; he has leisure for nothing, heart for nothing, memory for nothing, save his high function, and the arts necessary to maintain himself in it. He has no time, and indeed no wish, to ascertain his

own state either of body or mind. If he has no leisure to attend to his health, how can he be supposed to have time for self-examination or for serious thought? He once had many schemes, the growth of his strong and even enlarged mind, for the welfare of the state, and the happiness of his old private friends,—but they must be delayed. And now he loses even the wish for their accomplishment; his heart, never either very kind or soft, has become narrowed as well as callous; his temper waxes more and more hard, and gloomy, and repulsive; his private friends fall off, disgusted by his neglect, and surly, arrogant haughtiness. They have no longer any common sympathies with Edward, Lord Thurlow. He stalks through his magnificent house alone; he writes, rases, burns, knits his brows over communications and despatches which offended him,—and many things offend him,—he sits up half the night plunged in business; the surgeon who of late sleeps in his house administers a sleeping draught, and he will try to obtain a few hours of troubled repose. Had pride allowed him, he could almost have addressed the obsequious medical man in the well-remembered words of Macbeth,—

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?'

Many, many years ago, he had seen Garrick play that character and many others, when William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, was his companion to Drury Lane. They had spouted the favourite passages together fifty times, after returning home to sup, now in Cowper's chambers, now in Thurlow's. Of rhetoric and declamation Edward Thurlow was ever an admirer; young Cowper relished more the intense passion or the deep pathos of the scene.

"The memory of his old fellow-student and companion had been revived on this night, by the arrival of a volume, just published, of Cowper's poetry. With a feeling bordering on contempt, Lord Thurlow threw it from him unopened. Now another scene of our magic glass, and behold the high-chancellor lays his throbbing but ever clear head on a downy pillow, and sets his alarm-watch to an early hour; for, sick or well, he must be at Windsor by ten to-morrow. He, however, leaves orders, that at whatever hour his private secretary, who is waiting the issue of an important debate in the House of Commons, shall return, he be admitted to him;—Lord Thurlow has an impression, that, though he may stretch his limbs on that bed of state, sleep will not visit him till he learn the fortune of the day—hears how the vote has gone. It was a debate on

the African slave-trade. He first inquired the vote—it was favourable. He glanced over the reports of the leading speeches;—the vote was his,—but the feeling, the spirit of the night was strongly against him. There was the speech of Charles Fox; and he had quoted Cowper!—a beautiful apostrophe to Freedom, cheered by all the members on both sides of the house, forced to admire, vote afterwards as they might.

“Lord Thurlow now sets himself to sleep in good earnest, and his strong will is omnipotent even here. But over the empire of dreams the lord high-chancellor had no power,—Fancy is not a ward of Chancery. His visions were gloomy and distempered. His youth, his manhood, his present life are all fantastically but vividly blended. Sometimes the spirit that haunts him is the Prince of Wales, then it becomes Charles Fox, and anon it changes to William Cowper, and again back to Fox. But his hour comes, the alarm wakes him, and he is almost glad of the relief.”

“Would you choose to see the chancellor’s dressing-room, Fanny, and his ante-chamber, and the persons met in levee there, thus early, in a chill, foggy, winter’s morning?” Fanny chose to do so.

And there was seen the plain chamber of the English minister, lights burning dimly in the cold, heavy air,—a fire choked with smoke.

“Ah, poor old gentleman,” cried Fanny, “there he is, so cold, I am sure, and so very cross he looks—the poor servant that shaves him looks so terribly frightened. Well, considering how late he was of getting to bed, and all, I don’t think, brother George, it is very pleasant to be a high-chancellor—at least, in winter; particularly when the king wishes to see him so early at Windsor, to scold him perhaps.”

“O, you silly child,” said her sister.

“Not so silly, Miss Sophia,” said the curate. “To be sure, there is no great hardship visible here, still I could have wished the lord-chancellor a longer and sounder sleep; and it is very wise, Fanny, to learn young, ‘that all is not gold which glitters.’ But now we shall suppose the chancellor shaved and booted, his hasty cup of coffee swallowed—as the Jews did the passover—standing, his loins girt; for he too is bound for the wilderness. In short, he detests Windsor interviews. A secretary bears his portfolio; his carriage is at the door; he hurries through the circle of adulators, solicitors of his patronage, understrappers of all kinds, that wait his appearance,—the whole herd hateful to him, and he to them; and he is not a man of glozing words or feigning courtesy. No man in England can say ‘No’ more gruffly or

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decidedly. A few indispensable words uttered, he hurries on. Near the door you note a young clergyman, his fine features ‘sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.’ His profile strikingly resembles that of William Cowper, and Lord Thurlow recalls his dream and Charles Fox’s quotation; and, with his old accurate Temple habits, takes the portfolio himself, and directs his secretary to return and bring him a volume ‘lying on the third shelf of a certain cabinet in his business-room, between a pamphlet on India affairs, and that something about Lord George Gordon.’ He now perfectly recollected—for his memory was tenacious of everything—that Cowper had lost his paltry sort of appointment—had gone deranged—was always *swainish*,—and now piped in some rural shades or other, sunk into *nobody*, with probably not political interest sufficient to influence the election of the neighbouring borough-reeve. There had been a degree of impertinence in sending such a book to him; or it was, at least, an act of silliness, and showed small knowledge of life. But Fox had quoted it; so once beyond the smoke of London, Thurlow turns over the leaves. The carriage rolls on, post-haste, to the audience of Majesty; but habit has enabled the lord-chancellor to read even in the most rapid whirling motion. He dips at random in search of Fox’s passage, and stumbles on that splendid one—‘All flesh is grass.’ ‘Cowper should have been in the church,’ thought he; ‘a dignified churchman he is unfit for, but he might have made a tolerable parish priest, if he would steer clear of Methodistical nonsense.’—He dips again—‘One sheltered hare;’ ‘whining stuff!’ or is he mad still? His eye falls on that passage beginning—‘How various his employments whom the world calls idle;’ and he reads on, not with the natural feelings of Hastings, but yet not wholly unmoved, till he gets to the words, ‘Sipping calm the fragrant lymph which neatly she prepares,’ when throwing down the book, the man, strong in the spirit of this world’s wisdom, mutters to himself, ‘Piperly trash!—and is it this Charles Fox quotes? The devil quotes Scripture for his use, and Fox would quote the devil for his.’ Lord Thurlow then plunges into that red portfolio which engrosses so much of his time—so much of his soul.

“And now ‘the proud keep of Windsor’ rises on the ambitious, and prosperous, and proud statesman:—he smooths his brow; his sovereign welcomes him graciously; his audience passes off well; he hastens back to London, where a thousand affairs await to occupy and torture though they cannot distract him. He snatches

a morsel of cold meat; swallows a glass of wine: and off to the House of Peers, to be baited for six long hours by the bull-dogs of Opposition."

"And what has the poor gentleman for all this?" said little Fanny. "I am sure he has hard work of it."

"How idly you do talk, Fanny; is he not Lord-chancellor of England?" cried her sister.

"And fills high—I may say, the highest place; has immense patronage; is the maker of bishops, and deans, and judges, and everything," said George.

"And has immense revenues," added the curate; "estates, mansions,—all that money can command."

"Poor old gentleman," said Fanny, "I am glad he has also that woollack to rest himself on, for I am sure he must be sadly tired and worried."

"Turn we to Olney—to that dwelling in the very heart of that shabby but now honoured town—to Cowper's abode:—no poet's fabled retirement, embowered in sylvan solitudes, by wild wandering brook or stately river's brink, skirted with hanging woods, or vine-clad steepes, or towering mountains.—Here is the parlour."—"But pray stop, sir," cried Sophia, "that dull house had its pleasant accessories; have you forgot the greenhouse, the plants, the gold-finch; that pleasant window looking over the neighbour's orchard?—and what so beautiful as an orchard, when the white plum blossom has come full out, and the pink apple flowers are just budding!"

"And Beau, and Tiney," cried Fanny.

"I have forgot none of these things, my dears," said Mr. Dodsley. "Only I fear that to see them, as Cowper saw them, we must have a poet's glass; an instrument of higher powers than a Claude Lorraine glass, and clothing every object with softer, or warmer, or sunnier hues than even that pretty toy:—where could that be bought, Fanny?" "Indeed, sir, I don't know," said Fanny.

"We may borrow one for a day, or a few hours or so," said Sophia, smiling intelligently.

"It is but fair to use Mr. Cowper's glass, in viewing his own pictures; and Mrs. Unwin's spectacles, in judging of her domestic comforts," said the curate. "There is the parlour; it looks doubly snug to-night. Now you are to recollect, ladies and gentlemen, that this scene passes on a night when Mr. Hastings' trial is proceeding; and while Lord Thurlow is busy and distracted in his bureau. Tea is over—the hares are asleep on the rug. Beau the spaniel lies in the bosom of Bess the maikin.

On the table lie some volumes of voyages, which Mrs. Hill has this day sent from London to Mr. Cowper, with a few rare West India seeds for his greenhouse, as he calls it. There is a kind but short letter from her husband, Cowper's old friend;—for he too is a busy man in the courts, though not lord-chancellor—and there is a polite note from herself. There has also been a letter from Mr. Unwin this evening, a very kind one, filial and confidential. Mr. Cowper's cumbrous writing apparatus is on the table, for he has not yet got his neat, handy writing-desk from Lady Hesketh. His former writing-table had become crazy and paralytic in its old limbs; but to-night he has, by a happy thought of Mrs. Unwin's, got that forgotten card-table lugged down from the lumber garret, and he shakes it, finds it steady, and rejoices over it. And now the fire is trimmed for the evening; the candles are snuffed; they show a print of Mr. Newton, and a few prints of other rather ugly, grim-looking, evangelical ministers, and black profile shades of some of Mrs. Unwin's friends. Yet all looks comfortable and feels pleasant to the inmates, for this is their home. O! that magic, transfiguring word! but this home is indeed a peaceful and a happy one.

"Mr. Cowper relates to his companion the events of his long morning ramble,—a rambling narrative; simple, descriptive, somewhat pathetic too, nor unrelieved by a few delicate touches of Cowper's peculiar humour. And she listens all benevolent smiles to his ventures, happened in meadow and mire—'o'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' banks; and, in her turn, tells him of two poor persons distressed in mind, and pinched in circumstances, who had called at their house; and mentions what she had done for them, and consults what farther deed of mercy or charity she and her friend may jointly accomplish before that day closed. And now Sam, Mr. Cowper's excellent and attached servant, or rather humble friend, who in adversity had cleaved to him, enters the room. Sam knew nothing of London life or London wages, or official bribes, or perquisites; but I should like to know if ever Lord Thurlow had such a servant as Mr. Cowper's Sam; for this is no inconsiderable item in a man's domestic happiness. And unless we know all these little matters, how can we pronounce a true deliverance?"

"We may guess that honest Sam and his qualities would have been of little utility, and of small value to Edward, Lord Thurlow, any way," said Mrs. Herbert; "and so throw the attached servant out of his scale altogether."

"I fear so:—Well Sam, civilly, but rather formally, neither like a footman of parts nor of figure, mentions that John Cox, the parish clerk of All-Saints' parish, Northampton, waits in the kitchen for those obituary verses engrossed with the annual bill of mortality, which Mr. Cowper had for some years furnished on his solicitation.

"'Ay, Sam, say I will be ready for him in a few minutes, and give the poor man a cup of beer,' said the courteous poet. 'I must first read the verses to you, Mary,' continued he, as Sam left the parlour; 'you are my critic, my Sam Johnson, and Monthly Reviewer:'—and he reads those fine verses beginning, 'He who sits from day to day.'

"'I like them, Mr. Cowper,' said his calm friend; and that was praise enough. John Cox was ushered in, brushed his eye hastily over the paper, scraped with his foot, and said he dared to say these lines might do well enough. The gentleman he employed before was so learned, no one in the parish understood him. And Cowper smiles, and says, 'If the verses please, and are not found too learned, he hopes Mr. Cox will employ him again.'

"And now the postboy's horn is heard, and Sam hies forth. Mr. Cowper is not rich enough to buy newspapers; but his friends don't forget him, nor his tastes. Whenever anything likely to interest his feelings occurs in the busy world, some kind friend addresses a paper to Olney. Thus he keeps pace with the world, though remote from its stir and contamination. He reads aloud another portion of the trial of Hastings, most reluctant as friend and as Christian to believe his old school-fellow the guilty blood-dyed oppressor that he is here described. He reads the heads of a bill brought in by the lord-chancellor to change, to extend rather, the criminal code of the country; and says passionately, 'Will they never try preventive means? There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart, it doth not feel for man.' He skims the motley contents of the 'little folio of four pages,' gathering the goings on of the great Babel, as food for future rumination; and he would have read the speech of the chancellor, had not more important concerns carried him away,—for old John Queeney, the shoemaker in the back street, longs to see Mr. Cowper by his bedside. Mr. Newton, John's minister, is in London; and though John and Mr. Cowper are in no wise acquainted, save seeing each other in church, there are dear ties and blessed hopes common to both; so Cowper goes off immediately. But since Mrs. Unwin insists that it is a cold damp night, he

takes his greatcoat, though only to please her, and Sam marches before with the lantern. John Queeney has but one poor room, Sam would be an intruder there; and as it is harsh to have him wait in the street, like the attendant or horses of a fine lady, Sam is sent home by his amiable master.

"When, in an hour afterwards, Mr. Cowper returns, he tells that John Queeney is dying, and will probably not see over the night; that he is ill indeed, but that the king and the nobles of England might gladly exchange states with that poor shoemaker, in the back street of Olney:—his warfare was accomplished! Mrs. Unwin understands him! she breathes a silent inward prayer for her dying fellow-creature and fellow-Christian; and no more is said on this subject. Cowper now in a steady and cheerful voice, reads the outline of a petition he has drawn out in the name of the poor lace-workers of Olney, against an intended duty on candles. On them such a tax would have fallen grievously. 'My dear Mr. Cowper, this is more like an indignant remonstrance than an humble petition,' said his friend with her placid smile.

"'Indeed and I fear it is. How could it well be otherwise? But this must be modified; the poet's imprudence must not hurt the poor lace-workers' cause.'

"And now Sam brings in supper—a Roman meal, in the days of Rome's heroic simplicity; and when it is withdrawn, Hannah, the sole maid-servant, comes in to say that she has carried one blanket to Widow Jennings, and another to Jenny Hibberts; and that the shivering children had actually danced round, and hugged and kissed the comfortable night-clothing, for lack of which they perished; and that the women themselves shed tears of thankfulness for this well-timed, much-wanted supply.

"'And you were sure to tell them they came not from us,' said the poet. Hannah replied that she had, and withdrew.

"'These blankets cannot cost the generous Thornton above ten shillings apiece, Mr. Cowper,' says Mrs. Unwin. 'Oh! how many a ten shillings that would, in this severe season, soften the lot of the industrious poor, are every night lavished in the city he inhabits! How many blankets would the opera-tickets of this one night purchase! And can any one human creature have the heart or the right thus to lavish, yea, though not sinfully, yet surely not without blame, while but one of the same great family perishes of hunger or of cold?'

"And they speak of their poor neighbours

by name; they know many of them, their good qualities, their faults, and their necessities. And fireside discourse flows on in the easy current of old, endeared, and perfect intimacy; and Cowper is led incidentally to talk of dark passages in his earlier life; of the Providence which had guided and led him to this resting-place 'by the green pastures and still waters;' of the mercy in which he had been afflicted; of a great deliverance suddenly wrought; of the ARM which had led him into the wilderness, while 'the banner over him was love.' And then the talk ebbs back to old friends, now absent; to domestic cares, and little family concerns and plans; the garden, or the greenhouse, matter 'fond and trivial,' yet interesting, and clothed in the language of a poet, and adorned by a poet's fancy.

"I must again ask, had the lord high-chancellor ever gained to his heart any one intelligent and affectionate woman, to whom he could thus unbend his mind—pour forth his heart of hearts—in the unchilled confidence of a never-failing sympathy? this I shall consider—the possession of this friend—an immense weight in Cowper's scale, when we come to adjust the balance," said Mr. Dodsley.

"I must now read you the fruits of my morning's study, ma'am," says our poet after a pause; 'I had well nigh forgot that.' And he reads his sublime requiem on the loss of the *Royal George*.

"I am mistaken if this be not wonderfully grand, Mr. Cowper," says his ancient critic. 'But hark! our cuckoo clock. It must be regulated—you forget your duties, sir—Tiney must be put up, and'—

"You must just allow me, Mary, to give one puff of the bellows to the greenhouse embers. The air feels chilly to-night—my precious orange-tree.' And Mrs. Unwin smiles over his fond care, as the gentleman walks off with the bellows under his arm.

"And now is the stated hour of family worship. Sam and Hannah march forward in decent order. But I shall not attempt to describe the pious household rites, where the author of the *Task* is priest and worshipper. Affectionate 'goodnights' close the scene. And this is the order of the evenings at Olney.

"Cowper regulates the cuckoo clock; for though he has no alarm watch, or impending audience of Majesty, he lays many duties on himself, lowly, yet not ignoble; so about the same hour that the chancellor rolls off for Windsor, Cowper, also alert in duty, is penning his fair copy of the lace-workers' petition to parliament, or despatching one of his playful,

affectionate epistles to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or acknowledging the bounty of the benevolent Thornton to the poor of Olney. And now, body and mind refreshed, the blessings of the night remembered, and the labours of the day dedicated in short prayer and with fervent praise, and he is in his greenhouse study, chill though it be, for it is quiet and sequestered. See here, Fanny,—our last picture. But so minutely has the poet described his favourite retreat that this sketch may be deemed superfluous labour. Yet this is and ever will be a cherished spot; for here many of his virtuous days were spent.

"Why pursue the theme farther," continued the curate, "you all know the simple tenor of his life:—

Thus did he travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness.'

The visitations to which his delicately-organized mind was liable, I put out of view. They were a mystery beyond his mortal being—far beyond our limited human intelligence. And tell me now, my young friends, which, at the close of his memorable life, may be pronounced the best, and, by consequence, the happiest man of our Three Westminster Boys? Each was 'sprung of earth's first blood;' and though I do not assert that any one of the three is a faultless model, it is a fair question to ask which has your suffrage? He who, by the force of his intellect and ambition, the hardihood and energy of his character, took his place at the head of the councils of this mighty empire,—he, the conqueror of so fair a portion of the East, who, by arms and policy, knit another mighty empire to this,—or he—'the stricken deer,' who sought the shades, the arrow ranking in his side—who dwelt apart, in 'blest seclusion from a jarring world,' and who, as his sole memorial and trophy, has left us

'This single volume paramount?'

And Mr. Dodsley lifted Sophia's small and elegant copy of Cowper's works, and gave it into the hand of the youth next him.

An animated discussion now arose; and when Miss Harding collected the votes, she found the young gentlemen were equally divided between Hastings and Thurlow. The young ladies were, however, unanimous for Cowper; and the curate gave his suffrage with theirs, repeating,

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets—who, on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN
OF BOHEMIA.

[Sir Henry Wotton, born at Boughton Hall, Kent, 1568; died December, 1639. Poet and politician. He spent a number of years abroad on important embassies for the court of James I.]

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

NEHUSHTA'S BOWER.

[Edwin Atherstone, born at Nottingham, 17th April, 1788; died 14th February, 1872. Author of *The Last Days of Hercules*; *A Midsummer Day's Dream*; *The Fall of Nineveh* (from which we quote); and *Israel in Egypt*, poems; *The Sea Kings*, an historical romance; and *The Handwriting on the Wall*, a tale. "Vigour, splendid diction, and truly poetic feeling."—*Literary Gazette*.]

'Twas a spot
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye o'erlook'd; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,—
Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,
And trees of slender body, fruit and flower:—
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gush'd with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun

With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,
The pliant branches, interwoven, were bent;
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting alumber. At the noontide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens, would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet voice,
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,
A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass,—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm—
Through orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love: or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft,
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds:
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning,

as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burned cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The

tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze: and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsider-

able assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledohs—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditie*, the

hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice, as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Saporis. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and exorieth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish

—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably inter-twisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightlying (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. — It argues an insensibility.

MEMORIES.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WARLOCK OF AIKWOOD.¹

[Walter Graham Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., born in Glasgow, 1816. Educated privately, and at the university of his native city. Whilst studying in Germany he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena. He has written several songs and translations of poetry and prose; but his principal work is the *Imperial Gazetteer*, a Dictionary of General Geography, on which he was engaged about ten years. For the purpose of consulting original authorities for the latter work, he acquired eight European languages.]

Ae gloamin, as the sinking sun
Gaed owre the wastlin' braes,
And shed on Aikwood's haunted towers
His bright but fading rays;

Auld Michael sat his leafu' lane
Down by the streamlet's side,
Beneath a spreading hazel bush,
And watched the passing tide.

Wi' mennons wee, that loup'd for joy,
The water seemed a fry,
And cross the stream, frae stane to stane,
The trout gaed glancin' by.

The sportive maukin frae his form
Cam' dancing o'er the lee,
And cocked his lugs, and wagged his fud,
Sune's Michael caught his e'e.

¹ The tradition upon which the present ballad is founded is thus narrated by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:—"Sir Michael Scott" was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the *Fater Noster*, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect; and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring: the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to diamine Michael with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences.

The pairicks whirring nearer flew,—
But, hark! what is't I hear?
The horse's tramp and trumpet's note
To Aikwood drawing near;

Auld Michael raised his stately form,
And slowly hameward hied,—
Right weel he kenn'd what knight and horse
And trumpet did betide.

"Our gracious king, to whom the Lord
Grant aye a happy lot,
This packet to his kinsman sends—
The leal Sir Michael Scott.

"And ye maun hie as fast as horse
Will bear you owre the lea,
To Frenchman's land, and to the king
This packet ye maun gi'e.

"An answer frae the Frenchman ye
Maun seek for clean aff hand,
Then hie thee to our sov'reign lord—
Such is the king's command."

So spak' the knight, and Michael bow'd:
"The king's hests I'll obey,
The fleetest steed I shall prepare,
And start ere break o' day."

Auld Michael to his closet gaed,
But lang he baid na there,
He donn'd a cleuck baith auld and queer,
And hunting cap o' hair.

Frae a phial sma' a drap he pour'd,
That sune rose till a flame,
A gruesome lowe, whar elfins wee
Jigg'd roun' wi' might and main.

"Sir Michael Scott," according to the same high authority, "flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland, upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the fiends who were thereby invoked.—Dempsteri *Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterizes Michael Scott as 'singulari philosophiae, astronomiae, ac medicinae laude praestans; dicebatur penitissimos magiae recessus indagasse.' A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, or Sir William Wallace, or of the devil."

The lowe he toss'd up in the air,
The sky grew black as coal,
Some words he spak' that nae man kenn'd,
And thunders 'gan to roll.

The lightnings flash'd, the loud winds blew
Till Aikwood trembling stood,
And tall trees bent their stately forms
Like eels in playfu' mood.

Midst war o' winds and thunder's crash,
The bravest weel might fear;
The warlock wav'd his little wand,
And through the storm did peer.

His count'nance glow'd, for see he comes
Borne on the blast along,
A tall black steed, with eyes of flame,
And thews and sinews strong!

"Now woe betide thee," Michael said,
"If once thou slack'st thy speed,
And bear'st me not by morrow's dawn
To France without remede."

By this the storm had gone to rest,
The moon shone clear and bright,
And sma' white clouds were sailing roun',
Ting'd by the pale orb's light.

The warlock and his steed flew on,
Nought stay'd their headlong way,
The highest peak, the lowest glen,
Were spang'd as 'twere but play.

They bounded on, and night-owls screeched,
As pass'd this fremit pair,
And in their beds the sleepers gran'd
And row'd as in nightmare.

On, on they sped like wintry blast,
And long ere first cock-crow
The sea was cross'd, and Paris tow'rs
Were seen far far below.

The palace porters trembling scan'd
The great black horse with fear;
The courtiers eke confounded look'd,
But 'gan to mock and jeer

At Michael's dress; but soon with voice
That made their dull ears ring,
He names his errand, and demands
An audience of the king.

"What! ye refuse, ye cringing pack,
A messenger so mean?
Then stamp, my steed, and let them feel
We're better than we seem!"

The black horse stamp'd; and lo! the bells
Through all the town did sound,
The steeple towers shook to their base
As heav'd up from the ground.

"What! do ye still my suit refuse?
Then stamp, my steed, once more!"
The courtiers shook for very fear,
And cross'd themselves right sore.

Clash went the hoof, and sounds of woe
Were heard on ev'ry side,
The thunders roll'd, the lightnings glar'd,
And through the air did ride

Unearthly forms, with hoop and ho!
That spewed forth smoke and fire.
"Alack-a day" quoth the courtiers all,
"That e'er we rais'd his ire."

The muckle bell in Notre Dame¹
Play'd jow, and burst in twain,
And lofty tow'rs and pinnacles
Came tumbling down amain.

The bellman on a gargoyles² back
Was shot out owre the Seine,
His boy upon a wooden saint
Went splash into the stream.

The palace shook like saughen bush
When wad'd by waatlin winds,
Or like the corn ears in the sheaf,
That harvest reaper binds.

The king frae regal seat was toss'd,
And piteously did roar,
For a vulgar part o' his bodie
Came thud upon the floor.

"Alack-a-day!" his kingship moan'd,
"Wha wrought a' this deray
Maun e'en be mair than mortal man—
O dule's me on the day

"He e'er cam' to our palace yett!"
But Michael now nae langer
Wad wait. "Ye poltroon knaves, tak' tent!
The third stamp shall be stranger."

"Stop! stop!" they cried, "thy mighty pow'r
Nae mair we can withstand,
A third stamp of thy fell black horse
Wad ruin a' our land."

An answer in hot haste was giv'n,
And e'er you could say, whew!
The warlock had bestrode his steed,
And through the air they flew.

And as they pass'd o'er Dover Straits,
The horse to speak began,

A pawky beast, and, as he pleas'd,
Was horse, or de'il, or man.

"Come tell to me, O master mine!
What do the auld wives say
In Scotland when the sun gae down,
Ere to their beds they gae?"

But Michael was ow're allee e'en for
The cunning o' the deil—
"What's that to thee, Diabolus?
Mount, or my wand thou'lt feel.

"But if indeed thou fain wadst ken
What's by the auld wives said,
Then darn thyself at e'enin's fa'
Close by some cottage bed;

"And when the sun has left the lift,
And stars begin to peer
Out through the blue, and sounds o' tail
Nae mair fa' on the ear,

"Then wilt thou see auld Scotia's dames
Kneel down to ane above,
And name with reverence the name
Of Him that's truth and love.

"A name, Diabolus! more dread
To thee and all thy fry
Than is thy hideous native form
To untaught mortal eye."

"By this time they had England cross'd,
And eke the Cheviots high;
The Pentlands had been left behind,
And Holyrood was nigh.

Here Michael parting frae his steed
Straight to the palace went,
In haste before his sov'reign lord
Himself there to present.

"What ho! Sir Michael, art thou here?
Hast dar'd to disobey
My orders, that ambassador
To France thou'dst haste away?"

"Wilt please my sov'reign to receive
This packet from my hand?
With right good will I have obey'd
My monarch's just command."

The king transfix'd wi' wonder stood,
And scarce believ'd his een,
And all aghast the courtiers cower'd,
As spell-bound they had been.

Lang ere their senses had return'd
Sir Michael aff had gane,
And sped him back to Aikwood gray
In haste his leafu' lane!

¹ Notre Dame, the principal cathedral in Paris, stands upon an island in the middle of the river Seine, which intersects the city.

² Gargoyle—A projecting water-spout, common to different styles of architecture, and frequently sculptured into the shape of an open-mouthed monster.

TITA'S WAGER.

[William Black, born in Glasgow, November, 1841. Novelist and journalist. His chief works are: *Love or Marriage; In Silk Attire; Kilmeny; The Monarch of Mincing Lane; A Daughter of Heth; The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; and A Princess of Thule.* The *Spectator* says that in his work "there is a mingling of humour of the raciest with pathos most truly simple and dignified." Another critic says: "Mr. Black never relies for effect upon violent means. He contrives by delicate, subtle, but sure touches to win the interest of his readers, and to retain it till the last volume is laid down with reluctance." On the Continent and in America, as well as in England, Mr. Black has obtained general recognition as one of our best and most distinguished writers of fiction. He was sometime editor of the *London Review*, subsequently of the *Examiner*, and has been for several years on the editorial staff of the *London Daily News*. The following sketch is quoted from the Christmas number (1873) of the *Illustrated London News*.]

CHAPTER I.

FRANZISKA.

It is a Christmas morning—cold, still, and gray, with a frail glimmer of sunshine coming through the bare trees to melt the hoar-frost on the lawn. The postman has just gone out, swinging the gate behind him. A fire burns brightly in the breakfast-room; and there is silence about the house, for the children have gone off to climb Box-hill before being marched to church.

The small and gentle lady who presides over this household walks sedately in, and lifts the solitary letter that is lying on her plate. About three seconds suffice to let her run through its contents, and then she suddenly cries—

"I knew it! I said it! I told you two months ago she was only flirting with him; and now she has rejected him. And oh! I am so glad of it! The poor boy!"

The other person in the room, who has been meekly waiting for his breakfast for half an hour, ventures to point out that there is nothing to rejoice over in the fact of a young man having been rejected by a young woman.

"If it were final, yes! If these two young folks were not certain to go and marry somebody else, you might congratulate them both. But you know they will. The poor boy will go courting again in three months' time, and be vastly pleased with his condition."

"Oh, never, never!" she says; "he has had such a lesson. You know I warned him. I knew she was only flirting with him. Poor

Charlie! Now I hope he will get on with his profession, and leave such things out of his head. And as for that creature"—

"I will do you the justice to say," observes her husband, who is still regarding the table with a longing eye, "that you did oppose this match, because you hadn't the making of it. If you had brought these two together they would have been married ere this. Never mind; you can marry him to somebody of your own choosing, now."

"No; he must not think of marriage. He cannot think of it. It will take the poor lad a long time to get over this blow."

"He will marry within a year."

"I will bet you whatever you like that he doesn't," she says, triumphantly.

"Whatever I like! That is a big wager. If you lose, do you think you could pay? I should like, for example, to have my own way in my own house."

"If I lose you shall," says the generous creature; and the bargain is concluded.

Nothing further is said about this matter for the moment. The children return from Box-hill, and are rigged out for church. Two young people, friends of ours, and recently married, having no domestic circle of their own, and, having promised to spend the whole of Christmas-day with us, arrive. Then we set out, trying as much as possible to think that Christmas-day is different from any other day, and pleased to observe that the younger folk, at least, preserve the delusion.

But just before we reach the church, I say to the small lady who got the letter in the morning, and whom we generally call Tita—

"When do you expect to see Charlie?"

"I don't know," she answers. "After this cruel affair he won't like to go about much."

"You remember that he promised to go with us to the Black Forest?"

"Yes; and I am sure it will be a pleasant trip for him."

"Shall we go to Hüferschingen?"

"I suppose so."

"Franziska is a pretty girl."

Now, you would not think that any great mischief could be done by the mere remark that Franziska was a pretty girl. Anybody who had seen Franziska Fahler, niece of the proprietor of the "Goldenen Bock" in Hüferschingen would admit that in a moment. But this is nevertheless true, that Tita was very thoughtful during the rest of our walk to this little church; and in church, too, she was thinking so deeply that she almost forgot to

look at the effect of the decorations she had nailed up the day before. Yet nothing could have offended her in the bare observation that Franziska was a pretty girl.

At dinner, in the evening, we had our two guests and a few young fellows from London who did not happen to have their families or homes there. Curiously enough, there was a vast deal of talk about travelling, and also about Baden, and more particularly about the southern districts of Baden. Tita said the Black Forest was the most charming place in the world; and as it was Christmas-day, and as we had been listening to a sermon all about charity, and kindness, and consideration for others, nobody was rude enough to contradict her. But our forbearance was put to a severe test when, after dinner, she produced a photographic album and handed it round, and challenged everybody to say whether the young lady in the corner was not absolutely lovely. Most of them said that she was certainly very nice-looking; and Tita seemed a little disappointed. I perceived that it would no longer do to say that Franziska was a pretty girl. We should henceforth have to swear by everything we held dear, that she was absolutely lovely.

CHAPTER II.

ZUM GOLDENEN BOCK.

We felt some pity for the lad when we took him abroad with us; but it must be confessed that at first he was not a very desirable travelling companion. There was a gloom about him. Despite the eight months that had elapsed, he professed that his old wound was still open. Tita treated him with the kindest maternal solicitude, which was a great mistake: tonics, not sweets, are required in such cases. Yet he was very grateful; and he said, with a blush, that, in any case, he would not rail against all women because of the badness of one. Indeed, you would not have fancied he had any great grudge against womankind. There were a great many English abroad that autumn, and we met whole batches of pretty girls at every station and every table d'hôte on our route. Did he avoid them, or glare at them savagely, or say hard things of them? Oh, no!—quite the reverse. He was a little shy at first; and when he saw a party of distressed damsels in a station, with their bewildered father in vain attempting to make himself understood to a porter, he would assist them in a brief and business-like manner, as if it were a duty, lift his cap, and then march off,

relieved. But by-and-by he began to make acquaintances in the hotels; and, as he was a handsome, English-looking lad, who bore a certificate of honesty in his clear gray eyes and easy gait, he was rather made much of. Nor could any fault be decently found with his appetite.

So we passed on from Königswinter to Coblenz, and from Coblenz to Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg south to Freiburg, where we bade adieu to the last of the towns, and laid hold of a trap with a pair of ancient and angular horses, and plunged into the Höllenthal, the first great gorge of the Black Forest mountains. From one point to another we slowly urged our devious course, walking the most of the day indeed, and putting the trap and ourselves up for the night at some quaint roadside hostelry, where we ate of roe-deer and drank of Affenthaler, and endeavoured to speak German with a pure Waldshut accent. And then one evening, when there was a clear green-and-gold sky overhead, and when the last rays of the sun were shining along the hills and touching the stems of the tall pines, we drove into a narrow valley and caught sight of a strange building of wood, with projecting eaves and quaint windows that stood close by the forest.

"Here is my dear inn," cried Tita, with a great glow of delight and affection in her face. "Here is *mein gutes Thal! Ich grüße dich ein tausend Mal!* And here is old Peter come out to see us; and there is Franziska!"

"Oh! this is Franziska, is it?" said Charlie.

Yes, this was Franziska. She was a well-built, handsome girl of nineteen or twenty, with a healthy sun-burnt complexion, and dark hair plaited into two long tails, which were taken up and twisted into a knot behind. That you could see from a distance. But on nearer approach you found that Franziska had really fine and intelligent features, and a pair of frank, clear, big brown eyes that had a very straight look about them. They were something of the eyes of a deer, indeed; wide apart, soft, and apprehensive, yet looking with a certain directness and unconsciousness that overcame her natural girlish timidity. Tita simply flew at her and kissed her heartily, and asked her twenty questions at once. Franziska answered in very fair English, a little slow and formal, but quite grammatical. Then she was introduced to Charlie, and she shook hands with him in a simple and unembarrassed way, and then she turned to one of the servants and gave some directions about the luggage. Finally, she begged Tita to go

indoors and get off her travelling attire, which was done, leaving us two outside.

"She's a very pretty girl," Charlie said, carelessly. "I suppose she's sort of head cook and kitchen-maid here."

The impudence of these young men is something extraordinary.

"If you wish to have your head in your hands," I remarked to him, "just you repeat that remark at dinner. Why, Franziska is no end of a swell. She has two thousand pounds and the half of a mill. She has a sister married to the Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath of Hesse-Cassel. She has visited both Paris and Munich; and she has her dresses made in Fribourg."

"But why does such an illustrious creature bury herself in this valley, and in an old inn, and go about bareheaded?"

"Because there are folks in the world without ambition, who like to live a quiet, decent, homely life. Every girl can't marry a Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath. Ziska, now, is much more likely to marry the young doctor here."

"Oh, indeed! and live here all her days. She couldn't do better. Happy Franziska!"

We went indoors. It was a low, large, rambling place, with one immense room all hung round with roe-deers' horns, and with one lesser room fitted up with a billiard-table. The inn lay a couple of hundred yards back from Hüferschingen, but it had been made the head-quarters of the keepers, and just outside this room were a number of pegs for them to sling their guns and bags on when they came in of an evening to have a pipe and a chopin of white wine. Ziska's uncle and aunt were both large, stout, and somnolent people, very good-natured and kind, but a trifle dull. Ziska really had the management of the place, and she was not slow to lend a hand if the servants were remiss in waiting on us. But that, it was understood, was done out of compliment to Tita.

By-and-by we sat down to dinner, and Franziska came to see that everything was going on straight. It was a dinner "with scenery." You forgot to be particular about the soup, the venison, and the Affenthaler, when from the window at your elbow you could look across the narrow valley and behold a long stretch of the Black Forest shining in the red glow of the sunset. The lower the sun sank the more intense became the crimson light on the tall stems of the pines; and then you could see the line of shadow slowly rising up the side of the opposite hill until only the topmost trees were touched with the fire. Then these,

too, lost it, and all the forest around us seemed to have a pale blue mist stealing over it as the night fell and the twilight faded out of the sky overhead. Presently the long undulations of fir would grow black, and the stars would come out, and the sound of the stream be heard distantly in the hollow; and then, as Tita knew, we should go off for a last stroll in among the soft moss and under the darkness of the pines, perhaps to startle some great capercaillie and send it flying and whirring down the glades.

When we returned from that prowl into the forest we found the inn dark. Such people as may have called in had gone home; but we suspected that Franziska had given the neighbours a hint not to overwhelm us on our first arrival. When we entered the big room Franziska came in with candles; then she brought some matches, and also put on the table an odd little pack of cards, and went out. Her uncle and aunt had, even before we went out, come and bade us good-night formally and shaken hands all round. They are early folk in the Black Forest.

"Where has that girl gone now?" said Charlie. "Into that lonely billiard-room? Couldn't you ask her to come in here? Or shall we go and play billiards?"

Tita stares, and then demurely smiles; but it is with an assumed severity that she rebukes him for such a wicked proposal, and reminds him that he must start early next morning. He groans assent. Then she takes her leave.

The big young man sits silent for a moment or two, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out. I begin to think I am in for it—the old story of blighted hopes, and angry denunciation, and hypocritical joy, and all the rest of it. But suddenly Charlie looks up with a business-like air, and says,

"Who is that doctor fellow you were speaking about? Shall we see him to-morrow?"

"You saw him to-night. It was he who passed us on the road with the two beagles."

"What, that little fellow with the bandy legs and the spectacles?" he cries, with a great laugh.

"That little fellow," I observe to him, "is a person of some importance, I can tell you. He"—

"I suppose his sister married a Geheimer-Ober-under— what the dickens is it?" says this disrespectful young man.

"Dr. Krumm has got the Iron Cross."

"That won't make his legs any the straighter."

"He was at Weissenburg."

"I suppose he got that cast in the eye there."

"He can play the zither in a way that would astonish you. He has got a little money. Franziska and he would be able to live very comfortably together."

"Franziska and that fellow?" says Charlie; and then he rises with a sulky air, and proposes we should take our candles with us.

But he is not sulky very long; for Ziska, hearing our footsteps, comes to the passage and bids us a friendly good-night.

"Good-night, Miss Fahler!" he says, in rather a shamefaced way; "and I am so awfully sorry we have kept you up so late. We shan't do it again."

You would have thought by his manner that it was two o'clock; whereas it was only half-past eleven!

CHAPTER III.

DR. KRUMM.

There was no particular reason why Dr. Krumm should marry Franziska Fahler, except that he was the most important young man in Hüferschingen, and she was the most important young woman. People therefore thought they would make a good match; although Franziska certainly had the most to give in the way of good looks. Dr. Krumm was a short bandy-legged, sturdy young man, with long fair hair, a tanned complexion, light blue eyes, not quite looking the same way, spectacles, and a general air of industrious common-sense about him, if one may use such a phrase. There was certainly little of the lover in his manner towards Ziska, and as little in hers towards him. They were very good friends, though, and he called her Ziska, while she gave him his nickname of Fidelio, his real name being Fidele.

Now on this, the first morning of our stay in Hüferschingen, all the population had turned out at an early hour to see us set out for the forest; and as the Ober-Förster had gone away to visit his parents in Bavaria, Dr. Krumm was appointed to superintend the operations of the day. And when everybody was busy renewing acquaintance with us, gathering in the straying dogs, examining guns and cartridge-belts, and generally aiding in the profound commotion of our setting out, Dr. Krumm was found to be talking in a very friendly and familiar manner with our pretty Franziska. Charlie eyed them askance. He began to say direspectful things of Krumm.

He thought Krumm a plain person. And then, when the bandy-legged doctor had got all the dogs, keepers, and beaters together, we set off along the road, and presently plunged into the cool shade of the forest, where the thick moss suddenly silenced our footsteps, and where there was a moist and resinous smell in the air.

Well, the incidents of the forenoon's shooting, picturesque as they were, and full of novelty to Tita's protégé, need not be described. At the end of the fourth drive, when we had got on nearly to luncheon-time, it appeared that Charlie had killed a handsome buck, and he was so pleased with this performance that he grew friendly with Dr. Krumm, who had, indeed, given him the *haupt-stelle*. But when, as we sat down to our sausages and bread and red wine, Charlie incidentally informed our commander-in-chief that, during one of the drives, a splendid yellow fox had come out of the underwood and stood and stared at him for three or four seconds, the doctor uttered a cry of despair.

"I should have told you that," he said in English, that was not quite so good as Ziska's, "if I had remembered, yes! The English will not shoot the foxes; but they are very bad for us, they kill the young deer, we are glad to shoot them; and Franziska she told me she wanted a yellow fox for the skin to make something."

Charlie got very red in the face. He *had* missed a chance. If he had known that Franziska wanted a yellow fox, all the instinctive veneration for that animal that was in him would have gone clean out, and the fate of the animal—for Charlie was a capital shot—would have been definitely sealed.

"Are there many of them?" said he, gloomily.

"No; not many. But where there is one there are generally four or five. In the next drive we may come on them, yes! I will put you in a good place, sir; and you must not think of letting him go away, for Franziska, who has waited two, three weeks, and not one yellow fox not anywhere, and it is for the variety of the skin in a—a—. I do not know what you call it."

"A rug, I suppose," said Charlie.

I subsequently heard that Charlie went to his post with a fixed determination to shoot anything of yellow colour that came near him. His station was next to that of Dr. Krumm; but of course they were invisible to each other. The horns of the beaters sounded a warning, the gunners cocked their guns and stood on

the alert; in the perfect silence each one waited for the first glimmer of a brown hide down the long green glades of young fir. Then, according to Charlie's account, by went two or three deer like lightning—all does. A buck came last, but swerved just as he came in sight, and backed and made straight for the line of beaters. Two more does, and then an absolute blank. One or two shots had been heard at a distance; either some of the more distant stations had been more fortunate, or one or other of the beaters had tried his luck. Suddenly there was a shot fired close to Charlie—he knew it must have been the doctor. In about a minute afterwards he saw some pale yellow object slowly worming its way through the ferns; and here, at length, he made sure he was going to get his yellow fox. But, just as the animal came within fair distance, it turned over, made a struggle or two, and lay still. Charlie rushed along to the spot; it was, indeed, a yellow fox, shot in the head, and now as dead as a door-nail.

What was he to do? Let Dr. Krumm take home this prize to Franziska, after he had had such a chance in the forenoon? Never! Charlie fired a barrel into the air, and then calmly awaited the coming up of the beaters and the drawing together of the sportsmen.

Dr. Krumm, being at the next station, was the first to arrive. He found Charlie standing by the side of the slain fox.

"Ha!" he said, his spectacles apparently gleaming delight, "you have shot him! You have killed him! That is very good!—that is excellent! Now, you will present the skin to Miss Franziska, if you do not wish to take it to England."

"Oh, no!" said Charlie, with a lordly indifference. "I don't care about it. Franziska may have it."

Charlie pulled me aside, and said, with a solemn wink,

"Krumm shot that fox. Mind you don't say a word. I must have the skin to present to Franziska."

I stared at him; I had never known him guilty of a dishonest action. But when you do get a decent young English fellow condescending to do anything shabby, be sure it is a girl that is the cause. I said nothing, of course; and in the evening a trap came for us, and we drove back to Hüferschingen.

Tita clapped her hands with delight; for Charlie was a favourite of hers, and now he was returning like a hero, with a sprig of fir in his cap to show that he had killed a buck.

"And here, Miss Franziska," he says, quite

gaily, "here is a yellow fox for you. I was told that you wanted the skin of one."

Franziska fairly blushed for pleasure; not that the skin of a fox was very valuable to her, but that the compliment was so open and marked. She came forward, in German fashion, and rather shyly shook hands with him, in token of her thanks.

When Tita was getting ready for dinner I told her about the yellow fox. A married man must have no secrets.

"He is not capable of such a thing," she says, with a grand air.

"But he did it," I point out. "What is more, he glories in it. What did he say when I remonstrated with him on the way home? 'Why,' says he, '*I will put an end to Krumm! I will abolish Krumm! I will extinguish Krumm!*' Now, madam, who is responsible for this? Who has been praising Franziska night and day as the sweetest, gentlest, cleverest girl in the world, until this young man determines to have a flirtation with her and astonish you?"

"A flirtation!" says Tita, faintly. "Oh no! Oh! I never meant that."

"Ask him just now, and he will tell you that women deserve no better. They have no hearts. They are treacherous. They have beautiful eyes, but no conscience. And so he means to take them as they are, and have his measure of amusement."

"Oh! I am sure he never said anything so abominably wicked," cries Tita, laying down the rose that Franziska had given her for her hair. "I know he could not say such things. But if he is so wicked—if he has said them—it is not too late to interfere. I will see about it."

She drew herself up as if Jupiter had suddenly armed her with his thunderbolts. If Charlie had seen her at this moment he would have quailed. He might, by chance, have told the truth, and confessed that all the wicked things he had been saying about women's affection was only a sort of rhetoric; and that he had no sort of intention to flirt with poor Franziska, nor yet to extinguish and annihilate Dr. Krumm.

The heart-broken boy was in very good spirits at dinner. He was inclined to wink. Tita, on the contrary, maintained an impressive dignity of demeanour; and when Franziska's name happened to be mentioned, she spoke of the young girl as her very particular friend, as though she would dare Charlie to attempt a flirtation with one who held that honour. But the young man was either blind or reck-

less, or acting a part for mere mischief. He pointed the finger of scorn at Dr. Kramm. He asked Tita if he should bring her a yellow fox next day. He declared he wished he could spend the remainder of his days in a Black Forest inn, with a napkin over his arm, serving chopina. He said he would brave the wrath of the Fürst by shooting a capercaillie on the very first opportunity, to bring the shining feathers home to Franziska.

When Tita and I went up stairs at night the small and gentle creature was grievously perplexed.

"I cannot make it out," she said. "He is quite changed. What is the matter with him?"

"You behold, madam, in that young man the moral effects of vulpicide. A demon has entered into him. You remember in 'Der Freischütz,' how"—

"Did you say vulpicide?" she asks, with a sweet smile. "I understood that Charlie's crime was that he did *not* kill the fox."

I allow her the momentary triumph. Who would grudge to a woman a little verbal victory of that sort? And, indeed, T.'s satisfaction did not last long. Her perplexity became visible on her face once more.

"We are to be here three weeks," she said; almost to herself, "and he talks of flirting with poor Franziska. Oh! I never meant that."

"But what did you mean?" I ask, with some innocent wonder.

Tita hangs down her head, and there is an end to that conversation; but one of us, at least, has some recollection of a Christmas wager.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Charlie was not in such good spirits next morning. He was standing outside the inn in the sweet, resinous-scented air, watching Franziska coming and going, with her bright face touched by the early sunlight, and her frank and honest eyes lit up by a kindly look when she passed us. His conscience began to smite him for claiming that fox.

We spent the day in fishing a stream some few miles distant from Hüferschingen; and Franziska accompanied us. What need to tell of our success with the trout and the grayling, or of the beautiful weather, or of the attentive and humble manner in which the unfortunate youth addressed Franziska from time to time?

In the evening we drove back to Hüferschingen. It was a still, beautiful evening, with the silence of the twilight falling over the lonely valleys, and the miles upon miles of darkening pines. Charlie has not much of a voice, but he made an effort to sing with Tita,

"The winds whistle cold and the stars glimmer red,
The sheep are in fold and the cattle in shed;"

and the fine old glee sounded fairly well as we drove through the gathering gloom of the forest. But Tita sang, in her low, sweet fashion, that Swedish bridal song that begins,

"O welcome her so fair, with bright and flowing hair.
May Fate through life befriend her—love and smiles
attend her;"

and though she sang quietly, just as if she were singing to herself, we all listened with a great attention, and with great gratitude too. When we got to Hüferschingen, the stars were out over the dark stretches of the forest, and the windows of the quaint old inn were burning brightly.

"And have you enjoyed the amusement of the day?" says Miss Fahler, rather shyly, to a certain young man who is emptying his creel of fish. He drops the basket to turn round and look at her face, and say earnestly,

"I have never spent so delightful a day. But it wasn't the fishing." Things were becoming serious.

And next morning Charlie got hold of Tita, and said to her, in rather a shamefaced way,

"What am I to do about that fox? It was only a joke, you know; but if Miss Fahler gets to hear of it, she'll think it was rather shabby."

It was always Miss Fahler now; a couple of days before it was Franziska.

"For my part," says Tita, "I can't understand why you did it. What honour is there in shooting a fox?"

"But I wanted to give the skin to her."

It was "her" by this time.

"Well, I think the best thing you can do is to go and tell her all about it; and also to go and apologize to Dr. Kramm."

Charlie started.

"I will go and tell her, certainly; but as for apologizing to Kramm, that is absurd!"

"As you please," says Tita.

By-and-by Franziska—or rather, Miss Fahler—came out of the small garden and round by the front of the house.

"Oh! Miss Fahler," says Charlie, suddenly, and with that she stops, and blushes slightly.

"I've got something to say to you. I am going to make a confession. Don't be frightened; it's only about a fox. The fox that was brought home the day before yesterday, Dr. Krumm shot that."

"Indeed," says Franziska, quite innocently, "I thought you shot it."

"Well, I let them imagine so. It was only a joke."

"But it is of no matter; there are many yellow foxes. Dr. Krumm can shoot them at another time. He is always here. Perhaps you will shoot one before you go."

With that Franziska passed into the house, carrying her fruit with her. Charlie was left to revolve her words in his mind. Dr. Krumm would shoot foxes when he chose; he was always here. He, Charlie, on the contrary, had to go in little more than a fortnight. There was no Franziska in England—no pleasant driving through great pine woods in the gathering twilight—no shooting of yellow foxes, to be brought home in triumph and presented to a beautiful and grateful young woman. Charlie walked along the white road and overtook Tita, who had just sat down on a little camp-stool, and got out the materials for taking a water-colour sketch of the Hüferschingen valley. He sat down at her feet, on the warm grass.

"I suppose I shan't interrupt your painting by talking to you?" he says.

"Oh! dear, no," is the reply; and then he begins, in a somewhat hesitating way, to ask indirect questions, and drop hints, and fish for answers, just as if this small creature, who was busy with her sepias and olive-greens, did not see through all this transparent cunning. At last she said to him, frankly,

"You want me to tell you whether Franziska would make a good wife for you. She would make a good wife for any man. But then you seem to think that I should intermeddle, and negotiate, and become a go-between. How can I do that? My husband is always accusing me of trying to make up matches; and you know that isn't true."

"I know it isn't true," says the hypocrite. "But you might only this once. I believe all you say about this girl—I can see it for myself; and when shall I ever have such a chance again?"

"But, dear me!" says Tita, putting down the white pallet for a moment, "how can I believe you are in earnest? You have only known her three days."

"And that is quite enough," says Charlie, boldly, "to let you find out all you want

to know about a girl, if she is of the right sort. If she isn't, you won't find out in three years.

"Now, look at Franziska. Look at the fine, intelligent face, and the honest eyes; you can have no doubt about her; and then I have all the guarantee of your long acquaintance with her."

"Oh," says Tita, "that is all very well. Franziska is an excellent girl, as I have told you often—frank, kind, well-educated, and unselfish. But you cannot have fallen in love with her in three days?"—

"Why not?" says this blunt-spoken young man.

"Because it is ridiculous. If I meddle in the affair I should probably find you had given up the fancy in other three days; or, if you did marry her and took her to England, you would get to hate me because I alone should know that you had married the niece of an inn-keeper."

"Well, I like that!" says he, with a flush in his face. "Do you think I should care two straws whether my friends knew I had married the niece of an innkeeper? I should show them Franziska. Wouldn't that be enough? An innkeeper's niece! I wish the world had more of 'em, if they're like Franziska."

"And besides," says Tita, "have you any notion as to how Franziska herself would probably take this mad proposal?"

"No," says the young man, humbly. "I wanted you to try and find out what she thought about me; and if, in time, something were said about this proposal, you might put in a word or two, you know, just to—give her an idea, you know, that you don't think it quite so mad, don't you know?"

"Give me your hand, Charlie," says Tita, with a sudden burst of kindness. "I'll do what I can for you; for I know she's a good girl, and she will make a good wife to the man who marries her."

You will observe that this promise was given by a lady who never, in any circumstances whatsoever, seeks to make up matches, who never speculates on possible combinations when she invites young people to her house in Surrey, and who is profoundly indignant, indeed, when such a charge is preferred against her. Had she not, on that former Christmas morning, repudiated with scorn the suggestion that Charlie might marry before another year had passed? Had she not, in her wild confidence, staked on a wager that assumption of authority in her household and out of it without which life would be a burden to her? Yet

no sooner was the name of Franziska mentioned—and no sooner had she been reminded that Charlie was going with us to Hüferschingen—than the nimble little brain set to work. Oftentimes it has occurred to one dispassionate spectator of her ways that this same Tita resembled the small object which, thrown into a dish of some liquid chemical substance, suddenly produces a mass of crystals. The constituents of those beautiful combinations, you see, were there; but they wanted some little shock to hasten on the slow process of crystallization. Now, in our social circle we have continually observed groups of young people floating about in an amorphous and chaotic fashion—good for nothing but dawdling through dances, and flirting and carelessly separating again; but if you dropped Tita among them, then you would see how rapidly this jelly-fish sort of existence was abolished—how the groups got broken up—and how the sharp, business-like relations of marriage were precipitated and made permanent. But would she own to it? Never! She once went and married her dearest friend to a Prussian officer; and now she declares he was a selfish fellow to carry off the girl in that way, and rates him soundly because he won't bring her to stay with us more than three months out of the twelve. There are some of us get quite enough of this Prussian occupation of our territory.

"Well," says Tita to this long English lad, who is lying sprawling on the grass, "I can safely tell you this, that Franziska likes you very well."

He suddenly jumps up and there is a great blush on his face.

"Has she said so?" he asks, eagerly.

"Oh, yes! in a way. She thinks you are good-natured. She likes the English, generally. She asked me if that ring you wear was an engaged ring."

These disconnected sentences were dropped with a tantalizing slowness into Charlie's eager ears.

"I must go and tell her directly that it is not," said he; and he might probably have gone off at once had not Tita restrained him.

"You must be a great deal more cautious than that, if you wish to carry off Franziska some day or other. If you were to ask her to marry you now, she would flatly refuse you, and very properly; for how could the girl believe you were in earnest? But if you like, Charlie, I will say something to her that will give her a hint; and if she cares for you at all before you go away, she won't forget you. I wish I was as sure of you as I am of her."

"Oh! I can answer for myself," says the young man.

Tita was very happy and pleased all that day. There was an air of mystery and importance about her. I knew what it meant. I had seen it before. Alas! poor Charlie.

CHAPTER V.

"GAB MIR KIN' RING DABEL."

Under the friendly instructions of Dr. Krumm, whom he no longer regarded as a possible rival, Charlie became a mighty hunter; and you may be sure that when he returned of an evening, with sprigs of fir in his cap for the bucks he had slain, Franziska was not the last to come forward, and shake hands with him, and congratulate him, as is the custom in these primitive parts. And thus she was quite made one of the family when we sat down to dinner in the long, low-roofed room; and nearly every evening, indeed, Tita would have her to dine with us and play cards with us. Whether it was merely Tita's good-nature, or whether she saw that Charlie did not like it, she got Franziska out of the habit of assisting the servants, and when the girl would do that—in laying the cloth, and so forth—Tita would make an ostentatious show of doing it also. You may suppose, if these two young folks had any regard for each other, these evenings in the inn must have been a pleasant time for them. There never were two partners at whist who were so courteous to each other, so charitable to each other's blunders. Indeed, neither would ever admit that the other blundered. Charlie used to make some frightful mistakes occasionally that would have driven any other player mad; but you should have seen the manner in which Franziska would explain that he had no alternative but to take her king with his ace; that he could not know this, and was right in chancing that. We played threepenny points, and Charlie paid for himself and his partner, in spite of her entreaties. Two of us found the game of whist a profitable thing.

One day a registered letter came for Charlie. He seized it, carried it to a window, and then called Tita to him. Why need he have made any secret about it? It was nothing but a ring—a plain hoop with a row of rubies.

"Do you think she would take this thing?" he said, in a low voice.

"How can I tell?"

The young man blushed and stammered, and said,

"I don't want you to ask her to take the ring, but to get to know whether she would accept any present from me. And I would ask her myself, plainly; only you have been frightening me so much about being in a hurry. And what am I to do? Three days hence we start."

Tita looks down with a quiet smile, and says, rather timidly,

"I think, if I were you, I would speak to her myself—but very gently."

We were going off that morning to a little lake some dozen miles off, to try for a jack or two. Franziska was coming with us. She was, indeed, already outside, superintending the placing in the trap of our rods and bags. When Charlie went out she said that everything was ready; and presently our peasant-driver cracked his whip, and away we went.

Charlie was a little grave, and could only reply to Tita's fun with an effort. Franziska was mostly anxious about the fishing, and hoped that we might not go so far to find nothing.

We found no fish, anyhow. The water was as still as glass and as clear; the pike that would have taken our spinning bits of metal must have been very dull-eyed pike indeed. Tita sat at the bow of the long punt reading, while our boatman steadily and slowly plied his single oar. Franziska was for a time eagerly engaged in watching the progress of our fishing, until even she got tired of the excitement of rolling in an immense length of cord only to find that our spinning-bait had hooked a bit of floating wood or weed. At length Charlie proposed that he should go ashore and look out for a picturesque site for our pic-nic, and he hinted that perhaps Miss Franziska might also like a short walk, to relieve the monotony of this sailing. Miss Franziska said she would be very pleased to do that. We ran them in among the rushes, and put them ashore, and then once more started on our laborious career.

Tita laid down her book. She was a little anxious. Sometimes you could see Charlie and Franziska on the path by the side of the lake, at other times the thick trees by the water's side hid them.

The solitary oar dipped in the water; the boat glided along the shores. Tita took up her book again. The space of time that passed may be inferred from the fact that, merely as an incident to it, we managed to catch a chub of four pounds. When the excitement over this event had passed, Tita said,

"We must go back to them. What do they

mean by not coming on and telling us? It is most silly of them."

We went back by the same side of the lake, and we found both Franziska and her companion seated on the bank at the precise spot where we had left them. They said it was the best place for the pic-nic. They asked for the hamper in a business-like way. They pretended they had searched the shores of the lake for miles.

And while Tita and Franziska are unpacking the things, and laying the white cloth smoothly on the grass, and putting out the bottles for Charlie to cool in the lake, I observe that the younger of the two ladies rather endeavours to keep her left hand out of sight. It is a paltry piece of deception. Are we moles, and blinder than moles, that we should continually be made the dupes of these women? I say to her,

"Franziska, what is the matter with your left hand?"

"Leave Franziska's left hand alone," says Tita, severely.

"My dear," I reply humbly, "I am afraid Franziska has hurt her hand."

At this moment Charlie, having stuck the bottles among the reeds, comes back, and, hearing our talk, he says, in a loud and audacious way,

"Oh! do you mean the ring? It is a pretty little thing I had about me, and Franziska has been good enough to accept it. You can show it to them, Franziska."

Of course he had it about him. Young men always carry a stock of ruby rings with them when they go fishing, to put in the noses of the fish. I have observed it frequently.

Franziska looks timidly at Tita, and then she raises her hand, that trembles a little. She is about to take the ring off, to show it to us, when Charlie interposes,

"You needn't take it off, Franziska."

And with that, somehow, the girl slips away from among us; and Tita is with her, and we don't get a glimpse of either of them until the solitude resounds with our cries for luncheon.

So Charlie returned to London and to Surrey with us, in very good spirits. He used to come down very often to see us; and one evening, at dinner, he disclosed the fact that he was going over to the Black Forest in the following week, although the November nights were chill just then.

"And how long do you remain?"

"A month," he says.

"Madam," I say to the small lady at the other end of the table, "a month from now

will bring us to the Fourth of December. You have lost the bet you made last Christmas morning; when will it please you to resign your authority?"

"Oh, bother the bet!" says this unscrupulous person.

"But what do you mean?" says Charlie.

"I suppose you mean to bring Franziska over with you at the end of this month's holiday?" I venture to ask.

"Oh, no!" he says; "we don't get married till the spring."

You should have heard the burst of low, delightful laughter with which our Tita welcomed this announcement. She had won her bet.

THE LIE.

[Sir Walter Raleigh, born at East Budleigh, Devonshire, 1552; beheaded, 28th October, 1618. Soldier, discoverer, historian, and poet. A favourite of Queen Elizabeth, he fell into disgrace—unjustly as it seems—on the accession of James I.; and was thirteen years a prisoner in the Tower, during which time he wrote the *History of the World*. He was also the author of *Maxims of State*; *The Cabinet Council*, containing the chief *Arts of Empire*; *A Discourse of War in General*; *The Invention of Ships, Anchors, Compass, &c.*; *The Discovery of Guiana*; &c. &c. "There is no object in human pursuits which the genius of Raleigh did not embrace."—*Isaac Disraeli*.]

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blaseth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Enormous reader! were you ever in Clare Castle? 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the King—God bless him!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most delightful fishing out of the windows—charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the eaves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and evergreen furze bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs, and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome newly white-washed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public-house, where the best *potteen* in the country was to be had. Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighbouring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighbourhood. Mr. O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and I think the "*tribute money*" might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack-window in Clare Castle; for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack-gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clareshire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this—Colonel Gauntlet had

given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about seventeen then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy M'Leary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurriers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant, who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigncy. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanac, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the Ginerall, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Master Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing-parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarrelling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whisky punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and

Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine-bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honour of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whisky punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whisky, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine-bills under any control. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to instal her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her: one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honour forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mister Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best), I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but

a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see anywhere; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two,—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. "Ah, now do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare Castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel; but Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye would have been unkind and unhandsome; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant

of the party who was to accompany me to call at Arthur's Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessys'. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound; and when Katty Lynch, the handmaiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entered the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth, which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large coloured cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that

he could not stir a shifted her seat to lovely Juliana Spring, *Sorrows of Werter*, improving her mind, rid of the hair-papers have taken to flight enemy was upon their means of egress except it seems was the you many another body, away, they boldly stood

I apologized for the visit, and pleaded, as an hour I should be at Castle. My friends way of appearing correct and that it at once more than a minute Mr. go; his wife wreathed and Juliana Spring's corner, squeezed a tear blew her nose in silent ing departure.

Katty brought in a of buttered toast. Ap made for the state of been in the house—the Mr. Hennessy was turned room by the masons—had been "poorly"—s with a nervous headache of misfortunes surely to small a family at the to find my love evap Juliana was in grief, a and disgust at the color could not eat. Mr. I he would be back in the and requested me not to

He certainly was no companioned, lugging in a tall, loose-made fellow coat and brown corduroy this hero before, and n he might prove to be said Hennessy to his taste a dish of tea. Juliana has a headache mind, man," said Jerry be better by-and-by. isn't sorry at going to were two discoveries—Juliana, and Juliana was—to whom, I wondered be well enough by-and. "But I don't believe O'Donoghue—let me in!

ingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware"—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connection by marriage."—"I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said Uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *dénouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres' valour—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night"—I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Kilballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up, and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy. "If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous," said a third person, from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family circle—a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and grey pearl stockings—as he issued from the smaller apartment;—how he got there, I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman," said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover by this and by that, and by everything else, I am not in the humour, and I'll marry no one—good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle; so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down at a table, and began to write busily—the pearl-stockings'd gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonoured me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"If you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—If you don't I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you then are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Batherashin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *come-hether* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed. "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadha-haun* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen*?"

I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. "Ah! now Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue!—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond anything. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do!" "Ah! do now," said the mother. "Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen to me all of you for fear of a mistake:

—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say—Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring!"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte-piano from Dublin—oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard! And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the Pride of the Quay? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn't that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of everything, and philandering with her everywhere—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard Sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me." "Then by St. Patrick, your honour, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant. "Katty, shut to the door," roared Jerry.

Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, who was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halbert

between the door and the wall, and had already prevented it closing, and in a second the door was forced their way into the room.

"Break open the door!" "Never mind coming in!"—I heard a charming voice heard, as my men ran to the inner room, and Jerry, dropping the pistol, Crash went the pan bounced my light-bomb, "fire" and "robbery" to faint; and I ran to the door to catch Jerry jumping from the window, and the priest, in the meantime, impeded each other, so that the last, had not time to get out. I dragged back the door, and loudly bawling for me.

"Is there a pump in the yard?" I asked.

"No, there isn't," answered O'Gorman. "Duck him."—"No," said I. I walked out of the room to say, my orders were obeyed. Jerry was ducked with me.

At the corner of the street, the party, who soon joined me afterwards I met Casey, who was more than ever so, and Juliana Spring is a fine girl, may go to Old Nick, for Casey. "With all my love," said I. "Small difference of our friendships, then!" rejoined I. "ed boy; and to drown himself, connected with the calf-lane, had been stultified, we were cup together, and off I went." *Fraser's Magazine.*

THE GRAVE.

[Robert Blair, born at Athelstaneford, East Lothian, in 1733. He was the son of a clergyman, and minister of Athelstaneford, from which the title of *The Grave*, from which the

On this side, and on that side, Drop off, like leaves in autumn, Into fantastic schemes, which In the world's hale and undecaying Could scarce have leisure for. Never to think of death and

At the same time : as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours.—Oh ! more than sottish,
 For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink
 Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,
 The very first swell'n surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream ;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize.—What is this world ?
 What ? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd ;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses
 To cover our own offspring : In their turns
 They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
 The shiv'ring Icelander and sunburn'd Moor ;
 Men of all climes, that never met before ;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
 His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
 Now vain their treaty-skill :—Death scorns to treat ;
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders ;—and when the stern tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tall-tale echo, and the babbling stream
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love),
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
 Lie close ; unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
 Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock has split.
 Here is the large-limb'd peasant ;—here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
 Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters :
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here !
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry-day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongu'd shrew,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.

Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
 The just, the good, the worthless, and profane ;
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean ;
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF 1666.

BY D. M. MOIR.

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length fortuitously stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him ; and little Bessy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being ; she attended him in his garden walks ; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings ; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness ; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Bessy Bell grew up to woman's stature ; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness. All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nut-brown ale ; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Man stood aghast ; the fountains of society were broken up ; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation ;

we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray* something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of *Bessy* was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sat for a picture of *Aurora*. Everything about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." *Mary Gray* was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from *Mary Gray* had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side; and no *Aaron*, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution *Bruce* took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the *Brauchie-burn*. *Mary* sat in a quiet, melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of *Bessy Bell*, as her "softer soul in woe dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and *Mary* saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked-for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her,

extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which *Bruce* had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the *Brauchie-burn*. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of *Bessy Bell*. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of *Mary*, and, kneeling, implored Heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by *Bruce* from a certain *Adonijah Baber*, a well-known Jewish merchant of *Perth*, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting movables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while *Mary* sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. *Bessy Bell* was fully aware of the danger; but, with a heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of *Mary*, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet *Bruce* had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist *Sobieski* of Poland against the Turks. He never returned; and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterwards,

in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has inclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

"Bonny Bell and Mary Gray

They were twa bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' raabes.

"They wouldna lie in Methven kirk

Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun."

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

[John Gay, born at Barnstaple, Devonshire, 1688; died in London, 4th December, 1732. Dramatist and poet. He wrote many pieces for the stage, of which the most successful was the *Beggar's Opera*—intended as a satire upon the Italian Opera. Of his other works the most notable are: *The Mohocks*, a farce; *Wife of Bath*, a comedy; *Three Hours after Marriage*, a comedy; *The Shepherd's Week*, in six pastorals; and his *Fables*, from which we quote.]

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:

Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew,
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
His honest pencil touched with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appear'd; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long:
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me," the artist cry'd;
"In this we painters must decide.

The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE DUTCH AT HOME.

[Henri Alphonse Esquiros, born in Paris, 1814. He has written poems—*The Swallows* and the *Songs of a Prisoner*; romances—*The Magicians* and *Charlotte Corday*; social and historical studies, and sketches of travel, which have been the most popular of his works, namely, *The English at Home*; *The Dutch at Home*; &c. Chapman and Hall publish the English version of the latter work, and from it the following is taken.]

There is in Holland a life unknown elsewhere, or at least but badly known; it is life on the water. You must visit this country to comprehend the touching melancholy of the *Spiritus Dei ferrebat super aquas*. Still, what floats on the waters is probably less the Spirit of God than of man, for in the Netherlands you are incessantly recalled to the feeling of reality. At all the spots where nature had forgotten to place rivers or streams, Dutch industry has made canals. These water-ways lead not merely from one town to another, but even to each village, we might almost say to each country-house; hence, such an arterial system could not fail to be marvellously favourable to the circulation of produce. Through Haarlem alone 22,000 boats pass annually. An English traveller asked himself, two centuries back, whether there were not more people in Holland living on the water than on land. As the majority of these canals are higher than the adjoining fields, and as they are concealed by dykes, at a certain distance off you can see neither water nor boats, but only the swelling sails, which have the appearance of making an excursion about the country. There are boats for conveying passengers; the rich and busy classes despise this mode of locomotion as too slow or too vulgar, but they lose those landscape beauties for which the speed does not compensate. Be on your guard against railways in Holland, for travelling by them is running through the country, but not travelling. Those who do not consider the time devoted to the gratification of the sight as lost, poets, artists, the contemplators of nature or of local manners, will always prefer these slow and rustic boats to the winged carriages.

Heaven forbid that we should condemn steam, whose services, on the contrary, we admire; but Holland is of all countries in the world the one which, owing to its abundance of canals, could most easily do without locomotives. Elsewhere navigation has never been able to compete with the iron ways, but in the Netherlands the greater part of the carriage

still continues to be effected by water; and this economic method will for a long time supply most wants. The services rendered elsewhere by carts are here performed by boats; the gardener himself pulls to market his boat laden with vegetables, fruits, or flowers, just as in the south of France a donkey is led along. All this verdure, all this wealth of spring, arranged with a vivid feeling for colour, really is a pleasure to look upon.

At Amsterdam, on quarter days, the furniture is moved from one part of the town to another on the canals; chairs and tables, arranged with some degree of symmetry, appear to be awaiting visitors. These saloons on the water move along through the crowd, which does not even look at them. Milk comes to Amsterdam from the adjacent farms by the same route, in the morning at five or six o'clock, and in the afternoon about three. The North Holland canal, whose width more than one river might envy, sees boats coming and going, loaded with oak buckets, adorned with copper handles and hoops. The milk girls who hover round these boats are frequently young and pretty; their large hats of shining straw, the brim of which is slightly turned up in front and back, their large earrings, and coral bead necklaces, set off their ruddy complexions. The milk-boats sometimes meet on the Amsterdam canals water-boats coming from Utrecht. Such is in fact one of the singularities of this Northern Venice; though seated in the midst of water, it has none to drink. Flat boats, true water-carriers, were obliged to come to its help till very recently, when human industry sought rain-water in the sand of the dunes, and brought it to Amsterdam by engines whose strength and boldness of conception are admirable; but the use of the new fountain has not yet spread through all classes of the population.

The boats specially employed for the passenger service are called *trekschuyten*. They are a species of gondola or water diligence. Along nearly the whole length, which is about thirty feet, runs a box or wooden house, frequently painted green; the roof, on which the sailors walk to perform sundry operations, being covered with a layer of pounded cockle-shells. This house is divided into two compartments, or cabins; the larger one, situated near the prow, is common to passengers and luggage. Here, during the winter, the worthy people, shut up as in a box, swim along in a cloak of tobacco smoke, which relieves the tedium of the voyage. In summer the wooden shutters are removed, and the hatch is raised from the

orifice by which the travellers descend. The second compartment is the cabinet, called in Dutch the *roef*, which is entered through folding doors. This second cabin is small, but fitted up with some degree of taste. The windows, four or six in number, are glazed, and have red or white curtains, according to the season. In the centre is a table with a copper vessel containing fire, and another smaller one to receive cigar-ash, both cleaned and polished in a manner only found in Holland. Add to this, to complete the furniture, a mat, a looking-glass, and, in winter for the ladies, a foot-warmer, called the *stoof*, containing a small earthenware vessel, with two or three lumps of lighted peat in it. Along two sides of this cabin run cushioned benches, on which the travellers sit down opposite to each other. Sometimes there are on a shelf a few volumes belonging to the boat, and forming a floating library at the service of the studious passengers. The whole national character is revealed in this simple and minute attention to comfort. At the bows, the space not occupied by the cabinet is filled with merchandise, bales, and barrels; while the poop is left to travellers who wish to take the fresh air, and the helmsman, who steers and smokes the while with the regularity of a steamer.

The master of the *trekschuyt* is a worthy Dutchman, with an honest and placid face, who receives the fares from the passengers in a leathern purse. In the front of the boat stands the mast, which is lowered at each bridge, and to the top of which a long rope is fastened, the other end being on the bank. This rope is fastened to the horse that pulls the boat, on which the postilion (*het jagertje*) is mounted. This driver, who is generally a young fellow, wears over his shoulder, in some parts, a buffalo horn, which he blows, either to give the signal for starting, or to have the bridges raised, or else to warn boats coming in the opposite direction on the same canal; but generally he contents himself with giving the warning by shouting. When the *trekschuyt* passes through towns, the horse is unfastened, and it is propelled by poles through the tangled web of boats. The Dutch boatmen are neither turbulent nor quarrelsome, and it is a pleasure to see them working in silence upon the silent waters.

The boats are, with the mills and the head-dress of the women, the characteristic types of Dutch manners. At times they only go short distances, as, for instance, from the Hague to Delft, and are in that case water omnibuses. When the journey is long, each establishes himself in the cabin as in his room, and carries

on his business; for it is the nature of the Dutchman to economize the stuff of which life is made. People write, eat, and sleep; the ladies produce their needle-work, the elder ones their knitting. From one town to another is with them the distance of half a stocking. It is not rare for an organist to be present in the front cabin, who whiles away the fatigue of the journey by playing. On Sunday, especially toward evening, young girls are fond of singing in chorus; and this song of the waters has something simple and soft about it which is affecting.

On the *trekschuyten* floats Old Holland, with its language, manners, and conscientious and powerful originality. On the railways it is rare for a traveller coming from France to meet fellow-passengers who do not understand him; in the barges, on the contrary, it is very rare to meet Dutchmen who understand or speak French. It is generally believed that, to identify yourself with a foreign nation, you must speak the language; the principle is true, but some restrictions must be made. In Holland, where there is candour in the relations of life, you are often less of a stranger because you speak the language of the country more or less incorrectly. The necessity of understanding each other by a word, the language of symbols, the medley of sounds badly pronounced, or misunderstood—all this creates a species of sympathetic current whence arises a sort of intimacy. There are some *trekschuyten* in which you pass the night; at about six in the evening, in the event of the master being polite (and we never met any who were not so), he invites you to take tea. You then see a little cabinet produced, containing cups, sugar-basin, and tea-pot of black earthenware, which is not inelegant. The kettle is placed on a species of stove, covered with Chinese designs, and containing a vessel filled with burning peat. At night the *roef* is divided into two parts—a saloon, and a small sleeping room, of which the curtains are raised. A common bed, occupying the entire width of the cabin, and on which men and women sleep honestly side by side, invites you to take your share of the universal calm and rest of nature. This bed is composed of a mattress and counterpane, and you lie down on it full dressed. During this period the boat continues its noiseless voyage through the waters, which divide in a silvery furrow on either side the prow.

On the railways, steam effaces everything through its speed; in the boats you enjoy at your ease the scenery, and the physiognomy of the towns and villages you pass through. Seated near the helm, you allow your eyes to

wander over the water, which yields with a slight plash to the movement of the boat; you notice the white, red, or black sails that enliven the solitude of the canal; the prairies where cows, covered in spring with warm blankets, gravely chew the damp grass; the beautiful marsh birds, which are seen nowhere else; the women silently washing the linen; or the continuous fringe of châteaux, country houses, and gardens that lines the canal banks.

The scenery of Holland has often been accused of monotony; but possibly persons have not looked twice at it. Here you must not seek variety on the earth, but in the sky. Look up! the sky is more diversified in the Netherlands than anywhere in France. Those immense clouds, with their thousand shapes, their changing colours and rapid wings, impart a singular movement to the landscape. But the land and the water are not without diversity. The nature of the Netherlands is photographic, clear, positive, and delicate, abounding in minute and charming details. Individual property is neither imprisoned nor hidden; the fields are walled by water. In these ditches that take the place of hedgerows, a perfect aquatic flora is expanded, not less rich or varied than the terrestrial flora. In spring the sombre surface of the canals is studded with little white flowers, soon to be joined by the lily and the iris; it is the festival of the waters. There is not a plant, however small, in this cold and damp vegetable nature, which has not its day of beauty. Nor is life absent from the scene. On the banks of the canal marches from distance to distance a sturdy lad, and at times a bending woman, painfully towing a boat along. These wooden houses lodge families, which are born, live, and die in them. Often you may see a mother sitting near the tiller, and gravely giving her infant the breast. The Dutchman is so naturally a sailor, that once on the water he never looks as if he wished to reach his destination. The feeling which these persons, cradled at their birth on the sleeping waters of the canals, know the least, is impatience. You meet, now and then, a boat-woman after Rubens' taste, who, proud of her *embonpoint* and second youth, casts around her a cold and resolute glance, like the queen of the waters. In these travelling-houses dwell domestic animals, which have become, as it were, amphibious, and have the calm faces of their masters. Between the lights the surface of the canals is changed into a mirror, in which all nature laves and purifies its image. On the banks, the trees, wearied by the heat of the day, dip the end of their leaves into the

water, as if to drink. At night, if you stand near the tiller you enjoy a spectacle that has some grandeur about it. The mills with folded wings which seem to be gazing on the stars, the placid light of the moon on the tranquil waters, the innocent attitude of the small houses slumbering on the banks of the canal, and from which a cock-crow is audible now and then—all this reveals to you one of the rustic sides of Dutch life.

Holland is not only the country where you find the most water, but also the one where you find the most motionless water. The canals are arrested rivers, and this serenity of the water is related to that of the manners, habitations, and countenances. Near the towns, Chinese pavilions are built on the canal banks, where people meet in fine weather to drink tea and coffee. Some of these pavilions, whose roofs are covered with varnished and glistening tiles, bathe their base in water with a joyous air. In these nests, which repose under an abundant verdure, domestic happiness seeks a refuge. The stranger who wanders about alone regards with an eye of envy these little retreats, which are so proud of their cleanliness, and look at themselves in the canal like a girl before a looking-glass. Here the ladies apply themselves to needle-work, while looking out at the passing boats and travellers; while for the men the hours evaporate in rings of smoke. It has long been remarked how naturally a pipe hung from a Dutch mouth, and most local habits are based on the hygienic conditions of the climate. Beneath the foggy sky of the Netherlands, a necessity was felt to produce smoke against smoke; it is a sort of local homœopathy. Some physiologists have asserted that tobacco smoke befogged the intellect, but this observation is contradicted by the Dutchman, who lives in a cloud, and whose mind is more precise, positive, and clear in its details than that of any other people. If this opium of the North does not contribute to vagueness of ideas, it might possibly lull the brain to sleep.

Less loquacious and more contemplative than the southern Frenchman, the Dutchman is silent, but he is not taciturn. Gay nations are not always happy nations; there are some men who laugh on the same principle as children sing when crossing a wood by night—to overcome their fears. In Holland we find what thinkers born in periods of moral agitation never attain, and what Dante sought—peace. It is not rare to notice on little wayside hostelries the inscription *Pax intrantibus*. We might say that life is like the water of the canals—it does not flow. Be it illusion or





reality, it seemed to us that the hour struck here more slowly than in France, and it is ushered into life with a song. The carillons produce, at a certain distance, and on the water, an effect difficult to describe. The whole character of Old Holland is found in these solemn peals, in these Æolian voices, which the fathers heard, and their sons will hear after them. At Utrecht, a thoroughly Protestant town, the chimes play a hymn according to the reformed ritual. This puritan gentleness, these notes which the bells clash out in the air, harmonize with the calm and reposed hues of the scenery. The gardens that border the water are kept up, gravelled, and raked with extreme care, and trees loaded with fruit offer a pleasing variety to the slightly monotonous character of the verdure.

In Holland the horticultural art has created a season which nature did not indicate. Man has made an autumn here by introducing the productions which are the ornament and crown of that season. In South Holland especially, grapes flourish, the fruit of which is destined for England. The Netherlands gardeners have ever excelled in the art of accelerating the ripening of fruit, and they are even said to have taught other people the management of hothouses. The Dutch autumn under glass is rich in melons, and all sorts of fruits and vegetables of which Batavia was ignorant.

In Holland the towns and villages touch one another, and this is a consequence of the slight extent of territory. The houses are small, discreet, and circumspect; you notice in the habitations, as in the character of the inhabitants, that moderation of tastes and desires which is the philosophy of happiness. The Dutch do not suffer like the Belgians from the whitewashing malady; they leave their houses the pleasant colour of the bricks. This red colour, combined with the verdure of the trees, the dark blue of the canals, and the gold of the sun, gives the towns, and often the villages, in the Netherlands a holiday aspect. A widely spread taste, especially among the women, is that for flowers, for here home life is a poem, and all means are sought to idealize it. We had already noticed in Flanders that moral habits were trained with the love of flowers; in the Netherlands it is an inclination which is becoming general. A rose expanding behind a clean and thoroughly transparent Dutch window resembles the perfumed soul of the house. These domestic gardens are sometimes perfect conservatories, so rich and varied does the flora appear. One of the most admired plants in Holland is the hyacinth, and there is

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any quantity of varieties; the *Sephrane* (white), the *Unique Rose*, the *Jenny Lind*, the *Mind your Eyes* (red), the *Amiable Shepherdess*, the *Othello*, which latter is of a dark and tragic colour, as suiting the Moor of Venice. If transplanted to other countries, these bulbs degenerate; true children of Batavia, they only find pleasure in Holland.

Behind the curtain of flowers a young maiden face may be glimpsed, which hides itself, though after having been seen. The women of the Netherlands are curious as all the daughters of Eve, but it is a curiosity which is hidden behind a species of green frame work, called in Dutch *horritje*. It is the habit to look at what is going on the street, not in the street itself, but in two mirrors set at an angle, which reflect objects, and deserve the name the local idiom has given them, that of "spies." A blonde Hollandaise, or even a brunette (for black hair is not rare in the Netherlands), will sit for hours gazing on what is going on outside. This silent image of movement and life harmonizes with their character. Dutch beauties are timid and diaphanous, and their faces resemble the waters of the canal sleeping before their windows. We all know the reputation of still waters, but here internal passions are kept in check, as we were told, by the regularity of life and simplicity of manners.

Nothing is lacking to the peaceful and contemplative joy of the houses in the small towns or villages of Holland when the stork by chance builds its nest upon them.

In this country the same naïve and touching respect is shown the stork as in other places is shown to the swallow. The stork, in fact, is a swallow on a large scale; it wages war with frogs, toads, rats, and lizards, that useful war which the guest of our chimney-pots and old châteaux carries on with insects. Storks are, moreover, regarded as birds of good omen, and you need have no fear as to them being killed. Happy the roof near which they deign to settle, happier still the one they select as their domicile! Perches and artificial shelter are even constructed to attract them, for a stork's nest is the crown of the house. In some parts of Holland if a stork breaks its leg by any accident, it is supplied with a wooden one.

The abundance of water ever ready to hand necessarily produced habits of cleanliness in Holland. Without speaking of Broek, that curious village which seems detached from a Chinese vase, we found everywhere, even among the poor, articles of tin or copper which cleaning had converted into silver and gold. In Belgium a few prizes for cleanliness were

instituted, but in Holland people are cleanly without knowing why, and do not require the interferences of a Monthyon. The general toilet of the houses is performed on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; on these days of *schoon-making* (general cleaning), the street belongs to the servants, and they may be seen drawing and emptying buckets of water with a species of exaltation. These girls, generally so calm, suddenly change their character, and they might be called the Bacchantes of cleanliness. In Holland the walls are brushed, as a coat is brushed elsewhere; both the out and in sides of the houses are washed, rubbed, and dried with peculiar care.

A HYMN.

[James Thomson, born at Ednam, on the Tweed, 11th September, 1700; died at Richmond, near London, 5th August, 1748. Educated for the ministry, but adopted literature as a profession. Author of *The Seasons: The Castle of Indolence: Liberty: Britannia*; and other poems. He also wrote several plays: *Sophonisba: Agamemnon: Tancred and Sigismunda: Blizard* and *Bleanora: Coriolanus*; and, in conjunction with Mallet, *The Masque of Alfred*, which contained the still popular song of "Rule Britannia." "Thomson is the best of our descriptive poets; for he gives most of the poetry of natural description."—*Wm. Hazlitt*.]

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand

That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'er spreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Blest out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Rumets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
 Or winter rises in the blackening east,
 Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

AN ODE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

THE COUSINS.

A COUNTRY TALE.—BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm-houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom everything had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name), served to insure his popularity with high and low.

Perhaps even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of everything striking, clever, or original in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conducted in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connection, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connection accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her

dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and amiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, dressed with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which becomed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting: depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep gray eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely-moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because everybody told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in anything so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her

surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought with himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, “Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?” had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favourite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in

lawyer-phrases he used to boast, “an elder son” of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. “*L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose*,” is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; “he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!” And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was fitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange-trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

“I hate concerts!” said the pretty little flirt. “To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to anybody, or of anybody’s getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!”

“I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you,” said Agnes, a little archly: “his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too

complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran, declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes; "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections?"

Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me: first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection of his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And

blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

"THE DOUBT OF FUTURE FOES."

BY QUEEN ELIZABETH (CIRC. 1569).

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled,
Or wisdom weaved the web.

But clouds of toys untried
Do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent,
By course of changed winds.

The top of hope supposed
The root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazzled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule
Hath taught still peace to grow.

No foreign banished wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change,
And gape for future joy.

AMORET.

[William Congreve, born at Barnaley, Yorkshire, 1672; died in London, 19th January, 1728. Dramatist and poet. His poems are forgotten, but his plays still hold an important place in dramatic literature. He wrote: *The Old Bachelor*; *The Double Dealer*; *Love for Love*; *The Mourning Bride*; *The Way of the World*; &c.]

Fair Amoret is gone astray:

Pursue and seek her, every lover:
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

THE PLANTATIONS.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.¹

I was disposed of, that is to say, sold to a rich planter, whose name was Smith, and with me the other Englishman, who was my fellow-deserter, that Jack brought to me when we went off from Dunbar.

We were now fellow-servants, and it was our lot to be carried up a small river or creek, which falls into Potomac River, about eight miles from the great river. Here we were brought to the plantation, and put in among about fifty servants, as well negroes as others; and being delivered to the head man, or director, or manager of the plantation, he took care to let us know that we must expect to work, and very hard too; for it was for that purpose his master bought servants, and for no other. I told him very submissively that since it was our misfortune to come into such a miserable condition as we were in, we expected no other; only we desired we might be showed our business, and be allowed to learn it gradually, since he might be sure we had not been used to labour; and I added that when he knew particularly by what methods we were brought and betrayed into such a condition, he would perhaps see cause at least to show us that favour, if not more. This I spoke with such a moving tone as gave him curiosity to inquire into the particulars of our story, which I gave him at large, a little more to our advantage too than ordinary.

This story, as I hoped it would, did move him to a sort of tenderness; but yet he told us that his master's business must be done, and that he expected we must work as above; that he could not dispense with that upon any account whatever. Accordingly to work we went; and indeed we had three hard things attending us, namely: we worked hard, lodged hard, and fared hard. The first I had been an utter stranger to; the last I could shift well enough with.

During this scene of life I had time to reflect on my past hours, and upon what I had done in the world; and though I had no great capacity of making a clear judgment, and very

little reflections from conscience, yet it made some impressions upon me, and particularly that I was brought into this miserable condition of a slave by some strange directing power, as a punishment for the wickedness of my younger years; and this thought was increased upon the following occasion:—The master whose service I was now engaged in was a man of substance and figure in the country, and had abundance of servants, as well negroes as English; in all, I think, he had near 200; and among so many, as some grew every year infirm and unable to work, others went off upon their time being expired, and others died; and by these and other accidents the number would diminish if they were not often recruited and filled, and this obliged him to buy more every year.

It happened while I was here that a ship arrived from London with several servants, and among the rest was seventeen transported felons, some burned in the hand, others not: eight of whom my master bought for the time specified in the warrant for their transportation respectively, some for a longer, some a shorter term of years.

Our master was a great man in the country, and a justice of peace, though he seldom came down to the plantation where I was; yet, as the new servants were brought on shore and delivered at our plantation, his worship came thither in a kind of state to see and receive them. When they were brought before him I was called, among other servants, as a kind of guard, to take them into custody after he had seen them, and carry them to the work. They were brought by a guard of seamen from the ship, and the second-mate of the ship came with them, and delivered them to our master, with the warrant for their transportation, as above.

When his worship had read over the warrants, he called them over by their names, one by one; and having let them know, by his reading the warrants over again to each man respectively, that he knew for what offences they were transported, he talked to every one separately very gravely; let them know how much favour they had received in being saved from the gallows, which the law had appointed for their crimes; that they were not sentenced to be transported, but to be hanged; and that transportation was granted them upon their own request and humble petition.

Then he laid before them that they ought to look upon the life they were just going to enter upon as just beginning the world again; that if they thought fit to be diligent and sober, they would (after the time they were

¹ From the *Life of Colonel Jack*, who began his career as a pickpocket, was kidnapped and carried to America, sold to a planter, and afterwards became a distinguished officer. This sketch of the condition of affairs in the plantations during the last century has somewhat of an historical value.

ordered to serve was expired) be encouraged by the constitution of the country to settle and plant for themselves; and that even he himself would be so kind to them that, if he lived to see any of them serve their time faithfully out, it was his custom to assist his servants in order to their settling in that country, according as their behaviour might merit from him; and they would see and know several planters round about them who now were in very good circumstances, and who formerly were only his servants, in the same condition with them, and came from the same place—that is to say, Newgate; and some of them had the mark of it in their hands, but were now very honest men, and lived in very good repute.

Among the rest of his new servants he came to a young fellow not above seventeen or eighteen years of age, and his warrant mentions that he was, though a young man, yet an old offender; that he had been several times condemned, but had been respited or pardoned, but still he continued an incorrigible pick-pocket; that the crime for which he was now transported was for picking a merchant's pocket-book or letter-case out of his pocket, in which was bills of exchange for a very great sum of money; that he had afterwards received the money upon some of the bills, but that going to a goldsmith in Lombard Street with another bill, and having demanded the money, he was stopped, notice having been given of the loss of them; that he was condemned to die for the felony, and being so well known for an old offender, had certainly died, but the merchant, upon his earnest application, had obtained that he should be transported, on condition that he restored all the rest of his bills, which he had done accordingly.

Our master talked a long time to this young fellow; mentioned, with some surprise, that he, so young, should have followed such a wicked trade so long as to obtain the name of an old offender at so young an age; and that he should be styled incorrigible, which is to signify that, notwithstanding his being whipped two or three times, and several times punished by imprisonment, and once burned in the hand, yet nothing would do him any good, but that he was still the same. He talked mightily religiously to this boy, and told him God had not only spared him from the gallows, but had now mercifully delivered him from the opportunity of committing the same sin again, and put it into his power to live an honest life, which perhaps he knew not how to do before; and though some part of his life now might be laborious, yet he ought to look

on it to be no more than being put out apprentice to an honest trade, in which, when he came out of his time, he might be able to set up for himself, and live honestly.

Then he told him that while he was a servant he would have no opportunity to be dishonest, so when he came to be for himself he would have no temptation to it; and so, after a great many other kind things said to him and the rest, they were dismissed.

I was exceedingly moved at this discourse of our master's, as anybody would judge I must be, when it was directed to such a young rogue, born a thief, and bred up a pickpocket, like myself; for I thought all my master said was spoken to me, and sometimes it came into my head that sure my master was some extraordinary man, and he knew all things that ever I had done in my life.

But I was surprised to the last degree when my master, dismissing all the rest of us servants, pointed at me, and speaking to his head clerk, "Here," says he, "bring that young fellow hither to me."

I had been near a year in the work, and I had plied it so well that the clerk or head man either flattered me, or did really believe that I behaved very well; but I was terribly frightened to hear myself called out aloud, just as they used to call for such as had done some misdemeanour, and were to be lashed or otherwise corrected.

I came in like a malefactor indeed, and thought I looked like one just taken in the fact, and carried before the justice; and indeed when I came in, for I was carried into an inner-room or parlour in the house to him; his discourse to the rest was in a large hall, where he sat in a seat like a lord judge upon the bench, or a petty king upon his throne.

When I came in, I say, he ordered his man to withdraw, and I standing half-naked and bare-headed, with my haugh or hoe in my hand (the posture and figure I was in at my work), near the door, he bade me lay down my hoe and come nearer. Then he began to look a little less stern and terrible than I fancied him to look before, or perhaps both his countenance then and before might be, to my imagination, differing from what they really were; for we do not always judge those things by the real temper of the person, but by the measure of our apprehensions.

"Hark ye, young man, how old are you?" says my master; and so our dialogue began.

Jack. Indeed, sir, I do not know.

Master. What is your name?

Jack. They call me Colonel here, but my name is Jack, an't please your worship.

Mast. But, prithee, what is thy name?

Jack. Jack.

Mast. What! is thy Christian name, then, Colonel, and thy surname Jack?

Jack. Truly, sir, to tell your honour the truth, I know little or nothing of myself, nor what my true name is; but thus I have been called ever since I remember. Which is my Christian name, or which my surname, or whether I was ever christened or not, I cannot tell.

Mast. Well, however, that's honestly answered. Pray how came you hither, and on what account are you made a servant here?

Jack. I wish your honour could have patience with me to hear the whole story; it is the hardest and most unjust thing that ever came before you.

Mast. Say you so? Tell it me at large, then; I'll hear it, I promise that, if it be an hour long.

This encouraged me, and I began at being a soldier, and being persuaded to desert at Dunbar, and gave him all the particulars as they are related above, to the time of my coming on shore, and the captain talking to me about my bill after I arrived here. He held up his hands several times as I went on, expressing his abhorrence of the usage I had met with at Newcastle, and inquired the name of the master of the ship; "for," said he, "that captain, for all his smooth words, must be a rogue." So I told him his name and the name of the ship, and he took it down in his book, and then we went on.

Mast. But pray answer me, honestly too, to another question: What was it made you so much concerned at my talking to the boy there, the pickpocket?

Jack. An't please your honour, it moved me to hear you talk so kindly to a poor slave.

Mast. And was that all? speak truly now.

Jack. No, indeed; but a secret wish came into my thoughts, that you that were so good to such a creature as that, could but one way or other know my case, and that if you did, you would certainly pity me, and do something for me.

Mast. Well, but was there nothing in his case that hit your own—that made you so affected with it? for I saw tears come from your eyes, and it was that made me call to speak to you.

Jack. Indeed, sir, I have been a wicked idle boy, and was left desolate in the world; but that boy is a thief, and condemned to be hanged. I never was before a court of justice in my life.

Mast. Well, I won't examine you too far;

if you were never before a court of justice, and are not a criminal transported, I have nothing further to inquire of you. You have been ill-used, that's certain; and was it that that affected you?

Jack. Yes, indeed, please your honour. (We all call him his honour or his worship.)

Mast. Well, now I do know your case, what can I do for you? You speak of a bill of £94, of which you would have given the captain £40 for your liberty. Have you that bill in your keeping still?

Jack. Yes, sir; here it is. (I pulled it out of the waistband of my drawers, where I always found means to preserve it, wrapped up in a piece of paper, and pinned to the waistband, and yet almost worn out too with often pinning and removing. So I gave it to him to read, and he read it.)

Mast. And is this gentleman in being that gave you the bill?

Jack. Yes, sir; he was alive and in good health when I came from London, which you may see by the date of the bill, for I came away the next day.

Mast. I do not wonder that the captain of the ship was willing to get this bill of you when you came on shore here.

Jack. I would have given it into his possession if he would have carried me and my brother back again to England, and have taken what he asked for us out of it.

Mast. Ay, but he knew better than that too. He knew, if he had any friends there, they would call him to an account for what he had done. But I wonder he did not take it from you while you were at sea, either by fraud, or by force.

Jack. He did not attempt that indeed.

Mast. Well, young man, I have a mind to try if I can do you any service in this case. On my word, if the money can be paid, and you can get it safe over, I might put you in a way how to be a better man than your master, if you will be honest and diligent.

Jack. As I behave myself in your service, sir, you will, I hope, judge of the rest.

Mast. But perhaps you hanker after returning to England.

Jack. No, indeed, sir; if I can but get my bread honestly here, I have no mind to go to England, for I know not how to get my bread there. If I had, I had not 'listed for a soldier.

Mast. Well, but I must ask you some questions about that part hereafter, for 'tis indeed something strange that you should 'list for a soldier when you had £94 in your pocket.

Jack. I shall give your worship as particular

account of that as I have of the other part of my life, if you please, but 'tis very long.

Master. Well, we will have that another time; but to the case in hand: are you willing I should send to anybody at London to talk with that gentleman that gave you the bill; not to take the money of him, but to ask him only whether he has so much money of yours in his hands; and whether he will part with it when you shall give order, and send the bill, or a duplicate of it; that is, says he, the copy? and it was well he did say so, for I did not understand the word duplicate at all.

Jack. Yes, sir, I will give you the bill itself, if you please. I can trust it with you, though I could not with him.

Master. No, no, young man; I won't take it from you.

Jack. I wish your worship would please to keep it for me, for if I should lose it, then I am quite undone.

Master. I will keep it for you, Jack, if you will; but then you shall have a note under my hand signifying that I have it, and will return it to you upon demand, which will be as safe to you as the bill. I won't take it else.

So I gave my master the bill, and he gave me his note for it; and he was a faithful steward for me, as you will hear in its place. After this conference I was dismissed, and went to my work; but about two hours after the steward, or the overseer of the plantation, came riding by, and coming up to me as I was at work, pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and calling me to him, gave me a dram of rum; when, in good manners, I had taken but a little sup, he held it out to me again, and bade me take another, and spoke wondrous civilly to me, quite otherwise than he used to do.

This encouraged me, and heartened me very much; but yet I had no particular view of anything, or which way I should have any relief.

A day or two after, when we were all going out to our work in the morning, the overseer called me to him again, and gave me a dram and a good piece of bread, and bade me come off from my work about one o'clock, and come to him to the house, for he must speak with me.

When I came to him, I came, to be sure, in the ordinary habit of a poor half-naked slave. "Come hither, young man," says he, "and give me your hoe." When I gave it to him, "Well," says he, "you are to work no more in this plantation."

I looked surprised, and as if I was frightened. "What have I done, sir," said I, "and whither am I to be sent away?"

"Nay, nay," says he, and looked very plea-

santly. "Do not be frightened; 'tis for your good, 'tis not to hurt you. I am ordered to make an overseer of you, and you shall be a slave no longer."

"Alas!" says I to him, "I an overseer! I am in no condition for it; I have no clothes to put on, no linen, nothing to help myself."

"Well, well," says he, "you may be better used than you are aware of. Come hither with me." So he led me into a vast great warehouse, or rather set of warehouses, one within another, and calling the warehouse-keeper, "Here," says he, "you must clothe this man, and give him everything necessary, upon the foot of number five, and give the bill to me. Our master has ordered me to allow it in the account of the west plantation." This was, it seems, the plantation where I was to go.

Accordingly the warehouse-keeper carried me into an inner warehouse, where were several suits of clothes of the sort his orders mentioned, which were plain but good sorts of clothes, ready-made, being of a good broad-cloth about eleven shillings a yard in England; and with this he gave me three good shirts, two pair of shoes, stockings, and gloves, a hat, six neckcloths, and, in short, everything I could want; and when he had looked everything out and fitted them, he lets me into a little room by itself. "Here," says he, "go in there a slave, and come out a gentleman;" and with that carried everything into the room, and, shutting the door, bid me put them on, which I did most willingly; and now you may believe that I began to hope for something better than ordinary.

In a little while after this came the overseer, and gave me joy of my new clothes, and told me I must go with him; so I was carried to another plantation, larger than that where I worked before, and where there were two overseers or clerks—one within doors, and one without. This last was removed to another plantation, and I was placed there in his room—that is to say, as the clerk without doors; and my business was to look after the servants and negroes, and take care that they did their business, provide their food, and, in short, both govern and direct them.

I was elevated to the highest degree in my thoughts at this advancement, and it is impossible for me to express the joy of my mind upon this occasion. But there came a difficulty upon me that shocked me so violently, and went so against my very nature, that I really had almost forfeited my place about it, and, in all appearance, the favour of our master, who had been so generous to me; and this

was, that when I entered upon my office I had a horse given to me, and a long horsewhip, like what we call in England a hunting-whip. The horse was to ride up and down all over the plantation, to see the servants and negroes did their work, and the plantation being so large, it could not be done on foot, at least so often and so effectually as was required; and the horsewhip was given me to correct and lash the slaves and servants when they proved negligent or quarrelsome, or, in short, were guilty of any offence. This part turned the very blood within my veins, and I could not think of it with any temper, that I, who was but yesterday a servant or slave like them, and under the authority of the same lash, should lift up my hand to the cruel work which was my terror but the day before. This, I say, I could not do; insomuch that the negroes perceived it, and I had soon so much contempt upon my authority that we were all in disorder.

The ingratitude of their return for the compassion I showed them provoked me, I confess, and a little hardened my heart; and I began with the negroes, two of whom I was obliged to correct, and I thought I did it most cruelly, but after I had lashed them till every blow I struck them hurt myself, and I was ready to faint at the work, the rogues laughed at me, and one of them had the impudence to say, behind my back, that if he had the whipping of me he would show me better how to whip a negro.

Well, however, I had no power to do it in such a barbarous manner as I found it was necessary to have it done; and the defect began to be a detriment to our master's business, and now I began indeed to see that the cruelty so much talked of, used in Virginia and Barbadoes and other colonies, in whipping the negro slaves, was not so much owing to the tyranny and passion and cruelty of the English as had been reported, the English not being accounted to be of a cruel disposition, and really are not so; but that it is owing to the brutality and obstinate temper of the negroes, who cannot be managed by kindness and courtesy, but must be ruled with a rod of iron, beaten with scorpions, as the Scripture calls it, and must be used as they do use them, or they would rise and murder all their masters, which, their numbers considered, would not be hard for them to do, if they had arms and ammunition suitable to the rage and cruelty of their nature.

But I began to see at the same time that this brutal temper of the negroes was not

rightly managed—that they did not take the best course with them to make them sensible either of mercy or punishment; and it was evident to me that even the worst of those tempers might be brought to a compliance without the lash, or at least without so much of it as they generally inflicted.

Our master was really a man of humanity himself, and was sometimes so full of tenderness that he would forbid the severities of his overseers and stewards; but he saw the necessity of it, and was obliged at last to leave it to the discretion of his upper servants. Yet he would often bid them be merciful, and bid them consider the difference of the constitution of the bodies of the negroes—some being less able to bear the tortures of their punishment than others, and some of them less obstinate too than others.

However, somebody was so officious as to inform him against me upon this occasion, and let him know that I neglected his affair, and that the servants were under no government; by which means his plantation was not duly managed, and that all things were in disorder.

This was a heavy charge for a young overseer; and his honour came like a judge, with all his attendants, to look into things and hear the cause. However, he was so just to me as that, before he censured me, he resolved to hear me fully, and that not only publicly, but in private too; and the last part of this was my particular good fortune, for as he had formerly allowed me to speak to him with freedom, so I had the like freedom now, and had full liberty to explain and defend myself.

I knew nothing of the complaint against me till I had it from his own mouth, nor anything of his coming till I saw him in the very plantation viewing his work, and viewing the several pieces of ground that were ordered to be new planted; and after he had rode all round, and seen things in the condition which they were to be seen in—how everything was in its due order, and the servants and negroes were all at work, and everything appearing to his mind—he went into the house.

As I saw him come up the walks, I ran towards him and made my homage, and gave him my humble thanks for the goodness he had showed me in taking me from the miserable condition I was in before, and employing and intrusting me in his business; and he looked pleasant enough, though he did not say much at first, and I attended him through the whole plantation, gave him an account of everything as he went along, answered all his

objections and inquiries everywhere in such a manner as it seems he did not expect; and, as he acknowledged afterwards, everything was very much to his satisfaction.

There was an overseer, as I observed, belonging to the same plantation, who was, though not over me, yet in a work superior to mine; for his business was to see the tobacco packed up, and deliver it either on board the sloops or otherwise, as our master ordered, and to receive English goods from the grand warehouse, which was at the other plantation, because that was nearest the water-side; and, in short, to keep the accounts.

This overseer, an honest and upright man, made no complaint to him of his business being neglected as above, or of anything like it, though he inquired of him about it, and that very strictly too.

I should have said that as he rid over the plantation he came in his round to the place where the servants were usually corrected when they had done any fault, and there stood two negroes with their hands tied behind them, as it were under sentence; and when he came near them they fell on their knees and made pitiful signs to him for mercy. "Alas! alas!" says he, turning to me, "why did you bring me this way? I do not love such sights; what must I do now? I must pardon them. Prithce, what have they done?" I told him the particular offences which they were brought to the place for: one had stole a bottle of rum, and had made himself drunk with it, and when he was drunk had done a great many mad things, and had attempted to knock one of the white servant's brains out with a hand-spike, but that the white man had avoided the blow, and, striking up the negro's heels, had seized him and brought him prisoner thither, where he had lain all night; and that I had told him he was to be whipped that day and the next three days twice every day.

"And could you be so cruel?" says his honour. "Why, you would kill the poor wretch; and so, beside the blood which you would have to answer for, you would lose me a lusty man negro which cost me at least £30 or £40, and bring a reproach upon my whole plantation; nay, and more than that, some of them in revenge would murder me if ever it was in their power."

"Sir," says I, "if those fellows are not kept under by violence, I believe you are satisfied nothing is to be done with them; and it is reported in your works that I have been rather their jest than their terror, for want of using them as they deserve; and I was resolved, how

much soever it is against my own disposition, that your service should not suffer for my unseasonable forbearance; and therefore, if I had scourged him to death"——"Hold," says he; "no, no; by no means any such severity in my bounds. Remember, young man, you were once a servant; deal as you would acknowledge it would be just to deal with you in his case, and mingle always some mercy. I desire it, and let the consequence of being too gentle be placed to my account."

This was as much as I could desire, and the more because what passed was in public, and several, both negroes and white servants, as well as the particular persons who had accused me, heard it all, though I did not know it. "A cruel dog of an overseer," says one of the whiteservants behind; "he would have whipped poor bullet-head" (so they called the negro that was to be punished) "to death if his honour had not happened to come to-day."

However, I urged the notorious crime this fellow was guilty of, and the danger there was in such forbearance, from the refractory and incorrigible temper of the negroes, and pressed a little the necessity of making examples; but he said, "Well, well, do it the next time, but not now." So I said no more.

The other fellow's crime was trifling compared with this; and the master went forward, talking of it to me, and I following him, till we came to the house; when, after he had been sat down a while, he called me to him, and not suffering my accusers to come near till he had heard my defence, he began with me thus:

Master. Hark ye, young man, I must have some discourse with you. Your conduct is complained of since I set you over this plantation. I thought your sense of the obligation I had laid on you would have secured your diligence and faithfulness to me.

Jack. I am very sorry any complaint should be made of me, because the obligation I am under to your honour (and which I freely confess) does bind me to your interest in the strongest manner imaginable; and however I may have mistaken my business, I am sure I have not willingly neglected it.

Master. Well, I shall not condemn you without hearing you, and therefore I called you in now to tell you of it.

Jack. I humbly thank your honour. I have but one petition more, and that is that I may know my accusation and, if you please, my accusers.

Master. The first you shall, and that is the reason of my talking to you in private; and if there is any need of a further hearing, you

shall know your accusers too. What you are charged with is just contrary to what appeared to me just now, and therefore you and I must come to a new understanding about it, for I thought I was too cunning for you, and now I think you have been too cunning for me.

Jack. I hope your honour will not be offended that I do not fully understand you.

Mast. I believe you do not. Come, tell me honestly, did you really intend to whip the poor negro twice a day for four days together; that is to say, to whip him to death, for that would have been the English of it and the end of it?

Jack. If I may be permitted to guess, sir, I believe I know the charge that is brought against me; and that your honour has been told that I have been too gentle with the negroes, as well as other servants; and that when they deserved to be used with the accustomed severity of the country, I have not given them half enough; and that by this means they are careless of your business, and that your plantation is not well looked after, and the like.

Mast. Well, you guess right; go on.

Jack. The first part of the charge I confess, but the last I deny; and appeal to your honour's strictest examination into every part of it.

Mast. If the last part could be true, I would be glad the first were; for it would be an infinite satisfaction to me that, my business not being neglected, nor our safety endangered, those poor wretches could be used with more humanity; for cruelty is the aversion of my nature, and it is the only uncomfortable thing that attends me in all my prosperity.

Jack. I freely acknowledge, sir, that at first it was impossible for me to bring myself to that terrible work. How could I that was but just come out of the terror of it myself, and had but the day before been a poor, naked, miserable servant myself, and might be to-morrow reduced to the same condition again; how could I use this (showing a horsewhip) terrible weapon on the naked flesh of my fellow-servants as well as fellow-creatures? At least, sir, when my duty made it absolutely necessary, I could not do it without the utmost horror. I beseech you, pardon me if I have such a tenderness in my nature, that though I might be fit to be your servant, I am incapable of being an executioner, having been an offender myself.

Mast. Well, but how then can my business be done? and how will this terrible obstinacy of the negroes, who, they tell me, can be no otherwise governed, be kept from neglect of their work, or even insolence and rebellion?

Jack. This brings me, sir, to the latter part of my defence; and here I hope your honour will be pleased to call my accusers, or that you will give yourself the trouble of taking the exactest view of your plantation, and see, or let them show you, if anything is neglected—if your business has suffered in anything, or if your negroes or other servants are under less government than they were before; and if, on the contrary, I have found out that happy secret, to have good order kept, the business of the plantation done, and that with diligence and despatch, and that the negroes are kept in awe, the natural temper of them subdued, and the safety and peace of your family secured, as well by gentle means as by rough—by moderate correction as by torture and barbarity—by a due awe of just discipline as by the horror of unsufferable torments.—I hope your honour will not lay that sin to my charge.

Mast. No, indeed; you would be the most acceptable manager that ever I employed; but how then does this consist with the cruel sentence you had passed on the poor fellow that is in your condemned hole yonder, who was to be whipped eight times in four days?

Jack. Very well, sir. First, sir, he remains under the terrible apprehensions of a punishment so severe as no negro ever had before. This fellow, with your leave, I intended to release to-morrow without any whipping at all, after talking to him in my way about his offence, and raising in his mind a sense of the value of pardon; and if this makes him a better servant than the severest whipping will do, then I presume you would allow I have gained a point.

Mast. Ay, but what if it should not be so? for these fellows have no sense of gratitude.

Jack. That is, sir, because they are never pardoned. If they offend, they never know what mercy is, and what then have they to be grateful for?

Mast. Thou art in the right, indeed; when there is no mercy showed, there is no obligation laid upon them.

Jack. Besides, sir, if they have at any time been let go, which is very seldom, they are not told what the case is; they take no pains with them to imprint principles of gratitude on their minds—to tell them what kindness is shown them, and what they are indebted for it, and what they might gain in the end by it.

Mast. But do you think such usage would do? Would it make any impression? You persuade yourself it would, but you see 't against the received notion of the whole country.

Jack. There are, it may be, public and national mistakes and errors in conduct, and this is one.

Mast. Have you tried it? You cannot say it is a mistake till you have tried and proved it to be so.

Jack. Your whole plantation is a proof of it. This very fellow had never acted as he did if he had not gotten rum in his head, and been out of the government of himself; so that, indeed, all the offence I ought to have punished him for had been that of stealing a bottle of rum and drinking it all up; in which case, like Noah, he did not know the strength of it, and when he had it in his head he was a madman—he was as one raging and distracted; so that for all the rest he deserved pity rather than punishment.

Mast. Thou art right, certainly right, and thou wilt be a rare fellow if thou canst bring these notions into practice. I wish you had tried it upon any one particular negro, that I might see an example. I would give £500 if it could be brought to bear.

Jack. I desire nothing, sir, but your favour, and the advantage of obliging you. I will show you an example of it among your own negroes, and all the plantation will acknowledge it.

Mast. You make my very heart glad within me, Jack. If you can bring this to pass, I here give you my word, I'll not only give you your own freedom, but make a man of you for this world as long as you live.

Upon this I bowed to him very respectfully, and told him the following story:—“There is a negro, sir, in the plantation, who has been your servant several years before I came. He did a fault that was of no great consequence in itself, but perhaps would have been worse if they had indeed gone farther; and I had him brought into the usual place, and tied him by the thumbs for correction, and he was told that he should be whipped and pickled in a dreadful manner. After I had made proper impressions on his mind of the terror of his punishment, and found that he was sufficiently humbled by it, I went into the house, and caused him to be brought out, just as they do when they go to correct the negroes on such occasions. When he was stripped and tied up, he had two lashes given him that were indeed very cruel ones, and I called to them to hold. ‘Hold!’ said I to the two men that had just begun to lay on upon the poor fellow; ‘Hold!’ said I; ‘let me talk with him.’

“So he was taken down; then I began and

represented to him how kind you, that were his great master,¹ had been to him; that you had never done him any harm; that you had used him gently, and he had never been brought to this punishment in so many years, though he had done some faults before; that this was a notorious offence, for he had stolen some rum, and made himself and two other negroes drunk-mad,² and had abused two women negroes who had husbands in our master's service, but in another plantation; and played several pranks, and for this I had appointed him this punishment.

“He shook his head, and made signs that he was *muchee sorree*, as he called it. ‘And what will you say or do,’ said I, ‘if I should prevail with the great master to pardon you? I have a mind to go and see if I can beg for you.’ He told me he would lie down; let me kill him. ‘Me will,’ says he, ‘run, go, fetch, bring for you as long as me live.’ This was the opportunity I had a mind to have, to try whether, as negroes have all the other faculties of reasonable creatures, they had not also some sense of kindness, some principles of natural generosity, which, in short, is the foundation of gratitude, for gratitude is the product of generous principles.”

“You please me with the beginning of this story,” says he. “I hope you have carried it on.”

“Yes, sir,” says I, “it has been carried on farther perhaps than you imagine, or will think has been possible in such a case.”

“But I was not so arrogant as to assume the merit to myself. ‘No, no,’ said I; ‘I do not ask you to go or run for me; you must do all that for our great master, for it will be from him entirely that you will be pardoned at all, for your offence is against him; and what will you say? Will you be grateful to him, and run, go, fetch, bring for him as long as you live, as you have said you would for me?’

“‘Yes, indeed,’ says he; ‘and *muchee do*, *muchee do* for you too (he would not leave me out); you ask him for me.’

“Well, I put off all his promised gratitude to me from myself, as was my duty, and placed it to your account; told him I knew you was *muchee good*, *muchee pitiful*, and I would persuade you if I could; and so told him I would

¹ So the negroes call the owner of the plantation, or at least so they called him, because he was a great man in the country, having three or four large plantations.

² To be drunk in a negro is to be mad, for when they get rum they are worse than raving, and fit to do any manner of mischief.

go to you, and he should be whipped no more till I came again. 'But hark ye, Mouchat,' says I (that was the negro's name), 'they tell me when I came hither that there is no showing kindness to any of you negroes; that when we spare you from whipping you laugh at us, and are the worse.'

"He looked very serious at me, and said, 'O, that no so; the masters say so, but no be so, no be so, indeede, indeede.' And so we parleyed:—

"*Jack*. Why do they say so, then? To be sure they have tried you all.

"*Negro*. No, no; they no try; they say so, but no try.

"*Jack*. I hear them all say so.

"*Negro*. Me tell you the true: they have no mercie; they beat us cruel, all cruel; they never have show mercie. How can they tell we be no better?

"*Jack*. What! do they never spare?

"*Negro*. Master, me speakee the true; they never give mercie; they always whippee, lashee, knockee down—all cruel. Negro be muchee better man, do muchee better work, but they tell us no mercie.

"*Jack*. But what, do they never show any mercy?

"*Negro*. No, never; no, never; all whippee, all whippee, cruel, worse than they whippee de horse, whippee dog.

"*Jack*. But would they be better if they did?

"*Negro*. Yes, yes; negro be muchee better if they be mercie. When they be whippee, whippee, negro muchee cry, muchee hate, would kill if they had de gun; but when they makee de mercie, then negro tell de great tankee, and love to workee, and do muchee workee, and because he good master to them.

"*Jack*. They say no; you would laugh at them, and mock when they show mercy.

"*Negro*. How they say when they show mercie! They never show mercie; me never see them show one mercie since me live.

"Now, sir," said I, "if this be so, really they go, I dare say, contrary to your inclination, for I see you are but too full of pity for the miserable. I saw it in my own case; and upon a presumption that you had rather have your work done from a principle of love than fear, without making your servants bleed for every trifle, if it were possible; I say, upon this presumption I dealt with this Mouchat, as you shall hear."

Mast. I have never met with anything of this kind since I have been a planter, which is now about forty years. I am delighted with

the story. Go on; I expect a pleasant conclusion.

Jack. The conclusion, sir, will be, I believe, as much to your satisfaction as the beginning, for it every way answered my expectation, and will yours also, and show you how you might be faithfully served if you pleased, for 'tis certain you are not so served now.

Mast. No, indeed; they serve me but just as they do the devil—for fear I should hurt them; but 'tis contrary to an ingenuous spirit to delight in such service. I abhor it, if I could but know how to get any other.

Jack. It is easy, sir, to show you that you may be served upon better principles, and consequently be better served, and more to your satisfaction; and I dare undertake to convince you of it.

Mast. Well, go on with the story.

Jack. After I had talked thus to him, I said, "Well, Mouchat, I shall see how you will be afterwards, if I can get our great master to be merciful to you at this time."

"*Negro*. Yes, you shall see; you muchee see, muchee see.

"Upon this I called for my horse and went from him, and made as if I rode away to you, who they told me was in the next plantation; and having stayed four or five hours, I came back and talked to him again, told him that I had waited on you, and that you had heard of his offence, was highly provoked, and had resolved to cause him to be severely punished for an example to all the negroes in the plantation; but that I had told you how penitent he was, and how good he would be if you would pardon him, and had at last prevailed on you; that you had told me what all people said of the negroes, how that to show them mercy was to make them think you were never in earnest with them, and that you did but trifle and play with them. However, that I had told you what he had said of himself, and that it was not true of the negroes, and that the white men said it, but that they could not know because they did never show any mercy, and therefore had never tried; that I had persuaded you to show mercy, to try whether kindness would prevail as much as cruelty. 'And now, Mouchat,' said I, 'you will be let go; pray let our great master see that I have said true.' So I ordered him to be untied, gave him a dram of rum out of my pocket-bottle, and ordered them to give him some victuals.

"When the fellow was let loose he came to me, and kneeled down to me, and took hold of my legs and of my feet, and laid his head

upon the ground, and sobbed and cried like a child that had been corrected, but could not speak for his life; and thus he continued a long time. I would have taken him up, but he would not rise; but I cried as fast as he, for I could not bear to see a poor wretch lie on the ground to me, that was but a servant the other day like himself. At last, but not till a quarter of an hour, I made him get up, and then he spoke. 'Me muchee know good great master, muchee good you master. No negro unthankful; me die for them, do me so muchee kind.'

"I dismissed him then, and bid him go to his wife (for he was married), and not work that afternoon; but as he was going away I called him again, and talked thus to him:—

"'Now, Mouchat,' says I, 'you see the white men can show mercy; now you must tell all the negroes what has been reported of them—that they regard nothing but the whip; that if they are used gently they are the worse, not the better; and that this is the reason why the white men show them no mercy; and convince them that they would be much better treated, and used kindlier, if they would show themselves as grateful for kind usage, as humble after torment; and see if you can work on them.'

"'Me go, me go,' says he; 'me muchee talk to them; they be muchee glad as me be, and do great work to be used kind by de great master.'

Master. Well, but now what testimony have you of this gratitude you speak of? Have you seen any alteration among them?

Jack. I come next to that part, sir. About a month after this I caused a report to be spread abroad in the plantation that I had offended you, the great master, and that I was turned out of the plantation, and was to be hanged. Your honour knows that some time ago you sent me upon your particular business into Potuxent River, where I was absent twelve days; then I took the opportunity to have this report spread about among the negroes, to see how it would work.

Master. What! to see how Mouchat would take it?

Jack. Yes, sir; and it made a discovery indeed. The poor fellow did not believe it presently; but finding I was still absent, he went to the head-clerk, and, standing at his door, said nothing, but looked like a fool of ten years old. After some time the upper overseer came out, and seeing him stand there, at first said nothing, supposing he had been sent of

some errand; but observing him to stand stock still, and that he was in the same posture and place during the time that he had passed and repassed two or three times, he stops short the last time of his coming by. "What do you want," says he to him, "that you stand idle here so long?"

"Me speakee; me tell something," says he.

Then the overseer thought some discovery was at hand, and began to listen to him. "What would you tell me?" says he.

"Me tell! pray," says he, "where be de other master?"

He meant he would ask where he was. "What other master do you mean?" says the clerk. "What! do you want to speak with the great master? He can't be spoke by you. Pray what is your business; cannot you tell it to me?"

"No, no; me no speakee the great master, the other master," says Mouchat.

"What, the colonel?" says the clerk.

"Yes, yes; the colonel," says he.

"Why, don't you know that he is to be hanged to-morrow," says the clerk, "for making the great master angry?"

"Yes, yes," says Mouchat; "me know, me know; but me want speak; me tell something."

"Well, what would you say?" says the clerk.

"O! me no let him makee de great master angry." With that he kneeled down to the clerk.

"What ails you?" says the clerk. "I tell you he must be hanged."

"No, no," says he; "no hang de master; me kneel for him to great master."

"You kneel for him!" says the clerk.

"What! do you think the great master will mind you? He has made the great master angry, and must be hanged, I tell you; what signifies your begging?"

"*Negro.* O! me pray, me pray the great master for him.

"*Clerk.* Why, what ails you, that you would pray for him?

"*Negro.* O! he beggee the great master for me; now me beggee for him. The great master muchee good, muchee good; he pardon me when the other master beggee me; now he pardon him when me beggee for him again.

"*Clerk.* No, no; your begging won't do. Will you be hanged for him? If you do that, something may be.

"*Negro.* Yes, yes; me be hang for de poor master that beggee for me. Mouchat shall

hang; the great master shall hangee me, whippee me—anything to save the poor master that beggee me. Yes, yes, indeed.

"*Clerk.* Are you in earnest, Mouchat?"

"*Negro.* Yes indeed, me teller de true; the great master shall know me teller de true, for he shall see the white man hangee me Mouchat. Poor negro Mouchat will be hangee, be whippee—anything for the poor master that beggee for me.

"With this the poor fellow cried most pitifully, and there was no room to question his being in earnest; when on a sudden I appeared, for I was fetched to see all this transaction. I was not in the house at first, but was just come home from the business you sent me of, and heard it all; and indeed neither the clerk nor I could bear it any longer, so he came out to me: 'Go to him,' says he; 'you have made an example that will never be forgot, that a negro can be grateful. Go to him,' adds he, 'for I can talk to him no longer.' So I appeared, and spoke to him presently, and let him see that I was at liberty; but to hear how the poor fellow behaved, your honour cannot but be pleased."

Mast. Prithree go on; I am pleased with it all. 'Tis all a new scene of negro life to me, and very moving.

Jack. For a good while he stood as if he had been thunderstruck and stupid; but looking steadily at me, though not speaking a word, at last he mutters to himself, with a kind of a laugh, "Ay, ay," says he, "Mouchat see, Mouchat no see, me wakee, me no wakee; no hangee, no hangee; he live truly, very live;" and then on a sudden he runs to me, snatches me away as if I had been a boy of ten years old, and takes me up upon his back and runs away with me, till I was fain to cry out to him to stop; then he sets me down, and looks at me again; then falls a-dancing about me as if he had been bewitched, just as you have seen them do about their wives and children when they are merry.

Well, then, he began to talk with me, and told me what they had said to him, how I was to be hanged. "Well," says I, "Mouchat, and would you have been satisfied to be hanged to save me?" "Yes, yes," says he; "be truly hangee, to beggee you."

"But why do you love me so well, Mouchat?" said I.

"Did you no beggee me," he says, "at the great master? You savae me, make great master muchee good, muchee kind, no whippee me; me no forget; me be whipped, be hanged, that you no be hanged; me die, that you no

die; me no let any bad be with you all while that me live."

Now, sir, your honour may judge whether kindness, well managed, would not oblige these people as well as cruelty; and whether there are principles of gratitude in them or no.

Mast. But what then can be the reason that we never believed it to be so before?

Jack. Truly, sir, I fear that Mouchat gave the true reason.

Mast. What was that, pray? That we were too cruel?

Jack. That they never had any mercy showed them; that they never tried them whether they would be grateful or no; that if they did a fault, they were never spared, but punished with the utmost cruelty; so that they had no passion, no affection to act upon but that of fear, which necessarily brought hatred with it; but that if they were used with compassion they would serve with affection as well as other servants. Nature is the same, and reason governs in just proportions in all creatures; but having never been let taste what mercy is, they know not how to act from a principle of love.

Mast. I am convinced it is so; but now, pray tell me, how did you put this in practice with the poor negroes now in bonds yonder, when you passed such a cruel sentence upon them, that they should be whipped twice a day for four days together; was that showing mercy?

Jack. My method was just the same; and if you please to inquire of Mr. —, your other servant, you will be satisfied that it was so, for we agreed upon the same measures as I took with Mouchat, namely, first to put them into the utmost horror and apprehensions of the cruelest punishment that they ever heard of, and thereby enhance the value of their pardon, which was to come as from yourself, but not without our great intercession. Then I was to argue with them, and work upon their reason, to make the mercy that was showed them sink deep into their minds, and give lasting impressions; explain the meaning of gratitude to them, and the nature of an obligation, and the like, as I had done with Mouchat.

Mast. I am answered. Your method is certainly right, and I desire you may go on with it; for I desire nothing on this side heaven more than to have all my negroes serve me from principles of gratitude for my kindness to them. I abhor to be feared like a lion, like a tyrant. It is a violence upon nature every way, and is the most disagreeable thing in the world to a generous mind.

GOOD IN ALL THINGS.

[Richard Savage, born in London, 10th January, 1697; died in London, 1st August, 1743. The story of his life as told by Dr. Johnson forms a most pathetic and romantic biography. He was the illegitimate son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers. His mother treated him with unnatural severity. His chief poems are: *The Wanderer*, from which the following passage is taken; various addresses to the queen, under the title of the *Volunteer Laureate*; and *London and Bristol Detained*, a satire.]

My hermit thus. "I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Libya thou nam'st—let Africa's wastes appear
Cursed by those heats that fruitfully the year;
Yet the same suns her orange groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprises,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintery blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew—
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering life,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky."

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought;
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold;
Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;

Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run;
There the next produce of a genial shower,
The bean's fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain;
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-apun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up a silky shade;
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds,
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
But industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep,
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up ether roll'd,
Project long shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams.
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels, rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and bees, and
flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile, pride incol'd, display
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay;
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and fir of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-gray with dust : confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The muse preceding with her heavenly train :
When, lo ! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view ! now journeying in our front we find !
And yet a view more strange our heed demands ;
Touch'd by the muse's wand transform'd he stands.
O'er akin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads ;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds ;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful looks decline ;
And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.

The hermit thus : " In him the BARD behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold ;
The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See !—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown shadows throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp ! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd."

A GAMING MATCH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

Unless the loss of an occasional napoleon at a German watering-place is to be so stigmatized, gaming had never formed one of the numerous follies of the Duke of St. James. Rich, and gifted with a generous, sanguine, and luxurious disposition, he had never been tempted by the desire of gain, or, as some may perhaps maintain, by the desire of excitement, to seek assistance or enjoyment in a mode of life which stultifies all our fine fancies, deadens all our noble emotions, and mortifies all our beautiful aspirations.

I know that I am broaching a doctrine which many will start at, and which some will protest against, when I declare my belief, that no person, whatever be his rank, or apparent wealth, ever yet gamed, except from the prospect of immediate gain. We hear much of want of excitement, of *ennui*, of satiety ; and then the gaming table is announced as a sort of substitute for opium, wine, or any other mode of obtaining a more intense vitality at the cost of reason. Gaming is too active, too anxious, too complicated, too troublesome,—

in a word, *too sensible* an affair for such spirits, who fly only to a sort of dreamy and indefinite distraction. The fact is, gaming is a matter of business. Its object is tangible, clear, and evident. There is nothing high, or inflammatory, or exciting; no false magnificence, no visionary elevation, in the affair at all. It is the very antipodes to enthusiasm of any kind. It presupposes in its votary a mind essentially mercantile. All the feelings that are in its train are the most mean, the most common-place, and the most annoying of daily life, and nothing would tempt the gamester to experience them, except the great object which, as a matter of calculation, he is willing to aim at on such terms. No man flies to the gaming-table in a paroxysm. The first visit requires the courage of a forlorn hope. The first stake will make the lightest mind anxious, the firmest hand tremble, and the stoutest heart falter. After the first stake, it is all a matter of calculation and management, even in games of chance. Night after night will men play at *Rouge et Noir*, upon what they call a system, and for hours their attention never ceases, any more than it would if they were in the shop or on the wharf. No manual labour is more fatiguing, and more degrading to the labourer, than gaming. Every gamester (I speak not of the irreclaimable) feels ashamed. And this vice, this worst vice, from whose embrace, moralists daily inform us, man can never escape, is just the one from which the majority of men most completely, and most often, emancipate themselves. Infinite are the men who have lost thousands in their youth, and never dream of chance again. It is this pursuit which, oftener than any other, leads man to self-knowledge. Appalled by the absolute destruction on the verge of which he finds his early youth just stepping ; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thralldom, and with a ruined fortune, and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, his conscience clear, and that, once more, he breathes the sweet air of heaven.

And our young duke, I must confess, gamed, as all other men have gamed—for money. His satiety had fled the moment that his affairs were embarrassed. The thought suddenly came into his head, while Bagshot was speaking. He determined to make an effort to recover, and so completely was it a matter of business with him, that he reasoned that, in the present state of his affairs, a few thou-

sands more would not signify,—that these few thousands might lead to vast results, and that, if they did, he would bid adieu to the gaming-table with the same coolness with which he had saluted it.

The young duke had accepted the invitation of the Baron de Berghem for to-morrow, and accordingly, himself, Lords Castlefort and Dice, and Temple Grace, assembled in Brunswick Terrace at the usual hour.

After dinner, with the exception of Cogit, who was busied in compounding some wonderful liquid for the future refreshment, they sat down to *Ecarte*. Without having exchanged a word upon the subject, there seemed a general understanding among all the parties, that to-night was to be a pitched battle, and they began at once very briskly. Yet, in spite of their universal determination, midnight arrived without anything very decisive. Another hour passed over, and then Tom Cogit kept touching the baron's elbow, and whispering in a voice which everybody could understand. All this meant that supper was ready. It was brought into the room.

Gaming has one advantage—it gives you an appetite; that is to say, as long as you have a chance remaining. The duke had thousands,—for at present, his resources were unimpaired, and he was exhausted by the constant attention and anxiety of five hours. He passed over the delicacies, and went to the side-table, and began cutting himself some cold roast beef. Tom Cogit ran up, not to his grace, but to the baron, to announce the shocking fact, that the Duke of St. James was enduring great trouble; and then the baron asked his grace to permit Mr. Cogit to serve him. Our hero devoured—I use the word advisedly, as fools say in the House of Commons—he devoured the roast beef, and rejecting the hermitage with disgust, asked for porter.

They set to again, fresh as eagles. At six o'clock, accounts were so complicated that they stopped to make up their books. Each played with his memorandums and pencil at his side. Nothing fatal had yet happened. The duke owed Lord Dice about five thousand pounds, and Temple Grace owed him as many hundreds. Lord Castlefort also was his debtor, to the tune of seven hundred and fifty, and the baron was in his books, but slightly. Every half hour they had a new pack of cards, and threw the used ones on the floor. All this time, Tom Cogit did nothing but snuff the candles,

stir the fire, bring them a new pack, and occasionally make a tumbler for them.

At eight o'clock, the duke's situation was worsened. The run was greatly against him, and perhaps his losses were doubled. He pulled up again the next hour or two; but nevertheless at ten o'clock owed every one something. No one offered to give over; and every one, perhaps, felt that his object was not obtained. They made their toilettes, and went down stairs to breakfast. In the meantime the shutters were opened, the room aired; and in less than an hour they were at it again.

They played till dinner time without intermission; and though the duke made some desperate efforts, and some successful ones, his losses were, nevertheless, trebled. Yet he ate an excellent dinner, and was not at all depressed; because the more he lost, the more his courage and his resources seemed to expand. At first, he had limited himself to ten thousand; after breakfast, it was to have been twenty thousand; then, thirty thousand was the ultimatum; and now he dismissed all thoughts of limits from his mind, and was determined to risk or gain everything.

At midnight, he had lost forty-eight thousand pounds. Affairs now began to be serious. His supper was not so hearty. While the rest were eating, he walked about the room, and began to limit his ambition to recovery, and not to gain. When you play to win back, the fun is over: there is nothing to recompense you for your bodily tortures and your degraded feelings; and the very best result that can happen, while it has no charms, seems to your cowed mind impossible.

On they played, and the duke lost more. His mind was jaded. He floundered—he made desperate efforts, but plunged deeper in the slough. Feeling that, to regain his ground, each card must tell, he acted on each as if it must win, and the consequences of this insanity (for a gamester, at such a crisis, is really insane) were, that his losses were prodigious.

Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now—no affectation of making a toilette, or airing the room. The atmosphere was hot, to be sure, but it well became such a Hell. There they sat, in total, in positive forgetfulness of everything but the hot game they were hunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat almost breathless, watching every turn with the fell look in their cannibal eyes, which showed their total inability

ity to sympathize with their fellow-beings. All forms of society had been long forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now, for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table:—a false tooth had got unhinged. His lordship, who at any other time would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his callous, bloodless cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning; and his deep blue eyes gleamed like a hyena. The baron was least changed. Tom Cogit, who smelt that the crisis was at hand, was as quiet as a bribed rat.

On they played till six o'clock in the evening, and then they agreed to desist till after dinner. Lord Dice threw himself on a sofa. Lord Castlefort breathed with difficulty. The rest walked about. While they were resting on their oars, the young duke roughly made up his accounts. He found that he was minus about one hundred thousand pounds.

Immense as the loss was, he was more struck, —more appalled, let me say,—at the strangeness of the surrounding scene, than even by his own ruin. As he looked upon his fellow-gamblers, he seemed, for the first time in his life, to gaze upon some of those hideous demons of whom he had read. He looked in the mirror at himself. A blight seemed to have fallen over his beauty, and his presence seemed accursed. He had pursued a dissipated, even more than a dissipated career. Many were the nights that had been spent by him not on his couch; great had been the exhaustion that he had often experienced; haggard had sometimes even been the lustre of his youth. But when had been marked upon his brow this harrowing care? when had his features before been stamped with this anxiety, this anguish, this baffled desire, this strange, unearthly scowl, which made him even tremble? What! was it possible?—it could not be—that in time he was to be like those awful, those unearthly, those unhallowed things that were around him. He felt as if he had fallen from his state,—as if he had dishonoured his ancestry,—as if he had betrayed his trust. He felt a criminal. In the darkness of his meditations, a flash burst from his lurid mind,—a celestial light appeared to dissipate this thickening gloom, and his soul felt as it were bathed with the softening radiancy. He thought of May Dacre; he thought

of everything that was pure, and holy, and beautiful, and luminous, and calm. It was the innate virtue of the man that made this appeal to his corrupted nature. His losses seemed nothing; his dukedom would be too slight a ransom for freedom from these ghouls, and for the breath of the sweet air.

He advanced to the baron, and expressed his desire to play no more. There was an immediate stir. All jumped up, and now the deed was done. Cant, in spite of their exhaustion, assumed her reign. They begged him to have his revenge,—were quite annoyed at the result,—had no doubt he would recover if he proceeded. Without noticing their remarks, he seated himself at the table, and wrote cheques for their respective amounts, Tom Cogit jumping up and bringing him the inkstand. Lord Castlefort, in the most affectionate manner, pocketed the draft; at the same time recommending the duke not to be in a hurry, but to send it when he was cool. Lord Dice received his with a bow,—Temple Grace with a sigh.—the baron, with an avowal of his readiness always to give him his revenge.

The duke, though sick at heart, would not leave the room with any evidence of a broken spirit; and when Lord Castlefort again repeated, "Pay us when we meet again," he said: "I think it very improbable that we shall meet again, my lord. I wished to know what gaming was. I had heard a great deal about it. It is not so very disgusting; but I am a young man, and cannot play tricks with my complexion."

He reached his house. He gave orders for himself not to be disturbed, and he went to bed; but in vain he tried to sleep. What rack exceeds the torture of an excited brain, and an exhausted body? His hands and feet were like ice, his brow like fire; his ears rung with supernatural roaring; a nausea had seized upon him, and death he would have welcomed. In vain, in vain he courted repose; in vain, in vain he had recourse to every expedient to wile himself to slumber. Each minute he started from his pillow with some phrase which reminded him of his late fearful society. Hour after hour moved on with its leaden pace; each hour he heard strike, and each hour seemed an age. Each hour was only a signal to cast off some covering, or shift his position. It was at length morning. With a feeling that he should go mad if he remained any longer in bed, he rose and paced his chamber. The air refreshed him. He threw himself on the floor; the cold crept over his senses, and he slept.

SIR GILES OVERREACH.

[Philip Massinger, born at Salisbury, 1584; died in London, March, 1639. Dramatist. Educated at Oxford. The historian Hallam says: "Massinger as a tragic writer appears to me second only to Shakespeare; in the higher comedy I can hardly think him inferior to Jonson." He wrote many plays in conjunction with Fletcher and others; and thirty-seven were entirely his own productions. Of these all save nineteen were destroyed by a stupid servant who used the MSS. for lighting fires. The first collected edition of Massinger's plays was prepared by William Gifford; and a new edition from Gifford's text was issued in 1870 by Lieut. Col. F. Cunningham (Warne & Co.) *The Virgin Martyr; The Duke of Milan; The Bondman; The Maid of Honour; The Fatal Downy; The City Madam; A Very Woman; The Bashful Lover; and A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—from which the following passages are taken—are the most important of the plays still in existence.]

[Sir Giles Overreach is a cruel extortioner who has helped to ruin his prodigal nephew Frank Wellborn. The latter obtains the assistance of a rich widow, Lady Allworth, to deceive his uncle, who, fancying that Wellborn is about to wed the lady, refills the spendthrift's coffers. At the same time Overreach is eager to marry his daughter Margaret to Lord Lovell. Lovell appears to favour the match, but only does so in order to secure Margaret's hand for his page and friend Tom Allworth. Justice Greedy is a creature of the usurer's, but has no thought beyond his stomach; Marrall, an attorney, is another of Overreach's tools, but betrays him in the end, and helps to bring about his discomfiture.]

SCENE.—A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter LORD LOVELL and ALLWORTH.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you

From further service: mind your own affairs, I hope they will prove successful.

All. What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.

Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,

How much I stand engaged, for I want language

To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two

Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply

My tongue's defects, I could—

Lov. Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

Over. [within.] Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!

Lov. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,

I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's
favour,

I have a serious question to demand

Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be

From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.

Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—

Upon your reputation, think better;

For if you do abate but one half-quarter

Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong

That can be in the world; for four miles riding,

Could not have raised so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,

Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,

As it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? prating

Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,

See all his debts discharged, and help his worship

To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.

Tom's'd like a dog still!

[Aside, and exit.

Lov. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already:—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your
breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,

And eat to purpose.

Over. Some Fury's in that gut:

Hungry again! did you not devour, this morning,

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my
stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,

I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

All. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

[Exit GREEDY and ALLWORTH.

Over. To my wish: we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have

One motive, to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!

It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be.)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes,
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are.

When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,

When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her bright-
ness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,

My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight,
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind
here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. *[Exit.]*

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

[The means which Overreach has taken to effect the
speedy and secret marriage of his daughter to Lord
Lovell, enable Margaret and Allworth to become man
and wife.]

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing,
with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, *[Kneeling.]*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot

Which is too strongly fasten'd : not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How !

All. So I assure you ; all the rights of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas ! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it ;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil ! are they married ?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give
them joy !

Over. Confusion and ruin ! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these :—my brain turns !

Willdo. Why this rage to me
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words ?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot—

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath ! I will not ;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses ; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[Attempts to kill MARGARET.]

Lov. [coming forward.] Hold, for your own sake !
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter ?
Consider ; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord ! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel ; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted !

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale ?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds.
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toll,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,

And only spends itself, I'll quit the place :
Alone I can do nothing ; but I have servants,
And friends to second me ; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good !) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions !

[Exit.]

Mar. Is't not brave sport ?

Greedy. Brave sport ? I am sure it has ta'en away my
stomach ;

I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity ; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing ?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich ; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee ;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance ?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public : certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows ; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to drown or hang yourself ;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal ! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me ; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's : thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears ; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose ;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

[Exit.]

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again !

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your
favour,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,

He's mad beyond recovery : but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his sword sheathed.]

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard, with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hang-

men,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.

[Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.]

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Gredy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room.

There try what art can do for his recovery.

Mary. O my dear father!

[They force OVERREACH off.]

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.

AGED LOVERS.

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

SHAKESPEARE.

BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

[William MacDowall, born at Maxwelltown, Kirkcudbrightshire, 1815. Journalist and historian. He has been for many years editor of the Dumfries Standard; and is the author of The Man of the Woods, and other poems; the History of the Burgh of Dumfries, with notices of Nithsdale, Annandale, and the Western Border; &c. The History of Dumfries, from which we quote, is one of the most interesting and valuable of local chronicles, and will long maintain its claim to the general favour with which it is at present regarded.]

Towards the close of 1791 Dumfries could number among its citizens a man who had already made some noise in the world, and who came to be recognized as one of Scotland's most illustrious sons. His figure was remarkable; so that even a cursory observer must have at once seen that it was the outward framework of an extraordinary individual. Five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic than the polish of a fine gentleman, there was a something in his bearing that bespoke conscious pre-eminence; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental wealth and power: the brow broad and high; the eyes like orbs of flame; the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had combined to take possession of it; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin, which made the manly face look more soft and lovable. When this new denizen of the burgh was followed from his humble dwelling in Bank Street to some favourite friendly circle where the news of the day or other less fugitive topics were discussed, his superiority became more apparent. Then eye and tongue exercised an irresistible sway: the one flashing with emotional warmth and the light of genius—now scathing with its indignant glances, anon beaming with benignity and love; the other tipped with the fire of natural eloquence, reasoning abstrusely, declaiming finely, discoursing delightfully, satirizing mercilessly, or setting the table in a roar with verses thrown off at red heat to annihilate an unworthy sentiment, or cover some unlucky opponent with ridicule. Need it be said that these remarks apply to the extant of Ellisland, Robert Burns?

His first appearance in Dumfries was on the 4th of June, 1787, two months after the second

edition of his poems had been published. He came, on invitation, to be made an honorary burgess; neither the givers nor the receiver of the privilege dreaming, at that date, that he was destined to become an inhabitant of the town. All honour to the council that they thus promptly recognized the genius of the poet. Provost William Clark shaking hands with the newly-made burgess, and wishing him joy, when he presented himself in the veritable blue coat and yellow vest, that Nasmyth has rendered familiar, would make a good subject for a painter able to realize the characteristics of such a scene. The burgess ticket granted to the illustrious stranger bore the following inscription:—"The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr. Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burgess of this Burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may, or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same, and gave his oath of burgess-ship to his Majesty and the Burgh in common form."

Whilst tenant of Ellisland farm, about six miles distant from Dumfries, Burns became, by frequent visits to the town, familiarly known to its inhabitants. Soon after Martinmas, 1791, accompanied by Bonnie Jean, with their children, Robert, Francis, and William, he took up a permanent residence in the burgh, and there spent the remainder of his chequered life; so that Dumfries became henceforth inseparably connected with his latest years. He had just seen thirty-one summers when he entered upon the occupancy of three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the "Wee Vennel").¹ After residing there about eighteen months—or, according to another account, two years and a half—he removed to a self-contained

house of a higher grade, in Mill Street, which became the scene of his untimely death in July, 1796.

What varying scenes of weal and woe, of social enjoyments, of literary triumphs, of worldly misery and moral loss, were crowded within the Dumfries experiences of the illustrious poet! There he suffered his severest pangs, and also accomplished many of his proudest achievements. If the night watches heard at times his sorrowful plaint, and the air of the place trembled for a moment with his latest sigh, it long burned and breathed with the immortal products of his lyre; and when the striking figure we have faintly sketched lay paralyzed by death, its dust was borne to old St. Michael's, and the tomb of the national bard became a priceless heritage to the town for ever.

Dr. Burnside says of his parishioners, at the time when Burns became one of them:—"In their private manners they are social and polite; and the town, together with the neighbourhood a few miles around it, furnishes a society amongst whom a person with a moderate income may spend his days with as much enjoyment, perhaps, as in any part of the kingdom whatever." Other evidence tends to show that the society of the burgh was more intellectual than that of most other towns of the same size in Scotland. Soon after Burns came to reside in it, various circumstances combined to make it more than at any former period perhaps, a gay and fashionable place of resort. A new theatre was opened, which received liberal patronage from the upper classes of the neighbourhood, several regiments were at intervals stationed in the burgh, the officers of which helped to give an aristocratic tone to its society; and the annual races in October always drew a concourse of nobles, squires, and ladies fair to the county town.

A gay, refined, intellectual town enough, truly; and quite suitable, therefore, as a place of sojourn for Burns, the sentimental bard. But inasmuch as it was fashionable, aristocratic, courtly, given up in no small measure to the idolatry of rank, and fanatically afraid of anything that could be called ungenteel or democratic, it was no congenial home for the man who dared to say—

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

¹ Robert Chambers thus describes the accommodation of the poet's Bank Street premises:—"The small central room, about the size of a bed closet, is the only place he has in which to seclude himself for study. On the ground floor immediately underneath, his friend, John Syme, has his office for the distribution of stamps. Overhead is an honest blacksmith, called George Haugh, whom Burns treats on a familiar footing as a neighbour. On the opposite side of the street is the poet's landlord, Captain Hamilton, a gentleman of fortune and worth, who admires Burns, and often asks him to a family Sunday dinner" (vol. iii. p. 268).—Nearly all the contemporaries of Burns in Dumfries have passed away. Of the two or three who still remember him, one is John Brodie, now a veteran of ninety-six years. John, when a "callant," was often about the house in Bank Street, and used to run messages for "Jean." He distinctly recollects seeing the poet burning a "barrowful" of written papers soon after coming from Ellisland.

In another respect the town was but too congenial to the poet's tastes and habits. "John Barleycorn," to use his own metaphor, bore potential sway within it. "The curse of country towns," says Robert Chambers, writing in 1852, "is the partial and entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competencies, and a greater number of tradesmen whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. Till a very recent period, dissipation in greater or less intensity was the rule, and not the exception, amongst these men; and in Dumfries, sixty years ago, this rule held good." Thrown into company of this kind, sought after and lionized by all casual visitors, is it at all wonderful that a man of Burns's temperament should have often indulged too deeply? It was no disgrace then for either lords or commoners to fall drunk below the Bacchanalian board. More's the pity that poor Burns, so supreme in many things, was not superior to the jovial drinking customs of his day. Had he lived in a discreeter age, he would have been a better and a happier man. Whilst the burgh had its full share of jovial fellows, who habitually caroused and sang, in a doubtful attempt "to drive dull care away," and called the marvellous gauger, nothing loath, to their assistance, he had frequent opportunities, which he willingly embraced, of breathing a purer atmosphere, and enjoying a higher communion than theirs. Burns was a man of many moods; he was mirthful and gloomy by turns: the pride and paragon of a refined circle at Woodley Park,¹ Friar's Carse, or Mavis Grove, one day; and on some not distant night, the hero of a merry group, fuddling madly in the Globe Tavern, singing in all tipsy sincerity the challenge of his own rollicking song:—

"Wha last Yrae aff his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three."

At Ellisland he had never lost the reputation of being a sober man, though he was fond of company and sometimes drank to excess. He indulged more frequently, however, when he ceased altogether to be a tiller of the soil, "turning down no more daisies," "binding" no more "after his reapers," tied to town life and an uncongenial occupation. More exposed to temptations, and less able to resist their influence, he too often sank deeply in the mire:

¹ A fine old mansion, beautifully situated, four miles south-west of Dumfries, and originally called Holm. Mr. Walter Riddel having become possessed of the house, named it Woodley Park in honour of his spouse, with whom Burns was on intimate terms.

but he did not wallow in it. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we feel justified in stating that he never became habitually intemperate, or a lover of the bottle for its own sake. His extreme sociality often led him into excess: none can tell how often he drained the intoxicating cup in order to purchase a momentary forgetfulness of his disappointments and his cares. And when Burns sinned in these respects, how he did suffer! the very poetry of his nature giving a keener edge to his remorse.

"See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till quite transmogrified they've grown
Debauchery and Drinking."

One summer morning, while Burns, after an experience of this sad kind in the King's Arms, was proceeding homewards, he met with his neighbour, Mr. Haugh, who had risen to his work somewhat earlier than usual: "O, George!" said the poet, more penitent than elated, "you are a happy man; you have risen from a refreshing sleep, and left a kind wife and children; while I am returning like a condemned wretch to mine."

Burns, unlike most of his fellow-townsmen, did not deplore the French Revolution; on the contrary, he heartily sympathized with it, and was not the man to conceal his sentiments on any question at the dictate of prudence. "He was (says Lockhart) the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he, open and careless, and thinking he did no great harm in saying and singing what many of his superiors had not the least objection to hear and applaud, soon began to be considered, among the local admirers of the good old King and his minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition, and to be shunned accordingly." A curious and characteristic illustration of the way in which the poet gave vent to his political views may here be recorded. A public library was opened in the burgh towards the close of 1792: and Burns, who had assisted in establishing it, was admitted a member on the 5th of March, 1793; the minute of the proceedings stating that the committee had, "by a great majority, resolved to offer him a share of the library free of the usual admission money (10s. 6d.) out of respect and esteem for his merits as a literary man." Reciprocating this kindness, Burns, on the 30th of the same month, presented four books to the library—*Humphrey Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knox's*

History of the Reformation, and De Lolme on the British Constitution.

The last-named volume contained a frontispiece portrait of the author, the back of which displayed these words, written in the poet's bold, upright hand:—"Mr. Burns presents this book to the library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty till they find a better.—R. B." Very simple, innocent words in themselves; but awfully daring at that time, and excessively imprudent when proceeding from a government officer. Burns, on reflection, quailed before the danger he had thus rashly incurred; and, hurrying next morning to the house of Mr. Thomson (afterwards provost of the town), with whom the books had been left, he expressed an anxious desire to see *De Lolme*, as he was afraid he had written something upon it "which might bring him into trouble." On the volume being produced, he, before leaving, pasted the fly-leaf to the back of the engraving, in order to seal up his seditious secret; but any one holding the double leaf up to the light may easily find it out, the volume being still in the library, and its value immeasurably enhanced by this inscription.

In the same library, now the property of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, there is another book, the thirteenth volume of Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, which reveals another glimpse of the poet in Dumfries. Under the head "*Balmaghie*," a notice is given of several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and the rude yet expressive lines engraved on their tombstones are quoted at length. The pathos of the simple prose statement, and the rugged force of the versification, seem to have aroused the fervid soul of Burns; for there appears, in his bold handwriting, the following verse pencilled on the margin by way of foot-note:—

"The Solemn League and Covenant

Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was their's:
If thou'rt a slave indulge thy sneer."

We had occasion, in December, 1859, to consult this volume; and, on discovering the lines, which had never before been brought to light, we recognized the poet's caligraphy at once, and had no difficulty in concluding that they constituted the first rough draft of his well-known epigram in praise of the League and the Covenant. The matured lines are usually represented as an impromptu rebuke by Burns to some scoffer at the Covenant: but this precious holograph demonstrates the real

circumstances under which they were originated.

Burns identified himself by more than rash words with the democrats across the Channel. A vessel engaged in the contraband traffic from the Isle of Man having entered the Solway, was watched by a party of excise officers, including the poet. She became fixed in the shallows, but her crew were so numerous and well-armed that the party durst not attempt her capture unaided; and Mr. Lewars, the poet's friend and brother-excise-man, was sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons. Burns, with a few men under his orders, was meanwhile left on the look-out in a wet salt marsh; and as the time thus passed wearily away, Lewars was blamed by the impatient watchers for his seeming tardiness, one of them going as far as to wish that the devil had him in his keeping. Burns saw a humorous ingredient in the irrelevant desire, and in a few minutes expanded it into the well-known ditty, "*The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman*," with which he diverted his colleagues till Lewars arrived with the soldiers. Our poet could, when occasion required, play the part of Captain Sword as well as Captain Pen. Putting himself at the head of the force, he waded sword in hand to the vessel's side, and was the first to board her and call upon her lawless crew to surrender in the King's name. Though outnumbering the assailing party, the smugglers quietly submitted. The vessel was condemned, and, with all her arms and stores, sold at Dumfries.

Had the matter ended here, the poet's services might have secured his promotion; but unfortunately he sinned them all away, by purchasing four of the captured carronades, and sending them, with a eulogistic epistle, as a present to the French Convention. The carronades and letter were intercepted at Dover; and forthwith the commissioners of excise ordered an inquiry to be made into the conduct of their officer. Burns, in a letter to his patron, Mr. Graham of Fintry, stated that he was "surprised, confounded, and distracted" on hearing of the threatened investigation. He warmly repudiated the interpretation put upon his behaviour, declared his devout attachment "to the British constitution on Revolution principles;" and closed with the touching appeal: "I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath, I will say I have not deserved."

It was long believed that the poet's official prospects were utterly blighted by the inquiry; and that, as a consequence, he became more

dissipated and reckless. Some of his biographers have gone further, and attributed his early death to the same cause; but what says Burns's superior in the Dumfries excise district, Mr. Findlater? In a letter on the subject that gentleman says:—"I may venture to assert that when Burns was accused of a leaning to democracy, and an inquiry into his conduct took place, he was subjected in consequence thereof to no more than perhaps a verbal or private caution to be more circumspect in future. Neither do I believe his promotion was thereby affected, as has been stated. That, had he lived, would, I have every reason to think, have gone on in the usual routine. His good and steady friend, Mr. Graham, would have attended to this. What cause, therefore, was there for depression of spirits on this account? or how should he have been hurried thereby to a premature grave? I never saw his spirit fail till he was borne down by the pressure of disease and bodily weakness; and even then it would occasionally revive, and, like an expiring lamp, emit bright flashes to the last."

Besides, Burns, the very year before he died, actually officiated as a supervisor; and there is every reason to conclude that he would soon have been permanently promoted to that rank had not death intervened. Whilst we think that the charge against the excise board, of neglecting or ill-using Burns, is undeserved, we are decidedly of opinion that the treatment he received from the superiors of the board and the government of the day was infamous. It was a disgrace to them, and must ever be a source of the deepest regret to all admirers of the poet, that they allowed a few random sparks of disaffection to rise up between them and the lustre of his genius; and that, too, when it was pervaded and intensified by the purest patriotism. When the war between Britain and France broke out, in 1793, Burns joined a volunteer company that was formed in Dumfries; and, according to the testimony of his commanding officer, Colonel de Peyster, he faithfully discharged his soldierly duties, and was the pride of the corps, whom he made immortal by his verse, especially by the vigorous address beginning—

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corrainoon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!"

Burns was the laureate of the company, "and in that capacity," says Lockhart, "did more good service to the government of the country, at a crisis of the darkest alarm and danger, than perhaps any one person of his rank and station, with the exception of Diddin, had the power or the inclination to render."

His "Poor and Honest Soger," says Allan Cunningham, "laid hold at once on the public feeling; and it was everywhere sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell's 'Exile of Erin' and 'Wounded Hussar,' were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of her sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port; and the poet, wherever he went, heard it echoing from house and hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' the 'Song of Death,' and 'Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?'—all lyrics which enforce a love of country, and a martial enthusiasm into men's breasts—had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice: his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow peasants."

In the spring of 1793 Burns addressed the following letter "To the Hon. the Provost, Bailies, and Town Council of Dumfries."

"Gentlemen,—The literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town has so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them. Still to me, a stranger, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the High School, fees which a stranger pays will bear hard upon me. Some years ago your good town did me the honour of making me an honorary burgess. Will you allow me to request that this mark of distinction may extend so far as to put me on the footing of a real freeman of the town in the schools? If you are so very kind as to grant my request, it will certainly be a constant incentive to me to strain every nerve where I can officially serve; and will, if possible, increase that grateful respect with which I have the honour to be, gentlemen, &c.,—ROBERT BURNS."

The request was at once complied with, to the great gratification of the poet, who was devotedly attached to his children, and desirous above all things to give them a liberal education. "In the bosom of his family," says Mr. Gray, one of the teachers in the Academy, "he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets from Shakspeare to Gray, or storing his mind with examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated English historians. I would

ask any person of common candour if employments like these are consistent with habitual drunkenness."

But though not systematically intemperate, his habits were too lax and irregular for the community in which he lived, convivial though it was; and many who disliked him on other grounds magnified his excesses, and made these a pretext for "sending him to Coventry." On one well-known occasion our errant poet received the cut direct from some of the patrician citizens. During an autumnal evening in 1794, High Street was gay with fashionable groups of ladies and gentlemen, all passing down to a county ball in the Assembly Rooms. One man, well fitted to be the cynosure of the party, passed up on the shady side of the thoroughfare, and soon found himself to be doubly in the shade. It was Burns. Nearly all knew him, but none seemed willing to recognize him; till Mr. David M'Culloch of Ardwell, noticing the circumstance, dismounted from the horse on which he rode, politely accosted the poet, and proposed that he should cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend," said the bard pathetically; "that's all over now!" and after a slight pause he quoted two verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's touching ballad:—

"His bonnet stood since fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he let's wear only way it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

"O! were we young, as we aince hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green;
And linking it over the lily-white lea;
And warena my heart light I would dee."

This incident has been adduced as a proof that Burns at this period (admittedly the darkest in his career) had become an object of "universal rejection." Never was there a greater mistake; and it would be even wrong to suppose that the dejection that he felt, and expressed in Lady Grizel's verse, was more than momentary, or otherwise than semi-dramatic. One who is overcome by real heart distress does not seek to give it vent by measured poetical quotations. Half an hour after the rencontre, Burns and Mr. M'Culloch had some cheerful chit-chat over a glass of punch in the bard's own house, the latter having thoroughly recovered his spirits; and so charming was his discourse, and so sweetly did Bonnie Jean sing some of his recent effusions, that the Laird of Ardwell left the couple with reluctance to join his fashionable friends in Irish Street.

Mr. Gray, referring to the poet about this

time, states that though malicious stories were circulated freely against him, his early friends gave them no credit, and clung to him through good and bad report. "To the last day of his life," he says, "his judgment, his memory, his imagination, were fresh and vigorous as when he composed the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" The truth is, that Burns was seldom intoxicated. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he would not long have continued the idol of every party." We have the testimony of the poet's widow that her husband "never drank by himself at home," and that he still continued to attend church—two facts which, apart from other more decided evidence, tell against the stigma that he had become recklessly dissipated in his latest years.

Burns' circumstances whilst in Dumfries were humble, but not poverty-stricken. His official income was £50, extra allowances usually bringing it up to £70; and his share in fines averaged an additional £10. "Add to all this," says Chambers, "the solid perquisites which he derived from seizures of contraband spirits, tea, and other articles, which it was then the custom to divide among the officers, and we shall see that Burns could scarcely be considered as enjoying less than £90 a year."

If the poet would have accepted money payment for the glorious coinage of his fancy, he might easily have doubled this income or more; but, with a magnanimity which, however mistaken, illustrates the unselfishness of his nature, he steadily refused all offers of pecuniary reward for his lyrical productions. Of George Thomson's *Musical Miscellany*, Burns was the chief minstrel, but he scorned to barter his melodious contributions for worldly gear, even when "one pound one he sairly wanted." Thomson having ventured to send some cash to the bard on one occasion, drew down upon himself this rebuke, dated July, 1793:—"I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that Honour which crowns the upright statue of ROBERT BURNS'S INTEGRITY, on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypast transactions, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you."

According to the testimony of the bard's eldest son, given to Mr. Chambers, and amply corroborated by others, the house in Mill Street was of a good order, such as was occupied at that time by the better class of burghesses; and

his father and mother led a life that was comparatively genteel. "They always had a maid-servant, and sat in their parlour. That apartment, together with two bedrooms, was well furnished and carpeted; and when good company assembled, which was often the case, the hospitable board which they surrounded was of a patrician mahogany. There was much rough comfort in the house, not to have been found in those of ordinary citizens; for, besides the spoils of smugglers, as above mentioned, the poet received many presents of game and country produce from the rural gentlefolk, besides occasional barrels of oysters from Hill, Cunningham, and other friends in town; so that he possibly was as much envied by some of his neighbours, as he has since been pitied by the general body of his countrymen."

MAJESTY IN MISERY;

OR, AN IMPLOURATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

BY CHARLES I., DURING HIS CAPTIVITY
AT CARISBROOK CASTLE, 1648.

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power
springs

The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of Thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by Thy divine decrees,—
The only root of righteous royalty,—
With this dim diadem invested me;

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction and the royal globe;
Yet am I levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray disrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it The Cause;
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation;
Revenge and robbery are reformation;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who, in this bad season,
Attend me by the law of God and reason,
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown;
Pious episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed;
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed;
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster;
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades; to make religion bleed.
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplaced by every pavior:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem.
To make me great, to advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them;

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children and destroy my bones:
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I:
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour! with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as, Thou knowest, do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed
As to condemn those edicts He appointed,
How can they prize the power of His anointed?

Augment my patience; nullify my hate;
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this Church and State!

Vota dabunt quæ bella separant.

LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[Lucy Aikin, a daughter of John Aikin, M.D., the editor of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, and numerous other works. Miss Aikin wrote *Memoirs of the Court of James I.*; *The Court of Charles I.*; *The Life of Addison*; *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth* (from which we quote); &c. Scott said of the latter book it is "as entertaining as a novel, and far more instructive than most histories."]]

The closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth is all that now remains to be described; but that marked peculiarity of character and of destiny which has attended her from the cradle pursues her to the grave, and forbids us to hurry over as trivial and uninteresting the melancholy detail.

Notwithstanding the state of bodily and mental indisposition in which she was beheld by Harrington at the close of the year 1602, the queen had persisted in taking her usual exercises of riding and hunting, regardless of the inclemencies of the season. One day in January she visited the lord-admiral, probably at Chelsea; and about the same time she removed to her palace of Richmond.

In the beginning of March her illness suddenly increased; and it was about this time that her kinsman Robert Carey arrived from Berwick to visit her. In his own memoirs he has thus related the circumstances which he witnessed on this occasion:—

"When I came to court I found the queen ill disposed; and she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well;' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight; for in all my lifetime I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs, manifesting her innocence, that she never gave consent to the death of that queen.

"I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found by her it was too deep-rooted in her heart and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Satur-

day night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in a readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out and bade make ready for the private closet, she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming, but at last she had cushions laid for her in her privy chamber hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

"From that day forward she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed. . . . The queen grew worse and worse because she would be so, none about her being able to go to bed. My lord-admiral was sent for (who by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from court); what by fair means, what by force, he gat her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

"On Wednesday the 23d of March she grew speechless. That afternoon by signs she called for her council; and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

"About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her; at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in bed and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, it was a comfort to all beholders. . . . After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her; and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the queen to all our sight much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her. . . . Between one and two o'clock of the

Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word that the queen was dead."

A Latin letter written the day after her death to Edmund Lambert, whether by one of her physicians or not is uncertain, gives an account of her sickness in no respect contradictory to Robert Carey's, which may be thus rendered:—

"It was after labouring for nearly three weeks under a morbid melancholy, which brought on stupor not unmixed with some indications of a disordered fancy, that the queen expired. During all this time she could neither by reasoning, entreaties, or artifices be brought to make trial of any medical aid; and with difficulty was persuaded to receive sufficient nourishment to sustain nature; taking also very little sleep; and that not in bed, but on cushions, where she would sit whole days motionless and sleepless; retaining however the vigour of her intellect to her last breath, though deprived for three days before her death of the power of speech."

Another contemporary writes to his friend thus: . . . "No doubt you shall hear her majesty's sickness and manner of her death diversely reported; for even here the Papists do tell strange stories, as utterly void of truth as of all civil honesty or humanity . . . Here was some whispering that her brain was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter; only she held an obstinate silence for the most part; and, because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she should never rise, could not be got to bed in a whole week, till three days before her death . . . She made no will, neither gave anything away; so that they which come after shall find a well-furnished jewel-house and a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all things else answerable."

That a profound melancholy was either the cause, or at least a leading symptom, of the last illness of the queen, so many concurring testimonies render indisputable; but the origin of this affection has been variously explained. Some, as we have seen, ascribed it to her chagrin on being in a manner compelled to grant the pardon of Tyrone;—a cause disproportioned apparently to the effect. Others have imagined it to arise from grief and indignation at the neglect which she began to experience from the venal throng of courtiers, who were hastening to pay timely homage to her successor. By others, again, her dejection has been regarded as nothing more than a natural concomitant of bodily decay; a phy-

sical rather than a mental malady. But the prevalent opinion, even at the time, appears to have been, that the grief, or compunction, for the death of Essex, with which she had long maintained a secret struggle, broke forth in the end superior to control; and rapidly completed the overthrow of powers which the advances of old age and accumulation of cares and anxieties had already undermined. "Our queen," writes an English correspondent to a Scotch nobleman in the service of James, "is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my Lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh she rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."

A remarkable anecdote, first published in Osborn's *Traditional Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, and confirmed by M. Maurier's *Memoirs*—where it is given on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador in Holland, who related it to Prince Maurice—offers the solution of these doubts. According to this story, the Countess of Nottingham, who was a relation, but no friend, of the Earl of Essex, being on her death-bed, entreated to see the queen; declaring that she had something to confess to her before she could die in peace. On her majesty's arrival, the countess produced a ring, which she said the Earl of Essex had sent to her after his condemnation, with an earnest request that she would deliver it to the queen, as the token by which he implored her mercy; but that in obedience to her husband, to whom she had communicated the circumstance, she had hitherto withheld it; for which she entreated the queen's forgiveness. On sight of the ring, Elizabeth instantly recognized it as one which she had herself presented to her unhappy favourite on his departure for Cadiz, with the tender promise, that of whatsoever crimes his enemies might have accused him, or whatsoever offences he might actually have committed against her, on his returning to her that pledge she would either pardon him, or admit him at least to justify himself in her presence. Transported at once with grief and rage, on learning the barbarous treachery of which the earl had been the victim and herself the dupe, the queen shook the dying countess in her bed; and—vehemently exclaiming, that God might forgive her, but she never could—flung out of the chamber.

Returning to her palace, she surrendered herself without resistance to the despair which

had seized her heart on this fatal and too late disclosure.—Hence her refusal of medicine and almost of food;—hence her obstinate silence interrupted only by sighs, groans, and broken hints of a deep sorrow which she cared not to reveal;—hence the days and nights passed by her seated on the floor, sleepless, her eyes fixed and her finger pressed upon her mouth;—hence, in short, all those heart-rending symptoms of incurable and mortal anguish which conducted her, in the space of twenty days, to the lamentable termination of a long life of power, prosperity, and glory.

The queen expired 24th March, 1603. . . .

The ceremonial of her court rivalled the servility of the East: no person of whatever rank ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling; and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favour, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance. Hentzner, a German traveller who visited England near the conclusion of her reign, relates, that, as she passed through several apartments from the chapel to dinner, wherever she turned her eyes he observed the spectators throw themselves on their knees. The same traveller further relates, that the officers and ladies whose business it was to arrange the dishes and give tastes of them to the yeomen of the guard by whom they were brought in, did not presume to approach the royal table without repeated prostrations and genuflections, and every mark of reverence due to her majesty in person.

The appropriation of her time and the arrangements of her domestic life present several favourable and pleasing traits.

"First in the morning she spent some time at her devotions; then she betook herself to the despatch of her civil affairs, reading letters, ordering answers, considering what should be brought before the council, and consulting with her ministers. When she had thus wearied herself, she would walk in a shady garden or pleasant gallery, without any other attendance than that of a few learned men. Then she took her coach, and passed in the sight of her people to the neighbouring groves and fields; and sometimes would hunt or hawk. There was scarce a day but she employed some part of it in reading and study; sometimes before she entered upon her state-affairs, sometimes after them."¹

She slept little, seldom drank wine, was sparing in her diet, and a religious observer of the fasts. She sometimes dined alone, but

more commonly had with her some of her friends. "At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants; and if they made her no answer would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then also admit Tarleton, a famous comedian and pleasant talker; and other such men, to divert her with stories of the town and the common jests and accidents.

"She would recreate herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing . . . She would often play at cards and tables; and if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. . . . She was waited on in her bedchamber by married ladies of the nobility; the Marchioness of Winchester widow, Lady Warwick, and Lady Scrope; and here she would seldom suffer any to wait upon her but Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Nottingham, and Raleigh. . . . Some lady always slept in her chamber; and besides her guards, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next chamber, to wake her if anything extraordinary happened.

"She loved a prudent and moderate habit in her private apartment and conversation with her own servants; but when she appeared in public she was ever richly adorned with the most valuable clothes, set off again with much gold and jewels of inestimable value; and on such occasions she ever wore high shoes, that she might seem taller than indeed she was. The first day of the parliament she would appear in a robe embroidered with pearls; the royal crown on her head, the golden ball in her left hand, and the sceptre in her right; and as she never failed then of the loud acclamations of her people, so she was ever pleased with it, and went along in a kind of triumph with all the ensigns of majesty. The royal name was ever venerable to the English people; but this queen's name was more sacred than any of her ancestors. . . . In the furniture of her palaces she ever affected magnificence and an extraordinary splendour. She adorned the galleries with pictures by the best artists; the walls she covered with rich tapestries. She was a true lover of jewels, pearls, all sorts of precious stones, gold and silver plate, rich beds, fine couches and chariots, Persian and Indian carpets, statues, medals, &c., which she would purchase at great prices. Hampton Court was the most richly furnished of all her palaces; and here she had caused her naval victories against the Spaniards to be worked in fine tapestries and laid up among the richest pieces of her wardrobe. . . . When she made any public feasts, her tables were magnificently

¹ Bohun's *Character of Queen Elizabeth*.

served, and many side-tables adorned with rich plate. At these times many of the nobility waited on her at table. She made the greatest displays of her regal magnificence when foreign ambassadors were present. At these times she would also have vocal and instrumental music during dinner; and after dinner, dancing."

The queen was for the most part laudably watchful over the morals of her court; and not content with dismissing from her service, or banishing her presence, such of her female attendants as were found offending against the laws of chastity, she was equitable enough to visit with marks of her displeasure the libertinism of the other sex; and in several instances she deferred the promotion of otherwise deserving young men till she saw them reform their manners in this respect. Europe had assuredly never beheld a court so decent, so learned, or so accomplished as hers: and it will not be foreign from the purpose of illustrating the character of the sovereign, to borrow from a contemporary writer a few particulars on this head.

It was rare to find a courtier acquainted with no language but his own. The ladies studied Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French. The "more ancient" among them exercised themselves, some with the needle, some with "*caul-work*" (probably netting); "divers in spinning silk; some in continual reading either of the Scriptures or of histories either of their own or foreign countries; divers in writing volumes of their own, or translating the works of others into Latin or English;" while the younger ones applied to their "lutes, citharnee, pricksong, and all kinds of music." Many of the elder sort were also "skilful in surgery and distillation of waters; beside sundry artificial practices pertaining to the ornature and commendations of their bodies."—"This," adds our author, "I will generally say of them all; that as each of them are cunning in something whereby they keep themselves occupied in the court, there is in manner none of them but when they be at home can help to supply the ordinary want of the kitchen with a number of delicate dishes of their own devising, wherein the *portingal*¹ is their chief counsellor; some of them are most commonly with the clerk of the kitchen."

Every office at court had "either a Bible or the book of the Acts and Monuments of the Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles, lying therein, for the exercise of such as come into the same."

¹ The Portuguese; long skilful in the art of confectionary.

DAY BY DAY.

[Mrs. Newton Croeland (Camilla Toulmin), born in London, 9th June, 1812. Poet and novelist. Her chief works are: *Lays and Legends of English Life; Partners for Life; Stratagems*, a tale for the young; *Toil and Trial; Lydia, a Woman's Book; Stray Leaves from Shady Places; Memorable Women; Hildred: Light in the Valley, my Experiences of Spiritualism; Mrs. Blake: The Island of the Rainbow*, a fairy tale; *Hubert Fresh's Prosperity*; &c. Earnest sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, and an elevated tone of thought, distinguish her writings.]

Look at the oak from an acorn sprung.

The oak whose bole is of Titan girth,
The song-birds nestle its boughs among,
And there have the future singers birth!

But a knell is rung, with its sure decree—

When the hour-glass shivers the sands are split—
Of the wood of the hewn and sapless tree

A rider of crested waves is built:

And there seems to be sung as the ship glides on.

"This is what Day by Day has done!"

The glacier, loosed from the Ice King's hand,

Moves on with a solemn march and slow,

To a tune that the beating stars command,

Shall murmur for ages across the snow;

But the wind finds a harp at last to play.

And sounds a march that has greater speed,

Till the glacier weeping itself away

Is ready a Rhine or a Rhone to feed.

But this is the tune, as the wind sighs on,

"See you what Day by Day has done!"

A babe at the font; then a gleesome child;

And a bride half-veiled by her amber hair:

A matron wise, and a mother mild;

A grandam bent by many a care;

And the shining hair, grown gray and scant,

Is folded away from touch and sight—

On the form of age do the sunbeams slant,

But the inner heaven brings "evening light!"

And ever the while a lesson runs on,

"This is what Day by Day has done!"

Two hearts that are joined in Love's Eden here.

Thinking leaves ne'er fall, nor chill can come,

And see not the serpent of change is near,

To sting by turns—and by turns to numb:

But at last the hiss is heard, and now

The dreadful crest of the snake appears,

And they fall apart with a broken vow

Whose chasm cannot be filled by tears.

This picture affrights—we its legend shun—

"See you what Day by Day has done!"

Yes, Time can be cruel with his right hand,

But his left has a precious balm concealed—

It will open wide at the One command,
 And the priceless treasure be all revealed :
 And perchance when Time shall be overthrown,
 When the olden things shall have passed away,
 Our souls to a larger wisdom grown
 Shall measure the worth of a single day—
 With awe at the scheme which is here begun,
 And joy at what Day by Day has done !

ARISTUS AND DEINUS.

Under the reign of Abdalonimus, on whom Alexander had bestowed the government of Sidon, flourished two young noblemen of the highest rank and expectations. Having gone through the same course of studies together at Athens, an intimacy subsisted between them, as cordial as a radical difference of character discernible from their earliest years admitted of. Open, courteous, and brave, Aristus had employed talents of the first order to the best purposes, enriching his mind with useful and polite knowledge. He studied *himself*, however, more than the world, and fashioned his principles rather on the abstract excellence of virtue, than after the practice of the times. But of the latter he was by no means ignorant. He saw and confessed the necessity of reserve and secret management in conducting human affairs, and was not unprepared to yield, as far as honour and good faith would permit, to the incurable errors of society. Deinus, with an understanding equally strong, had prepared himself for the stations he was likely to fill in a manner somewhat different. Sagacious, observant, and selfish, he investigated the dispositions of men with the eye of an artist, and marked their vices and virtues merely as the handles by means of which he could render them obedient to his designs. Impartial in his choice of good or bad men, the equal patron of all who could serve him effectually, he acknowledged the distinction of utility alone. A true politician, he neither loved nor hated. Avarice and ambition being his sole passions, his actions were generous or detestable, as circumstances affected their gratification. Among their academical friends, Aristus was universally beloved and cherished, while his countryman enjoyed a certain undefined respect and deference, rather bordering on suspicion than veneration.

In their persons the distinction was equally striking. The one exhibited a tall and powerful structure, exquisitely proportioned, with a masculine cast of features, softened by an ex-

pression of bewitching sweetness and candour. The other was of rather a dwarfish stature. His legs, being limber and short, were but indifferently fitted to a very thick trunk and deep chest. His head was a good deal larger than the proportion of his other parts warranted. Dark penetrating eyes moved with inconceivable rapidity beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, of a deep black colour, which, from the faculty of knitting his brows, having often approached each other, formed a junction in the middle. But the equability of his temper, over which, though naturally impetuous, he had obtained a perfect command, prevented any very harsh features from predominating in his countenance; and a constant flow of something like wit and humour made him pass among the superficial for an agreeable companion.

Having left the *Academy*, and returned to their native city at the same time, they entered, under auspices almost equally favourable to each, on the great race of public life. At court their interest was so strong, that when either laid pretensions to any office or employment, every other competitor withdrew. When they happened to be rivals, however, it was remarked, that Deinus was uniformly successful; a circumstance which excited some indignation in the breasts of many, since the recognized attributes of each seemed averse to this preference.

There resided at that time in Sidon a young lady of singular attractions. She was reputed the richest heiress in that part of the world, and being lately declared marriageable, was, of course, pursued in all public places by an ocean of fops and fortune-hunters. Her mother having died a few months after her birth, and her father and brothers having fallen before the town surrendered to the Greeks, she grew up under the protection of an aunt, who possessed the advantage of being able to enforce, by her own example, her lectures on severe virtue, and contempt for the other sex. Aristus visiting one afternoon at the house of an elderly female relation, with whom he was a great favourite, was informed that she would have the pleasure of introducing him to the orphan daughter of a very deserving man, who, having spent the whole of his life in promoting the best interests of the state, had in consequence left his family in very narrow circumstances. "Helen," continued she, "has retired wholly from the gay world, and disdaining little delicacies, lives happily with her aged mother and two younger sisters, all of whom she supports by weaving purple; and

you, my friend, will have the satisfaction of seeing an accomplished young female, clothed in the works of her own hands." This description excited something stronger than mere curiosity in the auditor, and his heart leaped quicker than was to be accounted for by the approach of an indifferent stranger, when the door opened, and the most splendid phenomenon he had ever beheld walked lightly into the room. A mantle of bright Tyrian dye hung loosely from her shoulders, half shrouding a bosom of exquisite delicacy, beneath which it was fastened by a gold button. Her hair, which seemed to float at every motion, descended in profuse soft ringlets from her head, without concealing a round slender neck, whiter than alabaster. On our young gentleman's name being mentioned, she turned towards him a countenance so majestic, illuminated with a smile so divinely beautiful, as actually deprived him for some moments of his understanding. The conversation was neither slow in its commencement nor progress; but Aristus was incapable of throwing in a single remark, all his faculties having retired to his eyes. His assistance was not wanted. The fair enchantress set out with an animated encomium on the young Greek officers, who had done prodigious things during the siege,—an event which, though several years old, was still regarded as very respectable news in the absence of more recent calamities. She enlarged on the superiority of their manners, courage, and accoutrements, to those of her own countrymen, and declared herself immensely in love with Alexander, whom she described as the most engaging little man she had ever seen in her life. The other lady, though, as I said, an *elderly* matron, could, notwithstanding, talk as fast as other people, but as both addressed themselves to Aristus, and often at the same time, she did not receive all that preference of attention her superior years and wisdom seemed to require.

"What a charming lady!" exclaimed Aristus, as the lovely visitor retired. "Ah!" replied his friend, "had my sweet little Helen come, you would have seen more beauty and heard less noise."—"Who is this then?" for he had all this while supposed the interesting orphan was before him.—"Her name is Lalista,—she is the wealthiest ward in Sidon." Though somewhat abashed at this discovery, and chagrined at the sinister interpretation the conduct he had already determined to pursue might be subjected to, he went home, however, devising schemes to bring about a second interview. The wards of those times were rather

more strictly guarded than those of our days. But, by securing the confidence of the aunt, he soon succeeded in enjoying large opportunities of access to the precious jewel she had in her possession. Aristus was a man of fortune, talent, and fine accomplishments; and the perfect integrity of his heart imbued his manners with a familiar simplicity, the great charm and almost inseparable companion of superior minds. Lalista, though gay and talkative in public, possessed more valuable qualities than a first-sight judge would have been inclined to allow. Preparation for uninterrupted exhibitions, which great beauty seems to entail on its possessors, left no time for reflection, and concealed her true character from herself, while her conversation, extempore in the strictest sense, and not unfrequently at variance with the cool dictates of a judgment naturally sound, and a very affectionate bosom, rendered it as great a mystery to others. The more he discovered of his mistress, the more was Aristus satisfied with the reasonableness of his passion, which he found it impossible any longer to conceal; and he delighted himself with the idea of snatching her from the dissipating whirlpool of fashionable life, where the fruit of all her virtues was perishing, from the impossibility of their acting for a sufficient length of time in one direction, and of maturing the noble principles of her nature in the bosom of comparative retirement. One day, when her looks were even more complacent than usual, and some indistinct suspicion of a certain rival had made him resolve to hasten an explanation, he ventured to declare his love in the precise language used by ardent young men on such occasions. Though his eyes had expressed the same thing a thousand times, and she had long wondered at the slow progress his ideas made towards his tongue, Lalista contrived to listen to this avowal as a young fawn does to an unexpected clap of thunder. At first she was thrown into the most amazing confusion, and frowned with fascinating sweetness on the object of her terror. By-and-by she began to think measures necessary for her safety,—spoke seriously of withdrawing, or of calling in some third person to turn the conversation on less alarming topics,—and concluded by permitting him to fold her in his arms, and impress his very soul on her lips.

But this state of matters was too delicious to continue; for as those persons who are acquainted with the extravagant temper of fortune know assuredly, when that goddess puts on too smiling an aspect, and prates in terms of remarkable tenderness and affection, that

she is just on the point of sousing you in a torrent of abuse. Scarcely had they exchanged vows to love each other for an incredible length of time, when a random visitor was announced, on whose approach, almost at the same instant with his prolocutor, the lady seemed confused in good earnest, and hastily retired.—This was no other than Deinus, of whose proceedings I must now take a short review.

Deinus having gone, on the death of his father, to look after his estates in the country, discovered a very handsome domain contiguous to one of his, for which he accordingly conceived an unfeigned attachment; and no sooner understood that it appertained to a young heiress of unbounded expectations besides, than he hastened back to town to secure his prize. His first reception would not have been very palatable to the primitive and harmless lovers met with in modern novels. The lady laughed immoderately at his bandy legs, censured the whole plan of his construction, and made all her acquaintance merry with stories of her amorous dwarf. But Deinus was not a person to allow his centre to be shaken by a battery of this sort. He knew that deformity needs only to be made familiar to be forgotten; and that the supposed generosity of this act renders the mind so well satisfied with itself, that a portion of its complacency reverts, by a kind of natural justice, to the object of what now appears unreasonable contempt. He presented himself, therefore, before her as often as he could invent a tenable pretext, continuing to supply her, at a trifling expense to his own pride, with fresh materials for family and visiting amusement, till the idea of him was familiarized, and constituted a part of the furniture of her mind. This point being gained, he seized a more advanced post, and proceeded to instruct her regarding the management of her domain, on the sorry state of which he descanted with great feeling and pathos. A considerable portion of it, he said, if not absolutely overflowed, was in perpetual danger of being so, an event which would utterly deface it, as it was surrounded on all sides but one by cross-grained neighbours, who, envying her beauty and accomplishments, would not permit an outlet to be formed for the water through their possessions. Leaving her to perplex herself a few days with this dilemma, he returned with the plan of a monstrous drain he had formerly projected through his own grounds to the verge of hers, which, being carried a little farther, would entirely obviate the dreaded calamity. The

lady was hugely pleased with the ingenuity of this expedient, and the lover, pushing his advantage, explained the propriety of uniting the estates for ever, hinting intelligibly enough at the means by which it might be accomplished. After a laborious fit of laughter, upon mature reflection she could not certainly discover wherein lay the absurdity of this proposal; and though at that time she loved Aristus with all her strength, she found that something or other had made a powerful diversion in favour of his rival. Matters were in this doubtful state when the events above mentioned took place; and having enlightened the reader on this point, I return to the main body of the narrative.

The two friends saluted very civilly, and as they had ever done, with a hearty contempt for each other. Aristus was too full of ecstasy to converse long with an uninspired person, and Deinus too glad of his absence to be very eager to detain him. What he had already learned made him tremble for his success, and he began to curse the unwarrantable tardiness of his former operations. Lalista returned, however, but with a countenance which boded him no good. Contempt, anger, and disdain, were expressed in every feature. Indeed she seemed horribly chagrined, and ready to burst into a passion of tears. She evidently came to chide, and if once high words arose, it was hard to guess how far she might inflame herself. Deinus, therefore, with the dexterity of a cunning man on the point of being blown up, drew from his pocket a string of pearls, reserved for such an emergency, so large, so genuine, and so numerous, that her eyes were instantly dazzled, and before she could utter one word good or bad, he hung them round her neck; saying, with a smile, he had obtained many more for her of superior value, at the court of Alexander, which he hoped soon to have the happiness of presenting to her on their wedding-day. No sooner was the weight of them felt on her bosom than the whole economy of her love for Aristus was annihilated, and the half-forgotten plan of improvements rushed back on her imagination with tenfold impetuosity. It would only insult the penetration of mankind to suppose it necessary to add, that they were married next day, and that a few weeks thereafter the lady commenced a fiend's life of remorse and melancholy.

Aristus bore this reverse with less patience than might have been imagined. He eat little for several days, and spoke still less. At length he declared himself a man unfit for this

world, and retired from his native city to spend the remainder of his life in the philosophic groves of the Academy. Here his mind soon recovered its natural serenity, retaining few visible marks of the rude points of society by which it had been lacerated, though he sometimes remarked, that a man should conceal all his good qualities from his mistress, observing, at the same time, that her own equivocal ones afford the best handles for securing her.

—*Edin. Monthly Mag.*

A FAIRY TALE

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

[Thomas Parnell, D.D., born in Dublin, 1679; died at Chester, July, 1717. Poet. He was sometime archdeacon of Clogher, and vicar of Finglass. His chief poems are: *Harold*, or the Rise of Woman; *The Vigil of Venus*; *The Hermit*; *An Elegy to an Old Beauty*; *An Allegory on Man*; *Moses*; and other poems, anacronstics, ballads and fables.]

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades.
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbe adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gar'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd:
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chance;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly.
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shewn."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies braggy foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleepead fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"A Losell vile," at once they roar:
"And little skill'd of fairy lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairy laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE HALL OF EBLIS.

[William Beckford, born 1759; died at Bath, 1844. Famous as the author of the oriental romance, *The History of the Caliph Vathek*; and as the inheritor of an annual income of £110,000, besides a million in ready money. At Fonthill Abbey he attempted, at vast expenditure, to realize some of his own architectural fancies. He wrote *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, a work which satirized some English artists under feigned names; *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*; and *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha*.]

[Vathek, after a selfish and vicious life, sought forbidden power in the Hall of Eblis.¹ He was accompanied by his favourite Nouronihar, whose ambition almost equalled his own. As they approached the place they were deserted by most of their attendants, but] the Caliph, fired with the ambition of prescribing laws to the Intelligences of Darkness, was but little embarrassed at this dereliction; the impetuosity of his blood prevented him from sleeping, nor did he encamp any more as before. Nouronihar, whose impatience if possible exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection; she fancied herself already more potent than Balkis, and pictured to her imagination the Genii falling prostrate at the foot of her throne. In this manner they advanced by moonlight, till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at whose extremity rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft on the mountain glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages almost deserted, the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out:

"O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented? Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres and the noise beneath the mountains that our people have fled and left us at the mercy of malignant spirits!"

The Caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble; there he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both with beating hearts stared

wildly around them, and expected with an apprehensive shudder the approach of the Giaour; but nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air; the moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns, which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds; the gloomy watch-towers, whose numbers could not be counted, were veiled by no roof, and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of darkness, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled.

"No!" replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands."

Having thus spoken he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate; on the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace whose walls were embossed with various figures; in front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin; and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror; near these were distinguished by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, that possessed the same virtue of changing every moment; these, after vacillating for some time, at last fixed in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the Caliph the following words:

"Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but, in favour to thy companion, and as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them; the rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss; upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour ascending from which gathered into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

¹ "As an eastern tale even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his happy valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis."—*Lord Byron*.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned without hesitation the pure atmosphere to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of these impious personages was haughty and determined; as they descended by the effulgence of the torches they gazed on each other with mutual admiration, and both appeared so resplendent, that they already esteemed themselves spiritual Intelligences; the only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs; on hastening their descent with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree, that they seemed not walking, but falling from a precipice. Their progress however was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the Caliph without difficulty recognized; here the Giaour awaited them with the key in his hand.

"Ye are welcome," said he to them with a ghastly smile, "in spite of Mahomet and all his dependants. I will now admit you into that palace where you have so highly merited a place."

Whilst he was uttering these words he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once expanded, with a noise still louder than the thunder of mountains, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them; they however went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of Genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them;

they had all the livid paleness of death; their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheeding of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once, you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis."

They continued their way through the multitude; but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Caliph sunk within him, and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous

Giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said:

"Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the Preadamite Sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these; there, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it; you shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour:

"Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans."

"Come!" answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin, "come! and possess all that my Sovereign hath promised, and more."

He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron; a funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene; here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the Preadamite Kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth; they still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition; their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection; each holding his right hand motionless on his heart; at their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power; all these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome; he appeared to possess more animation than the rest; though from time to time he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand

on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visible in part through the grated portals; this was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation.

"Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze; and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded a voice from the livid lips of the Prophet articulated these words:

"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air librating over me served as a canopy from the rays of the sun; my people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds: I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things; I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven; I forsook the holy city, and commanded the Genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star; there for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure; not only men, but supernatural existences were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep; when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder and precipitated me hither; where, however, I do not remain like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope, for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow; till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of

supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob:

"O Giasour! whither hast thou brought us? Allow us to depart and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair; thy heart also will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains; no barrier shall be shut against thee; as for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction; their tears unable to flow, scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps; every portal opened at their approach; the Dives fell prostrate before them; every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view; but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the choros of Genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them; they went wandering on from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit, all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames: shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait in direful suspense the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What!" exclaimed Nouronihar; "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine?"

"Ah!" said Vathek; "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdi-

tion!" Having given vent to these painful expressions he called to an Afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders the Caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd till they heard voices at the end of the gallery; presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings, who like themselves were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered sitting on sofas five young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were all holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp; each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the Caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter they arose, saluted, and gave them place; then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek:

"Strangers! who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart, if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place, and we in return will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard; we will trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent; this is the only employment suited to wretches like us!"

The Caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the fourth prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which gradually dissipating, discovered Carathis on the back of an Afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son and said:

"What dost thou here in this little square chamber? As the Dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the Preadamite Kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the Caliph; "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! go, follow this Afrit, let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman; there thou wilt

learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"The height of power to which thou art arrived has certainly turned thy brain," answered Carathis; "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for the Prophet. It is, however, proper thou shouldst know that (as the Afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah), I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented; availing myself therefore of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents which have rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad had he not prevented me by deserting at last to thy brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, and all the good brotherhood to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put them to the torture could I but have allowed them the time; being however in a hurry, I only hung him after having caught him in a snare with thy wives, whilst them I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favour, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in the service of one of the Magi, and I think will soon be our own."

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the Afrit to remove Carathis from his presence, and continued immersed in thought, which his companion durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and, without regarding in the least the groans of the Prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans; then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the Dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the Afrit himself had not seen; she passed by rapid descents known only to Eblis and his most favoured potentates, and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the Sansar or icy wind of death; nothing appalled her dauntless soul; she perceived however in all the inmates who bore their hands on their heart a little singularity not much to her taste. As she was emerging from one of the abysses Eblis stood forth to her view, but, notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered,

and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb Monarch thus answered: "Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to employ the leisure that remains: for the flames and torments, which are ready to seize on thy heart, will not fail to provide thee with full employment." He said this, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but, resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of Genii, and all the Dives, to pay her homage; thus marched she in triumph through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance; she even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place, when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of Death, proclaimed, "All is accomplished!" Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid Princess was corrugated with agony; she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the Genii, and having execrated the hour she was begotten and the womb that had borne her, glanced off in a whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of heaven—Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled with looks of the most furious distraction; Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance, nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation, whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious

actions! Such is, and such should be, the chastisement of blind ambition, that would transgress those bounds which the Creator hath prescribed to human knowledge; and by aiming at discoveries reserved for pure Intelligence, acquire that infatuated pride which perceives not the condition appointed to man is to be ignorant and humble.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

[Sir Richard Blackmore, born about 1658; died in London, 8th October, 1729. Author of the *Creation*, a philosophical poem in seven books, from which we quote; *Prince Arthur*; *King Arthur*; *Eliza*; and other heroic poems, besides numerous miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse.]

Hail, King Supreme! of Power immense Abyss!
 Father of Light! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
 Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
 Control'd by no superior being's laws,
 Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
 Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day:
 Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,
 Or silver stars oercean spheres inlaid;
 Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,
 Or verdant pride young nature did adorn;
 Thou art; and didst eternity employ
 In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.
 In its ideal frame the world, design'd
 From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
 Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
 With perfect art th' amazing work began.
 Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
 Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
 Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
 Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wild of face,
 Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd place.

Then didst thou through the fields of barren night
 Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
 Where Thou almighty vigour didst exert,
 Which emicant did this and that way dart
 Through the black bosom of the empty space:
 The gulfs confess th' omnipotent embrace,
 And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
 Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
 From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
 Thou for each part materials didst select,
 And with a master-hand thy world erect.
 Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
 By Thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
 By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
 And roll by Thy impulsive nod in air.
 Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend.
 Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
 People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
 And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next, man arose at thy Creating Word,
 Of Thy terrestrial realms viceroyent lord.
 His soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
 And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
 Ennobled by thy image, spotless shone,
 Prais'd Thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne;
 Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
 She did her high felicity applaud.
 Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
 Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
 Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring
 Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
 Confederate praise to Thee, O Great Creator King!
 Let the thin districts of the waving air,
 Conveyancers of sound, Thy skill declare.
 Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
 Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
 By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
 And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is "brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings." Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crossier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, cycled Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-forspent twopenny-postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so

common as the *heart*—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, “Madame, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;” or putting a delicate question, “Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?” But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It “gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated.” But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, “That is not the post, I am sure.” Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which “having been will always be;” which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—“Lovers All, a madrigal,” or some such device, not over-abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had

often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as be seemed—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipped the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present: a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

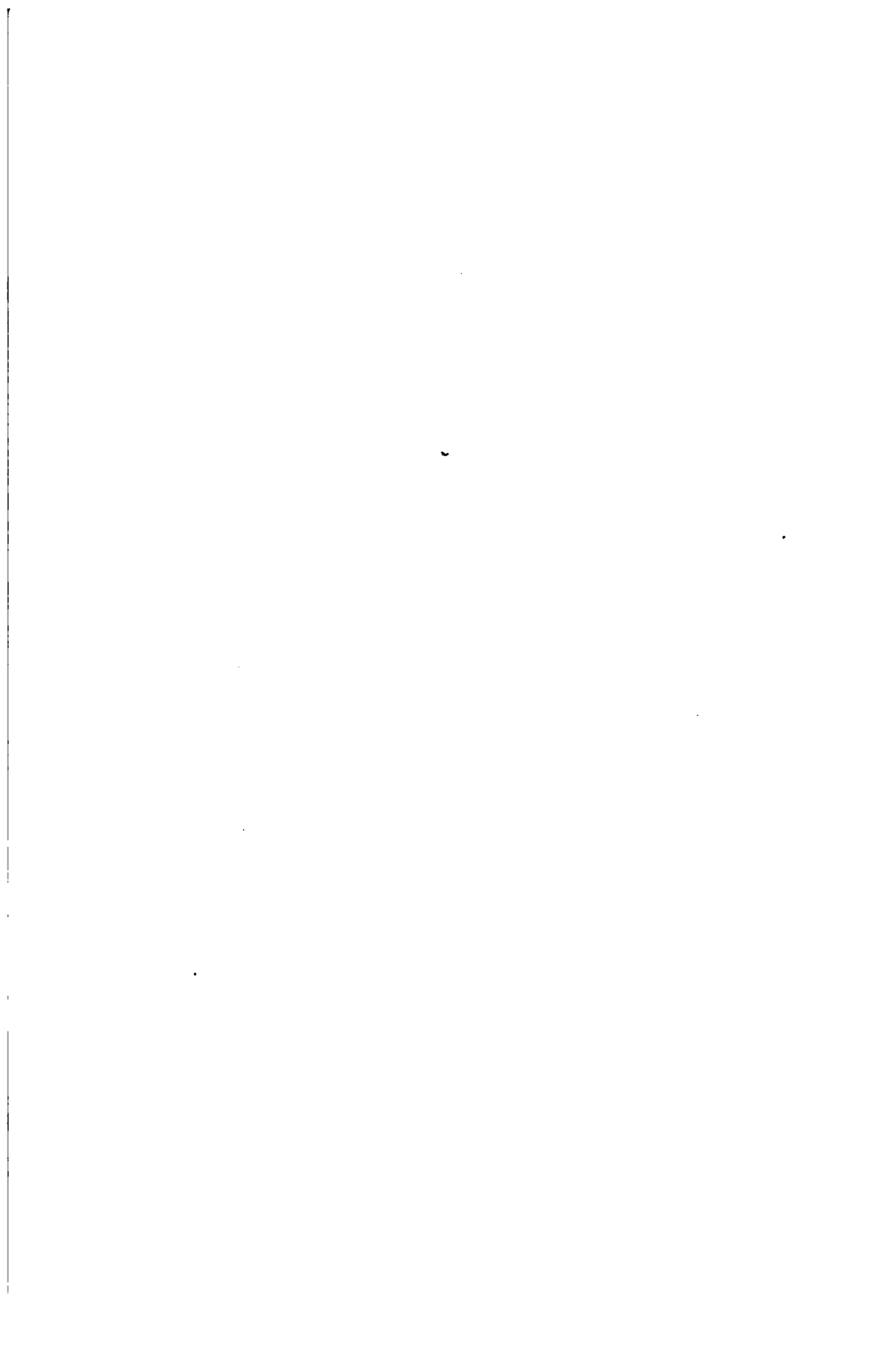
Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocessans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.



Engraved by James Johnson

THE YOUNG MAN

By James A. Johnson, Esq., of New York City.



LIFE'S CARES.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE,
AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

[Matthew Prior, born at Abbot Street, Dorsetshire, 21st July, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, 18th September, 1721. He began life in the tap-room of his uncle the landlord of the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross; and his genius raised him to several important appointments under government. He wrote numerous lyrics and odes; his longest poems are *Alma*, or the Progress of the Mind; *Solomon on the Vanity of the World*; *Conversation*. "Prior's seem to me among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems."—*Thackeray*.]

How'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.

2D SERIES, VOL. II.

PEPYS AT THE PLAY.

[Samuel Pepys, born in London, 23d February, 1632; died at Clapham, May, 1703. He was the son of a London tailor; was educated at Cambridge; became clerk to the admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and held other offices, the duties of which he discharged with much ability. He wrote: *Portugal History*, or a Relation of the Troubles in the Court of Portugal in 1667 and 1668; *The State of the Royal Navy of England for Ten Years*, ending December, 1688; and the famous *Pepys' Diary*, or which Sir Walter Scott said: "If, quitting the broad paths of history, we seek for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen so rich a mine as the volumes before us. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life." The following passages present a picture of the stage in the seventeenth century.]

18th August, 1660. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.

11th October. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorrex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

20th November. Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbons' tennis-court), where the play of "Beggar's Bush" (a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher) was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King; and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England. This morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen, and Princesses at the Cockpit all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique, he bidding them stop and made the French musique play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours.

4th November, 1661. With my wife to the Opera, where we saw "The Bondman," which

of old we both did so doate on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations), as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Beterton,¹ he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

March 1, 1662. To the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted. I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

29th September. To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King came also and staid till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

October 2. At night hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit (and my Lord Sandwich, who come to town last night, at it), I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in a wall, and so crept through a narrow place and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queene, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are not really so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Then we saw "The Cardinal" (a tragico-comedy by James Shirley), a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that come in with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English, but Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them that understood both French and English to make her tell them what the actors said.

17th November. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. At White Hall by appointment, Mr. Creed carried my wife and I to the Cockpitt, and we had excellent places, and saw the King, Queene, Duke of Monmouth, his son, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies; and "The Scornfull Lady,"

¹ Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in 1635, was the son of an under-cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane in 1659. After the Restoration two distinct theatres were established by royal authority; one in Drury Lane, called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Killigrew: the other in Lincoln's Inn Fields, styled the Duke's Troop, the patentee of which was Sir W. Davenant, who engaged Mr. Betterton in 1662. Mr. B. died in 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

well performed. They had done by eleven o'clock, and it being fine moonshine, we took coach and home.

5th January, 1663. Elborough (my old schoolfellow at Paul's) do tell me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was se'ennight, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Dined at home: and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called "The Adventures of Five Hours," at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke,² I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall.

28th May. By water to the Royal Theatre: but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung; which I was sorry for.

29th. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. Creed and I abroad, and called at several churches; and it is a wonder to see, and by that to guess the ill-temper of the City, at this time, either to religion in general, or to the King, that in some churches there was hardly ten people, and those poor people. To the Duke's house, and there saw "The Slighted Mayde," wherein Gosnell acted Æromena, a great part, and did it very well. Then with Creed to see the German Princesse, at the Gatehouse, at Westminster.

12th June. To the Royal Theatre; and there saw "The Committee" (by Sir Robert Howard), a merry but indifferent play, only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the

² Sir George Tuke of Cressing Temple in Essex. Mr. Evelyn's cousin. The play was taken from the original of the Spanish poet Calderon.

play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife, among others, a vizard for herself.

13th. To the Royal Theatre; and in our way saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also. Yesterday, upon conference with the King in the Banqueting House, the Parliament did agree with much ado, it being carried but by forty-two voices, that they would supply him with a sum of money; but what and how is not yet known, but expected to be done with great disputes the next week. But if done at all, it is well.

27th January, 1664. At the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue and Sir William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear. To Covent Garden, to buy a maske at the French House, Madame Charett's, for my wife; in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, at "The Indian Queene" (a tragedy in heroic verse, by Sir Robert Howard and Mr. Dryden), which for show, they say, exceeds Henry the Eighth. Called to see my brother Tom, who was not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

30th. This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which (under the title of "Love a Cheate") I begun ten years ago at Cambridge: and reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

February 1. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see "The Indian Queene" (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he come; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York: which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed. To the King's Theatre, and there saw "The Indian Queen" acted; which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation; the play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest

Marshall did do her part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthe's: but, however, we come home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering; and he tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristoll against the Parliament; and that my Lord Lauderdale and Cooper open high against the Chancellor; which I am sorry for.

3d. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

June 1. Southwell (Sir W. Pen's friend) tells me the very sad newes of my Lord Teviott's and nineteen more commission officers being killed at Tangier by the Moores, by an ambush of the enemy upon them, while they were surveying their lines: which is very sad, and he says, afflicts the King much. To the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman;" but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder.

2d August. To the King's play-house, and there saw "Bartholomew Fayre," which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and everything as magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy. Thence homeward called upon my Lord Marlborough.

4th. To a play at the King's house, "The Rivall Ladys" (a tragedy by Dryden), a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given me, I look upon it as no breach of my oath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country-

house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. Thence visited my Lady Sandwich, who tells me my Lord Fitz-Harding is to be made a Marquis.

4th October. After dinner to a play, to see "The General;" which is so dull and so ill-acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in all my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley: who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with.

19th March, 1666. After dinner we walked to the King's play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden-leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself with laughing; and particularly Lacy's (a comedian) wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

7th December, 1666. To the King's play-house, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor; and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publicly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play.

23d January, 1667. To the King's house, and there saw "The Humorous Lieutenant" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here in a box above we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out they called us, and so we staid for them: and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly (Nell Gwynne), a most pretty woman, who acted the great part Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a

mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Ball, which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty. In our way home we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny; which put me into a great fright.

4th February. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's play-house, and there saw "Heraclius" (a tragedy, by Lodowick Carlell, taken from Corneille), an excellent play to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily; but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallett, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was so pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallett, and now smiled upon her, and she on him. Home, and to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand.

18th. To the King's house to "The Mayd's Tragedy;" but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask on all the play; and being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty.

7th March. To Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and

there I received a ring. To the Duke's play-house, and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third" (by J. Caryl), a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jigge after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows, coals at a very great price.

15th April. Called up by Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune and poor. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called, "The Change of Crownes:" a play of Ned Howard's,¹ the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought "Hooker's Polity," the new edition, and "Dugdale's History of the Inna of Court," of which there was but a few saved out of the fire. Carried my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday: but there, contrary to expectation, I find "The Silent Woman."

16th. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moore² went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this "Silent Woman," as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Pierce told us

the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As she tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life.

16th August. My wife and I to the Duke's play-house, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The House full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it.

17th. To the King's play-house, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queene Elizabeth's Troubles, and the history of Eighty Eight." I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queene Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and, indeed, is merely a show, only shows the true garbe of the Queene in those days, just as we see Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage.

5th October. To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figarys," which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk. And how

¹ A younger son of the Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Sir Robert Howard.

² Michael Mohun, a celebrated actor belonging to the King's Company; he had served as a major in the royal army.

poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

19th. Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his Lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

28th December. To the King's house, and there saw "The Mad Couple;" which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon the 'Change among our merchants, that the very Ostend little pickaroon men-of-war do offer violence to our merchant-men and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying Frenchmen's goods.

December 2, 1668. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me, and continue it. So she and I to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Usurper" (a tra-

gedy, by Edward Howard), a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly.

3d. At noon home to dinner, and then abroad again with my wife to the Duke of York's play-house, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers" (a tragedy, by Sir William Davenant), a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy, who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great. I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cousin Pepys in Salisbury Court.

19th January, 1669. To the King's house, to see "Horace" (from Corneille); this the third day of its acting: a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary as to the dances, only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburg sow.

SINCE TO MY LIPS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Since to my lips I pressed thy brimming bowl;
Since on thy hands my pallid brow I laid;
Since I have breathed the sweet breath of thy soul,
A perfume hidden deep in depths of shade;

Since from thy star I caught one brilliant beam,
Now veiled, alas! for ever from my gaze;
Since fell upon my life's full-flowing stream
One rose-leaf torn from thy young joyous days;

Since I have heard thy murmuring accents, while
Thy heart poured out its wealth of love divine;
Since I have seen thee weep, have seen thee smile,
And felt thy loving lips and eyes on mine;

Now I can say, while fit the rapid hours,
Pass—pass for ever; I no more grow old.
Fleet fast away with all your faded flowers;
One flower, no hand can cull, my heart shall hold.

Thy wing, in brushing by, no droplet dashes
From the full vase that to my lips I press.
My soul has more of fire than thine of ashes;
My heart more love than thine forgetfulness!

Translated by C. P. CRANCE.

JONATHAN MOUDIWORT.

[Alexander Bethune, born at Upper Rankellour, Fife, July, 1804; died at Mountpleasant, Newburgh, 13th June, 1843. His name will always be associated with that of his brother, John Bethune, born 1812, died 1839. They were the sons of a farm labourer, and were themselves farm labourers. Self-educated, industrious, and independent, they were endowed with literary propensities which inspired the production of various works in prose and verse. Jointly they wrote *Practical Economy*, a series of lectures; John was the author of a number of poems, which were published after his death with a memoir by his brother; Alexander, besides miscellaneous contributions to *Chambers' Journal* and other magazines, wrote *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*, and the *Scottish Peasant's Fireside* (from which our extract is taken), two collections of tales valuable for their faithful representation of the habits and thoughts of the Scottish peasantry.]

Jonathan Moudiwort was born of very obscure and very poor parents. If our information is correct, his father was a weaver; and Jonathan himself was initiated, at a very early age, into all the mysteries of threads, reeds, haidles, and treadles. But this is anticipating; for it should first be told that the boy had a great deal of natural talent even in his earliest years; and, when at school, or rather before he was old enough to go there, that he frequently contrived to buy up nearly the whole of the toys of which his playfellows were possessed. He would first give them something in exchange for a top, or a knife, or whatever they might chance to have; and then something else in exchange for that—always taking care to give an article of less value at every successive bargain, until he had fairly bartered them out of their last farthing's worth, in the most fair and honourable way. When he found them particularly stubborn, he sometimes tried another expedient: upon these occasions it was his custom first to try to get "a piece" from his mother, and, if he succeeded, his next step was to engage his refractory companion upon some long excursion a little before dinner-time. When he had brought matters thus far, he scarcely ever failed of success, by pushing onward as briskly as possible with the little commercialist, under pretence of some great sight which they were to see, or some fine things which they were to get, till he had got him to a considerable distance from home; and then, when the afternoon was well advanced, and the poor boy had begun to suffer from the extreme of hunger, with still a mile or two of road between him and the prospect of any supply, he, in general,

found him willing to sell whatever he might have, as Esau did his birthright—not, however, for "a mess of pottage," but for a portion of *pease* or *barley bannock*, as the case might be. We cannot afford space to narrate more of Jonathan's boyish proceedings; but the specimens already given, it must at once be acknowledged, afforded sure indications of a wise, bargain-making, prospering man, when time should have matured his intellect; and Jonathan's riper years did not belie the promise of his youth. He had tact and talent—an enterprising disposition, and an abundance of ambition; and, with such qualifications, who ever failed to get forward in the world?

As yet, however, he was surrounded by what the poets have been pleased to call "the thick mists of poverty." By his connection with threads, reeds, haidles, and treadles, he could earn a bare subsistence, and very little more; but then he knew that "money makes money, as poor Richard said;" and if he could only save, or in any other way get hold of a few pounds, or even a few shillings, these, in the course of time, might make a few more; and thus he might get forward on the road to fortune and respectability; for the two are always to be found together. He had, moreover, an uncle, the worthy Mr. Mungo Moudiwort, who, from having wriggled himself into a writer's office as an errand-boy when he was a lad, had actually risen to be factor and law-agent for the estate of Lord Crippledonky. "Blood is thicker than water," even at the thinnest: his lordship lived constantly in London; a farm might fall vacant, in the course of time; and Jonathan thought that he already saw through these same "mists of poverty."

Having saved a trifle by rising early and sitting up late—at least he had by some means or other got his hands upon a few pounds—his next proceeding was to take a *grass park*. It was a very small one, inasmuch as the rent for the season was only £9; but, small as it was, there were people who thought he would never be able to *stock* it with cattle. Jonathan, however, thought more correctly, and saw farther than they did; and thereupon he went to work in the following highly commendable manner.

Duncan Toddleben, an old man, and his wife, an equally old woman, who had made their living for some time past by selling milk, had a cow to dispose of. The thing had become indispensable, from the cow not being *in calf*, as the dealers have it. Now this was the very kind of cow which Jonathan wanted. He accordingly attended two markets to which the

creature was successively taken, and, by some judicious and well-timed, as well as mysterious hints about "the health of animals," and "biting not being the only fault for which a cow was commonly brought to the market," he so influenced the sagacious cow-merchants, alias cow-coupers, that not one of them would offer poor Duncan Toddleben a single penny for his cow.

The last of these unpropitious market-days was drawing to a close, and Duncan had no prospect save that of returning home with the "beast," for whose support he was in great want of fodder, when Jonathan, who appeared to be passing the place where he stood by accident, stopped for a little to condole with him upon his *ill-luck*; and then begged his company to the nearest alehouse, to get a "single bottle of ale," as he phrased it, "for auld acquaintance sake." This invitation was accepted; and the "bottle of ale" was followed by "a gill," which had a wonderful effect upon the old man's spirits. Another gill was called in: who would wish to do otherwise than make an old man happy? It was succeeded by a third, which made Duncan as *cheery* as if he had sold his cow for twice her value; and, in the end, he actually did sell her to his friend Jonathan for *three pounds and half a crown*, though, on the morning of the same day, he had confidently anticipated getting nearly three times that amount. Nor was this all; for it was stipulated that the *half-crown* should be returned as a *luck-penny*!

By such bargains as the foregoing, Jonathan soon succeeded in *stocking* his grass park to great advantage. The season was a favourable one for the graziers, there being a proper modicum of both warmth and moisture; and, when the animals were well fattened, he sold them to the butchers with a goodly "percentage" of profit upon the prices at which he had bought them. With this percentage it was an easy matter for him to "pay the rent like a gentleman," as the factor said, and even deposit some *fifteen or twenty pounds* in the Fiddlesticks' Bank.

"Maist things hae a sma' beginning."

says the poet; here was a beginning to Jonathan, and he did not fail to profit by it. On the following year he took a larger grass park, for which he promised to pay £30; and, by attending regularly and carefully at a number of markets, and making the most fair and honourable bargains with all sorts of simpletons and old men, who had cows or other cattle to sell, he again stocked it in a manner as ad-

vantageous as he had done heretofore. When the proper season arrived, the butchers were once more fain to give him good prices for his "fat cattle;" and at the end of the year, besides "paying the rent like a gentleman," as on the former occasion, he had between sixty and seventy pounds to deposit with the money-changers at Fiddlesticks. Thus did Jonathan from year to year increase in riches, even as he was increasing in knowledge.

But, to proceed chronologically with his history: on the year following that last noticed the harvest was rather late; in the course of it a good deal of rain had fallen, while the weather was, at the same time, "warm and smoky," as the country people called it; and much of the grain had begun to grow again before it could be got into the barn-yard. During the earlier part of this period, a considerable rise in the price of corn had been anticipated; but as the weather had at last become dry, and it was supposed that the greater part of the crop had been "secured in excellent order," speculation upon the subject had in a great measure ceased. But Jonathan knew that when grain has once been allowed to *sprout*, however well dried it may afterwards be, it can never again be made to produce anything like the ordinary quantity of meal, and upon this circumstance he founded his hopes. While the wet weather lasted, and even after the dry weather had come, day after day he might have been seen wending his way through the fields which had been lately reaped, thrusting his hands into the stooks, and "rubbing out" small quantities of the grain, which he winnowed with "the breath of his nostrils," or rather his *mouth*, and forthwith proceeded to examine carefully. At last his resolution appeared to be taken. As yet, from the farmers being busy in securing their potato-crop, and sowing their wheat, but little of any kind of grain had been thrashed or brought to the market, the deficiency of the season was not much suspected, nor had any rise of prices taken place; and Jonathan invested the whole of his £30 in the purchase of oats—selecting, as a matter of course, the heaviest and the best which he could find, and always buying them "reasonably cheap."

By-and-by prices began to rise a little, and exactly in proportion as they rose, that degree of anxiety which, for some time past, had been visibly depicted in Jonathan's countenance, gradually disappeared. He now regretted that he had not more money to invest in the pur-

chase of corn, and at last he fairly thought of availing himself of a little credit. Credit, he knew, was a desperately bad thing; but he knew also that the danger lay principally in *giving*, not in taking it, and therefore his scruples were the less. It was known to all that Jonathan was a hard-working, industrious man, who rose early on every morning of the week except Sunday; and, with a little cajoling, Mr. Flapabout, the cloth merchant, in the village of Aberdounf, consented to be his security with the Fiddlesticks' Bank for an additional £50—the whole of which was also invested in the purchase of corn as fast as possible.

This done, Jonathan's next operations were directed to the two meal-mongers of Aberdounf: by dint of argument and logical deduction, of both of which he was a great master, he succeeded in persuading one of them that the beggar-making business was incomparably more profitable than meal-mongering. This individual, accordingly, emptied his sacks with all convenient speed, and, instead of filling them again as had been his wont, took up a beggar-maker's shop, otherwise called a *public-house*. The other meal-monger, from being rather a refractory character, did not come so readily into his measures; but, by buying up a debt of £20, which he had been long owing to a miller, and prosecuting for its recovery in the proper nick of time, he ruined him, and thus got quit of him also. No man could lament more deeply, or more sincerely, or more pathetically, for the unfortunate meal-monger than Jonathan did. "But then the poor miller!" he said; "it was simply to save him from ruin that he had advanced the money and bought up the debt; and one man was all the same as another."

As soon as the field was thus scientifically cleared of all opposition, Jonathan commenced meal-monger himself in the village of Aberdounf; and scarcely had he done so when the farmers, who had now begun to thrash out a part of their crops, discovered that, in winnowing, at least a fourth part of the grain went away with the chaff, while that which remained was scarcely more than half the usual weight. This, though it had remained partly unknown till now, was what Jonathan had foreseen, as the legitimate consequence of its having begun to vegetate before it was brought home; and, as a farther proof of his far-seeing faculty, in a week or two after the real state of the crop was generally understood, prices rose from *eighty to one hundred per cent*. Great emergencies require great geniuses: Jonathan

Moudiwort was a great genius, and here *he* prospered, while evil times appeared to have fallen upon many.

Having no "competition"—that everlasting pest to all speculators in the matter of money-making—wherewith to contend, Jonathan did not fail to make the most of it. "His meal," he said, "was better than other people's; and therefore he must have some additional profits to remunerate him for the very great risk which he had run in buying up so much good corn, and the very great price which he had paid therefor; and these additional profits he rigorously, or rather religiously, charged. The people of Aberdounf, it is true, grumbled a little thereat; but he pacified them with an assurance that there would have been not only a great scarcity, but an actual dearth, if he had not provided the necessary supply; and then he proceeded to draw a comparison between himself and the patriarch Joseph, who saved the whole land of Egypt, and half the world beside, from the scourge of famine, by the same sort of foresight. These, it must be allowed, were conclusive arguments, though the people to whom they were addressed did not seem fully to comprehend their force, nor to be as ready as they should have been to thank Heaven for having sent a second Joseph among them.

How much he saved by this speculation was never exactly known; but, as Andrew Tetherend, the bellman of Aberdounf, observed, "it must have been a *gey* penny."

When the whole of the meal was sold, and a plentiful crop next year had brought down the prices to their ordinary level, it was said that Jonathan had serious thoughts of taking unto himself a wife, and *running* her in the meal-selling way, by which he supposed a little might still be made; while he was to attend to the grazing, and other *et ceteras*, as he had done before. But somehow, upon mature consideration, it had appeared to him that there were objections to this important step, which counterbalanced the advantages to be expected therefrom; and, to the great dismay of those who were most deeply interested in the "replenishing of the earth," the thing went no farther. What these objections were was not clearly explained; for Jonathan was a cautious man, and had the good sense, when it was necessary, to conceal his sentiments upon such subjects; but our friend Andrew Tetherend, who, upon these occasions, sometimes served as a sort of guesser-master-general to the community, said that "he believed the great obstacle to their being honoured with the pre-

sence of a Mrs. Moudiwort, was the circumstance of there not being a *weel-tochered lass* in the market at the time."

Shortly after the period at which we have now arrived, the lease of Fodderriggs, one of Lord Crippledonky's largest farms, expired. Does the reader suppose that Jonathan would immediately succeed to it? No such thing. Had he done so, it might have subjected Mr. Mungo Moudiwort, the factor, to the somewhat *scowry* charge of being more ready to consult the interest of his friends than that of his master—a charge which, in the case of such a gentleman, would have certainly been very unfounded. And here, be it remarked, that a great part of the character and respectability of a certain sort of honest gentlemen depends, in a great measure, upon their taking care not to give public grounds for bringing such charges against them.

At the end of the lease which had just expired, the whole of the lands of Fodderriggs had been "laid down in grass," which was forthwith to be let for pasture. The greater, however, and by far the most productive part of the farm was almost-perfectly level, having been, at a very considerable expense, reclaimed from a swamp by the previous tenant; and now, to quote from the advertisement, "Contractors" were "wanted to clear out the large drain into which the small ones emptied themselves." This sort of work was entirely out of Jonathan's way, inasmuch as he had never attempted anything of the kind before; yet he too "gave in his estimate," and by offering to perform the work cheaper than any one else, strange to say he got the job. Early in the spring he commenced his labours; and the people of the neighbourhood were much amazed at the conscientious, or rather super-conscientious manner in which he performed his work. He not only cleared out the large open drain according to his agreement, but the mouths of the whole of the small ones, which, as is common in these cases, had been partly filled with stones, and then covered up with earth, so as to allow the plough to pass over them without interruption. The lower extremity of the whole of these, as already said, he opened up for a yard or two, apparently with the disinterested intention of taking out any mud which might have collected in their bottoms; and then, laying in the stones again, he left them, to all appearance, in a most efficient state for keeping the land perfectly dry. The whole of these operations he performed without any assistance; and so great was his modesty, it was remarked, that he

never interfered with any of the small drains if any one chanced to be beside him.

The "large drain" was cleared out, and the whole of the work done before the season for "letting the grass parks" came on; but notwithstanding this care on the part of the factor and Jonathan to improve the pasture by keeping it dry, the land appeared to be a thousand times wetter than it had been before. The moisture kept up to the very surface of the ground, in the furrows long pools of clear water were seen standing, and nothing like vegetation had made its appearance after the spring was far advanced. The day of auction, however, arrived, the graziers had been called together by advertisement, and the auctioneer bawled himself hoarse in calling out, "Gentlemen, don't deceive yourselves—once, twice—just agoing—who bids more? once, twice;" but in consequence of there being no appearance of grass, none of the "gentlemen" would "bid" anything worth mentioning for any of the lower fields of Fodderriggs; and Jonathan might have had the whole of them for a mere trifle had he been so minded. But he, like a prudent and cautious man, satisfied himself with one of the largest of them. Here, however, his far-sighted genius again manifested itself in a manner which might have well arrested the attention of the most unthinking; for in a very few days after it became his, it was as dry as it had been for several years before, and shortly thereafter it was clothed with the most luxuriant herbage; while the others remained wet, sour, and stunted throughout the season.

The plan of letting Fodderriggs annually, in separate lots, for pasture, was soon discovered to be untenable, it having been found that, in this way, it would scarcely yield as much as would satisfy the respective claims of the dominie, the minister, and his majesty! and Lord Crippledonky accordingly instructed his factor to advertise the farm to be let again, as it had been before. The thing was done as his lordship desired; and a number of agriculturists from different parts of the country "looked over the grounds" with the intent of making up their minds as to what rent they could afford to give for Fodderriggs. One and all of them saw, however, that the whole of the lower fields, except that which had been tenanted by Jonathan, were "deluged with water!" and that they would require to be drained anew before anything could be expected from them. Formerly they had constituted the best part of the farm. The last occupant was known to have been very particular in the

matter of drains, and had expended a very considerable sum of money in this species of improvement, to very little purpose, as it now appeared. Such being the case, some of the intended "offerers" seemed to think that the land was "undrainable;" while they all agreed in the opinion that "it could not be effectually drained without an enormous additional outlay of capital." At the period to which we now allude, capitalists, whether agricultural or commercial, could not afford to throw away their money for nothing any more than they can do now; and thus it came to pass that the rents which the whole of them proposed to give were of a most conveniently trifling description. This was a most favourable state of things for Jonathan, who, accordingly stepped forward, and by offering *five pounds* more than the "highest bidder," was promoted to be farmer of Fodderriga. Should any reader be inclined to ask how the landlord deported himself anent these matters? we must confess that we cannot exactly tell; but perhaps the best answer to the question would be to say at once that he was *Lord Crippledonky*, and that he lived *constantly* in London.

Here we must digress a little to remark that but for "the superfluous moisture," Jonathan would have commenced his career under the most favourable auspices. When a tenant comes to a farm which has been previously cropped in the ordinary manner, he must either purchase a great deal of manure or a great deal of unthrashed corn, and likewise cattle wherewith to convert the straw into manure for the succeeding crop; but Jonathan had only to "till and sow," while there was every reason to expect that the ground, from having been previously "rested," would produce an abundant return.

The "superfluous moisture," however, and the draining of the lower fields, still rode like a nightmare, if we may be allowed the metaphor, upon the neck of his prosperity; and many doubted if the new tenant would ever be able to get over these enormous stumbling-blocks which lay in the way of his making a fortune. The blind goddess, however, it has been said, "favours the brave." Jonathan had already shown his bravery by the boldness of his speculations; and here the good lady stepped in to favour him in a way which, to say the least of it, was altogether miraculous! Shortly after the bargain was concluded, the whole of those fields which, for the last two years, had been little better than a bog, became as dry as they had ever been before, without a

single yard of new drain having been put into them! How was the thing to be accounted for? It was a perfect mystery and a wonder to everybody except our old friend Andrew Tetherend, who said that "doubtless it had been the work either of the brownies or the fairies!" In support of this theory he told a story about his dog hunting a *rabbit* into the mouth of one of the drains, as he was returning home one evening with his spade on his shoulder; and thinking "that the creature might mak a patfu' o' gude kail," he set about digging it out, when, to his utter surprise, he found only a few stones on the outside, and behind them a bank of earth, which kept the water as high as if no drain had ever been dug. To satisfy his own curiosity as to whether the whole of the drain had been filled up in the same manner, he bored a hole at the bottom of the bank with his staff, and presently the water issued from it in a jet, which he had much difficulty in stopping. He said farther, that "he would cared little about stappin' up the hole, had it no been that the fairies were kenned to be queer bodies! and if he had destroyed ony o' their handiworks, the least he could expect was that they wad stap his lum, if they didna rive up his early tatties, and his pickle cabbage-kail; and aae he thought it best aye to leave things as he fand them."

From this it would appear that Andrew did not consider himself a great favourite of fortune, and that the "fairies," like everybody else, are under her direction; for had it been otherwise, that is to say, had he been on good terms with the blind lady, and had she instructed them so to do, these perverse creatures might have certainly done him a better turn than "riving up his early tatties and his cabbage-kail." In short, they might have "delled his yard" for him, or stolen seeds and manure for him from those who had these things to spare, or they might have made his crops grow without seed, or manure, or "delving," had they been so inclined; but it was evident that their tricky mistress, Fortune, had not commanded them to do any of these things, and as evident that Andrew did not expect to be benefited by their labours.

In descanting upon these matters we had nearly forgotten to state the conclusion to which he came respecting the drains, which was simply this—"That the fairies had stappit them up to be avenged on the laird for some ill he had done them; and then *redd them out* again for some gude they expected to get from Jonathan Moudiwort."

A CHARACTER.¹

BY CHARLES CHURCHILL.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise;
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in his view—
What's basely done should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snare,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all those blessings, which we seldom find,
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley Figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot snokling, mincing in it's gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make.
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
It's tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er it's pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in it's own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read:

¹ One remarkable piece of writing in it (*The Rosciad*) might well startle the town by the power it displayed. It was the full-length picture of a noted frequenter of the theatres in those days, who had originated some shameful riots against Garrick's management of Drury Lane, the very villainess of whose character had been hitherto his protection, but who now saw himself gibbeted to universal scorn, where no man could mistake him, and none administer relief. It is one of the masterpieces of English satire; and being dependent for its interest on something higher than the individual likeness, it may still be presented as Churchill desired it should be left, *without a name*.—*John Forster's Biography*.

Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the Chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not it's own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd: when that strange savage Dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed with plain Truth to guard the Chair,
The pageant saw, and, blasted with her frown,
To it's first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain Nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the Character, the Thing forgot!
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

GRANDMA'S TEAM.

[*Louisa May Alcott*, an American authoress who has won distinction by her numerous short tales and novels. Her principal works are: *Fireside and Camp Stories*; *Little Women*; *The Old-fashioned Girl*; *Birds*; *Chester*; and *Chow Chow*, and other tales, from which we quote (*Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co., publishers*).]

"It's no use, I can't find a horse anywhere, for love or money. All are either sick or kept quiet to-day for fear of being sick. I declare I'd almost rather lose Major than disappoint mother," said Farmer Jenks, coming in on Sunday morning from a fruitless visit to his neighbours.

It was in the height of the horse distemper, and his own valuable beast stood in the stall, looking very interesting, with his legs in red flannel bandages, an old shawl round his neck, his body well covered by blankets, and a pensive expression in his fine eyes as he coughed and groaned distressfully.

You see it was particularly unfortunate to have Major give out on Sunday, for grandma had been to church, rain or shine, every Sunday for twenty years, and it was the pride of her life to be able to say this. She was quite superstitious about it, and really felt as if her wonderful health and strength were given her as a reward for her unflinching devotion.

A sincerely pious and good old lady was Grandma Jenks, and her entry into the church always made a little sensation, for she was eighty-five years old, yet hale and hearty, with no affliction but lame feet. So every Sunday, all the year round, her son or grandsons drove

her down to service in the wide, low chaise, got expressly for her benefit, and all the week seemed brighter and better for the quiet hour spent in the big pew.

"If the steeple should fall, folks wouldn't miss it any more than they would old Mrs. Jenks from her corner," was a saying among the people, and grandma felt as if she was not only a public character, but a public example for all to follow, for another saying in the town was,—

"Well, if old Mrs. Jenks can go to meeting, there's no excuse for our staying at home."

That pleased her, and so when the farmer came in with his bad news, she looked deeply disappointed, sat still a minute tapping her hymn-book, then took her two canes and got up, saying resolutely,—

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast, so I won't have poor Major risk his life for me, but I shall walk."

A general outcry followed, for grandma was very lame, church a mile away, and the roads muddy after the rain.

"You can't do it, mother, and you'll be sick for the winter if you try," cried Mrs. Jenks, in great trouble.

"No, dear; I guess the Lord will give me strength, since I'm going to His house," answered the old lady, walking slowly to the door.

"Blest if I wouldn't carry you myself if I only could, mother," exclaimed the farmer, helping her down the steps with filial gentleness.

Here Ned and Charley, the boys, laughed, for grandma was very stout, and the idea of their father carrying her tickled them immensely.

"Boys, I'm ashamed of you!" said their mother, frowning at them. But grandma laughed too, and said pleasantly,—

"I won't be a burden, Moses; give me your arm and I'll step out as well as I can, and maybe some one may come along and give me a lift."

So the door was locked and the family set off. But it was hard work for the old lady, and soon she said she must sit down and rest a spell. As they stood waiting for her, all looking anxious, the boys suddenly had a bright idea, and, merely saying they had forgotten something, raced up the hill again.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do it, mother," the farmer was just saying, when the sound of an approaching carriage made them all turn to look, hoping for a lift.

Nearer and nearer drew the rattle, and round the corner came, not a horse's head, but two felt hats on two boys' heads, and Charley and Ned

appeared, trotting briskly, with the chaise behind them.

"Here's your team, grandma! Jump in, and we'll get you to meeting in good time yet," cried the lads, smiling and panting as they drew up close to the stone where the old lady sat.

"Boys, boys, it's Sunday, and we can't have any jokes or nonsense now," began Mrs. Jenks, looking much scandalized.

"Well, I don't know, wife. It's a new thing, I allow, but considering the fix we are in, I'm not sure it isn't a good plan. What do you think, mother?" asked the farmer, laughing, yet well pleased at the energy and good-will of his lads.

"If the boys behave themselves, and do it as a duty, not a frolic, and don't upset me, I reckon I'll let 'em try, for I don't believe I can get there any other way," said grandma.

"You hoped the Lord would give you strength, and so He has, in this form. Use it, mother, and thank Him for it, since the children love you so well they would run their legs off to serve you," said the farmer, soberly, as he helped the old lady in and folded the robes round her feet.

"Steady, boys, no pranks, and stop behind the sheds. I can lend mother an arm there, and she can walk across the green. This turnout is all very well, but we won't make a show of it."

Away went the chaise rolling gently down the hill, and the new span trotted well together, while the old lady sat calmly inside, frequently saying,—

"Don't pull too hard, Ned. I'm afraid I'm very heavy for you to draw, Charley. Take it easy, dears; there's time enough, time enough."

"You'll never hear the last of this, Moses; it will be a town joke for months to come," said Mrs. Jenks, as she and her husband walked briskly after the triumphal car.

"Don't care if I do hear on't for a considerable spell. It's nothing to be ashamed of, and I guess you'll find that folks will agree with me, even if they do laugh," answered the farmer, stoutly; and he was right.

Pausing behind the sheds, grandma was handed out, and the family went into church, a little late but quite decorously, and as if nothing funny had occurred. To be sure, Ned and Charley were very red and hot, and now and then stole looks at one another with a roguish twinkle of the eye; but a nudge from mother or a shake of the head from father kept them in good order, while dear old grandma couldn't do enough to show her gratitude. She passed a fan, she handed peppermints in her hymn-

book, and when Ned sneezed begged him to put her shawl over his shoulders.

After church the lads slipped away and harnessed themselves already for the homeward trip. But they had to wait, for grandma met some friends and stopped to "reminis," as she called it, and her son did not hurry her, thinking it as well to have the coast clear before his new team appeared.

It was dull and cold behind the sheds, and the boys soon got impatient. Their harness was rather intricate, and they did not want to take it off, so they stood chafing and grumbling at the delay.

"You are nearest, so just hand out that blanket and put it over me; I'm as cold as a stone," said Ned, who was leader.

"I want it myself, if I've got to wait here much longer," grumbled Charley, sitting on the whiffletree, with his legs curled up.

"You're a selfish pig! I'm sure I shall have the horse-cough to-morrow if you don't cover me up."

"Now you know why father is so particular about making us cover Major when we leave him standing. You never do it if you can help it, so how do you like it yourself?"

"Whether I like it or not, I'll warm *you* when we get home, see if I don't, old fellow."

Up came the elders and away went the ponies, but they had a hard tug of it this time. Grandma was not a light weight, the road pretty steep in places, and the mud made heavy going. Such a puffing and panting, heaving and hauling, was never heard or seen there before. The farmer put his shoulder to the wheel, and even Mrs. Jenks tucked up her black silk skirts, and gave an occasional tug at one shaft.

Grandma bemoaned her cruelty, and begged to get out, but the lads wouldn't give up, so with frequent stoppages, some irrepressible laughter, and much persistent effort, the old lady was safely landed at the front door.

No sooner was she fairly down than she did what I fancy might have a good effect on four-legged steeds, if occasionally tried. She hugged both boys, patted and praised them, helped pull off their harness, and wiped their hot foreheads with her own best Sunday handkerchief, then led them in and fed them well.

The lads were in high feather at the success of their exploit, and each showed it in a different way. Charley laughed and talked about it, offered to trot grandma out any day, and rejoiced in the strength of his muscles, and his soundness in wind and limb.

But Ned sat silently eating his dinner, and when some one asked him if he remembered

the text of the sermon, he answered in grandma's words, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"Well, I don't care, that's the only text I remember, and I got a sermon out of it, any way," he said, when the rest laughed at him, and asked what he was thinking about.

"I seem to know now how Major feels when we keep him waiting, when I don't blanket him, and when I expect him to pull his heart out, with no time to get his breath. I'm going to beg his pardon after dinner and tell him all about it."

Charley stopped laughing when sober Ned said that, and he saw his father and mother nod to one another as if well pleased.

"I'll go too, and tell the old fellow that I mean to uncheck him going up hill, to scotch the wheels so he can rest, and be ever so good to him if he'll only get well."

"You might add that you mean to treat him like a horse and a brother, for you have turned pony yourself," said his father, when Charley finished his virtuous remarks.

"And don't forget to pet him a good deal, my dears, for horses like to be loved, and praised, and thanked, as well as boys, and we can't do too much for the noble creatures who are so faithful and useful to us," said Mrs. Jenks, quite touched by the new state of feeling.

"It's my opinion that this sickness among the horses will do a deal of good, by showing folks the great value of the beasts they abuse and neglect. Neighbour Stone is fusing over his old Whitey as if he was a child, and yet I've seen that poor brute unmercifully beaten, and kept half starved. I told Stone that if he lost him it would be because kind treatment came too late: and Stone never got mad, but went and poured vinegar over a hot brick under Whitey's nose till he 'most sneezed his head off. Stone has got a lesson this time, and so have some other folks."

As the farmer spoke, he glanced at the boys, remorsefully recalled the wrongs poor Major had suffered at their hands, not from cruelty, but thoughtlessness, and both resolved to treat him like a friend for evermore.

"Well," said grandma, looking with tender pride at the ruddy faces on either side of her, "I'm thankful to say that I've never missed a Sunday for twenty year, and I've been in all sorts of weather and in all sorts of ways, even on an ox sled one time when the drifts were deep, but I never went better than to-day; so in this dish of tea I'm going to drink this toast: 'Easy roads, light loads, and kind drivers to grandma's team.'"

AMONG THE TREES.

[William Cullen Bryant, born at Cummington, Massachusetts, 3d November, 1797. One of the most eminent of American poets. At ten years of age he published several translations from the Latin poets. Educated for the legal profession, he practised some years at the bar, and then devoted himself entirely to literature. He became editor of several literary journals; in 1826 he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and still (1874) maintains his connection with that journal. His chief works are: *Thanatopsis*; *The Ages*; *Forest Hymn*; *The Fountain*, and other poems; *The Whitefooted Deer*, &c. A collected edition of his poetical works was published in England by H. S. King & Co. His prose works are: *Melfeld*, and the *Skeleton Cave*, contributed to *Tales of the Glauver Spa*; *Letters of a Traveller*; *Letters from Spain and other Countries*, &c. Christopher North said, "It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its delight. He ensouls all dead insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes 'that love all they look upon,' and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude."]

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest, and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your winter sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?
And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight

From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
The beds of those who languish or who die,
And minister in sadness, while our hearts
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
And health to the beloved sufferers.
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial-place.
Ye have no part in this distress; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs,
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate,
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the briar squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childlike glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hill-side trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay,

I know not who, but thank him that he left
 The tree to flourish where the acorn fell.
 And join these later days to that far time
 While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
 In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
 Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
 And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
 Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
 Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
 The fitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
 Who planted on the slope this lofty group
 Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
 Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
 Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
 It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
 Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
 Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
 Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
 Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
 This annual festival of bees, these songs
 Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
 Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
 Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
 Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
 Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
 With every summer spread a wider shade,
 Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
 Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
 Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
 Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
 Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?
 Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
 Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
 Look also on a nobler age than ours;
 An age when, in the eternal strife between
 Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
 A grander mastery; when kings no more
 Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
 The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
 Make camps of war; when in our younger land
 The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
 Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
 Unnerved before the calm rebuke of Law,
 And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
 Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

FORTUNE.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost:
 The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd:
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

AN EASTERN SCENE.

[William Fullarton Cumming, M.D., born at Logie, on the banks of the Findhorn, Morayshire, 1804. He is a son of Burns' "Bonnie Leslie." He graduated at the Edinburgh University, and served some time on the Bengal medical staff. Having been invalided in 1834, he made extensive tours through Europe with Mr. John Campbell, Esq. (author of *Frost and Fire*, &c.), and the present Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne). He spent the winter of 1836 on the Nile, and was the first traveller who recommended the climate of Egypt for pulmonary ailments. During a long residence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh he has been an active, although unobtrusive, originator and supporter of various philanthropic movements. His chief work is *The Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health*, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, &c., from which we quote. One critic says: "These *Notes* will be found to contain good thoughts and excellent materials for thinking, and many of the doctor's descriptions, carefully hit off on the spot, convey better notions of scenes and objects than the more elaborate descriptions of other travellers."]]

June 14.—I am now seated under a group of the largest plane-trees in the world:—they are four in number—nearly all united at the trunks, and forming the large segment of a small circle. The external circumference of the whole is thirty-eight paces, and the trunk of the largest is thirty-five feet. Almost all are hollowed out into capacious caverns, where many persons may shelter themselves, secure from sun, and rain, and elemental war. It is a most delicious retreat; but I do not enjoy the shady repose alone: eight or ten cows are my companions—some standing close to my seat, scratching themselves against the aged trunks:—others stretched on the ground, chewing *not* the "cud of sweet or bitter fancy," and two of the number are standing before me in solemn vacuity, whisking their tails, and shaking their ears, with not a thought in their heads save how to rid themselves of the flies that torment them. Stretching up the valley is a large plain of green grass, gemmed with flowers, and fringed at its upper extremity by a row of olives; beyond which is a range of richly wooded hill. At a little distance on the right is an encampment of gipsies. Three small dingy tents are pitched on the green lawn, at the doors of which men are plying their handicraft. A number of broken pots and pans are ranged about:—clank, clank, goes the hammer on the anvil. It is the only sound I hear, and it teaches me, that the vocation of the gipsies of the east differeth not from that of their brethren of the west of Europe. The females of the party are squatted in sunny idleness, at some distance from the tents, and five

or six shaggy and half-naked children, swarthy as the *Æthiop*, are frolicking in the neighbourhood, in happy ignorance of the world and its cares. One of them has just come and asked for charity in the Arab tongue. He is a wanderer like myself, and I give him a piastre, with which he is now scampering off with delight. Behind me is the noble Bosphorus—translucent, beautiful, and blue—rolling his never-ebbing tide from the bosom of the capacious *Euxine*—

"Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but holds
Due on to the Propontick and the Hellespont."

Unlike all other arms of the sea, his course is ever the same, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever,"—type of Him who traced out his channel and bade him to flow. Several vessels, and calques without number, are floating on his cerulean wave:—there, the "meteor flag of England" on a merchantman—here the star and crescent of the Moslem from the mizzen-peak of a line-of-battle ship. The day is heavenly. How unspeakable is the luxury of such a retreat after the filthy streets of Constantinople! Escaping from that detestable town, I feel like the long-fettered prisoner who is admitted once more to taste the sweets of liberty. In all my experience, I have never been in a city possessing fewer attractions for a prolonged residence than Constantinople; and yet for external beauty and splendour it may challenge and defy the world. But let the stranger, after surveying its congregated and wondrous beauties from the towers of the Seraskier or of Galata, descend from his pride of place, to seek for the details of the gorgeous panorama, and he finds them not—he is hemmed in on every side—the horizon bounded by walls of rickety houses, having no elegance without, and no comfort within,—and then what streets he must walk upon! what hills to toil up, and what odours to inhale! Constantinople with all its boasted beauties is a mere delusion;—from the tower of Galata it is all that the eye of man can desire. The beholder looks with eager and delighted gaze—at length he is fairly bewildered—presently, sated with beauty, he descends into the heart of the town, and finds himself tricked—fairly hoaxed;—he now feels that his admiration was lavished not on a real picture; but that on the top of the tower he had indulged merely in an "*amabilis insania*"—a mirage in the desert—a "*mentis gratus error*."

The view of Constantinople is like the apples said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea—
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all fair, and blooming, and inviting without—within containing only black and bitter ashes. Even the mosques and minarets, so striking from a distance, will not bear close inspection or analysis. The former fix the eye solely from their immense mass, forming landmarks amid the wilderness of houses, like islands in a stretch of ocean; but they have no architectural grace. The same may be said of the minarets—huge long white-washed poles of masonry, terminating in gray or gilded cones. I have narrowly examined the handsomest, but I looked in vain for the fanciful Arabesque decorations that adorn those of the Egyptian capital. I still hold to the opinion, that the view from the citadel of Cairo is the finest I have ever seen—that is to say, it exhibits a picture, less dazzling I admit than the Turkish capital, but infinitely more satisfactory to the mind, and pleasing to the eye. Three ascents of the Towers of Constantinople satisfied me; whereas I have been ten times at least on the citadel of Cairo. The chief peculiarity which distinguishes Constantinople is the quantity of trees growing in the very heart of the town—the contrast of whose green leaves with the brown-red colour of the roofs is at once remarkable and beautiful. But in winter, when the trees are shorn of their foliage, half the beauty of the city will have disappeared. There is certainly one most majestic and enduring feature in the Bosphorus, not only from its own natural and unadorned beauties, but from the thousands of vessels on its bosom—from the tiny and swift canoe to the thundering line-of-battle ship. Take away the Bosphorus—let the season be winter, and the huge mosques and glittering minarets may rear their heads in vain. The only buildings worthy of a moment's admiration are the sibeels, kiosks, and palaces of the sultan. These are indeed beautiful—generally skirting the shores of the Bosphorus—of no particular order of architecture, but so light, and fanciful, and aerial, that one might imagine them to have been erected by a band of fairies in a single night. As for the seven hills on which the city is said to be built, I have endeavoured in vain to define them by the eye. The silence that pervades this vast city is a circumstance that must strike every one. A carriage or cart, or even a horse, is hardly ever to be seen; neither are camels used here as beasts of burden: the climate first, and, secondly, the pavement of the streets, would destroy them. It has often been matter of surprise to me how the immense population is supplied with the necessaries of life. Venice with her canals and gondolas is not more free

from the ordinary din of a large city than the capital of Turkey. But although there are few permanent attractions here, there is much to amuse and interest the traveller for twelve or fourteen days. He has hourly before him a population, more motley, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world:—the solemn Turk—the lively Greek—the smooth and Jesuit-like Armenian—the sharp-eyed Jew—the sturdy Tartar—the teapot-faced and woolly African—the tall and graceful Circassian, with his loose gray robe and shaggy cap—the slight, but active Arab—the European traveller—and, lastly, the indigenous Franks. These are a miserable race. Pera swarms with them:—fellows without country, without character—the very scum of the earth—despising the Turks, and despised by them in return—men who have escaped the gallows or the jail in their own country, and have rendezvoused here, because they are free from all moral restraint. Such is, I believe, the general character of this race. Exceptions, of course, many exceptions there are; but these only strengthen the rule.

The Circassians come here as panders to the sensuality of the Turks, bringing their daughters to dispose of as slaves and mistresses to the great. Anxious to see a woman of their country, I called at the café where they congregate, but was told that the market was for the present empty.

As for English society, it is, I believe, confined solely to a few British merchants; but having no introductions, I cannot speak as to its extent or attractions. The English traveller has only to present himself to Mr. Cartwright, the consul-general, even without recommendation, to be sure of a hospitable reception; so at least I found it, and others have found the same. But if the city itself possess few lasting attractions, it is not so with the lovely and romantic solitudes of Therapia and Buydereh. I know no transition more delightful than to pass from the crowded and confined streets of Constantinople, to the free, and fragrant, and bracing airs of the valleys of the Bosphorus. It is to me a positive luxury to rise in the morning, and feel that the day is my own, to smoke my long pipe after breakfast, without the fear before my eyes of Mustapha entering the room, with his rubicund face and gray beard, announcing that it is time to be off—to wander during the whole forenoon whithersoever the spirit prompteth—losing myself in a labyrinth of sweets, and seeking my home with the declining sun. I know no greater hardship than that of rushing through a large city, having the eyes and senses dazzled

and confused by a multiplicity of new objects, and the ears dinned by the tedious loquacity of a Cicerone. To do Mustapha justice, he is sparing of words, although rather tyrannical as to time. But the traveller must necessarily go through this ordeal:—then comes the pleasure, the sober pleasure of reflection—to linger in the place—to inhale its moral atmosphere—to saunter about without other object than that of looking about—to enter the thoroughfares and bazaars, not intending to buy, but merely to catch the hundred peculiarities, however trifling, which distinguish a new people from one's own, or from other nations—then to stray into the country, to examine its productions, and to watch the peasant at his labours. This is what constitutes the real pleasure of travelling, and not the boast of how many lions one may have slain in a single day.

TOASTS

FOR THE GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete:
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit, and her first blooming
face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Thine was the first, and ours the brightest toast:
Th' adorers' offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

LADY SUNDERLAND:

All nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX.

PRAY EMPLOY MAJOR NAMBY.

[William Wilkie Collins, born in London, January, 1824. Novelist. He was educated for the bar. His first work was a memoir of his father, William Collins, R.A., the celebrated painter, and it was followed by *Antonina*, or *The Fall of Rome*; *Rambles beyond Railways*; *Basil*; *Mr. Wray's Cash-box*; *Hide and Seek*; *After Dark*; *Dead Secret*; *The Queen of Hearts*; *The Woman in White*; *No Name*; *My Miscellanies*; *Armadale*; *The Moonstone*; *Man and Wife*; *Poor Miss Finch*; *The New Magdalen*, &c. He has written a number of plays chiefly founded upon his novels.]

I am a single lady—single, you will please to understand, entirely because I have refused many excellent offers. Pray don't imagine from this that I am old. Some women's offers come at long intervals, and other women's offers come close together. Mine came remarkably close together—so, of course, I cannot possibly be old. Not that I presume to describe myself as absolutely young, either; so much depends on people's points of view. I have heard female children of the ages of eighteen or nineteen called young ladies. This seems to me to be ridiculous—and I have held that opinion, without once wavering from it, for more than ten years past. It is, after all, a question of feeling; and, shall I confess it? I feel so young!

I live in the suburbs, and I have bought my house. The major lives in the suburbs, next door to me, and he has bought his house. I don't object to this of course. I merely mention it to make things straight.

Major Namby has been twice married. His first wife—dear, dear! how can I express it? Shall I say, with vulgar abruptness, that his first wife had a family? And must I descend into particulars, and add that they are four in number, and that two of them are twins? Well, the words are written; and if they will do over again for the same purpose, I beg to repeat them in reference to the second Mrs. Namby (still alive), who has also had a family, and is—no, I really cannot say, is likely to go on having one. There are certain limits in a case of this kind, and I think I have reached them. Permit me simply to state that the second Mrs. Namby has three children at present. These, with the first Mrs. Namby's four, make a total of seven. The seven are composed of five girls and two boys. And the first Mrs. Namby's family all have one particular kind of constitution, and the second Mrs. Namby's family all have another particular kind of constitution. Let me explain once

more that I merely mention these little matters, and I that don't object to them.

My complaint against Major Namby is, in plain terms, that he transacts the whole of his domestic business in his front garden. Whether it arises from natural weakness of memory, from total want of a sense of propriety, or from a condition of mind which is closely allied to madness of the eccentric sort, I cannot say, but the major certainly does sometimes partially, and sometimes entirely, forget his private family matters, and the necessary directions connected with them, while he is inside the house, and does habitually remember them, and repair all omissions, by bawling through his windows, at the top of his voice, as soon as he gets outside the house. It never seems to occur to him that he might advantageously return in-doors, and there mention what he has forgotten in a private and proper way. The instant the lost idea strikes him—which it invariably does, either in his front garden, or in the roadway outside his house—he roars for his wife, either from the gravel walk, or over the low wall—and (if I may use so strong an expression) empties his mind to her in public, without appearing to care whose ears he wearies, whose delicacy he shocks, or whose ridicule he invites. If the man is not mad, his own small family fuses have taken such complete possession of all his senses, that he is quite incapable of noticing anything else, and perfectly impenetrable to the opinions of his neighbours. Let me show that the grievance of which I complain is no slight one, by giving a few examples of the general persecution that I suffer, and the occasional shocks that are administered to my delicacy, at the coarse hands of Major Namby.

We will say it is a fine warm morning. I am sitting in my front room, with the window open, absorbed over a deeply interesting book. I hear the door of the next house bang; I look up, and see the major descending the steps into his front garden.

He walks—no, he marches—half way down the front garden path, with his head high in the air, and his chest stuck out, and his military cane fiercely flourished in his right hand. Suddenly he stops, stamps with one foot, knocks up the hinder part of the brim of his extremely curly hat with his left hand, and begins to scratch at that singularly disagreeable-looking roll of fat red flesh in the back of his neck. (which scratching, I may observe, in parenthesis, is always a sure sign, in the case of this horrid man, that a lost domestic idea has suddenly come back to him). He waits a moment

in the ridiculous position just described, then wheels round on his heel, looks up at the first-floor window, and, instead of going back into the house to mention what he has forgotten, bawls out fiercely from the middle of the walk:—

"Matilda!"

I hear his wife's voice—a shockingly shrill one; but what can you expect of a woman who has been seen, over and over again, in a slatternly striped wrapper, as late as two o'clock in the afternoon—I hear his wife's voice answer from inside the house:

"Yes, dear."

"I said it was a south wind."

"Yes, dear."

"It isn't a south wind."

"Lor, dear."

"It's a sou'-east. I won't have Georgina taken out to-day. (Georgina is one of the first Mrs. Namby's family, and they are all weak in the chest.) Where's nurse?"

"Here, sir."

"Nurse, I won't have Jack allowed to run. Whenever that boy perspires he catches cold. Hang up his hoop. If he cries, take him into my dressing-room, and show him the birch rod. Matilda!"

"Yes, dear."

"What the devil do they mean by daubing all that grease over Mary's hair! It's beastly to see it—do you hear?—beastly! Where's Pamby?" (Pamby is the unfortunate work-woman who makes and mends the family linen.)

"Here, sir."

"Pamby, what are you about now?"

No answer. Pamby, or somebody else, giggles faintly. The major flourishes his cane in a fury.

"Why the devil don't you answer me? I give you three seconds to answer me, or leave the house. One—two—three. Pamby! what are you about now?"

"If you please, sir, I'm doing something—"

"What?"

"Something particular for baby, sir."

"Drop it directly, whatever it is. Nurse!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mind the crossings. Don't let the children sit down if they're hot. Don't let them speak to other children. Don't let them get playing with strange dogs. Don't let them mess their things. And above all, don't bring Master Jack back in a perspiration. Is there anything more before I go out?"

"No, sir."

"Matilda! Is there anything more?"

"No, dear."

"Pamby! Is there anything more?"

"No, sir."

Here the domestic colloquy ends, for the time being. Will any sensitive person—especially a person of my own sex—please to imagine what I must suffer as a delicate single lady, at having all these family details obtruded on my attention, whether I like it or not, in the major's rasping martial voice, and in the shrill answering screams of the women inside? It is bad enough to be submitted to this sort of persecution when one is alone; but it is far worse to be also exposed to it—as I am constantly—in the presence of visitors, whose conversation is necessarily interrupted, whose ears are necessarily shocked, whose very stay in my house is necessarily shortened, by Major Namby's unendurably public way of managing his private concerns.

Only the other day, my old, dear, and most valued friend, Lady Malkinshaw, was sitting with me, and was entering at great length into the interesting story of her second daughter's unhappy marriage engagement, and of the dignified manner in which the family ultimately broke it off. For a quarter of an hour or so our interview continued to be delightfully uninterrupted. At the end of that time, however, just as Lady Malkinshaw, with the tears in her eyes, was beginning to describe the effect of her daughter's dreadful disappointment on the poor dear girl's mind and looks, I heard the door of the major's house bang as usual; and looking out of the window in despair, saw the major himself strut half way down the walk, stop, scratch violently at his roll of red flesh, wheel round so as to face the house, consider a little, pull his tablets out of his waistcoat-pocket, shake his head over them, and then look up at the front windows, preparatory to bawling as usual at the degraded female members of his household. Lady Malkinshaw, quite ignorant of what was coming, happened, at the same moment, to be proceeding with her pathetic story, in these terms:—

"I do assure you, my poor dear girl behaved throughout with the heroism of a martyr. When I had told her of the vile wretch's behaviour, breaking it to her as gently as I possibly could; and when she had a little recovered I said to her—"

("Matilda!")

The major's rasping voice sounded louder than ever, as he bawled out that dreadful name, just at the wrong moment. Lady Malkinshaw started as if she had been shot. I put down the window in despair; but the glass

was no protection to our ears—Major Namby can roar through a brick wall. I apologized—I declared solemnly that my next door neighbour was mad—I entreated Lady Malkinshaw to take no notice, and to go on. That sweet woman immediately complied. I burn with indignation when I think of what followed. Every word from the Namby's garden (which I distinguish below by parentheses) came, very slightly muffled by the window, straight into my room, and mixed itself up with her ladyship's story in this inexpressibly ridiculous and impertinent manner:—

"Well," my kind and valued friend proceeded, "as I was telling you, when the first natural burst of sorrow was over, I said to her—"

"Yes, dear Lady Malkinshaw," I murmured, encouragingly.

"I said to her——"

("By jingo, I've forgotten something! Matilda! when I made my memorandum of errands, how many had I to do?")

"My dearest, darling child," I said——"

("Pamby! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"I said, 'my dearest, darling child——'"

("Nurse! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"My own love," I said——"

("Pooh! Pooh! I tell you, I had four errands to do, and I've only got three of 'em written down. Check me off, all of you—I'm going to read my errands.")

"Your own proper pride, love," I said, "will suggest to you——"

("Gray powder for baby.")

"the necessity of making up your mind, my angel, to——"

("Row the plumber for infamous condition of back kitchen sink.")

"to return all the wretch's letters, and——"

("Speak to the haberdasher about patching Jack's shirts.")

"all his letters and presents, darling. You need only make them up into a parcel, and write inside——"

("Matilda! is that all?")

"and write inside——"

("Pamby! is that all?")

"and write inside——"

("Nurse! is that all?")

"I have my mother's sanction for making one last request to you. It is this——"

("What have the children got for dinner to-day?")

"it is this: Return me my letters, as

I have returned yours. You will find inside——"

("A shoulder of mutton and onion sauce? And a devilish good dinner too.")

The coarse wretch roared out those last shocking words cheerfully, at the top of his voice. Hitherto, Lady Malkinshaw had preserved her temper with the patience of an angel; but she began—and who can wonder?—to lose it at last.

"It is really impossible, my dear," she said, rising from her chair, "to continue any conversation while that very intolerable person persists in talking to his family from his front garden. No! I really cannot go on—I cannot, indeed."

Just as I was apologizing to my sweet friend for the second time, I observed, to my great relief (having my eye still on the window), that the odious major had apparently come to the end of his domestic business for that morning, and had made up his mind at last to relieve us of his presence. I distinctly saw him put his tablets back in his pocket, wheel round again on his heel, and march straight to the garden gate. I waited until he had his hand on the lock to open it; and then, when I felt that we were quite safe, I informed dear Lady Malkinshaw that my detestable neighbour had at last taken himself off, and, throwing open the window again to get a little air, begged and entreated her to oblige me by resuming the charming conversation.

"Where was I!" inquired my distinguished friend.

"You were telling me what you recommended your poor darling to write inside her inclosure," I answered.

"Ah, yes—so I was. Well, my dear, she controlled herself by an admirable effort, and wrote exactly what I told her. You will excuse a mother's partiality, I am sure—but I think I never saw her look so lovely—so mournfully lovely, I should say—as when she was writing those last lines to the man who had so basely trifled with her. The tears came into my eyes as I looked at her sweet pale cheeks; and I thought to myself——"

("Nurse! which of the children was sick, last time, after eating onion sauce?")

He had come back again!—the monster had come back again, from the very threshold of the garden gate, to shout that unwarrantable, atrocious question in at his nursery window!

Lady Malkinshaw bounced off her chair at the first note of his horrible voice, and changed towards me instantly—as if it had been my fault—in the most alarming and

most unexpected manner. Her ladyship's face became awfully red; her ladyship's head trembled excessively; her ladyship's eyes looked straight into mine with an indescribable fierceness.

"Why am I thus insulted?" inquired Lady Malkinshaw, with a slow and dignified sternness which froze the blood in my veins. "What do you mean by it?" continued her ladyship, with a sudden rapidity of utterance that quite took my breath away.

Before I could remonstrate with my friend for visiting her natural irritation on poor innocent me: before I could declare that I had seen the major actually open his garden gate to go away, the provoking brute's voice burst in on us again.

"Ha, yes?" we heard him growl to himself, in a kind of shameless domestic soliloquy. "Yes, yes, yes—Sophy was sick, to be sure. Curious. All Mrs. Namby's step-children have weak chests and strong stomachs. All Mrs. Namby's own children have weak stomachs and strong chests. I have a strong stomach and a strong chest. Pamby!"

"I consider this," continued Lady Malkinshaw, literally glaring at me, in the fulness of her indiscriminate exasperation—"I consider this to be unwarrantable and unladylike. I beg to know——"

"Where's Bill?" burst in the major from below, before she could add another word. "Matilda! Nurse! Pamby! where's Bill? I didn't bid Bill good-bye—hold him up at the window, one of you?"

"My dear Lady Malkinshaw," I remonstrated, "Why blame me? What have I done?"

"Done?" repeated her ladyship. "Done?—all that is most unfriendly, most unwarrantable, most unladylike, most——"

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" roared the major, shouting her ladyship down, and stamping about the garden in fits of fond paternal laughter. "Bill, my boy, how are you? There's a young Turk for you! Pull up his frock—I want to see his jolly legs——"

Lady Malkinshaw screamed and rushed to the door. I sank into a chair, and clasped my hands in despair.

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! What calves the dog's got! Pamby! look at his calves. Aha! bless his heart, his legs are the model of his father's! The Namby build, Matilda: the Namby build, every inch of him. Kick again, Bill—kick out, like mad. I say, ma'am! I beg your pardon, ma'am!——"

Ma'am? I ran to the window. Was the major actually daring to address Lady Mal-

kinshaw, as she passed indignantly, on her way out, down my front garden? He was! The odious monster was pointing out his—his, what shall I say?—his *undraped* offspring to the notice of my outraged visitor.

"Look at him, ma'am. If you're a judge of children, look at him. There's a two-year-older for you! Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! Show the lady your legs, Bill—kick out for the lady, you dog, kick out!"

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

[Nicholas Rowe, born at Little Berkford, Bedfordshire, 1673; died in London, 6th December, 1718. Dramatist, and appointed poet-laureate in 1716, on the death of Nahum Tate. *The Fair Penitent*, *The Biter*, *Clytemnestra*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Grey* are the titles of a few of his plays. His poems consist of odes, epistles, prologues and translations.]

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twas better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go glad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talked of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

NOVEL-WRITERS.

[Henry Fielding, born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, 22d April, 1707; died at Lisbon, 8th October, 1754. "The father of the English novel." Magistrate, dramatist, and novelist. He wrote twenty-five farces and comedies for the stage; but it was in satirizing the novels of Richardson that he discovered his true vocation. *Joseph Andrews*, *Amelia*, and *Tom Jones* (one of the introductory chapters of which we quote), notwithstanding much that is regarded as coarse in the present day, remain classic works of English fiction. "Of all the works of imagination to which English genius has given origin, the writings of Henry Fielding are, perhaps, most decidedly and exclusively her own. . . . Like many other men of talent, Fielding was unfortunate—his life was a life of imprudence and uncertainty; but it was while passing from the high society to which he was born to that of the lowest and most miscellaneous kind to which his fortune condemned him, that he acquired the extended familiarity with the English character, in every rank and aspect, which has made his name immortal as a painter of national manners."—*Sir Walter Scott*.]

Among other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an

encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the *Spectator* was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottoes to every paper, from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-master, and yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device, therefore, of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the *Spectators*, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to any essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakspeare, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude that most of the authors would not have attempted to show their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim*,¹ may be more truly said of the historian and biographer than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry,

¹—Each desperate blockhead dares to write;
 Verse is the trade of every living wight.

indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term Romance; a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than Doomsday-book, or the vast authentic book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend that by encouraging such authors we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean, to the characters of many good and valuable members of society; for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent, therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius, without a rich vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius, I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they

are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors, for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas, by invention, is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy of judgment, for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment; and yet some men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning, for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, part at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the *belles-lettres* is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, were masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books, for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can only be learned in the world.

Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakspeare or a Johnson, of a Wycherley or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive,¹ can convey to him; so on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high life will not instruct him in low, nor, *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection, for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity when contrasted with, and opposed to, the politeness which controls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations; for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto

given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. "The author who will make me weep," says Horace, "must first weep himself." In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him, unless it should happen at any time, that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

[Thomas Blacklock, D.D., born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, 10th November, 1721; died at Edinburgh, 7th July, 1791. Although when a child he lost his eyesight from the effects of smallpox, he studied at the Edinburgh University, and obtained high degrees in classics and divinity. He spent most of his life as a teacher in the northern capital, where he wrote: *The Graham*, a heroic poem; *A Panegyric on Great Britain*; and various hymns, songs, and translations.]

One night I dream'd, and dreams may oft prove true,
That to this foolish world I bade adieu.
With solemn rites, and decent grief deplor'd,
My friends to mother earth her gift restor'd.
But O! eternal insult to my shade,
Close by a vile plebeian corse was laid!
Enrag'd, confus'd, I try'd to shift my ground;
But all attempts were unsuccessful found.
"Begone, gross lump," I cry'd in high disdain,
"No slave of abject birth shall here remain.
Be distant far, to nobler names give way,
And mix with vulgar dust thy sordid clay."
"Thou fool, thou wretch!" a hollow voice reply'd,
"Now learn the impotence of wealth and pride;
Hereditary names and honours, here,
With all their farce and tinsel, disappear.
In these dark realms Death's reptile heralds trace
From one sole origin all human race:
On all the line one equal lot attends;
From dust it rises and to dust descends.
Here pale Ambition, quitting pomp and form,
Admits her last—best counsellor, a worm.
Here Nature's charter stands confirm'd alone;
The grave is less precarious than the throne.
Then seek not here pre-eminence and state,
But own and bless th' impartial will of Fate;
With life, its errors and its whims resign,
Nor think a beggar's title worse than thine."

¹ There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor and these two most justly celebrated actresses in this place; as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

THE GYPSY'S STORY.

[George Borrow, born at East Dereham, Norfolk, 1808. Philologist and miscellaneous writer. Under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society he has issued translations of portions of the Scriptures in several languages. He gave much attention to the gypsy language in England and Spain. His best known works are: *The Bible in Spain*; *Wild Wales*, its people, language, and scenery; *Lavengro* (from which we quote); and *The Romany Kye*. The last two works represent his experiences amongst the gypsies. John Murray, publisher.]

It happened about six years ago, a few months after she [Mrs. Hearne, a gypsy] had quitted us—she had gone first amongst her own people, as she called them; but there was another small party of Romans, with whom she soon became very intimate. It so happened that this small party got into trouble; whether it was about a horse or an ass, or passing bad money, no matter to you and me, who had no hand in the business; three or four of them were taken and lodged in . . . Castle, and amongst them was a woman; but the sherengro, or principal man of the party, and who it seems had most hand in the affair, was still at large. All of a sudden a rumour was spread abroad that the woman was about to play false, and to peach the rest. Said the principal man, when he heard it, "If she does, I am nashkado." Mrs. Hearne was then on a visit to the party, and when she heard the principal man take on so, she said, "But I suppose you know what to do?" "I do not," said he. "Then hir mi devlis," said she, "you are a fool. But leave the matter to me, I know how to dispose of her in Roman fashion." Why she wanted to interfere in the matter, brother, I don't know, unless it was from pure brimstoneness of disposition—she had no hand in the matter which had brought the party into trouble—she was only on a visit, and it had happened before she came; but she was always ready to give dangerous advice. Well, brother, the principal man listened to what she had to say, and let her do what she would; and she made a pudding, a very nice one, no doubt—for, besides plums, she put in drows and all the Roman condiments that she knew of; and she gave it to the principal man, and the principal put it into a basket and directed it to the woman in . . . Castle, and the woman in the castle took it and . . .

"Ate of it," said I; "exactly like my case!"

"Quite different," brother; she took it, it is true, but instead of giving way to her appetite, as you might have done, she put it before the

rest whom she was going to impeach; perhaps she wished to see how they liked it before she tasted it herself; and all the rest were poisoned, and one died, and there was a precious outcry, and the woman cried loudest of all; and she said, "It was my death was sought for: I know the man; and I'll be revenged." And then the Pokenes spoke to her and said, "Where can we find him?" and she said, "I am awake to his motions; three weeks from hence, the night before the full moon, at such and such an hour, he will pass down such a lane with such a man."

"Well," said I, "and what did the Pokenes do?"

"Do, brother! sent for a plastramengro from Bow Street, quite secretly, and told him what the woman had said; and the night before the full moon, the plastramengro went to the place which the juwa had pointed out, all alone, brother; and, in order that he might not be too late, he went two hours before his time. I know the place well, brother, where the plastramengro placed himself behind a thick holly tree, at the end of a lane, where a gate leads into various fields, through which there is a path for carts and horses. The lane is called the dark lane by the Georgios, being much shaded by trees. So the plastramengro placed himself in the dark lane behind the holly tree; it was a cold February night, dreary though; the wind blew in gusts, and the moon had not yet risen; and the plastramengro waited behind the tree till he was tired, and thought he might as well sit down; so he sat down; and was not long in falling to sleep, and there he slept for some hours; and when he awoke the moon had risen, and was shining bright, so that there was a kind of moonlight even in the dark lane; and the plastramengro pulled out his watch, and contrived to make out that it was just two hours beyond the time when the men should have passed by. Brother, I do not know what the plastramengro thought of himself, but I know, brother, what I should have thought of myself in his situation. I should have thought, brother, that I was a drowy scoppelo, and that I had let the fellow pass by whilst I was sleeping behind a bush. As it turned out, however, his going to sleep did no harm, but quite the contrary; just as he was going away, he heard a gate slam in the direction of the fields, and then he heard the low stamping of horses, as if on soft ground, for the path in those fields is generally soft, and at that time it had been lately ploughed up. Well, brother, presently he saw two men on horseback coming towards the lane through

the field behind the gate; the man who rode foremost was a tall big fellow, the very man he was in quest of; the other was a smaller chap, not so small either, but a light wiry fellow, and a proper master of his hands when he sees occasion for using them. Well, brother, the foremost man came to the gate, reached at the hank, undid it, and rode through, holding it open for the other. Before, however, the other could follow into the lane, out bolted the plastramengro from behind the tree, kicked the gate to with his foot, and, seizing the big man on horseback, 'You are my prisoner,' said he. I am of opinion, brother, that the plastramengro, notwithstanding he went to sleep, must have been a regular fine fellow."

"I am entirely of your opinion," said I, "but what happened then?"

"Why, brother, the Rommany chal, after he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, for it is rather uncomfortable to be laid hold of at night-time, and told you are a prisoner; more especially when you happen to have two or three things on your mind which, if proved against you, would carry you to the nashky. The Rommany chal, I say, clubbed his whip, and aimed a blow at the plastramengro, which, if it had hit him on the skull, as was intended, would very likely have cracked it. The plastramengro, however, received it partly on his staff, so that it did him no particular damage. Whereupon, seeing what kind of customer he had to deal with, he dropped his staff, and seized the chal with both his hands, who forthwith spurred his horse, hoping, by doing so, either to break away from him, or fling him down; but it would not do—the plastramengro held on like a bull-dog, so that the Rommany chal, to escape being hauled to the ground, suddenly flung himself off the saddle, and then happened in that lane, close by the gate, such a struggle between those two—the chal and the runner—as I suppose will never happen again. But you must have heard of it; every one has heard of it; every one has heard of the fight between the Bow Street engro and the Rommany chal."

"I never heard of it till now."

"All England rung of it, brother. There never was a better match than between those two. The runner was somewhat the stronger of the two—all these engroes are strong fellows—and a great deal cooler, for all of that sort are wondrous cool people—he had, however, to do with one who knew full well how to take his own part. The chal fought the engro brother in the old Roman fashion. He bit, he kicked, and screamed like a wild cat of Beny-

gant; casting foam from his mouth, and fire from his eyes. Sometimes he was beneath the engro's legs, and sometimes he was upon his shoulders. What the engro found the most difficult, was to get a firm hold of the chal, for no sooner did he seize the chal by any part of his wearing apparel, than the chal either tore himself away, or contrived to slip out of it; so that in a little time the chal was three parts naked; and as for holding him by the body, it was out of the question, for he was as slippery as an eel. At last the engro seized the chal by the Belcher's handkerchief, which he wore in a knot round his neck, and do whatever the chal could, he could not free himself; and when the engro saw that, it gave him fresh heart, no doubt; 'It's of no use,' said he; 'you had better give in; hold out your hands for the darbies, or I will throttle you.'"

"And what did the other fellow do, who came with the chal?" said I.

"I sat still on my horse, brother."

"You!" said I. "Were you the man?"

"I was he, brother."

"And why did you not help your comrade?"

"I have fought in the ring, brother."

"And what had fighting in the ring to do with fighting in the lane?"

"You mean not fighting. A great deal, brother; it taught me to prize fair play. When I fought Staffordshire Dick, t'other side of London, I was alone, brother. Not a Rommany chal to back me, and he had all his brother pals about him; but they gave me fair play, brother; and I beat Staffordshire Dick, which I couldn't have done had they put one finger on his side the scale; for he was as good a man as myself, or nearly so. Now, brother, had I but bent a finger in favour of the Rommany chal, the plastramengro would never have come alive out of the lane; but I did not, for I thought to myself fair play is a precious stone."

TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Disputes the palm with Beauty's queen:
Not Beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue, if she's seen:

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
But the sweet blush of Modesty
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

DR. JAMES FORDYCE (1720-1796).

THE BAVIAD.

[William Gifford, born in Ashburton, Devon, April, 1757; died 31st December, 1826. He lost his parents when in his thirteenth year. He then obtained employment in a coasting vessel, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker. His craving for knowledge obtained for him the substantial regard of Mr. Cookealey, a surgeon, who sent him to school and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1791 he produced *The Baviad*, a powerful satire upon the absurd Della Cruscan poetry then in vogue; and in 1795, *The Maeviad*, a satire chiefly upon the drama of that period. He edited the *Quarterly Review* from its commencement in 1809 till 1824.¹ As the literature of the early part of this century is full of references to the Della Cruscan versifiers, we quote a brief extract from the satire which extinguished them.]

Lo, DELLA CRUSCA! In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.
Abortive thoughts, that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound,
False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.
'Tis done. Her house the generous Ploaxi lends,
And thither summons her blue-stocking friends;
The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lured by the love of Poetry—and Tea.

The BARD steps forth, in birth-day splendour dressed,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
His left extending, so that all may see,
A roll inscribed "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair;
With lemonade he gargles next his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
And now 'tis silence all. "GENIUS OR MUSE"²—
Thus while the flowery subject he pursues,
A wild delirium round the assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes,
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands,
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

O wretched man! And dost thou toil to please,
At this late³ hour, such prurient ears as these?
Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such transitory fame as fools can give?
Fools, who unconscious of the critics' laws,
Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
And, with eternal puffs, insult'st the town,

¹ In an amusing letter, Lord Byron says of Gifford: "I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."

² "GENIUS OR MUSE, whose'er thou art, whose thrill
Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,
Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,
And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul."

See the commencement of the *Wreath of Liberty*, where

Art forced at length to check the idiot roar,
And cry, "For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no more!"
"But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why fraught
With all the priest and all the sage have taught,
If the huge mass within my bosom pent,
Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"
THOU learn'd! Alas, for learning! She is sped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head
And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?
O lost to sense!—But still, thou criest, 'tis sweet,
To hear "That's HZ!" from every one we meet;
That's HZ whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom magazines, reviews, conspire to praise,
And Greathead calls, the Homer of our days.

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name,
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?

P. Nay, it were everything, did THAT dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense:
But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
ERE FARO comes, (a dreary interval)
For some fond fashionable lay they call.
Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,
With lisping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate of that poor poet,
Who born for anguish, and disposed to show it,
Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy!

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O, would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THOMAS OTWAY

our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

³ At this late hour—I learned from Della Crusca's lamentations, that he is declined into the vale of years; that the women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon, *Ἦκει ἄρ'* and that Love, about two years since,

"—tore his name from his bright page,
And gave it to approaching age."

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANYTHING.

[The Right Hon. Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Baron Lytton, D.C.L., &c., born May, 1806; died at Torquay, 18th January, 1873. Poet, novelist, dramatist, and politician. Educated at Cambridge, where he took the chancellor's prize medal with his poem *Scythæ*. When only fifteen years of age he published *Ismael*, an oriental tale. Soon after, he issued for private circulation *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, a small collection of poems. In 1827 appeared *O'Neil, or the Rebel*, a tale in verse; and *Falkland*, a love story. At the close of the same year *Pelham* was published, and won for him a high position as a novelist. Of his numerous works the most important are: *The Disowned*; *Devereux*; *Paul Clifford*; *Eugene Aram*; *Godolphin*; *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*; *The Last Days of Pompeii*; *Rienzi*; *Ernest Maltravers*; *Alice*, or the *Mysteries*; *Night and Morning*; *Zanoni*; *The Last of the Barons*; *Lucrèce*; *Harold*, the last of the Saxon Kings; *My Novel*; *The Caxtons*; *What will he do with it? A Strange Story*; *Caxtoniana*, or *Letters on Life, Literature, and Manners*; *The Coming Race*; *The Parisians*; &c. His chief poems are *Milton*; *King Arthur*, an epic in twelve books; and the *Lost Tales of Milæus*. His plays: *The Lady of Lyons*; *The Duchess de la Vallière*; *Money*; *Richelieu*; *The Rightful Heir*; and *Walpole*, or *Every Man has his Price*. He also wrote several historical works, and, indeed, distinguished himself in almost every department of literature, whilst he rendered good service to the state as a politician.]

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example, —Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learn-

ing. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the lord-chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The lord-chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing, and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army: he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother; so they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the — regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a damned ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"And why the devil will he not?"

"Bless you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer."

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the — regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had began worse; and many a country member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn-laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civillest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel!"—"never marry a beauty," said a third;—"he can admire none but himself;" "will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business,—he looked very distastefully at the Hypericæ curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he—"I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" granted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to

marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences,—“Cheer up, my Ferdinand,” said she, “for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion!” “Adorable condescension,” cried our hero; “but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony.”

“All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy?” was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

“I leave,” said the testator (who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist), “my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to”—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*) “my natural son, John Sprigge, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will no doubt win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds.”

“A thousand devils!” said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. “Lies,” says the Italian proverb, “have short legs;” but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

“I wish you every happiness,” said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—“but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!”

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumlion.

“Alas! sir,” said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench,—“Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!”

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

[Richard Crashaw, died at Rome, 1650. Author of *Steps to the Temple; Delights of the Muses; Sacred Poems and Translations.*]

Love, brave Virtue's youngest brother,
Ere'th hath made my heart a mother,
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate;
Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
How e'er love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met.
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
Points of death, bid Love begone,
(Though the Heavens in counsel sate,
To crown an uncontrolled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his path with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood;)
Love has no plea against her eye,
Beauty frowns and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love;
(Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fix'd his forehead to a frown;)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live:

O! if Love shall live, O! where?
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life aught else can give,
Love shall die, although he live:

Or, if Love shall die, O! where?
But in her eye or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?
While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live although he die.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

BY JOHN CHALMERS, M.D.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of 1868, while passing a pleasant holiday in Southern Tyrol, I found myself upon the bridge which spans the Lena a short way below the little hill town of Roveredo. In the morning I had left Trent, which combines so remarkably the arcades, colour, and other characteristics of an Italian town, with Alpine situation and surroundings; and although it is but a dozen or so miles from Roveredo, a love for the rarer charms which by-ways afford led me, after clearing the pass of Calliano, to leave the course of the river Adige, and strike into the hills on a route which consumed the best part of the day. The weather had been sultry, and the rocky pathway leading down to the stream so steep and troublesome to traverse, that a halt upon the bridge afforded an agreeable relief to weary limbs. Here, also, burst upon the view the full grandeur of the little valley. On each side of the rapid Lena, which tumbled darkly along its broken channel to join the Adige, rose rocky banks, and pine-covered heights, stretching away upwards to be lost in the distant chain of snow-capped mountains, against whose white summits rose the sombre towers of the castle of Roveredo, which, standing like a sentinel upon the bank of the river above the bridge, filled up the middle distance with its majestic proportions. Leaning upon the parapet of the bridge, it was impossible not to feel that tranquillity of soul which nature never refuses to those who love her. The beauty of the spot, the air balmy with the odour of the autumn flowers, and musical with the song of birds, so numerous in Southern Tyrol, the buzzing of insects, and the murmur of water below, so soothed me into forgetfulness, that it was not until he stood by my side that I became aware of the approach of a gray-haired old peasant.

After bidding him good day, a salutation he courteously returned, I reverted to the subject of my meditations, and asked him how long he had lived in this peaceful and happy valley.

"I have lived in this valley, air," he replied, "ever since the French were obliged to abandon Roveredo, and that was seventy years ago. It is a pleasant place to live in, but not always so very peaceful or so very happy. More than once in my time has the din of war

been thrust upon us by our rapacious neighbours, and you may have read about the struggle of 1809, when the Tyrolese won the admiration of Europe by a contest in defence of their liberty as brave as any that history has to record."

"The river too," he added, after a short pause, and looking earnestly down upon the gurgling stream, "is quiet enough just now, but see it swollen with thunder showers or melting snow. It makes plenty of noise then, and works sad havoc to property and cattle, aye, and many a human life has been lost too when the Lena is flooded."

Observing a sad expression steal over the old man's face as if from some painful recollection, I asked him if he had ever seen any one perish in the flood?"

"Aye, that I have, air," he said, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "and at this very spot, too. But it is an old tale, and may not interest you."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I shall be only too glad to sit down and listen to your story. See, we may rest ourselves on this log. Pray be seated."

We sat down. The old man lifted his felt hat back from his brow, as if to clear his brain, rested both his hands upon his staff, and began:—

"When the news reached us about the end of October, 1813, that the ruthless bloodhounds of France, with the fiend Napoleon at their head, had been routed at Leipzig, and driven back in confusion towards the Rhine, the count called a gathering of his people to celebrate a victory which released them, for the time at least, from the fear of another French invasion. The tenantry attending readily to the call, assembled early in the day within the castle of Roveredo; all in good spirits and prepared to spend a merry day. One man alone was absent. Bertollo sat in his cabin a gloomy man. Although a native of Piedmont, he had joined the French forces and fought with them at the taking of our little town. During the occupation of Roveredo he somehow won the heart of a peasant's daughter here—one of the comeliest maidens in the place: married her, and occupied a cottage, which you may see standing a short distance up the stream on the bank opposite the castle.

"A passionate disposition, readiness to quarrel, together with a keen sense of the ill-feeling his exploits both in love and in war had engendered, kept him apart from his neighbours; it suited his disposition better to roam about spearing fish and trapping wild beasts

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than to attend to the wants of his home or the occupations of a peasant's life. He could be generous on occasion, and had the repute of doing many a brave service in aid of his neighbours, but steadily refused any compliment or recognition of such service. The instinct which prompted him to help those in danger, demanded no praise, and pride would not allow it. Even when he rescued the count's young brother from the tusks of an enraged boar in the wood yonder, he treated the count's gratitude with contempt."

"What an unhappy life his pretty wife must have led," I said, as the old man paused in his narration.

"Not so unhappy, neither," he replied, quickly, "for Bertollo loved his wife, and watched her with a jealous care; and it was love of her and of a little bright-eyed boy, more than the chance of fighting against his old comrades in arms, that led him to evade the small band of mountaineers who left Tyrol to join the Austrians against the French invaders. Whisperings of cowardice touched him to the quick; tidings of the French overthrow added to his discomfiture; while the rejoicings at the castle, in which his part seemed so ignoble, filled his soul with wrath; and this is how, on the morning of the gathering, he sat in his cabin a gloomy man.

"You see, sir," said the old man, moralizing, "how a good intention may cast a gloom upon our lives, as the heat of the sun gathers the storm-cloud around yon mountain tops.

"But," he said, proceeding with his story, "the father's rudeness did not prevent the boy becoming a favourite. The count never met him when abroad but he patted little Pedro on the head, and spoke kindly to him. This morning the little fellow was expected at the castle to join the children, and looked forward to the time with joy. The father sternly forbade his going; what did his child want at the castle? And when Pedro placed his head softly on his father's shoulder, and asked to be allowed to go just for a little to see the dancing, instead of receiving the usual kiss he was rudely repulsed and sent into the garden, whither he proceeded, sobbing bitterly.

"Then the mother spoke,

"'You carry this mood too far, Bert,' she pleaded; 'the count means nothing but kindness to us. You know he owes you a service on his brother's behalf, and he is too good to believe for a moment the foul report that you'

"Bertollo sprang to his feet. This allusion to a subject that had pained his heart and

tortured his brain for weeks, added to the passion already raging within his breast and maddened him. He seized his wife, and would have hurled her to the ground, but a look at her fair face sent a pang of shame to his heart, and he dropped powerless on his seat, burying his face in his hand. With true womanly instinct she left him undisturbed, and moved towards the door. Here a new trouble awaited her. The boy was nowhere to be seen. Not in the garden, not on the road leading to the bridge, the whole of its extent being visible from the cottage. She saw the stream was swollen, and rushing hard and fast against the piers of the wooden structure. A glance up the river showed her the mountains hid in gloom; and the black clouds rolling down towards the castle in large masses, from which low peals of thunder growled and rattled, and the noise of the rushing water made it plain to her that a storm had been raging on the hills which had already flooded the little river, and would soon burst over the valley.

"For you must know, sir," the old man paused to explain, "that within one short hour on as fair a day as this I have seen a storm gather and break on these hills, and the Lena from a tiny stream rise suddenly and leap its banks, a roaring flood. This, too, had Bertollo's wife seen, and the thought of it made her start as it flashed upon her brain that the boy might have stolen off to the castle unawares, and would attempt to cross the ford higher up. Imagine her terror on running to the hillock above the cottage, to see him arrested in his course across the stream, looking at the whirling water, and hesitating between leaping to the further stone and turning back.

"The current rising rapidly already washed his little feet, and, covering several of the stepping stones, made it almost equally dangerous whichever way he moved. The boy had his father's courage but not his father's skill, for Bertollo took to the water like the otters he hunted. The mother stood in breathless suspense: would he go on or would he leap back? He chose to go on. He leaped and fell. The mother shrieked, for she fancied she could hear above the noise of the stream the splash of her darling boy in the water.

"In haste she sought her husband, crying, 'Pedro! Pedro is in the water!'

"Bertollo, still struggling with his passion, did not offer to stir. But the mother clutched him by the arm, and with almost superhuman strength dragged him down to the river, just in time to see the boy sweep past.

"One glance was enough. Instinctively

Bertollo cleared the rocky bank at a bound, and plunged into the seething torrent. Immediately he rose close to the boy, who stretched his hands towards him. Catching Pedro with one arm, he held him tightly, while with the other he buffeted the angry water. Quick as thought his course was taken. He saw the bridge was but a hundred yards distant; immediately below a fall which would hurl to destruction the strongest swimmer; the right bank was too far away for the time at his disposal, and to attempt the left was simply to be dashed to pieces upon the steep and rugged rocks. In the middle of the stream, between him and the bridge, rose the top of a solitary rock not yet quite covered, and to reach this Bertollo exerted his full strength and skill. Straining every sinew and striking across the current, which seemed eager to sweep him past the object of his hope, he both lessened his speed, and fortunately brought himself near enough to clutch a corner of the rock, to which he clung with all the strength of despair,—the boy, silent with terror, grasping his father's neck.

"Shouts of joy burst from the people, who, hearing the screams of the boy and his distracted mother, had hurried from the castle. Among the first to stir, the count had leaped on his horse, and galloping to the spot, was rushing about, now giving orders to his men it was impossible to obey, now encouraging Bertollo to hold on till help could come.

"A hundred ducats," he cried, "to the man who brings them safe to land. Hold on, brave Bertollo, hold on! Oh! save the boy, lads! save the boy!"

"But Bertollo felt the waves break over him higher and higher, like the arms of a greedy fiend clutching his prey, and he groaned as he found his strength too rapidly failing. Long before ropes or planks could be brought from the castle, a heavy rush of water swept him from his hold, and a terrible cry rent the air as man and boy once more drove down the stream. Nothing could save them now from being engulfed in the torrent below.

A gleam of hope, however, came to the drowning man at that last moment.

"Across the wooden pier of the bridge nearest the left bank, where the greatest body of the water passed, there had gathered a huge mass of such wreck as the swollen stream had carried with it—branches of trees, straw, leaves, and pieces of timber. Towards this Bertollo strove.

"The count breathed freer, and the ashy colour left the cheek of the mother, as they saw the swimmer, impelled by the current, dash with

the speed of an arrow right against this barrier. Bertollo felt the frail bridge crack and rock under the weight of the pent-up water, which rose so high as nearly to sweep its planks; and it seemed as if he had added the last straw that the old structure could bear, for as the onlookers reached the bridge, they could see the wooden supports give way beneath their load, the rails snap, and the planks of the span he clung to bend below the water.

"There was not a moment to lose, neither was there any hesitation, for as two foresters advanced courageously from the one side, the mother, heedless of danger, advanced from the other upon the bridge. It cracked and swayed; she cared not. The angry water curled about her feet, she knew it not; the boy filled her whole thought, and stooping down, she drew him to her, and caught him in her arms. Seeing her hesitate, Bertollo urged her away. She cast an imploring glance to the approaching foresters and rushed tottering towards the bank.

"With Pedro clinging mutely to her side, she fell upon her knees, and raising her hands beseechingly to heaven, sunk insensible on the ground. She saw her husband no more, for scarcely had her eyes closed, than the bridge split asunder, and the bold man, hopelessly entangled in the wreck, sank in the boiling chasm."

A tear glistened in the old man's eye, and his voice quivered with emotion as he concluded his story.

"In the churchyard yonder," he said with a sigh, "you may find a stone on which is carved these words, BRAVE BERTOLLO. His wife rests by his side."

He moved sadly away.

"Stay," said I, holding his arm gently, "one who knows so well the father's fate may tell me something more of the son."

"You guess truly," he replied, "Pedro passed a long and happy life in the service of the folks at the castle, and now only waiting the time when he shall sleep beside his kindred, he finds a sad pleasure in wandering near the place where his father snatched him from the jaws of death, at the loss of his own life. I am Pedro."

ABSENCE.

Oh, absence! skill'd to lend to those we love

A fairy charm which makes us love them more:

Errors to soften and defects remove,

No less is thine—and mellowing light to pour

On those dark shades which most displeased before.

AN ODE.

[Arthur O'Shaughnessy, born at Kensington, London, 1846. His first volume of poems, entitled an *Epic of Women*, obtained for him immediate recognition as a poet of high accomplishment and still higher promise. *The Daughter of Herodius*, *The Fountain of Tears*, and *The Whisper from the Grave* have secured extensive popularity. *Lays of Frances* and other poems appeared 1872. The following is from the volume entitled *Music and Moonlight* (1874).]

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising,
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going;
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And, therefore, to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted;

And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass as they may
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing—
O men, it must ever be—
That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high;
And out of the infinite morning,
Intrepid, you hear us cry,—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazling, unknown shore,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before;
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers
And a singer who sings no more.

WHY STIRS MY HEART?

[Jeremiah Holme Wiffen, born near Woburn, 1792; died 2d May, 1856. He was the author of a volume of verse entitled *Aonian Hours*; translated Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the poems of Gardilasso de la Vega. He wrote the *Historical Memorials of the House of Russell*. He began life as a schoolmaster, and in 1819 was appointed private secretary to the Duke of Bedford.]

Why stirs my heart? was it thy voice, my love,
That stole into my ear like music dying
In the dim vale, or was it but the dove
Answering the nightingale, or zephyrs sighing
Through the sweet woodbines? whatever or the noise,
It discomposed my joys.

I dream'd that we were sailing to a shore
Happier by far than this; that living breath
Inspired our bark, which, without sail or oar,
Winged the blue wave: passed were the gates of death,
And I, reclining in thy bless'd embrace,
Looked upwards on thy face.

I asked why when on earth thou hadst so oft
Checked my fond passion with an air austere
Resembling wrath; and with a voice more soft
Than lute or zephyr thou mad'st answer—"Fear;
Lest my changed eyes should speak of passion too!"
Oh! tell me, dream'd I true?

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

MOST SEVERE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AND
VARIETIES OF THE SAME SPECIES.

[Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., born at Shrewsbury, 12th February, 1809. Naturalist and philosopher. His works are: *Journal of Researches into the Natural History of the countries visited* (by H.M.S. *Beagle*) during a voyage round the world; *Fertilization of Orchids through Insect Agency*; *Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication*; *The Descent of Man*; *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* (from which we quote); &c. &c. The works are published by Murray.]

As the species of the same genus usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other, than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the misel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the important hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small, stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature; but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the foregoing remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential yet often hidden manner, to that of all the other organic beings with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water.

Yet the advantage of plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants; so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favour the growth of the seedlings, whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range, why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in number, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant; but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigour of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country amongst new competitors, the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

It is good thus to try in imagination to give to any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. This ought to convince us of our

ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire. All that we can do, is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief, that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is fill'd with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; which, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods, and distant waters, roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not nor could
name.

I heard the sky-lark singing in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me,
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in its pride,
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy
Behind his plough, upon the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When up and down my fancy thus was driven,
And I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
I saw a man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seem'd that ever wore gray hairs.

My course I stopp'd as soon as I espied
The old man in that naked wilderness:
Close by a pond, upon the further side,
He stood alone: a minute's space I guess
I watch'd him, he continuing motionless:
To the pool's further margin then I drew;
He being all the while before me full in view.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawl'd forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself.

Such seem'd this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep; in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in their pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propp'd; his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Beside the little pond or moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call:
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirr'd with his staff, and fix'dly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conn'd,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now such freedom as I could I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What kind of work is that which you pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
He answer'd me with pleasure and surprise;
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
Yet each in solemn order follow'd each,
With something of a lofty utterance dress'd;
Choice word, and measur'd phrase; above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech!
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use.
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roam'd, from moor to moor,
Homing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
And in this way he gain'd an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarcely heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent;
To give me human strength, and strong admonishment.

My former thoughts return'd; the fear that kills;
The hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
And now, not knowing what the old man had said,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travell'd; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the fords where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay:
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renew'd.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully utter'd, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
I could have laugh'd myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lovely moor."

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

[John Timbs, F.R.S., born in London, 17th August, 1801. Antiquarian and miscellaneous writer. He was sometime editor of the *Mirror*, and subsequently of the *Illustrated London News*. He has in his numerous books arranged in the pleasantest form the most interesting facts, incidents, and anecdotes of history, antiquities, and literature. Amongst his most important works are: *The Curiosities of London* (from which we quote); *The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art*; *Popular Errors Explained*; *Curiousities of History*; *Curiousities of Science*; *Things not Generally Known*; *Stories of Inventors*; *Anecdote Biography*; *School Days of Eminent Men*; *Club Life in London*; *Strange Stories of the Animal World*; *Romance of London*; *Nooks and Corners of English Life*; *Anecdote Lives of the later Wits and Humourists*, &c. &c.]

This ancient Fair presents, through its seven centuries' existence, many phases of our social history with such graphic force, that "he may run that readeth it." The Fair originated in two Fairs, or Markets, one begun by a grant of land from Henry I. to his jester, Rayer, or Rahere, who founded a Priory to St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, previous to which, however, a market called "the King's Market," had been held near Smithfield. Out of the two elements, the concourse of pilgrims to the Miraculous Shrine of St. Bartholomew, and the concourse of traders to the King's Market, Bartholomew Fair grew up. Rayer's miracles were most ingenious, for he cured a woman who could not keep her tongue in her mouth: if the wind went down, as sailors far at sea were praying to the denuded saint, they called it a miracle, and presented, in procession, a silver ship at the Smithfield shrine. The forged miracles gave way to the imitative jugglers and mystery players; and these three elements—the religious, the dramatic, and the commercial—flowed on till the Reformation.

The Priory Fair, which was proclaimed on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and continued during the next day, and the next morrow, was granted for the clothiers of England and the drapers of London, who had their booths and standings within the Priory churchyard (the site now Cloth Fair), the gates of which were locked every night, and watched, for the safety of the goods and wares. Within its limits was held a court of justice, named *Pic Poudre*, from *pieds poudrez*—dusty feet—by which, persons infringing upon the laws of the Fair, its disputes, debts, and legal obligations, &c., were tried the same day, and the punishment of the stocks, or whipping-post,

summarily inflicted; and this court was held, to the last, at the Hand and Shears, Cloth Fair, by the Steward of the Lord of the Manor.

"Thus we have in the most ancient times of the Fair, a church full of worshippers, among whom were the sick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a graveyard full of traders, and a place of jesting and edification; where women and men caroused in the midst of the throng; where the minstrel and the storyteller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the sheriff caused new laws to be published by loud proclamation in the gathering places of the people; where the young men bowled at nine-pins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlars loudly magnified their wares, the scholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horses neighed, and sheep bleated among their buyers; where great shouts of laughter answered to the 'Ho! ho!' of the devil on the stage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar bearers added music to the din. That stage also, if ever there was presented on it the story of the Creation, was the first Wild Beast Show in the Fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play, as we read in an ancient stage direction, was to represent the creation of beasts by unloosing and sending among the excited crowd as great a variety of strange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by sending up a flight of pigeons. Under foot was mud and filth, but the wall that pent the city in shone sunlit among the trees, a fresh breeze came over the surrounding fields and brooks, whispering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the Fair's neighbour, the gallows. Shaven heads looked down on the scene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the Priory inclosure, and the poor people whom the friars cherished in their hospital, made holiday among the rest. The curfew bell of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the religious house to which William the Conqueror had given with its charter the adjacent moorland, and within whose walls there was a sanctuary for loose people, stilled the hum of the crowd at nightfall, and the Fair lay dark under the starlight."—*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*. By Henry Morley. 1858.

After the Reformation, Bartholomew Fair flourished with unabated vigour, the clergy having no longer any interest in veiling its debaucheries. The Priory, together with the rights formerly exercised by the monks, had been granted to the founder of the Rich family, who was Solicitor-General to Henry VIII., and afterwards Lord Chancellor; they were enjoyed by his descendants till the year 1830, when they were purchased from Lord Kensington by the Corporation of London. The Fair greatly declined, as a cloth fair, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the mysteries and moralities being succeeded by productions more nearly resembling the regular drama, the Corporation granted licences to mountebanks, conjurors, &c., and allowed the Fair to

be extended to fourteen days, the Sword-bearer and other City officers being paid out of the emoluments. Hentzner, in 1578, describes a tent pitched for the proclamation of the Fair, and wrestling after the ceremony, with the crowd hunting wild rabbits, for the sport of the Mayor and Aldermen. Here was also formerly a burlesque proclamation on the night before, by the drapers of Cloth Fair snapping their shears and loudly shouting all through Smithfield.

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, tell us of its motions, or puppet-shows, of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the "Gunpowder Plot, presented to an eighteen or twenty pence audience nine times in an afternoon." The showman paid three shillings for his ground; and a penny was charged for every burden of goods and little bundle brought in or carried out. A rare tract, of the year 1641, describes the "variety of Fancies, the Faire of Wares, and the several enormities and misdemeanours" of the Fair of that period. At these the sober-minded Evelyn was shocked. Pepys (Aug. 30, 1667) found at the Fair "my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show," her coach waiting, "and the street full of people expecting her." The sights and shows included wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas, and tight-rope dancing; and sarabands; dogs dancing the Morrice, and the hare beating the tabor; a tiger pulling the feathers from live fowls; the humours of Punchinello, and drolls of every degree. An ox roasted whole, and piping-hot roast pig, sold in savoury lots, were among the Fair luxuries: the latter, called Bartholomew Pigs, were railed at by the Puritans, and eating them was "a species of idolatry." The pig-market was at Pye Corner, and pig was not out of fashion in Queen Anne's time.

Among the celebrities of the Fair was Tom Dogget, the old comic actor, who "wore a farce in his face," and was famous for dancing the Cheshire Round. One Ben Jonson, the actor, was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, in which he introduced a song preserved in Durey's *Pills*. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was another Bartholomew hero. William Bullock, from York, is alluded to by Steele, in *The Father*, and is censured for "gagging;" in 1739 he had the largest booth in the Fair. Theophilus Cibber was of the Fair, but there is no evidence that Colley Cibber ever appeared there. Cadman, the famous flyer on the rope, immortalized by Hogarth, was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew as well as Southwark Fair. William

Phillips was a famous Merry Andrew, and some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which he held many a dialogue with Punch. Edward Phillips wrote *Britons Strike Home* for the Fair; and Kitty Clive played at the booth of Fawkes, Winchbeck, &c., in that very farce. Harlequin Phillips was in Mrs. Lee's company, and afterwards became the celebrated Harlequin at Drury-lane, under Fleetwood. Penkethman and Dogget, though of very unequal reputation, are noticed in the *Spectator*. The first in that humorous account of the *Projector*, in the 31st number, where it is proposed that "Penkethman should personate King Porus upon an elephant, and be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which, nevertheless, Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus." Dogget is commended (No. 502) as an admirable and genuine actor.

The public theatres were invariably closed at Bartholomew Fair time; drolls, like Estcourt and Penkethman, finding Bartholomew Fair a more profitable arena for their talents than the boards of Dorset-garden or old Drury-lane. Here Elkanah Settle, the rival for years of Dryden, was reduced at last to string speeches and contrive machinery; and here, in the droll of St. George for England, he made his last appearance, hissing in a green leather dragon of his own invention.

Here we may mention another class of sights,—“a large and beautiful young camel from Grand Cairo, in Egypt,” says the advertisement: “this creature is twenty-three years old; his head and neck are like that of a deer,” and he “was to be seen or sold at the first house on the pavement from the end of Hosier-lane, during Bartholomew Fair.” And we read that later, Sir Hans Sloane employed a draughtsman to sketch the wonderful foreign animals in the Fair.

Henry Fielding had his booth here, Dr. Rimbault tells us, after his admission into the Middle Temple. That Fielding should have turned “strolling actor,” and have the audacity to appear at Bartholomew at the very moment when the whole town was ringing with Pope's savage ridicule of the “Smithfield Muses,” would of course be an unpardonable offence. Fielding's last appearance at Bartholomew Fair was in 1736, as usual, in the George Inn Yard, at “Fielding and Hippisley's Booth.” *Don Carlos* and the *Cheats of Scapin*, adapted from Molière, were the two plays; and Mrs. Pritchard played the part of *Loveit*, in which she had made her first hit at Bartholomew. Other celebrities, who kept up the character of

the Fair for another quarter of a century, were Yates, Lee, Woodward, and Shuter, the two last well known for their connection with Goldsmith's comedies. Shuter played *Croaker* in the *Good-natured Man*, and *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Woodward played *Lofty* in the former piece. With Shuter, “the history of the English stage” (says Mr. Morley) “parted entirely from the story of the Fair.” Garrick's name is connected only with the Fair by stories which regard him as a visitor: although Edmund Kean is stated to have played here when a boy.

Among the notorieties of the Fair was Lady Holland's Mob (Lord Rich having been ancestor of the Earl of Warwick and Holland),—hundreds of loose fellows, principally journeyman tailors, who used to assemble at the Hand and Shears, in Cloth Fair. They were accustomed to sally forth knocking at the doors and ringing the bells of the peaceable inhabitants, and assaulting and ill-treating passengers. These ruffians frequently united in such strength as to defy the civil power. As late as 1822, a number of them exceeding 5000 rioted in Skinner-street, and were for hours too powerful for the police.

The Fair was annually proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, on the 2d of September, his lordship proceeding thither in his gilt coach, “with City Officers and trumpets;” and the proclamation for the purpose read before the entrance to Cloth Fair. It was the custom for the Lord Mayor, on this occasion, to call upon the keeper of Newgate, and partake, on his way to Smithfield, of “a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar.” This custom, which ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood in 1818, was the cause of the death of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor in 1688. In holding the tankard, he let the lid slip down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with great violence. He died the next day.

The Fair dwindled year by year: the writer remembers it at midnight, before gas had become common: viewed from Richardson's, the shows, booths, and stalls, with their flaring oil-lamps and torches, shed a strange glare over the vast sea of heads which filled the area of Smithfield and the adjacent streets. As lately as 1830, upwards of 200 booths for toys and gingerbread crowded the pavement around the Fair, and overflowed into the adjacent streets. Richardson, Saunders, and Wombwell were late in the ascendant as showmen. Among the latest “larks” was that of young men of *caste* disguising themselves in working

clothes, to enjoy the loose delights of "Bartlemy" Fair, in September.

For 300 years the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had in vain attempted to suppress the Fair; when, in 1840, upon the recommendation of the City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearson, having purchased Lord Kensington's interest, they refused to let the ground for the shows and booths but upon exorbitant prices, and limited the Fair to one day; and the State proclamation of the Lord Mayor was given up. In 1849, the Fair was reduced to one or two stalls for gingerbread, gambling-tables for nuts, a few fruit-barrows and toy-stalls, and one puppet-show. In 1852, the number was still less.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.¹

(BLEUNIOU MAE.)

[Tom Taylor, born at Sunderland, 1817. Educated at Glasgow University and Cambridge; for two years professor of English literature at the University College, London; called to the bar in 1845; in 1850 appointed assistant-secretary to the board of health, and afterwards secretary to the local government act office. He is most widely known as a dramatist, having written over a hundred plays, of which the most notable are: *The Fool's Revenge*; *Still Waters Run Deep*; *Victims*; *Our American Cousin*; *An Unequal Match*; *Twixt Axe and Crown*; *Joan of Arc*; *Clancarty*; &c. &c. He has also written and edited the biographies of Benjamin Robert Haydon, historical painter; C. R. Leslie, R.A.; *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, &c.; and he has given a spirited English version of the most popular *Ballads and Songs of Brittany*, with some of the original melodies harmonized by Mrs. Tom Taylor, who as Miss Laura Barker won much favour by her musical compositions. From the latter book the following is taken (Macmillan & Co. publishers).]

I.

On the sea-shore who Jeff had seen
With rosy cheeks and eyes of sheen;

Who for the pardon had seen her start,
Had felt the happier in his heart:

¹ "In the districts of Cornouaille and about Vannes they have a pretty funeral fashion, of covering with flowers the biers of young girls who die in the month of May. Such deaths are regarded as ominous of happiness hereafter, and sick girls pray to be spared till the flowers of May come back, if death seem to be darkening over them before the month; or to be taken before the flowers of May are withered, if life and flowers are waning together. The following song on this touching theme is much sung in Cornouaille, and is ascribed to two peasant sisters. The delicacy, tenderness, and piety of this pathetic idyll are characteristic of the Breton; and these qualities are found among the peasantry of Brittany—rude and stern almost to gloom as they are—more than among any other class of the country."—Tom Taylor.

But he that had seen her on her bed,
Had tears of pity for her shed,

To see the sweet sick maiden laid,
Pale as a lily in summer-shade.

To her companions she said,
That sat beside her on her bed:

"My friends, if loving friends ye be,
In God's name, do not weep for me.

"You know all living death must dree;
God's own self died—died on the tree."

II.

As I went for water to the spring
I heard the nightingale sweetly sing:

"The month of May is passing e'en now,
And with it the blossom on the bough.

"The happiest lot from life they bring,
The young whom death takes in the spring.

"Ev'n as the rose drops from the spray,
So youth from life doth fall away.

"Those who die ere this week is flown,
All with fresh flowers shall be strown;

"And from those flowers shall soar heaven-high,
As from the rose-cup the butterfly."

III.

"Jefik! Jefik! did you not hear
The nightingale's song so sweet and clear?

"The month of May is passing e'en now,
And with it the blossom on the bough."

When this she heard, the gentle maid,
Crosswise her two pale hands she laid:

"I will say an *Ave Marie*,
Our Lady sweet, in honour of thee:

"That it may please our God, thy Son,
To look with pity me upon;

"That grace to pass quick me be given,
And wait for those I love in Heaven."

The *Ave Marie* was hardly said,
When gently sank her gentle head:

The pale head sank, no more to rise;
The eyelids closed upon the eyes.

Just then beyond the courtyard pale
Was heard to sing the nightingale:

"The happiest lot from life they bring,
The young whom death takes in the spring.

"Happy the young whose biers are strown
With spring-flowers, fair and freshly blown."

of which he showed them the benefit. He founded an university at Corte; and was at great pains to have proper schools, for the instruction of children, in every village of the kingdom.

The last step he took was to induce the Corsicans to apply themselves to agriculture, commerce, and other civil occupations. War had entirely ruined industry in the island. It had given the Corsicans a contempt for the arts of peace, so that they thought nothing worthy of their attention but arms and military achievements. The great and valorous actions which many of them had performed, gave them a certain pride; which disdained all meaner and more inglorious occupation. Heroes could not submit to sink down into plain peasants. Their virtue was not so perfect as that of the ancient Romans, who could return from the triumphs of victory to follow their ploughs.

From these causes the country was in danger of being entirely uncultivated, and the people of becoming a lawless and ungovernable rabble of banditti.

Paoli therefore set himself seriously to guard against this; and by degrees brought the Corsicans to look upon labour with less aversion, so as at least to provide themselves sufficiently in food and clothing, and to carry on a little commerce.

His administration in every respect was such, that from being rent into factions, the nation became firm and united; and had not France again interposed, the Corsican heroes would long ere now have totally driven the Genoese from the island.

I gave Paoli the character of my revered friend Mr. Samuel Johnson. I have often regretted that illustrious men, such as humanity produces a few times in the revolution of many ages, should not see each other; and when such arise in the same age, though at the distance of half the globe, I have been astonished how they could forbear to meet.

"As steel sharpeneth steel, so doth a man the countenance of his friend," says the wise monarch. What an idea may we not form of an interview between such a scholar and philosopher as Mr. Johnson, and such a legislator and general as Paoli!

I repeated to Paoli several of Mr. Johnson's sayings, so remarkable for strong sense and original humour. I now recollect these two.

When I told Mr. Johnson that a certain author affected in conversation to maintain that there was no distinction between virtue and vice, he said, "Why sir, if the fellow

does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

Of modern infidels and innovators he said, "Sir, these are all vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."

I felt an elation of mind to see Paoli delighted with the sayings of Mr. Johnson, and to hear him translate them with Italian energy to the Corsican heroes.

I repeated Mr. Johnson's sayings as nearly as I could in his own peculiar forcible language, for which prejudiced or little critics have taken upon them to find fault with him. He is above making any answer to them, but I have found a sufficient answer in a general remark in one of his excellent papers. "Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning."¹

I hope to be pardoned for this digression, wherein I pay a just tribute of veneration and gratitude to one from whose writings and conversation I have received instructions of which I experience the value in every scene of my life.

During Paoli's administration, there have been few laws made in Corsica. He mentioned one which he has found very efficacious in curbing the vindictive spirit of the Corsicans. There was among the Corsicans a most dreadful species of revenge, called "*Vendetta trasversa*. Collateral revenge," which Petrus Cynæus candidly acknowledges. It was this. If a man had received an injury, and could not find a proper opportunity to be revenged on his enemy personally, he revenged himself on one of his enemy's relations. So barbarous a practice was the source of innumerable assassinations. Paoli, knowing that the point of honour was everything to the Corsicans, opposed it to the progress of the blackest of crimes, fortified by long habits. He made a law by which it was provided, that this collateral revenge should not only be punished with death, as ordinary murder, but the memory of the offender should be disgraced for ever by a pillar of infamy. He also had it enacted that the same statute should extend to the violators of an oath of reconciliation once made.

¹ *Idler*, No. 70.

By thus combating a vice so destructive, he has, by a kind of shock of opposite passions, reduced the fiery Corsicans to a state of mildness, and he assured me that they were now all fully sensible of the equity of that law.

Paoli, though never familiar, has the most perfect ease of behaviour. This is a mark of a real great character. The distance and reserve which some of our modern nobility affect, is because nobility is now little else than a name in comparison of what it was in ancient times. In ancient times, noblemen lived at their country seats, like princes, in hospitable grandeur. They were men of power, and every one of them could bring hundreds of followers into the field. They were then open and affable. Some of our modern nobility are so anxious to preserve an appearance of dignity which they are sensible cannot bear an examination, that they are afraid to let you come near them. Paoli is not so. Those about him come into his apartments at all hours, wake him, help him on with his clothes, are perfectly free from restraint; yet they know their distance, and awed by his real greatness, never lose their respect for him.

Though thus easy of access, particular care is taken against such attempts upon the life of the illustrious chief as he has good reason to apprehend from the Genocese, who have so often employed assassination merely in a political view, and who would gain so much by assassinating Paoli. A certain number of soldiers are continually on guard upon him; and as still closer guards, he has some faithful Corsican dogs. Of these five or six sleep, some in his chamber, and some at the outside of the chamber-door. He treats them with great kindness, and they are strongly attached to him. They are extremely sagacious, and know all his friends and attendants. Were any person to approach the general during the darkness of the night, they would instantly tear him in pieces.

Having dogs for his attendants, is another circumstance about Paoli similar to the heroes of antiquity. Homer represents Telemachus so attended.

Two dogs a faithful guard attend behind.

But the description given of the family of Patroclus applies better to Paoli.

Nine large dogs domestic at his board.

Mr. Pope, in his notes on the second book of the *Odyssey*, is much pleased with dogs being introduced, as it furnishes an agreeable instance of ancient simplicity. He observes that Virgil

thought this circumstance worthy of his imitation, in describing old Evander. So we read of Syphax, general of the Numidians, "Syphax inter duos canes stans, Scipionem appellavit. Syphax, standing between two dogs, called to Scipio."

Talking of courage, he made a very just distinction between constitutional courage and courage from reflection. "Sir Thomas More, said he, would not probably have mounted a breach so well as a sergeant who had never thought of death. But a sergeant would not on a scaffold have shown the calm resolution of Sir Thomas More."

On this subject he told me a very remarkable anecdote, which happened during the last war in Italy. At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew. "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man. I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of the soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here, said he, I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped. But he had thus a full opportunity of displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity.

The last day which I spent with Paoli appeared of inestimable value. I thought him more than usually great and amiable, when I was upon the eve of parting from him. The night before my departure, a little incident happened which showed him in a most agreeable light. When the servants were bringing in the dessert after supper, one of them chanced to let fall a plate of walnuts. Instead of flying into a passion at what the man could not help, Paoli said with a smile, "No matter;" and turning to me, "It is a good sign for you, sir, Tempus est spargere nuces, It is time to scatter walnuts. It is a matrimonial omen: You must go home to your own country, and marry some fine woman whom you really like. I shall rejoice to hear of it."

This was a pretty allusion to the Roman ceremony at weddings, of scattering walnuts. So Virgil's Damon says:

Mopae novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.

Spurge marite nuces: tibi deservit Hesperus Oestam.

VIRG. Eclog. viii. l. 30.

Thy bride comes forth! begin the festal rites!
The walnuts strow! prepare the nuptial lights!
O envious husband, now thy bliss is nigh!
Behold for thee bright Hesper mounts the sky!

WARTON.

When I again asked Paoli if it was possible for me in any way to show him my great respect and attachment, he replied, "Ricordatevi che io vi sia amico, e scrivetemi. Remember that I am your friend, and write to me." I said I hoped that when he honoured me with a letter, he would write not only as a commander, but as a philosopher and a man of letters. He took me by the hand, and said, "As a friend." I dare not transcribe from my private notes the feelings which I had at this interview. I should perhaps appear too enthusiastic. I took leave of Paoli with regret and agitation, not without some hopes of seeing him again. From having known intimately so exalted a character, my sentiments of human nature were raised, while, by a sort of contagion, I felt an honest ardour to distinguish myself, and be useful as far as my situation and abilities would allow; and I was, for the rest of my life, set free from a slavish timidity in the presence of great men, for where shall I find a man greater than Paoli?

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

Celia and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass deary:
When thou art in good humour dress;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;

The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make:
While love and fate still drive me back:
For'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, ver'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND LORD CHATHAM.

[Walter Savage Landor, born at Ipsey Court, Warwickshire, 30th January, 1775; died 17th September, 1864. Poet, soldier, philosopher, essayist, and critic. His principal works are: *Gebirra*, a poem; *Count Julian*, a tragedy; *Idyllic Heroica*; *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men, Statesmen, &c.* (from which we quote); *Pericles and Aspasia*; *Citation and Examination of Shakspeare for Sheep-stealing*; *The Pentameron and Pentologue*; *Andres of Hungary*, and *Giovanni of Naples*, dramas; *The Hellenica*; *Letters of an American*; *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*; *Dry Sticks Fagot*; &c. &c. Of the *Imaginary Conversations* the *Edinburgh Review* says: "In these hundred and twenty-five dialogues—making allowance for every shortcoming or excess—the most familiar and the most august shapes of the past are re-animated with vigour, grace, and beauty.]

CHESTERFIELD.

It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative: they are mentioned as being truly excellent. I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

CHATHAM.

My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals: for your lordship and I set out

diversely from the very threshold. Let us then rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men, on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us however hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

CHATHAM.

Willingly, my lord: but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

CHESTERFIELD.

I do not admire Mr. Locke.

CHATHAM.

Nor I: he is too simply grand for admiration: I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

CHESTERFIELD.

If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship I hope will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him, in style, the most elegant of our prose authors.

CHATHAM.

Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point, certainly no less correct than mine.

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray assist me.

CHATHAM.

Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn: yet, if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition, and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

CHESTERFIELD.

I see not that you are.

CHATHAM.

My ear is well satisfied with Locke; I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

CHESTERFIELD.

But, in the opinion of you graver men, would not some of his principles lead too far?

CHATHAM.

The danger is that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground and complain of their guide.

CHESTERFIELD.

What then can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

CHATHAM.

The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present: I had read all the titles to his dialogues and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

CHESTERFIELD.

A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

CHATHAM.

Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

CHESTERFIELD.

Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

CHATHAM.

And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact, all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes; the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

CHESTERFIELD.

I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

CHATHAM.

His words are these:

"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

CHESTERFIELD.

Surely Nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed on her.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

[Allan Cunningham, born at Blackwood, Dumfriesshire, 1785; died in London, 29th October, 1842. Poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. His principal works are: *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem; *Traditional Tales of the Peasantry*; *Lord Roldan*; *Sir Michael Scott*; *Paul Jones*; *The Maid of Elwar*,—romances; *Songs of Scotland*, ancient and modern; *Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*; *Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years* (1833); *The Works of Robert Burns*; and *The Life of Sir David Wilkie*.]

Cauld winter is awa', my love,
And spring is in her prime;
The breath of Heaven stirs a' to life,
The grasshoppers to chime.
The birds canna contain themsel's
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudlie, loudlie sing of love:
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawky loon,
An' kens the gate of love;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens
The melting lilt maun move.
The gowdypink woots in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
Come here, come here, my spousal dame!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high,
Come here, come here, my ruddie mate,
The way of love to try!
The lavrook calls his freckled mate
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,
Make on the knowe our nest, my love!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo;
The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo:
And nought but love, love breathes around
Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,
Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart:
A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie! is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis on the bough;
Say, maun the hail creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo?
Say, has the hollie lows of love
Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?
O! if thou canstna feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me!

THE SOBERWIT CLUB.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

There was nothing remarkable about our little club. It had grown up of itself out of a natural liking among a few old men for each other's company. And as we all lived in the city, and had done so the greater part of our lives, it was pleasant to find our way of an evening to the quiet little room, in the rear of the quiet little inn, right under the walls of St. Aloysius the Less, for an hour or two's enjoyment.

The room had a pleasant old-fashioned air, which was in itself a charm. The wainscoting on the walls was almost as dark with age as were the tables, which, in their high polish, had quite a liquid aspect, suggestive of old rum. The mantelpiece rose to within a foot of the low ceiling—with the great beam across it—and the oaken floor inclined downwards to the hearth, which thus became the natural point round which we circled in summer, when it was garnished with green boughs, as well as in winter, when a fire roared up the ample chimney. The cumbrous straight-backed chairs, which could only be pushed, not lifted, might have been uncomfortable to others, but were not so to the white-haired old men who had sat in them so many years, each in his own, and the carved one on the right of the fire for Mr. Josias.

It was but right that he, as president, should enjoy that distinction, especially as the club had been named after him. The tablet now set up to his memory in the church, which, from overshadowing it, kept the club-room in perpetual gloom—is silent on the point; but in bearing witness to the virtues of Josias Soberwit, it might, we felt at the time it was raised, and still feel, have included among them the fact that he had founded the Soberwit Club.

Our beloved founder was alive at the time of which I speak, and indeed participated in and derived no little satisfaction from the incident it is my purpose to relate. He was a good kindly soul, with many virtues—as his tablet truly testifies—but with two club failings: he had a poor head for drinking, and the smoking of a pipe would make him ill. But neither of these failings did he, in his kindness and consideration for others, permit to interfere with good fellowship. It was his profound secret—which of course we all knew—that he

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was in league with the house to serve him with weakened liquors in the disguise of stiff grogs and potent wines, and every night he would go through the form of filling and smoking his own pipe, marked with his own name, and assigned its place of honour at the top of the club pipe-rack, and it was a point of etiquette that no one should appear to notice that he never lit it.

In their quiet retreat, which, though in the heart of the city, partook, with St. Aloysius the Less, of infinite repose, the Soberwits spent long, dreamy, uneventful hours. Their white heads wagged over the topics of the day, or they listened with inexhaustible patience to the narration of personal incidents with which they had long grown familiar.

When little happens, the ordinary incidents of life assume a preposterous magnitude. Thus it was that one occurrence, far back in the history of the Soberwits, had never ceased to have an interest for them, or to exercise an influence over their gatherings.

Allusion to it usually came about in this way:

The club wants were attended to by a tall, thin old man, with a stoop in his shoulders, the knots in whose back could be distinctly counted through his coat as he bent to hand a glass or remove a bottle. His face was long and pallid, with deep lines in it; his eyes inflamed, and his general aspect melancholy. In entering and on leaving the room he was wont to heave deep sighs, and in truth the presence of Thaxter—for so they called him—was a disturbing element to the enjoyment of the Soberwits.

That this was distinctly recognized there was and could be no doubt; but it was a point of courtesy, strictly observed, that no allusion to it should ever be made in the presence of Thaxter.

It would, however, sometimes happen that the lugubrious Thaxter would quit the room, after the discharge of his functions, with a sigh of unwonted fervour—a sigh with all the concentrated significance of a groan. This occurring, Mr. Josias would raise his head, and after taking several deliberate whiffs from his empty pipe, with peculiar gusto, so as to permit of Thaxter's being well out of hearing, would remark:

"Bad! Bad to-night, eh?"

There would be a nod of assent.

"Getting on for the time, perhaps, eh?"

The white heads would concur.

Then, in all probability, Mr. Josias, after a preliminary whiff or two, would proceed:

"Let me see. It was well on into the year,

wasn't it? Christmas would be round again, we were remarking, before we knew where we were—eh, Gordle?"

"That's so, sir," Gordle, the member appealed to, would respond.

"And some of us, maybe, were thinking how often it had come round to us, and under what different circumstances, when all of a sudden that door opens, and in staggers John Thaxter, as white as a ghost, hardly knowing where he was coming, or what he was doing. Ah, Knivett! he was that lost that he dropped into your chair—into your chair, sir!—for all the world as if it had been his own. Such was the lost state of that man."

Knivett remembered the incident. They all remembered the incident. It was so remarkable that Mr. Josias took a good long whiff, and blew out a fierce imaginary cloud, watching in fancy its gradual dispersion, before he resumed.

"It was sitting in that chair that he leaned his arms on the table and buried his face, and groaned out, 'Ruined! I'm a ruined man!' And then, bit by bit, we got out of him the story. How that his partner in the business, the son of the old friend to whom he trusted so much, had proved a scoundrel—how he had speculated with the money of the firm—how his speculations had turned out failures—how, finding this, he had gathered up the wreck of all, and fled. Worst of all, how he had made John Thaxter's daughter Rosy—the apple of his eye—the companion of his flight: so leaving him alone in his beggary and despair."

"A sad tale—a sad, sad tale, sir!" Gordle would chime in.

"We know what happened then," the president would continue, in spite of their knowing it, and just as they were in the habit of telling one another other long stories, in spite of their knowing them. "John Thaxter had not overstated it. He *was* a ruined man. He would have ended his days in a prison but for the friends who helped him, and sheltered him, and did what they could to smooth the path he had to tread."

Mr. Josias keeps to himself the part he played in all this; but they know his generous heart and his open hand, and never question but what John Thaxter has reason to know it too.

"It's hard," he goes on, "to find just the opening one would like for a man suddenly down in the world. I'm not sure that it isn't about the hardest thing you can have to do. Besides, John Thaxter was stunned by his fall. It left him unlike himself. But for this, you

understand, he might have picked himself up, righted himself, and perhaps got back into the old groove—who knows?"

"Ha! who, indeed?" Knivett would exclaim.

"My opinion is," Mr. Josias would continue, with the air of a man struck with a discovery of some magnitude, "that it was all owing to the girl, gentlemen: it was Rosy's going broke his heart. Why, bless you, she was the sunshine of that man's life. I don't suppose he ever took a step in the business that he didn't put it to himself in this way, 'It'll be the better for Little Rosy, God bless her!' And she was always Little Rosy to him. He couldn't see that she was any more than the child of his heart, just the same as ever; and there she goes, and flings herself away on the man that's ruined him, and poor old John's left in his misery and his loneliness. Is it to be wondered at that he breaks up, and is never any more the man he was?"

They agree that it is not to be wondered at: quite the contrary.

"For all that," says Mr. Josias, "I did not expect that he would have come down quite so low, or been quite so humbled. I declare to you it gave me a turn I shall never forget, when, that night we all remember, he came into this room, and stood there—close behind you, Snowder—with his poor shaky fingers nervous about his throat, trying to help clear it of the choky feeling that would not let him speak. 'Sit down, John,' says I, 'there's the old seat, man: sit down.' 'No, never no more,' he answered, the tears gathering in his eyes. 'I'm not fit to mix with the like of you. I'm no companion for well-to-do men with brains in their heads. I'm the fool that trusted—his friend—and—his own child! A fool's not fit'— 'Nonsense, John,' we said; 'you'll be one among us all the same.' 'Yes,' he cried out eagerly, 'one among you, if you'll let me be; one to serve and wait upon you, and so help to eke out a living while I've the need of it.' Well, we know how we wouldn't hear of this, and told him so, and how he urged his point, and thought more and more of it, until at last it came about that John Thaxter was waiter to his own club, and content to serve those with whom he had associated. No wonder he's low at times, when the thought of it comes over him."

Little wonder, truly; and perhaps as little that lowness of spirits was not the only point about John Thaxter in his serving capacity, which was a little trying to the Soberwits. It was doubtless in the nature of things—at least in Mr. Josias' mind—that during the twenty

years which had passed since his calamity, their ancient servitor should have developed a steady tendency to acerbity. It was natural that he should have become gruff and short in speech, querulous in temper, jealous over trifles, and with an abnormally developed tendency to irritation.

That the Soberwits should have been other than conscious of this was impossible, but they were too loyal to their old friend, and sympathized too deeply with him in his misfortunes, ever to allude to it even among themselves.

It was especially not pleasant when intended tendernesses were resented as insults.

"John," the president would say, "a little hot water, when you are coming up: no hurry."

John would shuffle off, white with resentment.

"No hurry? I'm too old to be hurried, am I?" he would look. "A younger man's waiting for my place, I s'pose. He's welcome to it, I'm sure; but why can't they say it in so many words?"

And the hot water would be brought with startling and emphatic promptness.

Or again, some article required by a member would occasionally be forgotten.

"No matter; 'tis not of the slightest consequence," he would say.

"Pardon me, sir," John would retort, "it was of consequence when I was a member, and it's of consequence now. I know the ways of the club, and what the members have a right to expect. I *know* my duty, and I hope I shall always try to do it."

In this way courteous considerations for him became as barbed arrows to John's morbid sensitiveness, while, of course, a Soberwit would no more have ventured to find fault with anything than to have openly insulted Mr. Josias himself.

In the arrangements between the club and their poor serving brother there was one special article or condition. It had been imposed by the club, assented to with reluctance, but always sternly enforced. Every year, for twenty years, when Christmas Eve came round, it found John Thaxter restored to his old position as member of the club. On Christmas Eve he occupied his own seat, ordered his own grog—paying for it out of a sovereign presented to him for the express purpose—smoked his own long pipe with his name on it, as written by himself twenty years before, and had absolute right and title to help himself out of the club silver snuff-box as often as the enjoyment of that luxury was agreeable to himself. In brief, for this one evening of the year, every

privilege pertaining to a Soberwit reverted to poor John, including that of addressing his fellow-members familiarly by name and omitting the respectful "Sir," except in reference to the president—an arrangement which long habit made it exceedingly difficult for him to avail himself of.

The twentieth of these Christmas Eves had come round, and the club had assembled in its customary strength. Mr. Josias occupied his seat at the head of the long table, and every seat round it was filled, including that of poor John Thaxter, who looked thinner and more wan than usual, yet bore himself bravely, with a due sense of the honour he had lived to enjoy once more. As marking the special nature of the evening, the president had undertaken the brewing of a bowl of punch. The club bowl was before him, the Grand High Lemon-Peeler had performed his functions to a nicety; the Custodian of the Copper Kettle had attended with a due sense of its importance to the boiling of the water; his excellency the Steward of the Sugar-Bowl had not been found wanting, while the Worshipful the Club Butler had been in due readiness with a bottle of his noblest spirits. Under these favouring circumstances a bowl of punch had been obtained, hot, strong, and insinuating, the aroma of which fairly pervaded the room as Mr. Josias stirred it round and round with the massive ladle, in the bottom of which glittered a two-guinea piece of the reign of his majesty George II.

The filling of the glasses, arranged in glittering phalanx beside the bowl, was the next business; and as he performed it with scrupulous care, so that no drop of the precious liquid should be wasted, Mr. Josias revolved in what terms he should propose the one toast of the evening—"The Soberwit Club."

It was a critical moment, and all eyes were fixed upon the bowl.

It was an absorbing moment, and the little club, quiet and contained within itself, had momentarily lost sight of the outer world, its turmoil and its trouble, when a sound of voices broke the stillness,—a sound of voices in stormy altercation.

"Bless me!" cried the president, "I fancy that"——

Before he could describe the impression on his fancy, the door of the room burst open, and several members rose from their seats, gazing out into the gloom of the passage beyond.

"I tell you," cried a voice outside, "that it is a private club"——

Some half-articulate, half-hysterical reply was given, and there burst from the gloom into the light the figure of a young girl—a slight, almost childish figure, with long tangled hair swathing about a fair and wildly excited face.

As this apparition burst into the room John Thaxter rose, gave one shrill cry, and clasped his hands before his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible object.

"Take her away!" he gasped, "take her away!"

"No, no!" cried the young girl, making towards him.

"Away with her, I say: I will not see her. She married him! She was my ruin!"

By this time hands were laid on the girl's arm to remove her; but she shook them off.

"Oh! hear me," she pleaded, throwing herself at John's knees, and grasping his hands. "Hear me, if only for a minute! It is Rosy, little Rosy—oh! you will not turn me away!"

He tore his hands from his eyes, and raised one as if to strike her.

"How dare you come here? How dare you!"—he exclaimed.

The sentence was not finished, and the uplifted hand was drawn back with a start. The eyes that looked into the face of the young girl suddenly widened with amazement, and an incredulous expression came into the man's thin face.

"You are not—not my child?" he gasped.

"No!"

"Not Rosy!—ah, no; I had forgot. 'Tis twenty years ago. You are!"

"Your grandchild—Little Rosy!"

With a sudden impulse of affection he threw his arms about her: then as suddenly withdrew them, and rose up defiantly.

"Her child—his child! Never!" he burst out. "What are you to me? Why do you come whining here, slaving here? I see it. 'Tis a trick of theirs to make their peace with me. Never! Never!"

Fiercely impetuous, he thrust back his chair, and made to go, with loathing in his very movements, and as if animated only by a desire to escape from the sobbing child.

"Let me speak, grandfather: only let me speak," her sweet lips pleaded. "I have no one in the world but you. No one in the wide world."

The pleading voice was touching beyond expression, but it derived added effect from the simple action which accompanied it. As she knelt, the child spread out her palms, and tears dropped glistening upon her dress. It

was black. The mute confirmation of her words it afforded touched the old man's heart.

He hesitated.

"Your—your mother?" he faltered.

"Dear, dear mother is dead."

"And—*he?*"

She rose from her knees and moved toward him.

"Dead!"

As the word broke in a gasp from her lips she threw herself upon the old man's breast, and was clasped to it in a long embrace.

Never had scene so striking and so incredible been enacted in the Soberwit Club. The members looked on in blank amazement. The punch cooled. No one gave a thought to anything save the long streaming gold of the fair young head, over which the white head of the old man bent in a passionate outburst of affection. For some moments there was a dead silence in the room. Then John Thaxter rose, and in broken accents apologized for the interruption he had so unwittingly caused.

"But you know my story," he said, "and I—I haven't heard a word of love for twenty years; and I'd got hard and peevish—vicious, maybe—and I didn't believe I could have shed a tear for forty pound. But I loved her so, my Rosy, my poor lost Rosy! and now that she's come to life again, and without the fault that made me try to hate her, why, I—I!"

But here he fairly broke down again, and it was only some whispered suggestion from the child—though for that matter she was almost a woman—that they should leave the company, that brought him to himself.

"Yes, Rosy," he said—"yes, I can leave, for—thanks to these good friends here—I am a gentleman to-night. I'm one of them: just as in the old time. One of them, Rosy."

The exulting glance was reflected in the girl's bright laughing eyes.

"And shall be, in time to come, grandpa dear," she whispered. "You are no longer poor. Your long years of privation are over. The fortune made out of the ruin of your means is mine—and yours. Whose should it be but yours?"

The amazing prospect thus suddenly unfolded to him of the sudden realization of a future repeating the past in love and affluence, had almost proved too much for poor John Thaxter. His happiness was too great. He could not speak. Only tears trickled silently over his worn cheeks, and his lips moved inarticulately. They began to fear the effects of this too sudden joy; but Rosy soothed and calmed him, and in

time he rose, and clinging to her hand as if in his hold upon that depended his hold on everything that was precious in life, tottered from the room, too much overcome to say one word of all that there was in his heart to utter.

And it was some time before the wonder of all this had subsided enough for those left behind to give heed to the stern duties of the anniversary. But when at length Mr. Josias *did* give "The Soberwit Club: success to it and to its members, not forgetting poor John Thaxter!" a cheer burst forth, such as had never yet rung through that ancient chamber. And from that night forth there was seldom a vacant place at the board, but a beaming, courteous, affable old man nightly occupied the chair which was his own twenty years before; punctual in coming, and punctual in leaving, under the pleasantest of all pleasant pretexts, namely, that he was the slave of a hard and inexorable tyrant, who made his life a burden, and was embittering the remnant of his days. To affect a mighty awe of this tyrant: to feign constant alarm, lest by overstaying his appointed time a second, or compromising himself in any way, would expose him to dire pains and penalties, was his special delight. Over this pretext he would chuckle till the tears gathered in his eyes; and well might he do so. The tyrant's name was Roey.

TOM HOOD's *Comic Annual*, 1874.

BYRON'S FAREWELL.

MIMOLONGHI, January 22, 1824.

"On this day, I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic iale;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see:
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
My life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?—
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly t'wards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

BISHOP HEBER.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

[George Henry Lewes, born in London, 18th April, 1817. Philosopher, biographer, and critic. His works are: *Life of Robespierre*; *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*; *The Spanish Drama*: Lope de Vega and Calderon; *Biographical History of Philosophy*; *Seaside Studies*; *Physiology of Common Life*; *Studies in Animal Life*; *Aristotle*, a chapter from the history of science; *History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*; *On the Spinal Cord as a Centre of Sensation and Volition*, a paper read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science; *The Nervous System*; *Ranthorpe*, and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, two novels; *The Noble Heart*, a tragedy; and *The Life and Works of Goethe*, from which we quote. "A more faithful and life-like biography than this we have rarely read. The image of the living man is presented with much skill and much candour. Mr. Lewes speaks often of the "many-sidedness of Goethe," and he shows his weak sides and dark sides as well as his great and brilliant ones."—*Literary Gazette*. Mr. Lewes was for several years the literary editor of the *Leader*. In 1866 he founded the *Fortnightly Review*.]

The pleasure every one finds in making acquaintance with the original stories from which Shakspeare created his marvellous plays, is the pleasure of detecting how genius can improve upon the merest hint, and how with its own vital forces it converts lifeless material into immortal life. This pleasure also carries the conviction that there is no lack of subjects for an artist, if he have but the eye to see them. It shows us that great poets are not accustomed to cast about for subjects worthy of treatment; on the contrary, the merest hint is enough to form the nucleus of a splendid work: a random phrase will kindle a magnificent conception.

Very like the material offered by Bandello to Shakspeare is the material offered to Goethe by the old narrative¹ from which he created

one of the most faultless of modern poems. Herein we learn how a rich and important citizen of Altmühl has in vain tried to persuade his son to marry. The Saltzburg emigrants pass through the town, and among them the son finds "a maiden who pleases him right well;" he inquires after her family and bringing up, and as all he hears is satisfactory, away he hies to his father, declaring that unless this Saltzburg maiden be given him, he will remain unmarried all his life. The father, aided by the pastor, tries to persuade him from such a resolution. But their efforts being vain, the pastor advises the father to give his consent, which is done. Away goes the son to the maiden, and asks her if she is willing to enter his father's domestic service. She accepts, and is presented to the father. But he, ignorant of his son's ruse, and believing he sees before him the betrothed, asks her whether she is fond of his son. The maiden thinks they are laughing at her, but on learning that they are serious in wishing her to belong to the family, declares herself quite ready, and draws from her bosom a purse containing 200 ducats, which she hands to her bridegroom as her dowry.

This is the story out of which grew *Hermann und Dorothea*. An ordinary story, in which the poet alone could see a poem; what he has seen, every reader of German literature well knows; and those to whom the poem is unknown must be content with the following analysis.

The epoch is changed to that of the French Revolution. The emigrants are driven from home by political events. The scene is on the right side of the Rhine. The streets of a quiet little village are noisy with unaccustomed movement; every one is crowding to see the sad procession of emigrants passing through, in the heat and dust of a summer afternoon. Mine Host of the Golden Lion, sitting at his doorway, marvels at such curiosity, but applauds the active benevolence of his wife, who has sent their son with linen, food and drink, to bestow upon the sufferers, "for to give is the duty of those who have."

And now are seen returning some of the curious. See how dusty their shoes! and how their faces are burning! They come back wiping the perspiration from their glowing faces; the old couple rejoice at having sat quiet at home, contenting themselves with what will be told them of the sight. Sure enough, here comes the pastor, and with him the apothecary; seating themselves on the wooden bench, they shake the dust off their shoes, and fan their

¹ Das Liebthätige Gern gegen die Salzburgerischen Emigranten. Das ist: kurze und wahrhaftige Erzählung wie dieselben in der Gräflich Reuss Plawischen Residenz Stadt angekommen, aufgenommen, und versorgt, auch was an und von vielen derselben Gutes gesehen und gehört worden. Leipzig: 1739.

hot faces with their handkerchiefs. They narrate what they have seen; and mine host, sighing, hopes his son will overtake the emigrants, and give them what has been sent. But the heat suggests to him that they should retire into the cool back parlour, and, out of the way of the flies, refresh themselves with a bottle of Rhine-wine. There, over the wine, mine host expresses his wish to see his son married. This is the whole of the first canto; and yet, slight as the material is, the wonderful objective treatment gives it substance. The fresh air of the country breathes from the verse.

In the second canto Hermann appears before his father and friends. The pastor's quick eye detects that he is returned an altered man. Hermann relates how he accomplished his mission. Overtaking the emigrants, he fell in with a cart drawn by oxen, wherein lay a poor woman beside the infant to which she had just given birth. Leading the oxen was a maiden, who came towards him with the calm confidence of a generous soul, and begged his aid for the poor woman whom she had just assisted in her travail. Touched with pity, and feeling at once that this maiden was the best person to distribute justly the aid he had brought, Hermann gave it all into her hands. They parted, she gratefully pursuing her sad journey, he thoughtfully returning home. Love has leaped into his heart, and, by the light of his smile, the pastor sees he is an altered man.

On hearing his tale, the apothecary hugs himself with the consolation of not having wife and children to make him anxious in these anxious times; "the single man escapes the easiest." But Hermann reproves him, asking, "Is it well that a man should feel himself alone in joy and sorrow, not understanding how to share these joys and sorrows? I never was so willing to marry as to-day; for many a good maiden needs the protection of a husband, and many a man needs the bright consolation of a wife, in the shadow of misfortune." Hereupon the father, smiling, exclaims, "I hear you with pleasure; such a sensible word you have seldom uttered." And his mother also applauds him, referring to her marriage as an example. Memory travels back complacently to the day of her betrothal. It was in the midst of misfortune—a fire had destroyed all their property—but in that hour of misfortune their union was decided. The father here breaks in, and says the story is true, but evidently wishes to warn his son from any imitation of his own venture. With admirable art and humour his fatherly anxiety is depicted. He married a girl who had nothing

when he himself had nothing; but now, when he is old and well to do in the world, this idea of beginning life upon no solid foundation of fortune is alarming to him. He paints the difficulties of keeping house, the advantages of fortune, and concludes with a decisive intimation to Hermann that he expects a rich daughter-in-law to be brought into the house. He indicates the daughters of a rich neighbour, and wishes Hermann to select one. But Hermann has not only a new love in his heart, he has an old repugnance to these rich neighbours, who mocked his simplicity, and ridiculed him because he was not as familiar with the personages of an opera as they were. This enrages his father, who upbraids him for being a mere peasant without culture, and who angrily declares he will have no peasant-girl brought into the house as his daughter-in-law, but a girl who can play the piano, and who can draw around her the finest people of the town. Hermann, in silence, quits the room; and thus closes the second canto.

The third canto carries on the story. Mine host continues his angry eloquence. It is his opinion that the son should always rise higher in the social scale than the father; for what would become of the house, or the nation, without this constant progress? "You are always unjust to your son," replies the mother, "and thus frustrate your own wishes. We must not hope to form children after our notions. As God has given them us, so must we have them and love them, bring them up as best we can, and let them have their own disposition. For some have this and others that gift. One is happy in one way, another in another. I won't have my Hermann abused. He is an excellent creature. But with daily snubbing and blame you crush his spirit." And away she goes to seek her son. "A wonderful race the women," says the host, smiling, as his wife departs, "just like children. They all want to live after their own fashion, and yet be praised and caressed!" The old apothecary, carrying out the host's argument respecting the continual improvement of one's station, happily displays his character by a speech of quiet humour, describing his own anxiety to improve the appearance of his house, and how he has always been hindered by the fear of the expense. The contrast of characters in this poem is of the finest and sharpest: mother and father, pastor and apothecary, all stand before us in distinctive, yet unobtrusive individuality, such as only the perfection of art achieves.

In the fourth canto, the mother seeks her son. The description of this search is a strik-

ing specimen of Goethe's descriptive poetry, being a series of pictures without a metaphor, without an image, without any of the picturesque aids which most poets employ; and yet it is vivid and picturesque in the highest degree. I wish I dared quote it. But the reader of German can seek it in the original; and translation is more than ever unjust to a poet, where style is in question.

In the stable she seeks him, expecting to find him with his favourite stallion; then she goes into the garden (not omitting to set up the tree-props and brush the caterpillars from the cabbages, like a careful housewife as she is!), then through the vineyard until she finds him seated under the pear-tree, in tears. A charming scene takes place between them. Hermann declares his intention of setting off in defence of fatherland; he is eloquent on the duties of citizens to give their blood for their country. But the mother knows very well it is no political enthusiasm thus suddenly moving him to quit his home; she has divined his love for Dorothea, the maiden whom he met among the emigrants; she questions him, and receives his confidence. Yes, it is because he loves Dorothea, and because his father has forbidden him to think of any but a rich bride, that he is about to depart. His father has always been unjust to him. Here interposes the mother; persuades Hermann to make the first advances to his father, certain that the paternal anger is mere hasty words, and that the dearest wish of Hermann's heart will not be disregarded. She brings him back with these hopes.

In the fifth canto the friends are still sipping from green glasses the cool Rhine-wine, and arguing the old question. To them enter mother and son. She reminds her husband how often they have looked forward to the day when Hermann should make choice of a bride. That day has arrived. He has chosen the Emigrant maiden. Mine host hears this in ominous stillness. The pastor rises, and heartily backs Hermann in his prayer. He looks upon this choice as an inspiration from above, and knows Hermann well enough to trust him in such a choice. The father is still silent. The apothecary, cautious ever, suggests a middle course. He does not trust implicitly in these inspirations from above. He proposes to inquire into the character of the maiden, and as he is not easily to be deceived, he undertakes to bring back a true report. I need scarcely point out the superiority of this treatment of the old story, wherein the lover first inquires into the character of the maiden, and then makes up his mind to have her.

Hermann needs no inquiry—but neither does he shirk it. He urges the apothecary to set off, and take the pastor with him, two such experienced men being certain to detect the truth. For himself he is sure of the result. Mine host, finding wife and friends against him, consents, on a worthy report being brought by pastor and apothecary, to call Dorothea his daughter. The two commissioners seat themselves in the cart, and Hermann, mounting the box, drives them swiftly to the village. Arriving there, they get out. Hermann describes Dorothea, that they may recognize her; and awaits their return. Very graphic is the picture of this village, where the wanderers are crowded in barns and gardens, the streets blocked up with carts, men noisily attending to the lowing cows and horses, women busily washing and drying on every hedge, while the children dabble in the stream. Through this crowd the two friends wander, and witness a quarrel, which is silenced by an old magistrate, who afterwards gives them satisfactory details about Dorothea. This episode is full of happy touches and thoughtful poetry. The friends return joyful to Hermann, and tell him he may take Dorothea home. But while they have been inquiring about her, he, here on the threshold of his fate, has been torturing himself with doubts as to whether Dorothea will accept him. She may love another; what is more probable? She may refuse to come with them into a strange house. He begs them to drive home without him. He will alone ask Dorothea, and return on foot with her if she consent. The pastor takes the reins, but the cautious apothecary, willing enough to entrust the pastor with the care of his soul, has misgivings about his power of saving his body. The pastor reassures him, and they disappear in a cloud of dust, leaving Hermann to gaze after them motionless, fixed in thought.

The next two cantos are exquisitely poetical. As Hermann stands by the spring, he sees Dorothea coming with a water-jug in each hand. He approaches her, and she smiles a friendly smile at his approach. He asks why she comes so far from the village to fetch water. She answers that her trouble is well repaid if only because it enables her to see and thank him for the kindness he has shown to the sufferers; but also adds that the improvident men have allowed oxen and horses to walk into the streams, and so disturb all the water of the village. They then pass to the well, and sit upon the wall which protects it. She stoops, and dips a jug in the water; he takes

the other jug and dips it also, and they see the image of themselves mirrored in the wavering blue of the reflected heavens, and they nod and greet each other in the friendly mirror. "Let me drink," says the joyous youth. And she holds the jug for him. Then they rest leaning upon the jugs in sweet confidence.

She then asks him what has brought him here. He looks into her eyes and feels happy, but dares not trust himself with the avowal. He endeavours to make her understand it in an indirect recital of the need there is at home for a young and active woman to look after the house and his parents. She thinks he means to ask her to come as servant in his house, and, being alone in the world, gladly consents. When he perceives her mistake he is afraid to undeceive her, and thinks it better to take her home and gain her affection there. "But let us go," she exclaims, "girls are always blamed who stay long at the fountain in gossip." They stand up, and once more look back into the well to see their images meeting in its water, and "sweet desires possess them."

He accompanies her to the village, and witnesses, in the affection all bear to Dorothea, the best sign that his heart has judged aright. She takes leave of them all, and sets forth with Hermann, followed by the blessings and handkerchief-wavings of the emigrants. In silence they walk towards the setting sun, which tinges the storm-clouds threatening in the distance. On the way she asks him to describe the characters of those she is going to serve. He sketches father and mother. "And how am I to treat you, you the only son to my future master?" she asks. By this time they have reached the pear-tree, and the moon is shining overhead. He takes her hand, answering, "Ask your heart, and follow all it tells you." But he can go no further in his declaration, fearing to draw upon himself a refusal. In silence they sit awhile and look upon the moon. She sees a window—it is Hermann's, who hopes it will soon be hers. They rise to continue their course, her foot slips, she falls into his arms; breast against breast, cheek against cheek, they remain a moment, he not daring to press her to him, merely supporting her. In a few minutes more they enter the house.

The charm of these cantos, as indeed of the whole poem, cannot of course be divined from the analysis I am making; the perfume of a violet is not to be found in the description of the violet. But with all drawbacks, the analysis enables a reader of imagination to

form a better conception of the poem than he would form from an æsthetical discussion such as philosophical criticism indulges in. With this caveat let our analysis proceed. The mother is uneasy at this long absence of Hermann; comes in and out, noting the appearances of the storm, and is rather sharp in her blame of the two friends for leaving him without securing the maiden. The apothecary narrates how he was taught patience in youth; and, the door opening, presents the young couple to their glad eyes. Hermann introduces her, but tells the pastor aside that as yet there has been no talk of marriage; she only supposes her place to be that of servant. The host, wishing to be gallant, goes at once to the point, treats her as his daughter, and compliments her on her taste in having chosen his son. She blushes, is pained, and replies with some reproach that for such a greeting she was unprepared. With tears in her eyes she paints her forlorn condition, and the secret escapes her, that, touched by Hermann's generosity and noble bearing, she really has begun to feel the love for him they twit her with; but having made that confession, of course she can no longer stay; and she is departing with grief in her heart when the mistake is cleared up; she is accepted, dowerless, by them all, and Hermann, in pressing her to his heart, feels prepared for the noble struggle of life.

Such is the story of *Hermann und Dorothea*, which is written in Homeric hexameters, with Homeric simplicity. In the ordinary course of things, I should be called upon to give some verdict on the much-vexed question as to whether, properly speaking, this poem is an epic or an idyll, or, by way of compromise, an idyllic epic. The critics are copious in distinctions and classifications. They tell us in what consists the epos proper, which they distinguish from the romantic epos, and from the bourgeois epos; and then these heavy batteries are brought to bear on *Hermann und Dorothea*. Well! if these discussions gratify the mind, and further any of the purposes of literature, let those whose bent lies that way occupy themselves therewith. To me it seems idle to trouble oneself whether *Hermann und Dorothea* is or is not an epic, or what kind of epic it should be called. It is a poem. One cannot say more for it. If it be unlike all other poems, there is no harm in that; if it resemble some other poems, the resemblance does not enhance its charm. Let us accept it for what it is, a poem full of life, character, and beauty; simple in its materials, astonish-

ingly simple in its handling; written in obvious imitation of Homer, and yet preserving throughout the most modern colour and sentiment. Of all idylls, it is the most truly idyllic. Of all poems describing country life and country people, it is the most truthful; and on comparing it with Theocritus or Virgil, with Guarini or Tasso, with Florian or Delille, with Geaner or Thomson, the critic will note with interest its absence of poetic ornamentation, its freedom from all "idealization." Its peasants are not such as have been fashioned in Dresden china, or have solicited the palette of Lancret and Watteau; but are as true as poetry can represent them. The characters are wonderfully drawn, with a few decisive unobtrusive touches. Shakspeare himself is not more dramatic in the presentation of character. The host, his wife, the pastor, the old cautious apothecary, stand before us in all their humours. Hermann, the stalwart peasant, frank, simple, and shy, and Dorothea, the healthy, affectionate, robust, simple peasant girl, are ideal characters in the best sense, viz. in the purity of nature. Those "ideal peasants" with Grecian features and irreproachable linen, so loved of bad painters and poor poets, were not at all the figures Goethe cared to draw; he had faith in nature, which would not allow him to idealize.

Very noteworthy is it that he, like Walter Scott, could find a real pleasure in talking with the common people, such as astonished his daughter-in-law (from whom, among others, I learned the fact), who could not comprehend what pleasure this great intellect found in conversation with an old woman baking her bread, or an old carpenter planing a fir-plank. He would talk with his coachman, pointing out to him the peculiarities of the scenery, and delighting in his remarks. Stately and silent as he often was to travelling bores, and to literary men with no ideas beyond the circle of books, he was loquacious and interested whenever one of the people came in his way; and the secret of this was his abiding interest in every individuality. A carpenter, who was a carpenter, interested him; but the carpenter in Sunday clothes, aping the bourgeois, would have found him as silent and stately as every other pretender found him. What Scott gathered from his intercourse with the people, everyone knows who has noticed the rich soil of humour on which Scott's antiquarian fancies are planted; what Goethe gathered from the same source may be read in most of his works, especially in *Hermann und Dorothea*, *Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*.

"NIGHT TEACHETH KNOWLEDGE."

When I survey the bright
Celestial spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our humane sight;

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest away.

Some nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his siune,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those celestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON (1635).

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

BY TWO BROTHERS.

[Augustus William Hare, born in Rome, 17th November, 1792; died there, 18th February, 1834. Educated at Oxford; appointed in 1829 to the living of Alton Barnes, Wiltshire.—*Sermons to a Country Congregation.*]

Julius Charles Hare, born near Vienna, 18th September, 1795; died at Hurstmonceux, Sussex, 23d January, 1855. Educated at Cambridge, and became rector of Hurstmonceux and archdeacon of Lewes. He translated, in conjunction with Thirlwall, Niebuhr's *History of Rome*; he contributed to the principal reviews, and edited the *Essays and Tales* of John Sterling, who was his curate for a short time. His most successful works were his sermons and charges, and the *Guesses at Truth*, written in conjunction with his brother Augustus. This book maintains extensive popularity: the "Guesses" of the archdeacon are signed U. (Macmillan & Co., publishers.)]

Were we merely the creatures of outward impulses, what would faces of joy be but so many glaciers, on which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise is only a flinging back of the rays they appear to be greeting, from frozen and impassive heads?

It is with flowers, as with moral qualities: the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe, never the sweet.

Picturesqueness is that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture; and it refers to the appearances of things in form and colour, more than to their accidental associations. Rembrandt would have been right in painting turbans and Spanish cloaks, though the Cid had been a scrivener, Cortez had sold sugar, and Mahomet had been notorious for setting up a drug-shop instead of a religion.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good: but, in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

It is with great men as with high mountains. They oppress us with awe when we stand under them: they disappoint our insatiable imaginations when we are nigh, but not quite close to them: and then, the further we recede from them, the more astonishing they appear; until their bases being concealed by intervening objects, they at one moment seem miraculously lifted above the earth, and the next strike our fancies as let down from heaven.

The apparent and the real progress of human affairs are both well illustrated in a waterfall; where the same noisy, bubbling eddies continue for months and years, though the water which froths in them changes every moment. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is working a change all the time in the appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river during its descent to a new set of percussions and reverberations.

And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different: but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies are just as violent as before.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable: they even dance: yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

How disproportionate are men's projects and means! To raise a single church to a single apostle, the monuments of antiquity were ransacked, and forgiveness of sins was doled out at a price. Yet its principal gate has been left unfinished; and its holy of holies is encrusted with stucco.

Handsomeness is the more animal excellence, beauty the more imaginative. A handsome Madonna I cannot conceive, and never saw a handsome Venus: but I have seen many a handsome country girl, and a few very handsome ladies.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

You want to double your riches, and without gambling or stock-jobbing. Share it. Whether it be material or intellectual, its rapid increase will amaze you. What would the sun have been, had he folded himself up in darkness? Surely he would have gone out. So would Socrates.

This road to wealth seems to have been dis-

covered some three thousand years ago. At least it was known to Hesiod, and has been recommended by him in the one precious line he has left us. But even he complains of the fools, who did not know that half is more than the whole. And ever since, though mankind have always been in full chase after riches, though they have not feared to follow Columbus and Gama in chase of it, though they have waded through blood, and crept through falsehood, and trampled on their own hearts, and been ready to ride on a broomstick, in chase of it, very few have ever taken this road, albeit the easiest, the shortest, and the surest. U.

One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear sudden and violent changes. In like manner they who enter into public life should begin by dulling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favourite into letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists. U.

Gratification is distinct from happiness in the common apprehension of mankind; and so is selfishness from wisdom. But passion in its blindness disregards, or rather speaks as if it disregarded, the first distinction; and sophists, taking advantage of this, confound the last. Their confusion, however, is worse confounded. For it is not every gratification that is selfish, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, which implies blame and sin; but such only as is undue or inordinate, whether in kind or degree. Never was a man called selfish for quenching his thirst with water, where water was not scarce; many a man has been justly, for drinking champagne. The argument then, if unravelled into a syllogism, would hang together thus:

Some gratifications are selfish:
No gratification is happiness:
therefore,
All happiness is selfish.

I am not surprised that these gentlemen speak ill of logic.

Misers are the greatest spendthrifts: and spendthrifts often end in becoming the greatest misers. U.

The principle gives birth to the rule: the motive may justify the exception.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A PRAYER.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star;
Where thou preparest a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon thy merit;
And loves thee with an holy charity.
What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongues, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone.
When thou dost bind thy jewels up, that day
Remember us, we pray;
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou may'st appoint us place,
Within the brightness of thy face;
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enrol,
That we may praise thee to eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

GIL BLAS AND THE ROBBERS.

[Alain Rene Le Sage, born near Vannes, Brittany, 1668; died at Boulogne, 1746-7. He wrote a number of comedies and farces, chiefly adaptations from the Spanish; he earned an undying reputation by two works—*Le Diable Boiteux* ("The Devil on Two Sticks"), and *Gil Blas of Santillane*. They were translated into English by Smollet, and it is from his version that the following adventure is quoted. Gil Blas, on his way to Salamanca in search of fortune, was alarmed at an inn by a rascally carrier, who declares he has been robbed and that he will have everybody arrested. Gil Blas and several others took to flight in different directions.]

I arrived at last at the border of a wood, and was just going into it when all of a sudden two men on horseback appeared before me and called, "Who goes there?" As my surprise hindered me from making immediate answer, they advanced; and each clapping a pistol to my throat, commanded me to tell who I was, whence I came, my business in the forest, and, above all things, to hide nothing from them. To these interrogations, the manner of which seemed to me equal to the rack with which the carrier had threatened us, I replied, that I was a lad of Oviedo, going to Salamanca; recounted the alarm we had undergone, and confessed that the fear of being put to the torture had induced me to run away. They burst out into a loud laugh at this discovery, which manifested the simplicity of my heart, and one of them said, "Take courage, friend; come along with us, and fear nothing; we will put thee in a place of safety." So saying he made me get up behind him, and then we retreated into the wood.

Though I did not know what to make of this rencontre, I did not presage anything bad from it; "for," said I to myself, "if these people were thieves, they would have robbed, and perhaps murdered me at once; they must certainly be honest gentlemen, who live hard by, and who, seeing me in a panic, have pity on my condition, and carry me home with them out of charity."

But I did not long remain in suspense; for, after several windings and turnings, which we performed in great silence, we came to the foot of a hill, where we alighted, and one of the horsemen said to me—

"This is our dwelling-place."

I looked around, but could perceive neither house, hut, nor the least appearance of any habitation; nevertheless, these two men lifted up a huge wooden trap-door, covered with earth and brambles, which concealed the en-

trance of a long shelving passage under ground, into which the horses went of themselves, like beasts that were used to it; while the cavaliers, taking the same path, made me follow them; then lowering the cover, with cords fastened to the inside for that purpose, behold the worthy kinsman of my uncle Perez caught like a mouse in a trap!

I now discovered my situation, and any one may easily believe that this discovery effectually dispelled my former fear: a terror more mighty and better founded took possession of my soul! I laid my account with losing my life as well as my ducats; and looking upon myself as a victim led to the altar, walked (more dead than alive) between my two conductors, who, feeling me tremble, exhorted me in vain to fear nothing. When we had gone about two hundred paces, turning and descending all the way, we entered into a stable, lighted by two great iron lamps hanging from the arch above. Here I saw plenty of straw, and a good many casks full of provender: there was room enough for twenty horses, but at that time there were only the two that we brought along with us, which an old negro, who seemed vigorous for his years, was tying to a rack. We went out of the stable, and by the dismal glimmer of some lamps, that seemed to enlighten the place only to show the horrors of it, came to a kitchen, where an old cook-maid was busy in broiling steaks and providing for supper. The kitchen was adorned with all necessary utensils; and hard by there was a larder stored with all sorts of provisions. The cook (for I must draw her picture) was a person somewhat turned of sixty: in her youth the hair of her head had been red as a carrot, for time had not as yet so much bleached it, but that one might still perceive some shades of its primitive colour; she had an olive complexion, a chin pointed and prominent, with lips fallen in, a huge aquiline nose that hung over her mouth, and eyes that flamed in purple.

"Well, Dame Leonarda," said one of the gentlemen, presenting me to this fair angel of darkness, "here's a young man we have brought for you." Then turning to me, and observing me pale and dismayed—"Friend," said he, "banish thy fear, we will do thee no harm. Having occasion for a servant to assist our cook-maid, we met with thee, and happy it is for thee we did: thou shalt here supply the place of a young fellow who let himself die about fifteen days ago; he was a lad of a very delicate complexion, but thou seemest to be more robust, and wilt not die so soon; indeed, thou wilt never see the light of the sun again;

but in lieu of that, thou shalt have good cheer and a rousing fire. Thou shalt pass thy time with Leonarda, who is a very gentle creature, and enjoy all thy little conveniences. I will show thee," added he, "that thou hast not got among beggars."

With these words he took up a flambeau, and bidding me follow him, carried me into a cellar, where I saw an infinite number of bottles and jars well corked, which, he told me, were filled with excellent wine. He afterwards made me pass through divers apartments, some of which contained bales of linen, others of silks and stuffs; in one I perceived gold and silver, and a great quantity of plate in different cupboards. Then I followed him into a large hall, illuminated by three branches of copper, which also gave light to the rooms that communicated with it: here he put fresh questions to me, asked my name and reason for leaving Oviedo, and when I had satisfied his curiosity in these particulars—

"Well, Gil Blas," said he, "since thy design in quitting the place of thy nativity was to obtain some good post, thou must certainly have been born with a caul upon thy head, seeing thou hast fallen into our hands. I have already told thee that thou shalt live here in affluence, and roll upon gold and silver; nay, more, thou shalt be safe; for such is the contrivance of this retreat, that the officers of the Holy Brotherhood may come into the wood an hundred times without discovering it. The entry is unknown to every living soul except me and my comrades: perhaps thou wilt wonder how it could be executed without being perceived by the people in the neighbourhood. Know, then, my lad, that this is not a work of our hands, but was made many years ago; for, after the Moors had got possession of Grenada, Arragon, and almost the whole of Spain, the Christians, rather than submit to the yoke of infidels, fled, and concealed themselves in this country, in Biscay, and in the Asturias, whither the valiant Don Pelagio retired: fugitives, and dispersed in small numbers, they lived in mountains and woods, some lurked in caves, and others contrived many subterranean abodes, of which number this is one. Having afterwards been so lucky as to drive their enemies out of Spain, they returned into the towns; and, since that time, their retreats have served for asylums to people of our profession. It is true, indeed, the Holy Brotherhood¹ have dis-

covered and destroyed some of them; but there are still plenty remaining, and, thank Heaven, I have lived here in safety near fifteen years; my name is Captain Rolando; I am chief of the company, and he whom thou sawest with me is one of my gang."

Signior Rolando had scarce done speaking, when six new faces appeared in the hall; these were the lieutenant with five of the company, who returned loaded with booty, which consisted of two hampers full of sugar, cinnamon, pepper, dried figs, almonds, and raisins. The lieutenant addressing himself to the captain, told him that he had taken these hampers from a grocer of Benavento, whose mule he had also carried off. When he had given an account of his expedition to his superior, the pillage of the grocer was ordered into the store, and it was unanimously agreed to make merry. A table being covered in the great hall, I was sent back into the kitchen, where Dame Leonarda instructed me in the nature of my office; and, yielding to necessity (since my cruel fate had so ordained), I suppressed my sorrow and prepared myself for the service of those worthy gentlemen.

My first essay was on the side-board, which I adorned with silver cups and many stone bottles of that good wine which Signior Rolando praised so much. I afterwards brought in two ragouts, which were no sooner served than the whole company sat down to eat. They began with a good appetite, while I stood behind, ready to supply them with wine, and acquitted myself so handsomely, that I had the honour to be complimented upon my behaviour. The captain recounted my story in a few words, which afforded a good deal of diversion, and afterwards observed that I did not want merit; but I was at that time cured of my vanity, and could hear myself praised without danger. Not one of them was silent on the subject: they said, I seemed born to be their cup-bearer; that I was worth an hundred of my predecessor; and although Dame Leonarda (since his death) had been honoured with the office of presenting nectar to these infernal gods, they divested her of that glorious employment, in which they installed me, like a young Ganymede succeeding an ancient Hebe.

When the captain of the thieves went to bed, and I returned into the hall, where I uncovered the table and put everything in order; from thence I went into the kitchen, where Domingo (so was the old negro called) expected me to supper. Though I had no appetite, I sat down with them; but as I could not eat, and appeared as melancholy as I had cause to be so,

¹ The Holy Brotherhood in Spain, called *la Santa Hermandad*, was formerly an association to suppress robbers in times of civil commotion.

these two apparitions, equally qualified, undertook to give me consolation.

"Why do you afflict yourself, child?" said the old lady, "you ought rather to rejoice at your good fortune. You are young, and seem to be of an easy temper, consequently would have been, in a little time, lost in the world, whereas here your innocence finds a secure haven."

"Dame Leonarda is in the right," said the old blackamoor, with great gravity; "and let me add, the world is full of affliction; thank Heaven, therefore, my friend, for having delivered thee all at once from the dangers, difficulties, and misery of life."

I bore their discourse with patience, because to fret myself would have done me no service; at last Domingo, having eaten and drunk plentifully, retired into the stable; while Leonarda, with a lamp in her hand, conducted me into a vault, which served as a burying-place to the robbers who died a natural death, and in which I perceived a miserable truckle-bed, that looked more like a tomb than a couch.

"Here is your bed-chamber," said she, "the lad, whose place you have the good fortune to supply, slept here as long as he lived amongst us, and now that he is dead rests in the same place. He slipped away in the flower of his age; I hope you will not be so simple as to follow his example."

So saying she put the light into my hand and returned into her kitchen; while I, setting the lamp upon the ground, threw myself upon the bed, not so much in expectation of enjoying the least repose, as with a view to indulge my melancholy reflections.

"O Heavens!" cried I, "was ever destiny so terrible as mine! I am banished from the sight of the sun; and, as if it was not enough to be buried alive at the age of eighteen, I am moreover condemned to serve thieves, to spend the day among highwaymen, and the night among the dead!"

I wept bitterly over these suggestions, which seemed to me, and were, in effect, extremely shocking. A thousand times I cursed my uncle's design of sending me to Salamanca; I repented of my flying from justice at Cabelos, and even wished I had submitted to the torture. But recollecting that I consumed myself in vain complaints to no purpose, I began to think of some means by which I might escape.

"What," said I to myself, "is it then impossible to deliver myself! the thieves are asleep; the cook-maid and negro will be in the

same condition presently: cannot I, while they are all quiet, by the help of my lamp, find out the passage through which I descended into this infernal abode! It is true, indeed, I don't think myself strong enough to lift the trap-door that covers the entry; but, however, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with, I will try; my despair will, perhaps, supply me with strength, and who knows but I may accomplish it!"

Having then projected this great design, I got up, when I imagined Leonarda and Domingo were at rest, and taking the lamp in my hand, went out to the vault, recommending myself to all the saints in heaven. It was not without great difficulty that I found again all the windings of this new labyrinth, and arrived at the door of the stable, where, at last, perceiving the passage I was in search of, I went into it, advancing towards the trap with as much nimbleness as joy; but, alas, in the middle of the entry I met with a cursed iron gate, fast locked, and consisting of strong bars, so close to one another that I could scarce thrust my hand between them. I was confounded at the sight of this new obstacle, which I had not observed when I came in, the grate being then open: I did not fail, however, to feel the bars and examine the lock, which I even attempted to force; when, all of a sudden I felt across my shoulders five or six lusty thwacks; upon which I uttered such a dreadful yell that the whole cavern echoed with the sound, and looking behind me, perceived the old negro in his shirt, with a dark lantern in one hand, and the instrument of his execution in the other.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Jackanapes," said he, "you want to make your escape, hah! You must not imagine that I am to be caught napping. I heard you all the while. I suppose you thought the grate was open, didn't you? Know, my boy, that henceforth thou shalt always find it shut; and that, when we detain anybody here, against his inclination, he must be more cunning than thou, if ever he gets off."

In the meantime, two or three of the thieves, starting out of their sleep at the noise of my cries, and believing that the Holy Brotherhood was coming souse upon them, got up in a hurry and alarmed their companions. In an instant all were a-foot; and seizing their swords and carbines, advanced half-naked to the place where Domingo chastised me; but they no sooner understood the cause of the noise they had heard, than their uneasiness was changed into fits of laughter.

"How, Gil Blas!" said the apostate thief to me, "thou hast not been here six hours, and want'st to take thy leave of us already! Sure thou must have a great aversion to a retired life, hah? What wouldst thou do if thou wert a Carthusian friar? Go to bed; thou art quit for once on account of the stripes Domingo has bestowed on thee; but if ever thou shouldst make another effort to escape, by St. Bartholomew, we will flay thee alive."

This said, he withdrew; the other thieves retired into their apartments; the old negro, proud of his exploit, returned into his stable, and I sneaked back to my Golgotha, where I spent the remaining part of the night in sighs and tears.

During the first days of my captivity I was like to sink under the sorrow that oppressed me, and might have been said to die by inches; but at last my good genius inspired me with the resolution to dissemble; I affected to appear less sad than usual; I began to laugh and sing, though with an aching heart. In a word, I counterfeited so well, that Leonarda and Domingo were deceived, and believed that the bird was at last reconciled to his cage. The robbers were of the same opinion; for I assumed a gay air when I filled wine for them, and mingled in their conversation whenever I found an opportunity of acting the buffoon. This freedom, far from displeasing, afforded them diversion.

"Gil Blas," said the captain to me one evening, while I entertained them in this manner, "thou hast done well, my lad, to banish thy melancholy; I am charmed with thy wit and humour; I find people are not known all at once, for I did not think thou hadst been so sprightly and good-natured."

The rest joined also in my praise, and appeared so well satisfied with me, that, taking advantage of this good disposition—

"Gentlemen," said I, "allow me to tell my mind; since my abode in this place, I find myself quite another sort of a person than heretofore. You have divested me of the prejudices of education and I insensibly imbibed your disposition; I have a taste for your profession, and a longing desire of being honoured with the name of your companion, and of sharing the dangers of your expeditions."

All the company approved of my discourse and commended my forwardness, so that it was unanimously resolved to let me serve a little longer in order to approve myself worthy, then carry me out in their excursions; after which I should obtain the honourable place I demanded.

Well, then, I was obliged to persist in my dissimulation and exercise the post of cup-bearer still, a circumstance that mortified me extremely; for my design in aspiring to the honour of becoming a thief, was only to have the liberty of taking the air with the rest, in hopes that one day I should be able to escape from them in the course of their expeditions. This hope alone supported my life: but nevertheless appeared so distant, that I tried more than once to baffle the vigilance of Domingo, though it was never in my power, he being always so much upon his guard, that I would have defied a hundred Orpheuses to charm such a Cerberus. It is true, indeed, I did not do all that I could have done to beguile him, lest I should have awakened his suspicion, for he had a hawk's eye over me, and I was obliged to act with the utmost circumspection, that I might not betray myself. I therefore resigned myself to my fate, until the time should be expired that was prescribed by the robbers for receiving me into their gang, and this event I expected as impatiently as if I had been to be enrolled in a list of commissioners.

Heaven be praised! in six months that time arrived; when Signior Rolando, addressing himself to his company, said—

"Gentlemen, we must keep our word with Gil Blas; I have no bad opinion of that young fellow, and I hope we shall make something of him; it is therefore my opinion that we carry him along with us to-morrow to gather laurels on the highway, and usher him into the path of glory."

The robbers agreed to their captain's proposal, and to show that they already looked upon me as one of their companions, from that moment dispensed with my service and re-established Dame Leonarda in the office she had lost on my account. They made me throw away my habit, that consisted of a sorry threadbare short cassock, and dressed me in the spoils of a gentleman whom they had lately robbed, after which I prepared myself for my first campaign.

It was in the month of September, when, towards the close of the night I came out of the cavern in company with the robbers, armed like them with a carbine, two pistols, sword, and bayonet, and mounted on a pretty good horse, which they had taken from the same gentleman whose dress I wore. I had lived so long in darkness, that when day broke I was dazzled with the light; which, however, soon became familiar to my eyes.

Having passed hard by Ponferrada, we lay

in ambush in a small wood which bordered on the road to Leon. There we waited, expecting that fortune would throw some good luck in our way, when we perceived a Dominican (contrary to the custom of these good fathers) riding upon a sorry mule.

"Ho, ho," cried the captain, laughing, "there's the *coup d'essai* of Gil Blas—let him go and unload that monk, while we observe his behaviour."

All the rest were of opinion that this was a very proper commission for me, and exhorted me to acquit myself handsomely in it.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you shall be satisfied; I will make that priest as bare as my hand, and bring hither his mule in a twinkling."

"No, no," replied Rolando, "she is not worth the trouble; bring us only the purse of his reverence, that is all we expect of thee."

"For this purpose I sallied from the wood and made towards the clergyman, begging Heaven, all the way, to pardon the action I was about to commit. I would gladly have made my escape that moment, but the greatest part of the thieves were better mounted than I, and, had they perceived me running away, would have been at my heels in an instant and entrapped me again in a very short time, or perhaps discharged their carbines at me, in which case I should have nothing to brag of. Not daring, therefore, to hazard such a delicate step, I came up with the priest, and clapping a pistol to his breast, demanded his purse. He stopped short to survey me, and without seeming much afraid,

"Child," said he, "you are very young; you have got a bad trade by the hand betimes."

"Bad as it is, father," I replied, "I wish I had begun it sooner."

"Ah! son, son," said the good friar (who did not comprehend the true meaning of my words), "what blindness! allow me to represent to you the miserable condition—"

"O father," said I, interrupting him hastily, "a truce with your morals, if you please; my business on the highway is not to hear sermons; I want money."

"Money!" cried he, with an air of astonishment, "you are little acquainted with the charity of the Spaniards, if you think people of my cloth have occasion for money, while they travel in this kingdom. Undeceive yourself; we are everywhere cheerfully received, having lodging and victuals, and nothing is asked in return but our prayers; in short, we never carry money about us on the road, but confide altogether in Providence."

"That won't go down with me," I replied,

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"your dependence is not altogether so visionary, for you have always some good pistoles in reserve, to make more sure of Providence. But, my good father," added I, "let us have done; my comrades, who are in that wood, begin to be impatient; therefore throw your purse upon the ground instantly, or I shall certainly put you to death."

At these words, which I uttered with a menacing look, the friar, seeming afraid of his life, said—

"Hold! I will satisfy you then, since there is a necessity for it: I see tropes and figures have no effect on people of your profession."

So saying, he pulled from underneath his gown a large purse of chamois leather, which he dropped upon the ground. Then I told him he might continue his journey; a permission he did not give me the least trouble of repeating; but clapped his heels to the sides of his mule, which belying the opinion I had conceived of her (for I imagined she was not much better than my uncle's), all of a sudden went off at a pretty round pace. As soon as he was at a distance, I alighted, and taking up the purse, which seemed heavy, mounted again, and got back to the wood in a trice, where the thieves waited with impatience to congratulate me upon my victory. Scarce would they give me time to dismount, so eager were they to embrace me.

"Courage, Gil Blas," said Rolando, "thou hast done wonders; I have had my eyes on thee during thy expedition; I have observed thy countenance all the time, and I prophesy thou wilt in time become an excellent highwayman."

The lieutenant and the rest approved of the prediction, which they assured me I should one day certainly fulfil. I thanked them for the high idea they had conceived of me, and promised to do all that lay in my power to maintain it.

After they had loaded me with so much undeserved praise, they were desirous of examining the booty I had made.

"Come," said they, "let us see what there is in the clergyman's purse."

"It ought to be well furnished," continued one among them, "for those good fathers don't travel like pilgrims."

The captain untied the purse, and opening it pulled out two or three handfuls of copper medals, mixed with bits of hallowed wax, and some scapularies.¹ At the sight of such an un-

¹ Scapularies are pieces of consecrated stuff, worn by priests and nuns.

common prey all the robbers burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Upon my soul," cried the lieutenant, "we are very much obliged to Gil Blas, for having, in his *coup d'essai*, performed a theft so salutary to the company."

This piece of wit brought on more. Those miscreants began to be very merry upon the matter; a thousand sallies escaped them, that too well denoted their immorality. I was the only person who did not laugh, my mirth being checked by the railers, who enjoyed themselves at my expense. Every one having shot his bolt, the captain said to me—

"In faith, Gil Blas, I advise thee, as a friend, to joke no more with monks, who are, generally speaking, too arch and cunning for such as thee."

We remained in the wood the greatest part of the day, without perceiving any traveller that could make amends for the priest. At last we left it in order to return to our cavern, confining our exploits to that ludicrous event, which still constituted the subject of our discourse, when we discovered, at a distance, a coach drawn by four mules, advancing at a brisk trot, and escorted by three men on horseback, who seemed well armed. Upon this Rolando ordered his troop to halt and held a council, the result of which was that they should attack the coach. We were immediately arranged according to his disposition, and marched up to it in order of battle. In spite of the applause I had acquired in the wood, I felt myself seized with a universal tremor, and immediately a cold sweat broke out all over my body, which I looked upon as no very favourable omen.

The coach and horsemen approached, who, knowing what sort of people we were, and guessing our design by our appearance, stopped within musket-shot, and prepared to receive us; while a gentleman of a good mien and richly dressed, came out of the coach, and mounting a horse that was led by one of his attendants, put himself at their head, without any other arms than a sword and a pair of pistols. Though they were but four against nine (the coachman remaining on the seat), they advanced towards us with a boldness that redoubled my fear; I did not fail, however, though I trembled in every joint, to make ready to fire; but, to tell the truth, I shut my eyes and turned away my head, when I discharged my carbine; and, considering the manner in which it went off, my conscience ought to be acquitted on that score.

I will not attempt to describe the action;

for although I was present I saw nothing; and my fear, in confounding my imagination, concealed from me the horror of the spectacle that occasioned it. All I know of the matter is, that after a great noise of firing, I heard my companions shout and cry, "Victory! victory!" At that exclamation, the terror which had taken possession of my senses dissipated, and I saw the four horsemen stretched lifeless on the field of battle. On our side we had but one man killed. The lieutenant received a wound in the arm; but it was a very slight one, the shot having only ruffled the skin.

Signior Rolando ran immediately to the door of the coach, in which there was a lady of about four or five and twenty years of age, who appeared very handsome, notwithstanding the melancholy condition in which she was; for she had swooned during the engagement and was not yet recovered. While he was busied in looking after her, we took care of the booty, beginning with securing the horses of the killed, which, frightened at the noise of the firing, had run away, after having lost their riders. As for the mules they had not stirred, although the coachman, during the action, had quitted his place, in order to make his escape. We alighted, and unyoking, loaded them with some trunks we found fastened to the coach before and behind. This being done, the lady, who had not as yet recovered her senses, was, by order of the captain, taken out and placed on horseback before one of the robbers that was best mounted; after which, quitting the highroad, the coach, and the dead, whom we had stripped, we carried off the lady, the mules, and the horses.

It was within an hour of daybreak when we arrived at our habitation, and the first thing we did was to lead our beasts into the stable, where we were obliged to tie them to the rack and take care of them with our own hands. The old negro having been three days before seized with a fit of the gout and rheumatism, that kept him abed, deprived of the use of his limbs: the only member at liberty was his tongue, which he employed in testifying his impatience by the most horrible execrations. Leaving this miserable wretch to swear and blaspheme, we went to the kitchen, where our whole attention was engrossed by the lady, and we succeeded so well as to bring her out of her fit; but when she had recovered the use of her senses, and saw herself in the hands of several men whom she did not know, she perceived her misfortune and was seized with horror. The most lively sorrow and direful

despair appeared in her eyes, which she lifted up to Heaven, as if to reproach it with the indignities that threatened her; then giving way of a sudden to these dismal apprehensions, she relapsed into a swoon, her eyelids closed, and the robbers imagined that death would deprive them of their prey. The captain, thinking it more proper to leave her to herself than to torment her with their assistance, ordered her to be carried to Leonarda's bed, where she was left alone, at the hazard of what might happen.

We repaired to the hall, where one of the thieves, who had been bred a surgeon, dressed the lieutenant's wound, after which, being desirous of seeing what was in the trunks, we found some of them filled with lace and linen, others with clothes; and the last we opened contained some bags full of pistoles, at sight of which the gentlemen concerned were infinitely rejoiced. This inquiry being made, the cook-maid furnished the side-board, laid the cloth, and served up supper. Our conversation at first turned upon the great victory we had obtained, and Rolando, addressing himself to me—

"Confess, Gil Blas," said he, "confess that thou wast horribly afraid."

I ingenuously owned that what he said was very true, but that when I should have made two or three campaigns I would fight like a knight-errant; whereupon the whole company took my part, observing that my fear was excusable, that the action had been very hot, and that, considering I was a young fellow who had never smelled gunpowder, I had acquitted myself pretty well.

The discourse afterwards turning upon the mules and horses we had brought into our retreat, it was agreed that to-morrow before day we should all set out together in order to sell them at Mansilla, which place, in all probability, the report of our expedition had not yet reached.

As soon as I got to bed, instead of resigning myself to sleep, I did nothing but think of that lady's misfortune: I never doubted that she was a person of quality, and looked upon her situation as the more deplorable for that reason. I could not, without shuddering, represent to myself the horrors to which she was destined, and felt myself as deeply concerned for her as if I had been attached by blood or friendship. At last, after having bewailed her hard fate, I began to revolve the means of rescuing her honour from the danger in which it was, and of delivering myself at the same time from the subterranean abode. I recol-

lected that the old negro was not in a condition to move, and that, since his being taken ill, the cook-wench kept the key of the grate. This reflection warmed my imagination, and made me conceive a scheme, which I digested so well, that I proceeded to put it in practice immediately, in the following manner.

Pretending to be racked with the colic, I began with complaints and groans; then raising my voice, uttered dreadful cries, that wakened the robbers and brought them instantly to my bedside. When they asked what made me roar so hideously, I answered that I was tortured with an horrible colic, and, the better to persuade them of the truth of what I said, grinded my teeth, made frightful grimaces and contortions, and writhed myself in a strange manner; then I became quiet all of a sudden, as if my pains had given me some respite. In a moment after, I began again to bounce upon the bed and twist about my limbs; in a word, I played my part so well, that the thieves, cunning as they were, allowed themselves to be deceived, and believed, in good earnest, that I was violently griped. In a moment all of them were busied in endeavours to ease me.

At last, being able to resist them no longer, I was fain to tell them that the gripes had left me, and to conjure them to give me quarter. Upon which they left off tormenting me with their remedies, and I took care to trouble them no more with my complaints, for fear of undergoing their good offices a second time.

This scene lasted almost three hours, after which the robbers, judging that day was not far off, prepared themselves to set out for Mansilla: I would have got up, to make them believe I was desirous of accompanying them, but they would not suffer me to rise, Signior Rolando saying—

"No, no, Gil Blas, stay at home, child; thy colic may return. Thou shalt go with us another time; but thou art in no condition to go abroad to-day."

I was afraid of insisting upon it too much, lest he should yield to my request, therefore I only appeared very much mortified, because I could not be of the party. This I acted so naturally, that they went out of the cavern without the least suspicion of my design. After their departure, which I had endeavoured to hasten by my prayers, I said to myself—

"Now, Gil Blas, now is the time for thee to have resolution; arm thyself with courage to finish that which thou hast so happily begun. Domingo is not in a condition to oppose thy enterprise, and Leonarda cannot hinder its

execution. Seize this opportunity of escaping, than which, perhaps, thou wilt never find one more favourable."

These suggestions filled me with confidence; I got up, took my sword and pistols, and went first towards the kitchen: but before I entered, hearing Leonarda speaking, stopped in order to listen. She was talking to the unknown lady, who, having recovered her senses and understood the whole of her misfortune, wept in the utmost bitterness of despair.

"Weep, my child," said the old beldame to her; "dissolve yourself into tears and don't spare sighs, for that will give you ease. You have had a dangerous qualm; but now there is nothing to fear since you shed abundance of tears. Your grief will abate by little and little, and you will soon accustom yourself to live with our gentlemen, who are men of honour. You will be treated like a princess, meet with nothing but complaisance, and fresh proofs of affection every day. There are a great many women who would be glad to be in your place."

I did not give Leonarda time to proceed; but entering, clapped a pistol to her breast, and, with a threatening look, commanded her to surrender the key of the grate. She was confounded at my behaviour, and, though almost at the end of her career, so much attached to life that she durst not refuse my demand. Having got the key in my possession, I addressed myself to the afflicted lady, saying—

"Madam, Heaven has sent you a deliverer; rise and follow me, and I will conduct you whithersoever you shall please to direct."

The lady did not remain deaf to my words, which made such an impression upon her that, summoning up all the strength she had left, she got up, and throwing herself at my feet conjured me to preserve her honour. I raised her, and assured her that she might rely upon me; then taking some cords which I perceived in the kitchen, with her assistance I tied Leonarda to the feet of a large table, swearing that if she opened her mouth I would kill her on the spot. I afterwards lighted a flambeau, and going with the stranger into the room where the gold and silver was deposited, filled my pockets with pistoles and double pistoles, and to induce the lady to follow my example, assured her that she only took back her own. When we had made a good provision of this kind, we went towards the stable, which I entered alone with my pistols cocked, firmly believing that the old negro, in spite of his gout and rheumatism, would not suffer me to saddle and bridle my horse in quiet; and fully re-

solved to cure him of all his distempers if he should take it in his head to be troublesome; but, by good luck, he was so overwhelmed with the pains he had undergone and those he still suffered, that I brought my horse out of the stable even without his seeming to perceive it; and the lady waiting for me at the door, we threaded, with all despatch, the passage that led out of the cavern; arrived at the grate, which we opened; and at last came to the trap-door, which we lifted up with great difficulty, or rather, the desire of escaping lent us new strength, without which we should not have been able to succeed.

Day began to appear just as we found ourselves delivered from the jaws of this abyss; and as we fervently desired to be at a greater distance from it, I threw myself into the saddle, the lady mounting behind me, and following the first path that presented itself, at a round gallop, got out of the forest in a short time, and entered a plain, divided by several roads, one of which we took at random. I was mortally afraid that it would conduct us to Mansilla, where we might meet with Rolando and his confederates; but happily my fear was vain.

"AH, THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE."

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Ah, the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to live, and doom'd to languish;
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture, trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.
For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look and every grace,
So charm where'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee;
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

TOO LONG.

BY MRS. W. SAWYER.

"This fire burns long, too long," I said:
 "Would it were out, and I abed!
 Abed, at rest, without a care,
 All pain, all sorrow silenced there:—
 This fire burns long, too long."

This was my moan, and this my plaint.
 The storied patience of a saint
 Had in that hour of life no share;
 I watched and moaned, with dull despair,—
 "This fire burns long, too long."

I sit beside this wasting fire,
 More chill I grow—its flames expire;
 Until it dies, I cannot move
 To take the rest I seek and love,—
 "This fire burns long, too long."

Absorbed, I heard one sound alone—
 Its dropping ashes on the stone.
 "When all its heat is gone," said I,
 "Then it will die, as I shall die:
 Why will it burn so long?"

Sudden, I heard a sound without,
 Half lamentation, half a shout,
 And startling blows upon the door,
 And cries, "Oh, help us from your store,
 And may your days be long!"

"For we are storm-bound, stiff, and cold,
 As straying sheep from winter fold."
 I argued, "Shall I help deny?"
 Then, with kind thought, "Come in," said I,
 "Though my fire burns not long."

"But, while it burns, I shall be glad
 If its faint warmth, which made me sad,
 Can comfort you, and bring surcease
 To pain, which unto me were peace,
 So, share my comfort long."

I threw fresh fuel on the grate,
 And said, "Twill burn afresh, though late.
 I had not thought my fire could be
 More than it was—a grief to me:
 I pray it burneth long."

For, should it solace me no more,
 I see that what may be my sore
 May prove a comfort and a good.
 My selfish heart misunderstood
 This fire that burns so long.

"Since, had it languished, and alone
 My hearth had chill and silent grown,
 I had not sighed, or cared to see
 Its sinking light blaze up for me:
 So may my fire burn long."

"So may my fire burn long, I pray;
 May it warm other hearts to-day—
 To-morrow—and to-morrow still—
 Nor sink the moment that I will,
 And rashly sigh, 'Too long!'"

"Not even if no hope were knit
 With mine, in sadly watching it:
 No murmur of my lips dare be,
 That life is comfortless to me,
 Its fire burns long, too long."

SHAKING HANDS.

[Edward Everett, LL.D., D.C.L., born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 11th April, 1794; died at Boston, 15th January, 1865. Orator, politician, and miscellaneous writer. He was successively professor of Greek and literature in the Harvard University; editor of the *North American Review*; member of Congress, minister of the United States in England, and succeeded Daniel Webster as secretary of state. He was compelled by ill health to retire from public life in 1854. His works are: *A Defence of Christianity*; *Orations and Speeches upon Various Occasions*; *Importance of Practical Education*; *The Mount Vernon Papers*; and numerous contributions to the *North American Review* and various magazines.]

There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them; and although I find frequently

was not so limited. He proposed to instruct, as well as to amuse, his countrymen; he wrote what he believed to be comedies, as well as what he knew to be farces; he laughed freely at what he thought ridiculous in others, but he aspired also to produce what should be admirable and enduring of his own. "Myscenes," he said on one occasion, "have been collected from general nature, and are applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, are compelled to a self-application. To that mark, if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be amended." This plea has not been admitted, however. Whenever Foote is now named, it is as a satirist of peculiarities, not as an observer of character; it is as a writer whose reputation has perished, with the personalities that alone gave it zest; it is as a comedian who so exclusively addressed himself to the audience of his theatre, that posterity has been obliged to decline having any business or concern with him.

Smarting from some ridicule poured out at his dinner-table, Boswell complained to Johnson that the host had made fools of his guests, and was met by a sarcasm bitter as Foote's own. "Why, sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint; you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." The same opinion he expressed more gravely in another conversation, when, admitting Foote's humour, and his singular talent for exhibiting character, he qualified it not as a talent but a vice, such as other men abstain from; and described it to be not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, but farce, which exhibits individuals. Be this hasty or deliberate, false or true, the imputation conveyed by it follows Foote still, and gathers bulk as it rolls. When Sir Walter Scott speaks of him, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish

brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. If we had absolute faith in any of these judgments, this essay would not have been attempted.

A careful examination of Foote's writings has satisfied us that they are not unworthy of a very high place in literature, though not perhaps in all respects the place he would have claimed; and it is worth remark that in defending them he has himself anticipated Mr. Macaulay's illustration. He declines to introduce upon the scene a lady from the north, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat; he recognizes no subject for ridicule in the accidental unhappiness of a national brogue, for which a man is no more to be held accountable than for the colour of his hair: but he sees the true object and occasion for satire where all true satirists have found it, namely, in all kinds of affectation or pretence; in whatever assumes to be what it is not, or strives to be what it cannot become. That he did not uniformly remember this, is with regret to be admitted, seeing the effect it has had upon his reputation; but it is not in his writings that his most marked deviations from it are discoverable. For it is not because real characters are there occasionally introduced, that the verdict is at once to pass against him. Vanbrugh's Miss Jenny was a certain Derbyshire Miss Lowe; Cibber's Lady Grace was Lady Betty Cecil; Farquhar's Justice Balance was a well-known Mr. Beverley; and Molière, who struck the fashions and humours of his age into forms that are immortal, has perpetuated with them the vices and foibles of many a living contemporary. In all these cases, the question still remains whether the individual folly or vice, obtruding itself on the public, may not so far represent a general defect, as to justify public satire for the sake of the warning it more widely conveys. It will not do to confine ridicule exclusively to folly and vice, and to refrain, in case of need, from laying its lash on the knave and the fool. But such reasonable opportunities are extremely rare; and it even more rarely happens that what is thus strictly personal in satire, does not also involve individual injustice and wrong. It is, beyond doubt, no small ground for distrust of its virtues, that the public should be always so eager to welcome it. No one has expressed this more happily than Foote himself, when levelling his blow at Churchill, he makes his publisher Mr. Puff object to a poem full of praise:

"Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well-powdered with personal

pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level—*there, there*, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter."

Unhappily this was his own case not less; for he, too, had to provide pleasure for those who went to chuckle, and grin, and toss their half-crowns at the pay-place of the Haymarket. And it was in serving up the dish for this purpose, rather than in first preparing it; it was in the powdering and peppering for the table, rather than in the composition and cooking; in a word, it was less by the deliberate intention of the writer than by the ready mimicry and humorous impromptu of the actor, that Foote gave mortal offence to so many of his countrymen, did irreparable wrong very often to the least offending, began himself to pay the penalty in suffering before he died, and is paying the penalty still in character and fame.

It is this which explains any difference to be noted between the claims put forth by himself, and the verdict recorded by his contemporaries. The writings would little avail, in themselves, to account for the mixed emotions they inspired. That which gave them terror has of course long departed from them; but by reviving so much of it as description may tamely exhibit, and by connecting with Foote's personal career some idea of the overflowing abundance and extravagance of his humour, it is possible that their laughter and wit may win back some part of the appreciation they have lost, and a fair explanation be supplied not only of the genius of this remarkable man, and of the peculiar influence he exerted while he lived, but of the causes which have intercepted his due possession and ungrudged enjoyment of the

"Estate that wits inherit after death."

The strength and predominance of Foote's humour lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion arose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out, or place him at a disadvantage, was not possible. He was taken one day into White's Club, by a friend who wanted to write a note. Standing in a room among strangers, and men he had no agreement with in politics, he appeared to feel not quite at ease, when Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up

to speak to him; but, himself feeling rather shy, merely said, "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon Foote, looking round suspiciously, and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied, "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."—At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin, when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laughter off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner: "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?" "No, sir," at once replied Foote; "*pray, do you?*"—One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off." "Gadso!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see:" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation*: "did I ever say anything about your head?"—Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass.—A pompous person who had made a large fortune as a builder was holding forth on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" said he, turning to Foote. "Why, not very clearly, sir," said Foote; "unless we could suppose the world was built by contract."—A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote.

"What! nor none of his pe-o-ple?"—Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself."—Conversation turning one day on a lady having married very happily, whose previous life had been of extremely doubtful complexion, some one attributed the unexpected result to her having frankly told her husband, before marriage, *all* that had happened. "What candour she must have had!" was the general remark upon this. "What honesty!" "Yes," said Foote, "and what an amazing memory!"—The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again."—"Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote: "you are for ever murdering it."—A well benefited old Cornish parson was holding forth at the dinner-table upon the surprising profits of his living, much to the weariness of everyone present, when, happening to stretch over the table hands remarkable for their dirt, Foote struck in with, "Well, doctor, I for one am not at all surprised at your profits, for I see you keep the glebe in your own hands."—One of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman Square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "*ide-a*;" but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideowski*." "And pray, sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, madam."—Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do. "Take my advice, doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."—Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem, but exacted a promise that he would

listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

The only men of his day, putting aside Johnson's later fame, who had the least pretension to compare with him in social repute, were Quin for wit and Garrick for powers of conversation. But Quin was restricted to particular walks of humour; and his jokes, though among the most masterly in the language, had undoubtedly a certain strong, morose, surly vein, like the characters he was so great in. Foote's range, on the other hand, was as universal as society and scholarship could make it; and Davies, who was no great friend of his, says it would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes, than even at Quin's. Garrick again, though nothing could be more delightful than the gaiety of his talk, had yet to struggle always with a certain restless misgiving, which made him the sport of men who were much his inferiors. Johnson puts the matter kindly—

"Garrick, sir, has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him: but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Could familiar language describe Falstaff better than this, which hits off the character of Foote's humour exactly? It was incompressible. No matter what the truth of any subject might be, or however strong the position of any adversary, he managed to get the laugh on his own side. It was not merely a quickness of fancy, a brilliance of witty resource, a ready and expert audacity of invention; but that there was a fulness and invincibility of *courage* in the man, call it moral or immoral, which unfailingly warded off humiliation. . . .

Meanwhile Foote had not been neglecting British fashions and foibles, pretenders, politicians, or players. He has taken his former place at the Bedford, and in his critical and satirical corner is again supreme. All who know him come early in the hope of being admitted of his party at supper, the less fortunate engage boxes near him, and wherever the sound of his voice is heard the table is in a roar. Since last we saw the place some new faces are there. But some familiar ones are gone. Old Macklin, weary of his doubtful suc-

cesses on the stage, has taken oddly enough to another branch of public employment, having set up a tavern of his own near the Bedford, on the present site of the Tavistock Hotel, where, by the alternation of a three-shilling ordinary with a shilling lecture, at both of which he is presiding deity, he supplies at once the bodily wants and what he conceives to be the mental deficiencies of the day. He is to make everybody orators, by teaching them how to speak; and, by way of teaching them also what to speak, presents himself every other night with a discourse on some subject wherein he thinks the popular mind insufficiently informed. His range is unlimited between the literature of the ancients and the manners of the moderns, and with the Ancient Chorus for one lecture, for its successor he will take the Irish Duel; but whatever his subject, the harvest of ridicule for Foote is unfailing. The result is that people go to hear *him* rather than the lecturer, for, it being part of the plan to invite the audience to offer hints on the subject-matter, and so exhibit their progress in oratory, the witty sallies and questionings of Foote have become at last the leading attraction.

"Order!" he cried one night, that being the established mode of intimating your wish to put a question to the lecturer. "Well, sir," said Macklin, "what have you to say upon this subject?" The subject was the prevalence of duelling in Ireland; and the lecturer, who had begun at the earliest period of the Irish history, was now arrived at the reign of Elizabeth. "I think, sir," said Foote, "this matter might be settled in a few words. What o'clock is it, sir?" Macklin could not possibly see what the clock had to do with a dissertation on duelling, but gruffly reported the hour to be half-past nine. "Very well," says Foote, "about this time of the night every gentleman in Ireland that can possibly afford it is in his third bottle of claret, and therefore in a fair way of getting drunk; and from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter." The abridgment was so satisfactory to the audience, the hour of the night being considered, that Macklin had to shut up his antiquarian disquisition in great dudgeon.

His topic on another evening was the employment of memory in connection with the oratorical art, in the course of which, as he enlarged on the importance of exercising memory as a habit, he took occasion to say that to such perfection he had brought his own he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote waited till the conclusion of the

lecture, and then, handing up the subjoined sentences, desired that Mr. Macklin would be good enough to read and afterwards repeat them from memory. More amazing nonsense never was written. "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picinnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." It is needless to say that the laugh turned against old Macklin, as it has turned against many younger and livelier people since who have read these droll sentences in *Harry and Lucy*, and who, like Miss Edgeworth's little hero and heroine, after mastering the great she-bear and the no-soap, for want of knowing *who* died have never arrived at the marriage with the barber, or perhaps, even after proceeding so far, have been tripped up by the Grand Panjandrum with the little round button at top.

THE SHEPHERD'S WOOLING.

[Allan Ramsay, born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, 15th October, 1686; died in Edinburgh, 7th January, 1758. He served an apprenticeship to a wig-maker: but he entered into business as a bookseller and established the first circulating library in Scotland. He published the *Evergreen*, and the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which were the first important collections of popular songs. His own songs and poems brought him fame and helped considerably to increase his fortune.¹ His "Gentle Shepherd" is acknowledged to be one of the finest pastorals we possess. Campbell said, "it refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity."]]

ROGER.

I wish I cou'dna looe her;—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowld's sair she strak the poor dumb tyke.

¹ He erected a house on the north side of Castle Hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge; but it was small and of a peculiar shape, so the wags christened it the "Goosepie." The poet complained of this impertinence to Lord Elibank, who exclaimed: "What, a goose-pie! Faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill-named."

If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
 Last night I play'd—ye never heard sic spite—
 "O'er Boyie" was the spring, and her delyte,—
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and
 sneer'd!

Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,—
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's loup!

ROGER.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill;
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingin way—
 Seem careless,—there's my hand ye'll win the
 day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd glowing about,
 I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than
 snaw.

Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
 Blythsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
 But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew."
 She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to
 you?"

"Then, fare ye weel, Meg-dorts; and e'en's ye
 like!"

I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thieveless errand back;
 Miscaw'd me first; then bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
 I lough; and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kiases frae her glowing mouth.

While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never faash your thumb:
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her
 mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

THE RED HOUSE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ALEXANDER WEIMANN.

We had taken part in one of the bloodiest battles before Metz. It was only in the afternoon that our company came into action, the men cheering during the whole time of our advance, and we had suffered not unimportant losses from the incredibly long-range chasse-pots, despite the fact that we had not seen a single Frenchman. We were, therefore, by no means ill-pleased when we read an anonymous account of the action in one of the papers, where we were described as veritable heroes. At first we did not know to whom we were indebted for this glorification, but at last we discovered the author in the person of a one-year volunteer,¹ whom I will call Fritz.

The acting sergeant-major of the company, who thought that his own deeds had been too lightly passed over in this fanciful sketch, conceived a secret grudge for our volunteer, and brooded vengeance. Fritz could not be accused of having made use of the frequent repetition of the word "I" in his account of the battle; but, truth to tell, although he possessed, doubtless, a large amount of moral courage, his behaviour showed that he held it to be far sweeter to live for his country than *pro patria mori*; and when the command had been given for us to advance to the inner circle of investment, which formed a ring of iron round the city, he found it a far from comfortable occupation thus to approach the fortress step by step. Although he wore a careless and courageous expression enough, still he often had recourse to his handkerchief to wipe the heavy drops of perspiration from his forehead, remarking each time to his companion by his side, "How fearfully hot it

¹Students from the university, and other educated young men who are able to pass a standard examination, only serve one year in the Prussian army, and are termed, somewhat inaptly, "volunteers."

is to-day!" The acting sergeant-major had not failed to observe this, and busied himself with painting in the most vivid manner the dangers of the new situation to the poor young fellow.

The company was posted in the second line, and took up its quarters in a charming little village. At the entrance of the place lay a dead horse.

"Look at that, Fritz," said the sergeant-major, in a mischievous way. "Shell wounds."

Fritz turned away from the horrible sight. "Only think of their being able to shoot as far as this!"

"We are under fire from three sides at this point," replied the sergeant-major. And at that very moment a distant muffled bang was heard, and in a little while there came a shell whistling and hissing over the village, bursting with a fearful detonation.

"There," said the sergeant-major, "you can write an account of that to-morrow, telling how well we maintained our coolness and *sang-froid* during a heavy fire of shells."

The volunteer looked rather uncomfortable. The company was billeted in the village, and presently there arrived at the place a sutler, who, ignorant of the danger, set up his store in the middle of the main street. With incredible rapidity the report spread of there being a cask of beer in the place, and in less than ten minutes all who had money and thirst—and there was seldom a scarcity of either—had collected round the barrel, from which the speculator was dispensing the frothy drink in very small glasses for very large coins.

The sergeant-major had hurried along the street in double quick time to secure a share of the liquor, when suddenly there came another shell which lodged in the very same street in which the beer was being retailed. He stood still, appeared to cogitate for a moment, and then ran swiftly back again. I could not understand his behaviour at first until I saw him return presently arm in arm with the volunteer, whose face bore the expression of a martyr.

"Glorious!" I heard the sergeant-major say. "Really glorious to drink cool beer from the barrel and listen meanwhile to Bazaine playing his great solo on the twenty centimetre cannons opposite. There, do you hear their long-drawn tones—ds-chingggnnnn—capital, glorious!" A shell flew meanwhile with fearful din across the street, and buried itself in the ground at the further end of it. The volunteer looked as if he, too, would gladly have burrowed himself into the earth.

The sutler wanted to be off, but to this none of those around would listen. He could go away if he liked, but the caak must remain. He turned pale, and shook with fear; but he remained. His thirst for money outweighed his fear of death. With real satanic enjoyment the sergeant-major watched the volunteer, who wished the sutler and his beer at Jericho.

The company had lain in the village a couple of days, when the order came to take up an advanced post nearer the city.

"We shall have to creep under the very guns of St. Quentin," said the sergeant-major to Fritz. "It's a shame to be thus treated as food for powder."

"That it is," said Fritz, from his very soul; "upon my word, it is a shame."

The sergeant-major laughed outright, and then turned on his heel and went off. The volunteer looked after him amazed. When the company fell in, early in the morning, to take up their position, it was still night. The strictest silence was enjoined, and right across the muddy fields marched the dark line, straight towards the fortress. When dawn began to break, there was seen in the gray of the morning a dark, threatening object, rising up like a tremendous rock. It was the Fort St. Quentin, standing up proud and unattainable, a perpendicular mass of stone. The sergeant-major, with his party, of which Fritz was one, moved through a little wood, and as they came out from the trees there arose before them, as if out of the ground, a number of dark forms. It was the party to be relieved. Maintaining the strictest silence they came out of the trenches, where they had been lying, and retreated into the wood; but, notwithstanding all this caution, the change seemed to be remarked in the fortress. A number of shots were at once fired, the rattling discharge being followed by the whistling of bullets. The relief threw themselves quickly into the trench.

Goodness knows, it was a miserable shelter. The trench was deep enough to cover the besiegers, but there was a foot of muddy slime and six inches of water to be taken into the bargain. Shivering in every limb, one could feel the water slowly penetrate one's clothes; and, with a deep sigh, every one submitted himself to his fate, to remain four-and-twenty hours in the compulsory bath. Quite plainly could the cathedral clock in Metz be heard striking the hour of four, and more plainly still did the rocky walls of St. Quentin rise up before us. The fortress was so near that it seemed threatening to fall upon us.

The sun came up blood-red over the horizon, and diffused the thick fog upon the ground. Over the railway dam which protected the enemy's foreposts, scarcely seven hundred paces distant, and parallel with our trenches, was to be seen the glitter of the French bayonets in the sunshine. Between the dam and the trench was disputed ground, and here stood a house built in an ornamental way of red brick.

Upon the height around St. Quentin the wide-sounding *réveille* could be heard, and bivouac fires flared up here and there. The party found themselves in a very exposed position. The volunteer, in a frosty state, had laid down, heroically unmindful of future rheumatism, at the bottom of the ditch, and leaned, tired and exhausted, against one of the sides. Even the discomforts of such a position could not drive away slumber. Fritz fell asleep, and along the whole line could be heard a deep snoring chorus. Since the party had taken shelter in the trench, no more shots came from the fortress. The sun rose higher in the cloudless sky—the day promised to be a hot one.

It might have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when the sergeant-major cautiously glided through the wood to bring the volunteer a kettle of pea-soup. He paused frequently on his dangerous path to give a look at the groups of sleeping soldiers. All of them lay up to the knees in slimy water, their rifles pushed over the edge of the trench, their bodies supported against the side of the ditch, the head hanging heavily down upon the stock of the gun, which, even in sleep, was still tightly grasped. Many a mother, many a bride, would no doubt have turned from this picture of repose with tearful eyes, and yet the rest was sweet and welcome to the sleepers.

The sergeant-major, despite his feeling for vengeance, had some pity for the young volunteer, and hesitated to wake him. He tapped him gently on the shoulder. The volunteer simply turned round on to the other side; so the sergeant-major, who had crawled along on his knees, laid down at full length, and, putting his mouth to Fritz's ear, said, in a voice of the deepest bass, "Shells!"

Fritz jumped up wildly, and crack-crack-crack was heard opposite, as several bullets whistled through the wood overhead. Fritz ducked again, and seemed utterly dazed at the scene before him. His face, however, brightened up when the sergeant-major handed him the steaming tin of soup, which he proceeded forthwith to discuss with all the symptoms of a youthful appetite. The sun now sent its hot

rays perpendicular from the sky; so that it was quite refreshing to sit in the water in the trench.

When he had finished the meal the sergeant-major approached and whispered:

"I have a plan for to-night."

The volunteer gazed at him in open astonishment, for his past experiences had caused him to look upon the sergeant-major's plans with some misgivings.

"You see that red house over there?" said the latter.

Fritz nodded, although from his concealed position he could see nothing but the sky and the trench.

"The lieutenant, whom we relieved just now, solemnly assured me that he was in that house last night, and that there is some capital red wine in the cellar. The house lies in between the two fires, so that nobody likes to venture into it. We will make a patrol to-night in that direction, and provision ourselves with some of the liquor."

The volunteer cautiously put up his head and looked over at the red house.

"Sergeant-major," he replied nervously, "it is not worth the risk."

"Oh yes, it is, well worth. Keep your mouth shut, so that nobody remarks anything. I will fetch you at a favourable moment."

And then the sergeant-major glided again into the wood and crawled back to his place.

"What madness this is!" thought the volunteer to himself, as soon as his awful friend had gone away. "Save us from our friends!"

So saying, he leaned back in the trench, and brought out of his pocket a cigar, all wet and soppy, which he tried to light up.

His immediate neighbour, a sergeant of the company, watched with some interest the efforts made to light the damp weed.

"It defends itself well," he said good-naturedly, "put it in the sun to dry a bit."

The volunteer did as he was advised. The sergeant filled a pipe, lighted it without difficulty, and handed it in a friendly manner to Fritz, who, quite overcome by the kindness, accepted it thankfully, and forthwith began to smoke. The sergeant approached him nearer.

"What was it the sergeant-major was saying to you just now about some wine?" he asked confidentially.

"Well," replied Fritz, feeling himself under an obligation for the pipe. "Well, as you have heard something of it, I may as well tell you, but for goodness sake don't let anybody know."

"Of course not."

"The sergeant-major was saying that in the red house over there," he pointed with his pipe over his shoulder, "there was some capital red wine, and he has conceived the mad idea of going over there to-night, with me, to fetch some of it."

The sergeant listened attentively. "Well, I won't say anything," he said very earnestly; "but I would not believe the story if I were you. I have heard that at night the house is full of French."

"Ah, it only wanted that," said Fritz; "but what can I do? When the sergeant-major has taken anything into his head, he is as stubborn as a mule."

The sergeant shook his head. "Try to dissuade him from it; it is nothing more than suicide."

The volunteer swore an oath that he would not make one of the party. The sun sank slowly in the west. In an hour's time Fritz was successful in lighting his cigar. He regarded dreamily the thin blue smoke that came from the dried leaves. Then he enjoyed another spell of sleep, and awoke only as the last rays of the sun fell red and golden upon the copse behind. On the heights the bivouac fires were once more to be seen, and from the French camp the wind bore across sounds of songs and laughter. The clock of the cathedral struck ten. One after another of the men rose under the protection of darkness, and came out of the ditch to stretch their stiffened limbs. The volunteer also stood up, and felt himself touched on the shoulder. The sergeant-major stood beside him. "It is time," he said.

"One word, sergeant-major," said Fritz, as he followed a few paces into the wood. "You know how glad I am to take part in the proposed expedition; but"—

The darkness concealed the ironical smile that suffused the sergeant-major's countenance.

"But, on mature consideration, I feel myself compelled to advise you to relinquish the plan; the house is said to be occupied by the French at night, and we ought not to put ourselves in danger of being taken prisoners for the sake of a bottle of wine."

"Nonsense," replied the sergeant-major, "the lieutenant was in the house only last night; besides we have a double reason for going. Our purpose is not to fetch a bottle of wine, but to go as a patrol to reconnoitre the advanced posts of the enemy, and should we stumble across a little wine, why, we may bring it back with us. You haven't said a

word to anybody, I hope," he continued, mistrustfully.

"Certainly not," replied Fritz.

"Leave your gun here; it may be in the way, and catch hold of this revolver. I have another. It is loaded, so be careful."

Fritz took the revolver and submitted with as good a grace as possible. "Forwards then, sergeant-major," he said, with desperate resolve. "I wash my hands of the matter."

"Wash away, if you like," replied the sergeant-major drily, stepping out. The darkness was perfect; the sky being overcast with clouds. As they arrived at the double line of sentries they were challenged. They replied, and gave the countersign, and then passed through the outposts, stepping out silently towards the enemy. Presently the sergeant-major stood still.

"Don't you hear something?" he whispered.

"No," replied Fritz, passing his hand over his perspiring forehead.

"Lie down!" called out his companion, softly, but energetically. His sharp ear had caught the sound of footsteps.

Both laid down upon the ground. One of the enemy's patrols passed by, within five-and-twenty paces, chatting gaily as they moved along.

"Shall we go any further?" asked Fritz, nervously.

The sergeant-major gave a short impatient laugh.

"Do you think we are going back now that we are quite certain not to meet another hostile patrol?"

The volunteer could scarcely contain an oath as they went forward into the dark night. At last there arose before them in vague outlines the dark mass of the house. Cautiously they advanced and listened. No sound could they hear. They felt along the walls till they came to the door.

"Will you keep watch outside, or come in with me?" said the sergeant-major.

"I'll come with you," whispered Fritz. He would not have remained alone for the wealth of both the Indies. The door opened with a creak, and deeper darkness than that outside yawned upon them in the ill-fated house.

"Wait a moment; I'll get a light," said Fritz's companion.

He closed the door and struck a match. The light fell upon a spacious chamber filled with fragments of furniture. Bits of slate from the roof were scattered about, and shell fragments were sticking in the walls. To the left was an open door.

"Here in the second room must be the entrance to the cellar," said the sergeant-major, stepping quickly through the open door.

He struck a second match, and here also all was desolation. At the further end was the trap-door leading to the cellar. The sergeant-major stood still a moment and remained attentively listening. Then he slowly and carefully descended the stairs, followed by the volunteer.

Once more the sergeant-major struck a light. Fragments of bottles covered the floor; three walls were bare; but there—his heart beat high with glee—there against that wall were a heap of red-sealed bottles.

"Hurrah! what do you say to that, Fritz?"

"Capital!" said Fritz, in a particularly tremulous tone.

In a second the sergeant-major was on that side of the cellar, striking another match to ascertain his whereabouts, and throwing it away immediately afterwards. He laid his revolver upon the ground, and took hold of a couple of bottles.

"Come here, Fritz."

He slipped the two bottles under the volunteer's left arm, and two others under his right. He was about to reach forward again to the heap, when he drew back frightened. The jarring of the house-door had penetrated to his ears. "Hush!" he cried.

Fritz gave a start, and pressed the bottles nervously to his side, so as not to let them fall. Heavy footsteps were heard in the room above. Several men entered noisily into the second room—their weapons clattered. The sergeant-major bent down softly to pick up his revolver. He felt here and there with his hand, but could not find it. He forgot that he had turned round. Perspiration came out upon his forehead in big drops. "Make ready!" he whispered, in a low voice, to the volunteer.

"I have got the bottles under my arm," returned Fritz, in desperation.

Above, a conversation was going on in an undertone; then a light was struck. A bright ray fell through the cellar-door upon the damp and shining cellar walls. Then all was dark again, the steps approached the trap-door—the party consisting apparently of three or four men.

The sergeant-major felt again in vain for his weapon, then bent down over the volunteer, and wrenched the revolver from the latter.

"Better dead than a prisoner!" he hissed between his teeth.

Fritz shook so much, that the bottles under his arms clinked together. Feet were heard descending the cellar steps. The sergeant-major made an energetic step forward, and thundered "Halt!" in a lion's voice. At the same instant a match was struck, and then thrown away in fright. A rifle was noisily cocked. The blue flame from the match continued to burn on the ground, and threw its ghostly light upon the shining helmets and red collars of Prussian uniforms.

"Halt—halt!" called out the sergeant-major. "Friend."

"It's me, sergeant-major," said an astonished voice from above.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the volunteer.

"Is that you, sergeant?" cried the sergeant-major, greatly relieved.

"At your service."

"What a cunning fellow," murmured the volunteer.

The sergeant-major was too overjoyed to listen to the sergeant's story; who had, so he explained, been secretly patrolling, and incidentally came past the red house. Well laden with bottles, they set out on their return, and reached the line of sentries without further mishap. While emptying the bottles, quoth the sergeant-major:

"Well, Fritz, the wine is good, but we won't venture again, I think."

The volunteer only said "No," but this "no" was the expression of his firm and honest conviction.—*Translated by H. Baden Pritchard from Erinnerungen aus dem letzten Kriege.*

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We mind not how the sun in the mid-ay
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulfs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,
And voices mellow than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while and then . . . Ah, Youth! Youth! Youth!
Listen not to my words. . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That rises is for thee, and not for Life.

—*The Hellenica.*

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

[Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., born at Campbeltown, 1812; died at Glasgow, 16th June, 1872. Educated at the Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and studied sometime in Germany. Became minister of Loudoun, Ayrshire, 1838; of Dalkeith, 1843; and of the Barony parish, Glasgow, 1851. As a preacher and a man of letters he earned wide-spread and enduring popularity. He was one of the Deans of the Chapel-Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. His principal works are: *The Earnest Student*; *Woe Davis: Parish Papers*; *Eastward*, a book of travel; *The Old Lieutenant and his Son*; *The Starting*; *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*; *The Gold Thread*, a story for the young; *Peeps at the Far East*; *Character Sketches*, from which the following is taken; *War and Judgment*, and other Sermons; &c. Labister and Co., publishers.]

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged facts of spirit-rapping and of table-turning; yet after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghostly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remoter valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together. Perhaps some day I may enlighten the world by recording some of these.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics, to my own way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress in free thought if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for. To myself they are profoundly mysterious!

A friend of mine, a medical man, went on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. M'Donald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time

I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, M'Donald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when M'Donald proposed to pay a visit to a family with which he was acquainted, that would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, M'Donald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last he roused the fears of the doctor for M'Donald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. The confusion of memory once a doubt is suggested, the utter mystery of places, becomes, as I know from experience, quite indescribable. "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgot by the doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night; for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor M'Donald, and reproaches for never having considered his

possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm, made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap at the window; and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too near and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed,—“Fit! fit! fit!” and then a prolonged “whir-r-r-r” from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk! The doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him, that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain—for, remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd’s small store of whisky! He felt his pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend M’Donald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of “Fit! fit! fit!” was heard, followed by the same horrible whir-r-r-r, which made his teeth chatter.

Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he dived his head under the blankets!

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or “crusey,” over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room,—

“What is’t, doctor? What’s wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?”

“Very!” cried the doctor. But before he could give any explanation a loud whir-r-r was heard, with the old cry of “Fit!” close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half scream of terror! the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

“Come back!” shouted the doctor. “Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!”

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents,—

“Gude be aboot us, that was awfu! What under heaven is’t?”

“Heaven knows, Duncan,” ejaculated the doctor with agitated voice, “but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light.”

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the “Fit! fit! fit!” was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but his feet were several times tripped by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, real fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor M’Donald had staggered, half-dead from fatigue, into his

friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died at *twenty-two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honour to the following facts:—

The doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed-room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat left in the room swallowed the minnow and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into its upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whir-r-r-r; and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to flee from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of puss, with hook and minnow, being visible. M'Donald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror. "Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rapping, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that all that sort of thing is—*great humbug and nonsense*."

We leave this sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, or Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any tea-party of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the doctor's profane scepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *début* into spirit-land. Her lips though healed are sealed.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

The morn was purple on the hills,
The birds upon the boughs were singing,
In sparkling crystal flowed the rills,
A thousand sweets the winds were winging:
Yet still I slept: a lovely dream
Kept me still fettered in my chamber,
In spite of song, or breath, or beam
That turned my curtains all to amber.

I saw a shape; pray Heaven some painter,
Whose brush with gold and flowers is gushing,
May see the vision yet—no fainter
Than when it stood before me blushing!
O, that some hand whose lute is sweeter
Than ever mine was yet, may listen
To those sweet accents! by St. Peter
They'd make a hermit's eyeballs glisten!

Her form was tall, yet not too tall;
Her face was beauty in perfection;
The mouth half-smiling, ruby, small;
The chin—but, poh!—no more dissection.
Let age descant on eyes and noses,
Let youth be happier—ay, and wiser;
Who'd shiver diamonds!—break up roses?
Take Woman all in all, and prize her.

She gave a look—a swift, sweet look,
Made up of all her charms together,
That all my recreant reason shook,
And wrapt my soul, the saints know whither.
It was not joy, it was not sadness,
'Twas passion, deeply, deadly spoken;
By such has love been turn'd to madness,
By such have noble hearts been broken.

She gazed: the splendour of her eye
Lay on my senses like a spell:
She spoke; her voice was melody
That search'd my bosom's inmost cell;
Her words were like her angel tone,
Of love, that not even death could sever.
I woke! hill, dale, and river shone;
I long'd to sleep and sleep for ever.

MARRIAGE.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest:—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

ROBERT DOBNEY (1708-1764).

GOVERNOR SANCHO PANZA.

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, born at Alcalá de Henares, 9th October, 1547; died at Madrid, on the same day that his contemporary Shakespeare died, 23d April, 1616. The greater part of his life was passed in the army. He was for four years held captive in Algiers (1576-1580), and was at last ransomed by a payment of 500 ducats. His experiences of captivity are narrated in his novel *El Cautivo* (The Captive). In 1584 he first became known as an author, and his chief works are *Galatea*, a pastoral romance in prose and verse; upwards of thirty dramas, which were acted with considerable applause, but of which only two have been preserved, namely, *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers), and *La Numancia*; an account of the festivities with which Lord Howard, the ambassador of James I., was received at Valladolid, 1606; *Exemplary Tales*, 1613; *The Journey to Parnassus*, 1614; a collection of unacted comedies and interludes; *Persiles y Sigismunda*, a novel, 1617; and the immortal *Don Quixote*, of which the first part appeared in 1601, and the second in 1615. It is from Smollet's translation of the latter work that the following is taken. As a jest, Sancho has been appointed by the duke governor of an island.]

Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho was called the island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government.¹ When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to everybody who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words:—

"It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius,

according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival."

While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall.

"In that place, my lord," replied the steward, "is written and recorded the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day and such a month, Signior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof."

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor.

"Who but your excellency," answered the steward; "for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal."

"Take notice, then, brother," replied Sancho, "that Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island; but no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which, from their swarms, must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine."

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a tailor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench,

"My lord governor," said he, "this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yesterday to my shop—for, saving your presence, I am an examined tailor, Heaven be praised!—and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, 'Gaffer,' said he, 'is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?' I, having handled the piece, replied, 'Yea.' Now he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us tailors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered, 'Yea.' And so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I

¹ *Barato*, signifies cheap.

proceeded to answer yes upon yes, until the number increased to five caps. This very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it."

"Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes, my lord," replied the countryman; "but I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made."

"With all my heart," cried the tailor; who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to Heaven and my own conscience there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining, and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company."

All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, "Methinks," said he, "this suit requires no great discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hand: and therefore, my determination is, that the tailor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners without further hesitation."

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's purse excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter: nevertheless, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor,

"My lord," said he, "some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and for a good while I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says he is sure they were repaid: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the repayment, for indeed they never were repaid, I entreat your lordship to take his oath, and if he swears the money was returned I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God."

"What have you to say to this charge, honest gaffer with the staff?" said Sancho.

"My lord," replied the senior, "I confess he lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit that I have really and truly returned and repaid the sum I borrowed."

The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it encumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what farther the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party. And he answered that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man and a good Christian; and that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the fore-finger of his right hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time: then, raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho; who said to him,

"Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it."

"With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying: "Now, go your ways, a-God's name! you are fully paid."

"How, my lord!" said the old man, "is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?"

"Yes," replied the governor, "otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and now it shall appear, whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive that the

money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this instance we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village, and his memory was so tenacious in retaining everything he wanted to remember, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away, the one overwhelmed with shame, and the other miraculously repaid; the by-standers were astonished; and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind whether he should regard and report him as a simpleton or a sage. . . .

The history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table, most elegantly furnished. When the governor entered the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes. One who looked like a student said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible despatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by alight of hand!

To this interrogation he of the wand replied: "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island,

and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I therefore ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and likewise commanded the other dish be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture which is the essence of life."

"By that way of reasoning," said Sancho, "that there dish of roasted partridges, which seems to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm." To this hint the physician replied:

"Of these my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body."

"And pray, for what reason?" said the governor.

"Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, '*Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima*;' that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all."

"If that be the case," said Sancho, "good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as Heaven shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though Signior Doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely."

"Your lordship is very much in the right," replied the physician, "and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoold rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted *a-la-daube*; but as it is, touch it not."

"The dish that smokes yonder," said Sancho, "seems to be an *olla podrida*, and considering the variety of ingredients of which these *ollas* are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome."

"*Abeit!*" cried the physician, "far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your *ollas* to canons, rectors of colleges,

and country weddings, but let them never appear on the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound: for in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about a hundred confectioned wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion."

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, "What was his name, and where he had studied?" To this question the other replied,

"I, my lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-well,¹ native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the University of Ossuna." To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage,

"Hark ye, then, Mr. Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those, I mean, who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, be gone, Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull; and should I be called to account for it when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat, therefore, or take back your government; for a post that will not afford victuals is not worth a pease-cod."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to

¹ The Spanish name is Pedro Rezio de Agnero, which, together with Tírte Afuera, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

snatch himself away from his presence; when, at the very instant their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some despatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and, taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus:

"To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary." Sancho hearing the direction,

"Who is my secretary?" said he. One of the people who were present answered, "I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan."

"Nay, with that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains."

The new-born secretary obeyed the command, and having perused the contents, told his excellency it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered everybody to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman sewer: accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect—

"I have received information, Signior Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island intend one of these nights to give you a furious assault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in everything according to the good opinion I have of your understanding. Your friend,—THE DUKE.

"From my castle, August 16th, at 4 in the morning."

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pretended to share; and turning to the steward,

"What is to be done," said he, "and that immediately, is to confine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if anybody has a design to take away my life, he is the man; ay, and by the most pitiful and worst of all deaths, namely, hunger."

"True," replied the gentleman sewer, "and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat

any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross."

"That is a truth not to be denied," said Sancho; "but, in the meantime, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned; for really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my lady duchess; beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By-the-by you may thrust in a how d'ye to my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful heaven; you, as a faithful secretary and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, and enchanterers, that may presume to attack me or my island."

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance.

"Those people of business are strange fellows," said Sancho; "is it possible they are so ignorant as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think we governors and judges are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to Heaven! if my government holds (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will sit upon the skirts of more than one of these men of business.¹ At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers."

"There is no occasion, my lord," answered the page; "for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf."

"While we are present," said the steward, "there is nothing to fear."

"Mr. Sewer," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?"

"This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased and satisfied," replied the sewer.

"Lord grant I may be so!" quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?"

"Who should be governor," replied the secretary, "but he who sits in the chair?"

"Then I humble myself before him," said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up,

"My lord," said he, "I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Cividad Real."

"What! have we got another Snatchaway?" cried Sancho; proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village."

"This here, then, is the case, my lord," said the countryman; "by the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic Church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a bachelor, and the eldest is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed by a wicked physician."

"So then," said Sancho, "if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood you should not now be a widower."

"No, my lord, by no manner of means," answered the countryman.

"Agad!" cried Sancho, "we are in a thriving way! Pray go on, brother, for this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business."

"Well, then," replied the countryman, "this son of mine who is to be bred a bachelor became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina,² daughter of

¹ The original, *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

² She is in the original called *Parlerina*, which I have changed into *Paralina* in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.—T. S.

Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralino does not come from their pedigree or any family descent; but they have acquired it because the whole race of them is paralytic; and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralino; though, to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left, indeed, she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the smallpox; and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phoenix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing, but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein; but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject."

"Paint what you will," said Sancho, "for my own part I am hugely delighted with your description, and if I had dined, should not desire a better dessert than the picture you have drawn."

"That shall be always at your service," replied the countryman; "and though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration; but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled and bent that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered; though, by the long-channelled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well," said Sancho. "Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head

to foot; tell me what is your request, and come to the point without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions."

"Well then, my lord," replied the countryman, "my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, entreating him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature; for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily; but yet he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect saint."

"Do you want anything else, honest friend?" replied Sancho.

"I did want something else," said the countryman, "but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but out it shall go. Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my bachelor; I mean, to furnish his house; for the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks."

"Consider if you want anything else," said Sancho, "and speak without bashfulness or restraint."

"Truly, I want nothing else," replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced these words when, the governor starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, "I vow, you Don lubberly, rascally rustic, if you don't get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your skull, you knavish rascal, and painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard? or, if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralino's? Begone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word; thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some fiend sent to torment me; hark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and a half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!"

The gentleman sewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and

seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. . . .

We left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expense: nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and simple as he stood; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to Doctor Pedro Positive, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall: "Now," said he, "I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard and despatched at all hours and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs; and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and despatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unreasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business! foolish man of business! be not in such a violent hurry; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney! I mean, bad physicians; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel.

Everybody who knew Sancho was struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way than by supposing that poets and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves' feet not very fresh: nevertheless he attacked

these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician,

"Take notice, doctor," said he, "that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goat's flesh, cow beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and, if by accident it chances to receive any of your tit-bits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but Master Sewer may bring me those dishes called *olla podrida*,¹ and the staler they are, so much the better. In one of these he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or other I shall make him amends; and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island without favour or corruption: and let everybody keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice; and if you give me cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes; make yourself honey, and the flies will bite."

"Assuredly, my lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship has said nothing but the truth; and I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence, and punctuality: for the agreeable sample of government which your lordship hath given in the beginning leaves us no room to do, or even to conceive anything that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour."

"I believe what you say," replied Sancho: "and indeed they must be fools to think or act any otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for that is the main point in this business: and when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people; for I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the same in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made. My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicraftsmen, maintain the prerogative

¹ *Podrida* signifies rotten or mortified, hence the *olla podrida* is in French styled *pot-pourri*.

of gentlemen, reward virtue, and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something? Or do I thresh my skull to no purpose?"

"My lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship speaks so much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration to hear a man so illiterate as your worship (for I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above everything that was expected from your lordship's capacity by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces something new: jokes are turned into earnest, and the biters are bit."

To think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture is a wild supposition; on the contrary, everything goes in a round; I mean goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes its verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher: for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being abed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation, but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up

in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel, and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and all together,

"Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone unless protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him,

"Arm, my lord," said he, "unless you want to perish and see the whole island destroyed."

"For what should I arm?" replied Sancho; "I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection. These matters had better be left to my master, Don Quixote, who in the turning of a straw would despatch the whole affair, and put everything in safety; but for me, as I am a sinner, I understand nothing of these hurly-burlys!"

"How! my lord governor," cried another, "What despondence is this? Put on your armour, signior; here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor."

"Arm me, then," replied Sancho. At that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step; and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case, he being the north star, their lantern, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue.

"How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am," said Sancho, "when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? Your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set

me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcass."

"Come, my lord governor," replied the other, "you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers. Make haste and exert yourself, for it grows late; the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing."

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a fitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered and shrunk himself up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to Heaven that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice,

"This way, my fellow-soldiers, for here the enemy make their chief effort! Guard this breach; shut that gate; down with those scaling ladders; bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil; barricade the streets with woolpacks?"

In a word, he named with great eagerness all the implements, instruments, and munitions of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself,

"O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!"

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief his ears were saluted with a number of voices crying,

"Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rise, my lord governor, and enjoy your conquest, and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they

helped him to rise, and set him on his legs again,

"I wish," said he, "the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils, but I beg and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat, which has turned me into water."

They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock, and they answered it was daybreak: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself in the most profound silence; and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his clothes very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes,

"Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toil and distress: when you and I consorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets."

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present.

"Make way, gentlemen," said he, "and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies. I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending pro-

vinces and kingdoms. I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre, and I would rather fill my belly with soup-meagre than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with Holland sheets and robes of sablea.—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, Penniless I took possession of this government, and penniless I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaistered; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night passed and repassed over my carcass."

"It must not be so, my lord governor," said Doctor Positive: "I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of everything you desire."

"Your promise comes too late," answered Sancho; "and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. These are no jokes to be repeated. I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to Heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if once they say odds, odds it must be, though in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the wings that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a pray to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground, and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes. Let ewe and wether go together, and, Nobody thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass, for it grows late."

To this address the steward replied, "We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity and Christian conduct, oblige us to desire your stay, but it is well known that every governor is obliged before he quits his govern-

ment to submit his administration to a scrutiny, and if your lordship will give an account of yours during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace."

"Nobody can call me to an account," said Sancho, "but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now to him am I going, and to him will I render it fairly and squarely; besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to show that I have governed like an angel."

"The great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor Positive, "and in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him."

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with everything he should want for entertainment of his person, and the convenience of his journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese, with half a loaf for himself, the journey being so short that he had no occasion for any better or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them equally astonished at his discourse as at his resolute and wise determination.

A LOVE-LETTER.

[Edward Robert Bulwer, Lord Lytton, born 8th November, 1831; the only son of the late Lord Lytton. Educated at Harrow and at Bonn. In 1849 he went as attaché to his uncle Sir H. L. Bulwer, then British minister at Washington; and since that date he has held important appointments in the government service at Florence, Paris, the Hague, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, &c. As a poet and under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, he has earned high reputation at home and abroad. His works are: *Clytemnestra*, and other Poems (1855); *The Wanderer*, a Collection of Poems in Many Lands—one of which we quote; *Lucille*, a novel in verse; *Servant Poems*, a collection of the national songs of Servia; *The Ring of Amasis*, a romance; *Chronicles and Characters*, chiefly poems on historical subjects; *Orval, or the Fool of Time*, a dramatic poem, paraphrased from the Polish, with other paraphrases in verse from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and Danish literatures. "He has an eye for colour; his ear is open for the cries of nature; and that which he thinks clearly and feels deeply he can express with rare felicity and power."—*Athenæum*]

My love,—my chosen,—but not mine! I send
My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

This flower, whose bruised purple blood will stain
The page now wet with the hot tears that fall,—
(Indeed, indeed, I struggle to restrain
This weakness, but the tears come, spite of all !)

I pluck'd it from the branch you used to praise,
The branch that hides the wall. I tend your flowers.
I keep the paths we paced in happier days.
How long ago they seem, those pleasant hours !

The white laburnum's out. Your judas-tree
Begins to shed those crimson buds of his.
The nightingales sing—ah, too joyously !
Who says those birds are sad ? I think there is

That in the books we read, which deeper wrings
My heart, so they lie dusty on the shelf.
Ah me, I meant to speak of other things
Less sad. In vain ! they bring me to myself.

I know your patience. And I would not cast
New shade on days so dark as yours are grown
By weak and wild repining for the past,
Since it is past for ever, O mine own !

For hard enough the daily cross you bear,
Without that deeper pain reflection brings;
And all too sore the fretful household care,
Free of the contrast of remember'd things.

But ah ! it little profits, that we thrust
From all that's said, what both must feel, unnamed.
Better to face it boldly, as we must,
Than feel it in the silence, and be shamed.

Irene, I have loved you, as men love
Light, music, odour, beauty, love itself;—
Whatever is apart from, and above
Those daily needs which deal with dust and self.

And I had been content, without one thought
Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
So to have lived and died, demanding nought
Save, living dying, to have loved you so.

My youth was orphan'd, and my age will be
Childless. I have no sister. None to steal
One stray thought from the many thoughts of thee,
Which are the source of all I think and feel.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will :
My haughtiest hope, a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

I never thought to know what I have known,—
The rapture, dear, of being loved by you :
I never thought, within my heart, to own
One wish so blest that you should share it too :

Nor ever did I deem, contemplating
The many sorrows in this place of pain,
So strange a sorrow to my life could cling,
As, being thus loved, to be beloved in vain.

But now we know the best, the worst. We have
Interr'd, and prematurely, and unknown,
Our youth, our hearts, our hopes, in one small grave,
Whence we must wander, widow'd, to our own.

And if we comfort not each other, what
Shall comfort us, in the dark days to come ?
Not the light laughter of the world, and not
The faces and the firelight of fond home.

And so I write to you ; and write, and write,
For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
What can I tell you, that you know not ? Night
Is deepening thro' the rosy atmosphere

About the lonely casement of this room,
Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been. And in the gloom
I almost fancy I can see your face.

Not pale with pain, and tears restrain'd for me,
As when I last beheld it ; but as first,
A dream of rapture and of poetry,
Upon my youth, like dawn on dark, it burst.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radiant beauty as I saw it then,
Save by this lonely lamp of memory,

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
I' the rosy orient of young womanhood ;
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet ;
And lips that left their meaning in my blood !

I will not say to you what I might say
To one less worthily loved, less worthy love.
I will not say. . . " Forget the past. Be gay.
And let the all ill-judging world approve

" Light in your eyes, and laughter on your lip !"
I will not say. . . " Dissolve in thought for ever
Our sorrowful, but sacred, fellowship."
For that would be to bid you, dear, discover

Your nature from its nobler heritage
In consolations register'd in heaven,
For griefs this world is barren to assuage,
And hopes to which, on earth, no home is given.

But I would whisper, what for evermore
My own heart whispers thro' the wakeful night, . .
" This grief is but a shadow, flung before,
From some refulgent substance out of sight."

Wherefore it happens, in this riddling world,
That where sin came not, sorrow yet should be ;
Why Heaven's most hurtful thunders should be hurl'd
At what seems noblest in humanity ;

And we are punish'd for our purest deeds,
And chasten'd for our holiest thoughts : . . . alas !
There is no reason found in all the creeds,
Why these things are, nor whence they come to pass.

But in the heart of man, a secret voice
There is, which speaks, and will not be restrain'd,
Which cries to Grief, "Weep on, while I rejoice,
Knowing that, somewhere, all will be explain'd."

I will not cante that commonplace of friends,
Which never yet hath dried one mourner's tears,
Nor say that grief's slow wisdom makes amends
For broken hearts and desolated years.

For who would barter all he hopes from life,
To be a little wiser than his kind?
Who arm his nature for continued strife,
Where all he seeks for hath been left behind?

But I would say, O pure and perfect pearl
Which I have dived so deep in life to find,
Lock'd in my heart thou liest. The wave may curl,
The wind may wail above us. Wave and wind,

What are their storm and strife to me, and you?
No strife can mar the pure heart's inmost calm.
This life of ours, what is it? A very few
Soon-ended years, and then,—the ceaseless psalm,

And the eternal Sabbath of the soul!
Hush! . . . While I write, from the dim Carmin'
The midnight angelus begins to roll,
And float athwart the darkness up to me.

My messenger, (a man by danger tried)
Waits in the courts below and ere our star
Upon the forehead of the dawn hath died,
Belov'd one, this letter will be far

Athwart the mountain, and the mist, to you.
I know each robber hamlet. I know all
This mountain people. I have friends, both true
And trusted, sworn to aid whate'er befall.

I have a bark upon the gulf. And I,
If to my heart I yielded in this hour,
Might say. . . "Sweet fellow-sufferer, let us fly!
I know a little isle which doth embower

"A home where exiled angels might forbear
A while to mourn for Paradise!" . . . But no!
Never, whate'er fate now may bring us, dear,
Shalt thou reproach me for that only woe

Which even love is powerless to console;
Which dwells where duty dies; and haunts the tomb
Of life's abandon'd purpose in the soul;
And leaves to hope, in heaven itself, no room.

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient, out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell—if farewell means to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
Our days in music, to the selfsame air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
Even tho' in absence and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of these
Hovering, in patience, thro' a clouded time.

Farewell! The dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavour
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good night.
Thine own, and only thine, my love, for ever.

GRANDMOTHER ASLEEP.

BY A. WHITELAW.

"Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."—
Scott.

The sympathy that exists between old age and childhood is one of the most beautiful and touching traits of humanity. Here "extremes meet" and mingle in blessed harmony. The old man who has exhausted life in all its stages, seeks at last, with hoary head and bended back, the society of children, and joins in their prattle and gambols! The child, again, who is but beginning the mysterious round of life, turns, with corresponding sympathy, to "the world's gray fathers," and seeks support and protection rather from the palsied hand of old than the strong arm of manhood! Tottering infancy clings to tottering age—and age finds in infancy a boon companion!

There can be no earthly affection more pure than that of a grandmother to her grandchildren. A mother's affection may often be nothing more than animal instinct, and like all instincts have its source in selfishness; but a grandmother's love must be the perfection of disinterested attachment. It is the noblest of all passions. There is no *grandmotherism* among beasts. It is the farthest removed from self and the senses that we can conceive. It can count on no equivalent return, for long before the child has reached manhood, the grandmother must be beyond his assistance. It cannot even promise itself the hope of living to witness the result of all its tender assiduousities. It can never see the little twig which it nurses so carefully, become a full-grown tree, far less can it ever reap the fruit of its labours. It plants and waters for other ages than its own.

We knew or have heard of an old woman who was left, at an advanced age, to protect and support the orphaned boy and girl of her only son. The story is a mere anecdote, but it may be worth telling, as it contains a good moral. This old woman, though born to con-

siderable affluence, was, by the mysterious hand of Providence, fated to spend her life and her treasure in the service of others—and never did human being perform the will of her Master with more divine sweetness! Her husband turned out a profligate; and, after having exhausted her fortune and his own constitution, died of a lingering disease in her arms. Her son—an only child—was reared with the fondest care; but he followed the footsteps of his father—married young—broke his wife's heart—and finally died, leaving his two little children, a boy and girl, in the hands of his aged and impoverished mother. A life annuity of fifteen pounds was all that the old woman had to support herself and rear the children; but there was surely a blessing with it, for it went farther than many people's fifties, and upon it alone she contrived to maintain a decent appearance and proud independence. She rented a small cottage in the vicinity of Govan, on the banks of the Clyde; and there, with her little orphans, and scanty means, and meek deportment, presented a picture of true greatness, nobler far than what is to be found in castle or palace.

Though her life had been one of adversity, and her best feelings had been outraged by those who were dearest to her, the original benevolence of her nature was neither soured nor diminished. She was full of divine charity—not the charity of distributing from a store of worldly superfluities—for she had not even the widow's mite to spare—but the charity which thinketh no evil and speaketh no guile, and which looks with loving-kindness on every fellow-creature. The sweetness of her disposition, connected with a knowledge of her misfortunes and difficulties, made her venerated by all the villagers; and, for her sake, her grandchildren were often fondled on the knees, or treated to little delicacies which their desolate lot in life could never otherwise have procured them. The children themselves were models of beauty and innocence—graceful, modest, and affectionate in all that they said or did, for to an originally kind and tractable disposition were superadded the valuable example and instruction of their grandmother.

Neither of the little ones had reached their fifth year, when they were destined to experience a great change in their condition. It was one night in the fall of the year, when autumn was giving way to winter, that they had gone to bed early as usual, after saying their evening prayer with their head in grandmother's lap, and receiving her blessing. Age is wakeful—and the old woman was in the

habit of sitting up for hours after they were asleep, reading her Bible, or plying her distaff. Sometimes the children would wake from their sleep, and receive from her tender hand a bit of bread or cup of water. Or sometimes they would start from a terrifying dream, and then her kind voice was ever near them, to assure them of safety, and soothe them into renewed repose. In one of those frightful dreams, to which even the most innocent-minded, carefully nurtured, and healthy children are liable, Catherine, the eldest child, had awakened, and cried with a scream for her grandmother. But her cry was not, as it ever before had been, responded to on this occasion by her assiduous and watchful guardian. She repeated her cry; but grandmother came not—spoke not. Her little brother was awakened by her agitation, and then she had confidence to open her eyes and look about the apartment. There she saw grandmother sitting apparently sound asleep in her chair. Her distaff lay at her feet, and her cruse was nearly extinguished, but the fire still burned briskly, and a full moon shed its hallowed light through the lattice.

"O waken, grandmother! and come to me, for I have had a fearsome dream," cried the poor girl.

"Grandma is asleep, and will not waken," said her little brother.

The stern silence of the old woman was so unusual, that, after repeated cries, the children in alarm jumped from bed, and ran to their grandmother's knee.

"Waken, grandmother, waken! Speak to me! Kiss me!" cried Catherine, getting more terrified.

"Kiss sister, grandma," said the little boy, "and we will say our prayers."

"Listen, grandmother! I saw a ghost in a winding-sheet in the minister's pulpit, and all the kirk-yard was crowded with ghosts—and it was always your face that I saw—that face!—O grandmother, will you not speak?"

"Speak to sister, grandma, for she is frightening me," said the boy.

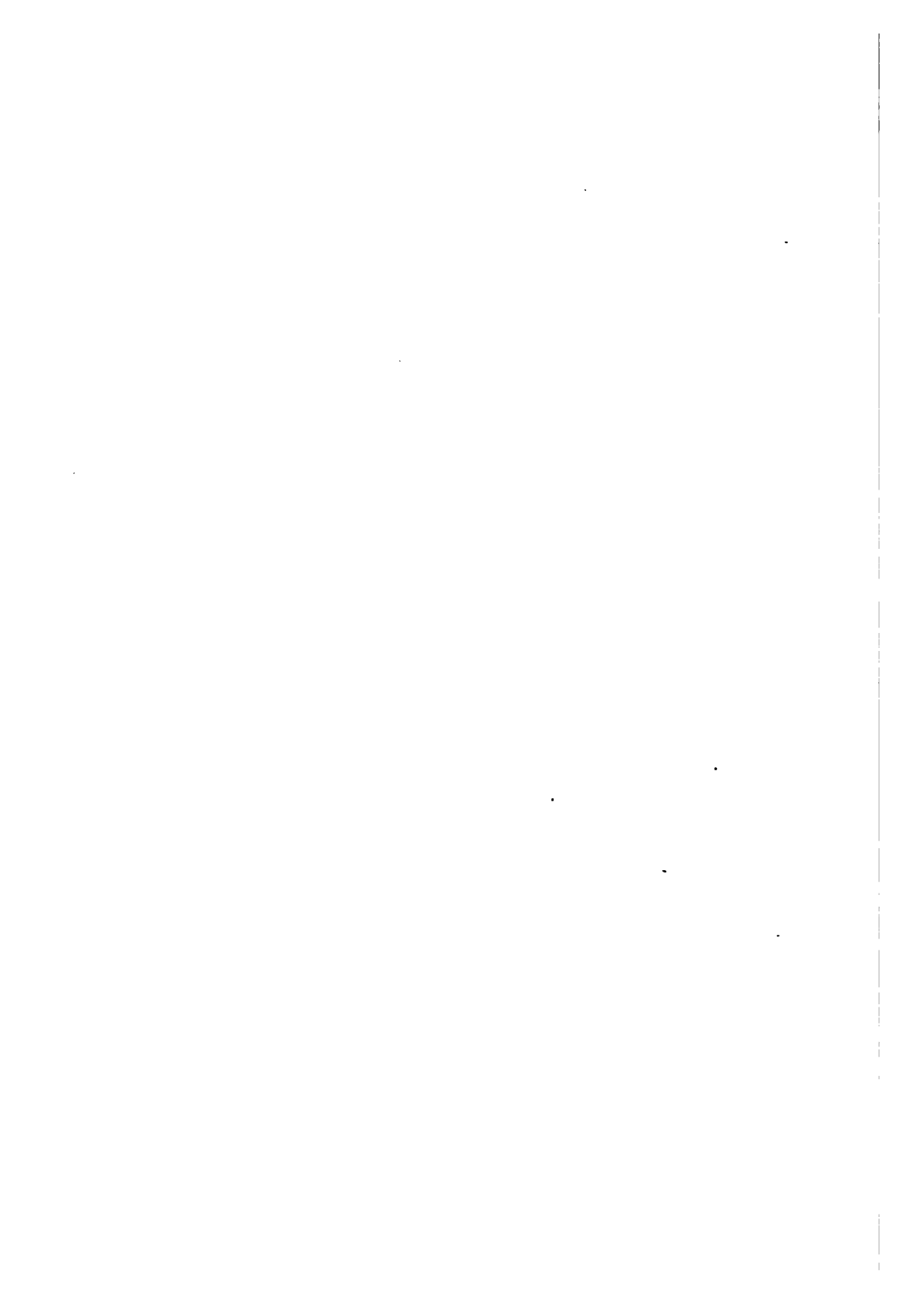
"Speak! speak!" repeated the girl. "And kiss me! And here is little Willy to kiss too! Only speak, and we will be good children."

But, alas! that ear was now deaf which had ever been open to their cry, and that voice now dumb, which had ever spoke in tenderness to them. She, who had all her life ministered to the wants of others, and had hung in undecaying love over the death-bed of an underserving husband and son, had died without a kind eye to watch her, but the eye of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps!



THE FISH MARKET. A. S. M. 1871.

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It was long before the forlorn orphans could comprehend their situation, but when the dreadful truth came across their minds, they clapped their little hands, and screamed in terror and dismay. There was no house beside them; the frightful churchyard stood between them and their nearest neighbour; yet they could not stay within, but rushed to the roadside, and wailed beneath the silent face of heaven. At that moment the hand of mercy was upon them, and their deliverance was wrought even from the depth of their desolation. A gentleman passing on horseback was attracted by their cries, and inquired into the cause. He proved to be one of the princely merchants of Glasgow, with a heart as liberal as his means were unbounded. The case was fitted to his generous spirit. He not only gave immediate help, and saw the grandmother decently interred, but took the little ones under his own roof, and reared them, without distinguishing them from his own family. Thus was good brought out of apparent evil, and when the hand of Providence seemed to fall heaviest on the orphans, it was but "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb," for had the grandmother been carried away under ordinary circumstances, the fate of the grandchildren might have been very different. The result of the matter is not the least pleasing point of the anecdote, for Catherine is at this hour the happy wife of her benefactor's eldest son, and her brother conducts an important branch of his business in a foreign land.

SPRING TIME.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Apple blossoms, falling sweet
In a rosy rain,
With your breath my darling greet,
Shed a splendour round her feet,
Comes she here again.

Birds that on the branches sing,
Blossom-tufts among,
Stint not in your carolling,
She should, even as the Spring,
Brim your hearts with song.

Flowers, that springing in the night,
Take the hues of morn,
Cluster round her dewy bright,
Thrilling with a new delight
Of her coming born.

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Where the branches interlace
In a flush of green,
Oh! to look upon her face!
Oh! to mark her Dryad grace,
And her gracious mien!

Brighter eyes or bluer ne'er
To the light awake;
And the glooms the glosses snare,
In the ripples of her hair,
And its glory make.

Fresher is she than the day,
When the leaves are new;
Daintier than the buds of May,
When the greening branches sway,
And the buds are few.

Fall, then, blooms, in rosy rain;
Birds, your sweetest sing;
Flowers, you blossom not in vain,
For my darling comes again—
Comes embodied Spring!

KNOWLEDGE.

[Rev. Robert Hall, born at Arnaby, Leicester, 2d May, 1764; died at Broadmead, Bristol, 21st February, 1831. Baptist minister; and author of *Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom: An Apology for the Freedom of the Press: Modern Infidelity Considered*; and other sermons. He attained remarkable influence and popularity as a preacher. His works are published by Bell & Son. The following extract is from his sermon on Proverbs xix. 2: "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good."]

Let me request your attention to a few remarks on the utility of knowledge in general. It must strike us, in the first place, that the extent to which we have the faculty of acquiring it, forms the most obvious distinction of our species. In inferior animals it subsists in so small a degree, that we are wont to deny it to them altogether; the range of their knowledge, if it deserves the name, is so extremely limited, and their ideas so few and simple. Whatever is most exquisite in their operations is referred to an instinct, which, working within a narrow compass, though with undeviating uniformity, supplies the place, and supersedes the necessity, of reason. In inferior animals, the knowledge of the whole species is possessed by each individual of the species, while man is distinguished by numberless diversities in the scale of mental improvement.

Now, to be destitute, in a remarkable degree, of an acquisition which forms the appropriate possession of human nature, is degrading to that nature, and must proportionably disqualify it for reaching the end of its creation.

As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with further acquisitions. Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation. The Author of nature has wisely annexed a pleasure to the exercise of our active powers, and particularly to the pursuit of truth, which, if it be in some instances less intense, is far more durable than the gratifications of sense, and is, on that account, incomparably more valuable. Its duration, to say nothing of its other properties, renders it more valuable. It may be repeated without satiety, and pleases afresh on every reflection upon it. These are self-created satisfactions, always within our reach, not dependent upon events, not requiring a peculiar combination of circumstances to produce or maintain them; they rise from the mind itself, and inhere, so to speak, in its very substance. Let the mind but retain its proper functions, and they spring up spontaneously, unsolicited, unborrowed, and unbought. Even the difficulties and impediments which obstruct the pursuit of truth, serve, according to the economy under which we are placed, to render it more interesting. The labour of intellectual search resembles and exceeds the tumultuous pleasures of the chase; and the consciousness of overcoming a formidable obstacle, or of lighting on some happy discovery, gives all the enjoyment of a conquest, without those corroding reflections by which the latter must be impaired. Can we doubt that Archimedes, who was so absorbed in his contemplations as not to be diverted by the sacking of his native city, and was killed in the very act of meditating a mathematical problem, did not, when he exclaimed *Εὕρηκα! εὕρηκα!* I have found it! I have found it! feel a transport as genuine as

was ever experienced after the most brilliant victory.

But to return to the moral good which results from the acquisition of knowledge: it is chiefly this, that by multiplying the mental resources it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure, to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent, at least, if not in a useful, manner. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate and float on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct. There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good; and if the minds of his family also are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection: and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and to shun whatever would impair, that respect. He who is inured to reflection will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense. The poor man who has gained a taste for good books will in all likelihood become thoughtful: and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favour than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.

I am persuaded that the extreme profligacy, improvidence, and misery, which are so prevalent among the labouring classes in many countries, are chiefly to be ascribed to the want of education. In proof of this we need only cast our eyes on the condition of the Irish, compared with that of the peasantry in Scotland. Among the former you behold nothing but beggary, wretchedness, and sloth: in Scotland, on the contrary, under the disadvantages of a worse

climate and more unproductive soil, a degree of decency and comfort, the fruit of sobriety and industry, are conspicuous among the lower classes. And to what is this disparity in their situation to be ascribed, except to the influence of education? In Ireland, the education of the poor is miserably neglected; very few of them can read, and they grow up in a total ignorance of what it most befits a rational creature to understand: while in Scotland the establishment of free schools in every parish, an essential branch of the ecclesiastical constitution of the country, brings the means of instruction within the reach of the poorest, who are there inured to decency, industry, and order.

Some have objected to the instruction of the lower classes, from an apprehension that it would lift them above their sphere, make them dissatisfied with their station in life, and, by impairing the habits of subordination, endanger the tranquillity of the state; an objection devoid surely of all force and validity. It is not easy to conceive in what manner instructing men in their duties can prompt them to neglect those duties, or how that enlargement of reason which enables them to comprehend the true grounds of authority and the obligation to obedience, should indispose them to obey. The admirable mechanism of society, together with that subordination of ranks which is essential to its subsistence, is surely not an elaborate imposture, which the exercise of reason will detect and expose. The objection we have stated, implies a reflection on the social order, equally impolitic, invidious, and unjust. Nothing in reality renders legitimate governments so insecure, as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudices and false alarms, and so ferocious withal, that their interference in a time of public commotion is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano.

The true prop of good government is the opinion, the perception, on the part of the subject, of benefits resulting from it; a settled conviction, in other words, of its being a public good. Now, nothing can produce or maintain that opinion but knowledge, since opinion is a form of knowledge. Of tyrannical and unlawful governments, indeed, the support is fear, to which ignorance is as congenial as it is abhorrent from the genius of a free people. Look at the popular insurrections and massacres in France: of what description of persons were those ruffians composed, who, breaking forth like a torrent, overwhelmed the mounds of lawful authority? Who were the cannibals that sported

with the mangled carcasses and palpitating limbs of their murdered victims, and dragged them about with their teeth, in the gardens of the Tuileries? Were they refined and elaborated into these barbarities by the efforts of a too polished education? No; they were the very scum of the people, destitute of all moral culture, whose atrocity was only equalled by their ignorance, as might well be expected, when the one was the legitimate parent of the other. Who are the persons who, in every country, are most disposed to outrage and violence, but the most ignorant and uneducated of the poor? to which class also chiefly belong those unhappy beings who are doomed to expiate their crimes at the fatal tree; few of whom, it has recently been ascertained on accurate inquiry, are able to read, and the greater part utterly destitute of all moral or religious principle.

"A HUNTING WE WILL GO."

BY HENRY FIELDING.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throngs
Her arms to make him stay;
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout.
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some are thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace,
When a hunting we do go.

A LOVE SCENE.

[Anthony Trollope, born 1815. One of the most popular and most prolific of modern novelists. He is the second son of the late Thomas Adolphus Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs. Frances Trollope, novelist and miscellaneous writer. From 1834 till 1867 Mr. Anthony Trollope was engaged in the post-office. *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* (we quote from the latter) are two of his best works, and are published by Longmans, Green, & Co. Of his numerous other works the most important are: *Fransley Parsonage*; *Doctor Thorne*; *The Bertrams*; *Castle Richmond*; *Tales of All Countries*; *North America*; *Orley Farm*; *Can you Forgive Her*; *Ralph the Heir*; *Last Chronicle of Barset*; *The Golden Lion of Grandpere*; *The Eustace Diamonds*; *Lady Anne*, &c. &c. His greatest successes have been attained by his pictures of clerical life.]

Mr. Arabin had heard from his friend of the probability of Eleanor's marriage with Mr. Slope with amazement, but not with incredulity. It has been said that he was not in love with Eleanor, and up to this period this certainly had been true. But as soon as he heard that she loved some one else, he began to be very fond of her himself. He did not make up his mind that he wished to have her for his wife; he had never thought of her, and did not now think of her, in connection with himself; but he experienced an inward indefinable feeling of deep regret, a gnawing sorrow, an unconquerable depression of spirits, and also a species of self-abasement that he—he, Mr. Arabin—had not done something to prevent that other he, that vile he, whom he so thoroughly despised, from carrying off this sweet prize.

Whatever man may have reached the age of forty unmarried without knowing something of such feelings must have been very successful or else very cold-hearted.

Mr. Arabin had never thought of trimming the sails of his bark, so that he might sail as convoy to this rich argosy. He had seen that Mrs. Bold was beautiful, but he had not dreamt of making her beauty his own. He knew that Mrs. Bold was rich, but he had had no more idea of appropriating her wealth than that of Dr. Grantly. He had discovered that Mrs. Bold was intelligent, warm-hearted, agreeable, sensible, all, in fact, that a man could wish his wife to be; but the higher were her attractions, the greater her claims to consideration, the less had he imagined that he might possibly become the possessor of them. Such had been his instinct rather than his thoughts, so humble and so diffident. Now his diffidence was to be rewarded by his seeing this woman, whose beauty was to his eyes perfect, whose wealth

was such as would have silenced him had he not been so deterred, by his seeing her become the prey of—Obadiah Slope!

On the morning of Mrs. Bold's departure he got on his horse to ride over to St. Ewold's. As he rode he kept muttering to himself a line from Van Artevelde,

"How little flattering is woman's love."

And then he strove to recall his mind and to think of other affairs, his parish, his college, his creed—but his thoughts would revert to Mr. Slope and the Flemish chieftain.—

"When we think upon it,
How little flattering is woman's love,
Given commonly to whoso'er is nearest
And propped with most advantage."

It was not that Mrs. Bold should marry any one but him; he had not put himself forward as a suitor; but that she should marry Mr. Slope—and so he repeated over again—

"Outward grace
Nor inward light is needful—day by day
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice."

And so he went on, troubled much in his mind.

He had but an uneasy ride of it that morning, and little good did he do at St. Ewold's.

The necessary alterations in his house were being fast completed, and he walked through the rooms, and went up and down the stairs, and rambled through the garden; but he could not wake himself to much interest about them. He stood still at every window to look out and think upon Mr. Slope. At almost every window he had before stood and chatted with Eleanor. She and Mrs. Grantly had been there continually, and while Mrs. Grantly had been giving orders, and seeing that orders had been complied with, he and Eleanor had conversed on all things appertaining to a clergyman's profession. He thought how often he had laid down the law to her, and how sweetly she had borne with his somewhat dictatorial decrees. He remembered her listening intelligence, her gentle but quick replies, her interest in all that concerned the church, in all that concerned him; and then he struck his riding whip against the window sill, and declared to himself that it was impossible that Eleanor Bold should marry Mr. Slope.

And yet he did not really believe, as he should have done, that it was impossible. He should have known her well enough to feel that

it was truly impossible. He should have been aware that Eleanor had that within her which would surely protect her from such degradation. But he, like so many others, was deficient in confidence in woman. He said to himself over and over again that it was impossible that Eleanor Bold should become Mrs. Slope, and yet he believed that she would do so. And so he rambled about, and could do and think of nothing. He was thoroughly uncomfortable, thoroughly ill at ease, cross with himself, and everybody else, and feeding in his heart on animosity towards Mr. Slope. This was not as it should be, as he knew and felt; but he could not help himself. In truth, Mr. Arabin was now in love with Mrs. Bold, though ignorant of the fact himself. He was in love, and, though forty years old, was in love without being aware of it. He fumed and fretted, and did not know what was the matter, as a youth might do at one-and-twenty. And so having done no good at St. Ewold's, he rode back much earlier than was usual with him, instigated by some inward unacknowledged hope that he might see Mrs. Bold before she left.

Eleanor had not passed a pleasant morning. She was irritated with every one, and not least with herself. She felt that she had been hardly used, but she felt also that she had not played her own cards well. She should have held herself so far above suspicion as to have received her sister's innuendoes and the arch-deacon's lecture with indifference. She had not done this, but had shown herself angry and sore, and was now ashamed of her own petulance, and yet unable to discontinue it.

The greater part of the morning she had spent alone; but after a while her father joined her. He had fully made up his mind that, come what might, nothing should separate him from his younger daughter. It was a hard task for him to reconcile himself to the idea of seeing her at the head of Mr. Slope's table; but he got through it. Mr. Slope, as he argued to himself, was a respectable man and a clergyman; and he, as Eleanor's father, had no right even to endeavour to prevent her from marrying such a one. He longed to tell her how he had determined to prefer her to all the world, how he was prepared to admit that she was not wrong, how thoroughly he differed from Dr. Grantly; but he could not bring himself to mention Mr. Slope's name. There was yet a chance that they were all wrong in their surmise! and, being thus in doubt, he could not bring himself to speak openly to her on the subject.

He was sitting with her in the drawing-room,

with his arm round her waist, saying every now and then some little soft words of affection, and working hard with his imaginary fiddle-bow, when Mr. Arabin entered the room. He immediately got up, and the two made some trite remarks to each other, neither thinking of what he was saying, while Eleanor kept her seat on the sofa mute and moody. Mr. Arabin was included in the list of those against whom her anger was excited. He, too, had dared to talk about her acquaintance with Mr. Slope; he, too, had dared to blame her for not making an enemy of his enemy. She had not intended to see him before her departure, and was now but little inclined to be gracious.

There was a feeling through the whole house that something was wrong. Mr. Arabin, when he saw Eleanor, could not succeed in looking or in speaking as though he knew nothing of all this. He could not be cheerful, and positive, and contradictory with her, as was his wont. He had not been two minutes in the room before he felt that he had done wrong to return; and the moment he heard her voice he thoroughly wished himself back at St. Ewold's. Why, indeed, should he have wished to have aught further to say to the future wife of Mr. Slope?

"I am sorry to hear that you are to leave us so soon," said he, striving in vain to use his ordinary voice. In answer to this she muttered something about the necessity of her being in Barchester, and betook herself most industriously to her crochet work.

Then there was a little more trite conversation between Mr. Arabin and Mr. Harding; trite, and hard, and vapid, and senseless. Neither of them had anything to say to the other, and yet neither at such a moment liked to remain silent. At last Mr. Harding, taking advantage of a pause, escaped out of the room, and Eleanor and Mr. Arabin were left together.

"Your going will be a great break-up to our party," said he.

She again muttered something which was all but inaudible; but kept her eyes fixed upon her work.

"We have had a very pleasant month here," said he; "at least, I have; and I am sorry it should be so soon over."

"I have already been from home longer than I intended," said she; "and it is time that I should return."

"Well, pleasant hours and pleasant days must come to an end. It is a pity that so few of them are pleasant, or perhaps, rather"—

"It is a pity, certainly, that men and women do so much to destroy the pleasantness of their

days," said she, interrupting him. "It is a pity that there should be so little charity abroad."

"Charity should begin at home," said he; and he was proceeding to explain that he as a clergyman could not be what she would call charitable at the expense of those principles which he considered it his duty to teach, when he remembered that it would be worse than vain to argue on such a matter with the future wife of Mr. Slope. "But you are just leaving us," he continued, "and I will not weary your last hour with another lecture. As it is, I fear I have given you too many."

"You should practise as well as preach, Mr. Arabin?"

"Undoubtedly I should. So should we all. All of us who presume to teach are bound to do our utmost towards fulfilling our own lessons. I thoroughly allow my deficiency in doing so; but I do not quite know now to what you allude. Have you any special reason for telling me now that I should practise as well as preach?"

Eleanor made no answer. She longed to let him know the cause of her anger, to upbraid him for speaking of her disrespectfully, and then at last to forgive him, and so part friends. She felt that she would be unhappy to leave him in her present frame of mind; but yet she could hardly bring herself to speak to him of Mr. Slope. And how could she allude to the innuendo thrown out by the archdeacon, and thrown out, as she believed, at the instigation of Mr. Arabin? She wanted to make him know that he was wrong, to make him aware that he had ill-treated her, in order that the sweetness of her forgiveness might be enhanced. She felt that she liked him too well to be contented to part with him in displeasure; and yet she could not get over her deep displeasure without some explanation, some acknowledgment on his part, some assurance that he would never again so sin against her.

"Why do you tell me that I should practise what I preach?" continued he.

"All men should do so."

"Certainly. That is as it were understood and acknowledged. But you do not say so to all men, or to all clergymen. The advice, good as it is, is not given except in allusion to some special deficiency. If you will tell me my special deficiency, I will endeavour to profit by the advice."

She paused for a while, and then, looking full in his face, she said, "You are not bold enough, Mr. Arabin, to speak out to me openly and plainly, and yet you expect me, a woman, to speak openly to you. Why did you speak

calumny of me to Dr. Grantly behind my back?"

"Calumny!" said he, and his whole face became suffused with blood; "what calumny? If I have spoken calumny of you, I will beg your pardon, and his to whom I spoke it, and God's pardon also. But what calumny have I spoken of you to Dr. Grantly?"

She also blushed deeply. She could not bring herself to ask him whether he had not spoken of her as another man's wife. "You know that best yourself," said she; "but I ask you as a man of honour, if you have not spoken of me as you would not have spoken of your own sister; or rather I will not ask you," she continued, finding that he did not immediately answer her. "I will not put you to the necessity of answering such a question. Dr. Grantly has told me what you said."

"Dr. Grantly certainly asked me for my advice, and I gave it. He asked me"—

"I know he did, Mr. Arabin. He asked you whether he would be doing right to receive me at Plumstead, if I continued my acquaintance with a gentleman who happens to be personally disagreeable to yourself and to him?"

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Bold. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Slope; I never met him in my life."

"You are not the less individually hostile to him. It is not for me to question the propriety of your enmity; but I had a right to expect that my name should not have been mixed up in your hostilities. This has been done, and been done by you in a manner the most injurious and the most distressing to me as a woman. I must confess, Mr. Arabin, that from you I expected a different sort of usage."

As she spoke, she with difficulty restrained her tears; but she did restrain them. Had she given way and sobbed aloud, as in such cases a woman should do, he would have melted at once, implored her pardon, perhaps knelt at her feet and declared his love. Everything would have been explained, and Eleanor would have gone back to Barchester with a contented mind. How easily would she have forgiven and forgotten the archdeacon's suspicions had she but heard the whole truth from Mr. Arabin. But then where would have been my novel? She did not cry, and Mr. Arabin did not melt.

"You do me an injustice," said he. "My advice was asked by Dr. Grantly, and I was obliged to give it."

"Dr. Grantly has been most officious, most impertinent. I have as complete a right to form my acquaintance as he has to form his.

What would you have said, had I consulted you as to the propriety of my banishing Dr. Grantly from my house because he knows Lord Tattenham Corner? I am sure Lord Tattenham is quite as objectionable an acquaintance for a clergyman as Mr. Slope is for a clergyman's daughter."

"I do not know Lord Tattenham Corner."

"No; but Dr. Grantly does. It is nothing to me if he knows all the young lords on every racecourse in England. I shall not interfere with him; nor shall he with me."

"I am sorry to differ with you, Mrs. Bold; but as you have spoken to me on this matter, and especially as you blame me for what little I said on the subject, I must tell you that I do differ from you. Dr. Grantly's position as a man in the world gives him a right to choose his own acquaintances, subject to certain influences. If he chooses them badly, those influences will be used. If he consorts with persons unsuitable to him, his bishop will interfere. What the bishop is to do Dr. Grantly, Dr. Grantly is to you."

"I deny it. I utterly deny it," said Eleanor, jumping from her seat, and literally flashing before Mr. Arabin, as she stood on the drawing-room floor. He had never seen her so excited, he had never seen her look half so beautiful.

"I utterly deny it," said she. "Dr. Grantly has no sort of jurisdiction over me whatsoever. Do you and he forget that I am not altogether alone in the world? Do you forget that I have a father? Dr. Grantly, I believe, always has forgotten it."

"From you, Mr. Arabin," she continued, "I would have listened to advice, because I should have expected it to have been given as one friend may advise another; not as a school-master gives an order to a pupil. I might have differed from you; on this matter I should have done so; but had you spoken to me in your usual manner and with your usual freedom I should not have been angry. But now — was it manly of you, Mr. Arabin, to speak of me in this way —, so disrespectful — so —? I cannot bring myself to repeat what you said. You must understand what I feel. Was it just of you to speak of me in such a way, and to advise my sister's husband to turn me out of my sister's house, because I chose to know a man of whose doctrine you disapprove?"

"I have no alternative left to me, Mrs. Bold," said he, standing with his back to the fire-place, looking down intently at the carpet pattern, and speaking with a slow measured voice, "but to tell you plainly what did take place between me and Dr. Grantly."

"Well," said she, finding that he paused for a moment.

"I am afraid that what I may say may pain you."

"It cannot well do so more than what you have already done," said she.

"Dr. Grantly asked me whether I thought it would be prudent to receive you in his house as the wife of Mr. Slope, and I told him that I thought it would be imprudent. Believing it to be utterly impossible that Mr. Slope and —"

"Thank you, Mr. Arabin, that is sufficient. I do not want to know your reasons," said she, speaking with a terribly calm voice. "I have shown to this gentleman the common-place civility of a neighbour; and because I have done so, because I have not indulged against him in all the rancour and hatred which you and Dr. Grantly consider due to all clergymen who do not agree with yourselves, you conclude that I am to marry him;—or rather you do not conclude so—no rational man could really come to such an outrageous conclusion without better ground;—you have not thought so—but, as I am in a position in which such an accusation must be peculiarly painful, it is made in order that I may be terrified into hostility against this enemy of yours."

As she finished speaking, she walked to the drawing-room window and stepped out into the garden. Mr. Arabin was left in the room, still occupied in counting the pattern on the carpet. He had, however, distinctly heard and accurately marked every word that she had spoken. Was it not clear from what she had said, that the archdeacon had been wrong in imputing to her any attachment to Mr. Slope? Was it not clear that Eleanor was still free to make another choice? It may seem strange that he should for a moment have had a doubt; and yet he did doubt. She had not absolutely denied the charge; she had not expressly said that it was untrue. Mr. Arabin understood little of the nature of a woman's feelings, or he would have known how improbable it was that she should make any clearer declaration than she had done. Few men do understand the nature of a woman's heart, till years have robbed such understanding of its value. And it is well that it should be so, or men would triumph too easily.

Mr. Arabin stood counting the carpet, unhappy, wretchedly unhappy, at the hard words that had been spoken to him; and yet happy, exquisitely happy, as he thought that after all the woman whom he so regarded was not to become the wife of the man whom he so

much disliked. As he stood there he began to be aware that he was himself in love. Forty years had passed over his head, and as yet woman's beauty had never given him an uneasy hour. His present hour was very uneasy.

Not that he remained there for half or a quarter of that time. In spite of what Eleanor had said, Mr. Arabin was, in truth, a manly man. Having ascertained that he loved this woman, and having now reason to believe that she was free to receive his love, at least if she pleased to do so, he followed her into the garden to make such wooing as he could.

He was not long in finding her. She was walking to and fro beneath the avenue of elms that stood in the archdeacon's grounds, skirting the churchyard. What had passed between her and Mr. Arabin had not, alas, tended to lessen the acerbity of her spirit. She was very angry; more angry with him than with any one. How could he have so misunderstood her? She had been so intimate with him, had allowed him such latitude in what he had chosen to say to her, had complied with his ideas, cherished his views, fostered his precepts, cared for his comforts, made much of him in every way in which a pretty woman can make much of an unmarried man without committing herself or her feelings! She had been doing this, and while she had been doing it he had regarded her as the affianced wife of another man.

As she passed along the avenue, every now and then an unbidden tear would force itself on her cheek, and as she raised her hand to brush it away, she stamped with her little foot upon the sward with very spite to think that she had been so treated.

Mr. Arabin was very near to her when she first saw him, and she turned short round and retraced her steps down the avenue, trying to rid her cheeks of all trace of the tell-tale tears. It was a needless endeavour, for Mr. Arabin was in a state of mind that hardly allowed him to observe such trifles. He followed her down the walk, and overtook her just as she reached the end of it.

He had not considered how he would address her; he had not thought what he would say. He had only felt that it was wretchedness to him to quarrel with her, and that it would be happiness to be allowed to love her. And yet he could not lower himself by asking her pardon. He had done her no wrong. He had not calumniated her, not injured her, as she had accused him of doing. He could not confess sins of which he had not been guilty. He could only let the past be past, and ask her as to her and his hopes for the future.

"I hope we are not to part as enemies?" said he.

"There shall be no enmity on my part," said Eleanor; "I endeavour to avoid all enmities. It would be a hollow pretence were I to say that there can be true friendship between us after what has just passed. People cannot make their friends of those whom they despise."

"And am I despised?"

"I must have been so before you could have spoken of me as you did. And I was deceived, cruelly deceived. I believed that you thought well of me; I believed that you esteemed me."

"Thought well of you and esteemed you!" said he. "In justifying myself before you, I must use stronger words than those." He paused for a moment, and Eleanor's heart beat with painful violence within her bosom as she waited for him to go on. "I have esteemed, do esteem you, as I never yet esteemed any woman. Think well of you! I never thought to think so well, so much of any human creature. Speak calumny of you! Insult you! Wilfully injure you! I wish it were my privilege to shield you from calumny, insult, and injury. Calumny! ah, me. 'Twere almost better that it were so. Better than to worship with a sinful worship; sinful and vain also." And then he walked along beside her, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking down on the grass beneath his feet, and utterly at a loss how to express his meaning. And Eleanor walked beside him determined at least to give him no assistance.

"Ah me!" he uttered at last, speaking rather to himself than to her. "Ah me! these Plumstead walks were pleasant enough, if one could have but heart's ease; but without that the dull dead stones of Oxford were far preferable; and St. Ewold's too; Mrs. Bold, I am beginning to think that I mistook myself when I came hither. A Romish priest now would have escaped all this. Oh, Father of heaven! how good for us would it be, if thou couldst vouchsafe to us a certain rule."

"And have we not a certain rule, Mr. Arabin?"

"Yes—yes, surely; 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' But what is temptation? what is evil? Is this evil,—is this temptation?"

Poor Mr. Arabin! It would not come out of him, that deep true love of his. He could not bring himself to utter it in plain language that would require and demand an answer. He knew not how to say to the woman by his side, "Since the fact is that you do not love that other man, that you are not to be his wife,

can you love me, will you be my wife?" These were the words which were in his heart, but with all his sighs he could not draw them to his lips. He would have given anything, everything for power to ask this simple question; but glib as was his tongue in pulpits and on platforms, now he could not find a word wherewith to express the plain wish of his heart.

And yet Eleanor understood him as thoroughly as though he had declared his passion with all the elegant fluency of a practised Lothario. With a woman's instinct she followed every bend of his mind, as he spoke of the pleasantness of Plumstead and the stones of Oxford, as he alluded to the safety of the Romish priest and the hidden perils of temptation. She knew that it all meant love. She knew that this man at her side, this accomplished scholar, this practised orator, this great polemical combatant, was striving and striving in vain to tell her that his heart was no longer his own.

She knew this, and felt a sort of joy in knowing it; and yet she would not come to his aid. He had offended her deeply, had treated her unworthily, the more unworthily seeing that he had learned to love her, and Eleanor could not bring herself to abandon her revenge. She did not ask herself whether or no she would ultimately accept his love. She did not even acknowledge to herself that she now perceived it with pleasure. At the present moment it did not touch her heart; it merely appeased her pride and flattered her vanity. Mr. Arabin had dared to associate her name with that of Mr. Slope, and now her spirit was soothed by finding that he would fain associate it with his own. And so she walked on beside him inhaling incense, but giving out no sweetness in return.

"Answer me this," said Mr. Arabin, stopping suddenly in his walk, and stepping forward so that he faced his companion. "Answer me this one question. You do not love Mr. Slope? you did not intend to be his wife?"

Mr. Arabin certainly did not go the right way to win such a woman as Eleanor Bold. Just as her wrath was evaporating, as it was disappearing before the true warmth of his untold love, he re-kindled it by a most useless repetition of his original sin. Had he known what he was about he should never have mentioned Mr. Slope's name before Eleanor Bold, till he had made her all his own. Then, and not till then, he might have talked of Mr. Slope with as much triumph as he chose.

"I shall answer no such question," said she; "and what is more, I must tell you that nothing can justify your asking it. Good morning!"

And so saying she stepped proudly across the lawn, and passing through the drawing-room window joined her father and sister at lunch in the dining-room. Half an hour afterwards she was in the carriage, and so she left Plumstead without again seeing Mr. Arabin.

His walk was long and sad among the sombre trees that overshadowed the churchyard. He left the archdeacon's grounds that he might escape attention, and sauntered among the green hillocks under which lay at rest so many of the once loving swains and forgotten beauties of Plumstead. To his ears Eleanor's last words sounded like a knell never to be reversed. He could not comprehend that she might be angry with him, indignant with him, remorseless with him, and yet love him. He could not make up his mind whether or no Mr. Slope was in truth a favoured rival. If not, why should she not have answered his question?

Poor Mr. Arabin—untaught, illiterate, boorish, ignorant man! That at forty years of age you should know so little of the workings of a woman's heart!

A RUSTIC SCENE.

A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love: but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming, hears thee still, O singing lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

[Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford;¹ born 5th October, 1717; died in London 2d March, 1797. Son of the statesman Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, by whose influence he obtained three sinecure offices, which enabled him to gratify his artistic tastes by the erection of the famous Strawberry Hill mansion, and the collection there of many valuable works of art. He sat in Parliament first for Callington and subsequently for King's Lynn. He wrote numerous miscellaneous sketches; but his most important works are: *Letter from Ho-Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his Friend Lien-Chi at Peking*; *Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose*; *Royal and Noble Authors of England*; *Anecdotes of Painting in England* (from which we quote); *The Castle of Otranto*, a Gothic romance; *The Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy; *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.*; *Essay on Modern Gardening*; *Letters and Correspondence*; *Memoirs and Journal*; &c. &c.]

Having despatched the herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself that great and original genius, Hogarth; considering him rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rine*, if general satire on vices, and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière: in his *Marriage à la Mode* there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve; each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the *dramatis personæ*. The alderman's footboy, in the last print of the set I have mentioned, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation, and from the mode of their passions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is wit in the figure of the alderman, who, when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of solicitude—but it is to save her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Molière's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Molière, inimitable as he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art; and

used colours instead of language. His place is between the Italians, whom we may consider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemish painters, who are as writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature. They are the Tom Browns of the mob. Hogarth resembles Butler; but his subjects are more universal, and amidst all his pleasantry he observes the true end of comedy, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in *Marriage à la Mode*, and Tom Nero in *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, terminate their story in blood—she occasions the murder of her husband, he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire, when he intimates, in *The College of Physicians and Surgeons* that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture. In the print of *The Sleeping Judges*, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter.

It is to Hogarth's honour, that, in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general. Except in the print of *The Times*, and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed, no man, amidst such a profusion of characteristic faces, ever pretended to discover or charge him with the caricature of a real person; except of such notorious characters as Chartres and Mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and suitably to their professions. As he must have observed so carefully the operation of the passions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never, though without intention, delivered the very features of any identical person. It is at the same time a proof of his intimate intuition into nature; but had he been too severe, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires. It is another proof that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts, or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men. I do not speak of his early per-

¹ He succeeded to the title on the death of his nephew George, third Earl of Orford; he affected to despise his new honours, never took his seat in the House of Lords, and in letters sometimes signed himself (to avoid the title) Uncle of the late Earl of Orford.

formances at the time when he was engaged by booksellers, and rose not above those they generally employ; but in his maturer age, when he had invented his art, and gave a few designs for some great authors, as Cervantes, Gulliver, and even Hudibras, his compositions were tame, spiritless, void of humour, and never reach the merits of the books they were designed to illustrate. He could not bend his talents to think after anybody else. He could think like a great genius rather than after one. I have a sketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time (in 1729. Brit. Top. vol. i. p. 636) that the House of Commons appointed a committee to inquire into the cruelties exercised on prisoners in the Fleet to extort money from them. The scene is the committee; on the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them; the poor man has a good countenance that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman jailer. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer.

It is seldom that his figures do not express the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illustration that colours could not bestow, collateral circumstances, full of wit, supply notes. The nobleman in *Marriage à la Mode* has a great air—the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree issuing out of the bowels of William the Conqueror add his character. In the breakfast, the old steward reflects for the spectator. Sometimes a short label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the subject. Unfortunately, some circumstances that were temporary will be lost to posterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth—not from being obscure (for he never was that but in two or three of his first prints, where transient national follies, as lotteries, freemasonry, and the South Sea were his topics), but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not essential to, but always heightening, the principal action. Such is the spider's web extended over the poor's box in a parish church;

the blunders in architecture, in the nobleman's seat seen through the window, in the first print of *Marriage à la Mode*, and a thousand in *The Strollers* dressing in a barn, which for wit and imagination, without any other end, I think the best of all his works; as for useful and deep satire, that on the Methodists is the most sublime. The scenes of bedlam and the gaming-house are inimitable representations of our serious follies or unavoidable woes; and the concern shown by the lord-mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him as a criminal, is a touching picture, and big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another instance of this author's genius is his not condescending to explain his moral lessons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expressed it with wit rather than by a symbol. Once indeed he descended to use an allegoric personage, and was not happy in it; in one of his election prints *Britannia's chariot* breaks down, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes, too, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of France and England, and that of *The Gates of Calais*. The last, indeed, has great merit, though the caricature is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was to make his countrymen observe the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves. In *Beer Street*, the English butcher tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand is absolute hyperbole; and, what is worse, was an afterthought, not being in the first edition. *The Gin Alley* is much superior, horridly fine, but disgusting.

His *Bartholomew Fair* is full of humour; the *March to Finchley*, of nature; the *Enraged Musician* tends to farce. The *Four Parts of the Day*, except the last, are inferior to few of his works. *The Sleeping Congregation*, the *Lecture on the Vacuum*, the *Laughing Audience*, the *Consultation of Physicians*, as a coat of arms, and the *Cockpit*, are perfect in their several kinds. The prints of *Industry and Idleness* have more merit in the intention than execution.

Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himself, but seldomer than most great authors who executed so much.

It may appear singular, that of an author whom I call comic, and who is so celebrated for his humour, I should speak in general in so serious a style; but it would be suppressing the merits of his heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter. I think I have shown that his views were more generous and exten-

sive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence designed them. He smiled like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry and fun. He never laughed, like Rabelais, at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but, like Swift, combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale he means to tell. Such are the hens roosting on the upright waves in the scene of *The Strollers*, and the devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners or costume are more than observed in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms describes the characters of the persons to whom they belong: a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The rake's levee room, the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in *Marriage à la Mode*, the alderman's parlour, the poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.

But perhaps too much has been said of this great genius as an author; it is time to speak of him as a painter, and to mention the circumstances of his life, in both of which I shall be more brief. His works are his history; as a painter he had but slender merit.

He was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London, the son of a low tradesman, who bound him to a mean engraver of arms¹ on plate; but before his time was expired he felt the impulse of genius, and felt it directed him to painting, though little apprised at that time of the mode nature had intended he should pursue. His apprenticeship was no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, in which he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a master; his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaroscuro. At first he worked for booksellers, and designed and engraved plates for several books; and, which is extraordinary, no symptom of genius dawned in those plates. His *Hudibras* was the first of his works that marked him as a man above the common; yet what made him then noticed now surprises us, to find so little humour in an undertaking so congenial to his talents. On the success, however, of those plates he commenced painter, a

painter of portraits: the most ill-suited employment imaginable to a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversations in small, then a novelty, drew him prodigious business for some time. It did not last: either from his applying to the real bent of his disposition, or from his customers apprehending that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the devotees of self-love. He had already dropped a few of his smaller prints on some reigning follies; but as the dates are wanting on most of them, I cannot ascertain which; though those on the *South Sea* and *Rabbit Woman* prove that he had early discovered his talent for ridicule, though he did not then think of building his reputation or fortune on its powers.

His *Midnight Modern Conversation* was the first work that showed his command of character; but it was *The Harlot's Progress*, published in 1729 or 1730, that established his fame. The pictures were scarce finished, and no sooner exhibited to the public, and the subscription opened, than above twelve hundred names were entered on his book. The familiarity of the subject and the propriety of the execution made it tasted by all ranks of people. Every engraver set himself to copy it, and thousands of imitations were dispersed all over the kingdom. It was made into a pantomime, and performed on the stage. The *Rake's Progress*, perhaps superior, had not so much success, from want of novelty; nor indeed is the print of *The Arrest* equal in merit to the others.

The curtain was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give those works that should be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often expunged faces etched by his assistants when they had not done justice to his ideas.

Not content with shining in a path untrodden before, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself as a painter of history. But not only his colouring and drawing rendered him unequal to the task; the genius that had entered so feelingly into the calamities and crimes of familiar life deserted him in a walk that called for dignity and grace. The burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his *Danaë*, the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth to see if it is true gold; in the *Pool of Bethesda*, a servant

¹ This is wrong; it was to Mr. Gamble, an eminent silversmith. *Nichol's Biog. Remarks.*

of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man that sought the same celestial remedy. Both circumstances are justly thought, but rather too ludicrous. It is a much more capital fault that Danaë herself is a mere nymph of Drury. He seems to have conceived no higher idea of beauty.

So little had he eyes to his own deficiencies, that he believed he had discovered the principle of grace. With the enthusiasm of a discoverer he cried, "Eureka!" This was his famous line of beauty, the ground-work of his *Analysis*, a book that has many sensible hints and observations, but that did not carry the conviction nor meet the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over this publication, and imitated him to expose him. Many wretched burlesque prints came out to ridicule his system. There was a better answer to it in one of the two prints that he gave to illustrate his hypothesis. In *The Ball*, had he confined himself to such outlines as compose awkwardness and deformity, he would have proved half his assertion; but he has added two samples of grace in a young lord and lady that are strikingly stiff and affected. They are a Bath beau and a county beauty.

But this was the failing of a visionary. He fell afterwards into a grosser mistake. From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble-collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted, as is true, that time gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther; he determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated *Sigismonda* of Sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays Hogarth at last produced his *Sigismonda*, but no more like *Sigismonda* than *I* to *Hercules*.

Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than anything he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of £400 on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense at last to suppress it. I make no more apology for this account than for the encomiums I have bestowed on him. Both are dictated by truth, and are the history of a great man's excellencies and errors. Milton, it is said, preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his immortal poem.

The last memorable event of our artist's life was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes; in which, if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprising, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court party. Without entering into the merits of the cause, I shall only state the fact. In September, 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of *The Times*. It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe *North Briton*. On this the painter exhibited the caricature of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his epistle to Hogarth, not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age; and which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit, much less bad it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having composed but six months before one of his most capital works, the satire on the Methodists. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—*Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic*. Never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity.

Mr. Hogarth, in the year 1730, married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, by whom he had no children. He died of a dropsy in his breast at his house in Leicester Fields, October 26, 1764.

He sold about twenty-four of his principal pictures by auction in 1745. Mr. Vincent Bourne addressed a copy of Latin hendecasyllables to him on his chief pictures, and Roquetti, the enameller, published a French explanation, though a superficial one, of many of his prints, which it was said he had drawn up for the use of Marshal Belleisle, then a prisoner in England.

"THE BEACON."¹

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

BARTIANI. TERENTIA.

Bart. He's in a blessed mood: what so disturbs him?

Ter. What has disturb'd him long, as well thou knowest:

Aurora's persevering fond belief
That her beloved Ermingard still lives,
And will return again. To guide his bark
Upon our dangerous coast she nightly kindles
Her watch-fire, sitting by the lonely flame;
For so she promised, when he parted from her,
To watch for his return.

Bart. Ulrick in wisdom should have married them
Before he went, for then the chance had been
She had not watch'd so long.

Your widow is a thing of more docility
Than your lorn maiden.—Pardon, fair Terentia.

Ter. Thy tongue wags freely. Yet, I must confess,
Had Ulrick done what thou call'st wisely, he
The very thing had done which as her kinsman
He was in duty bound to. But alas!
A wayward passion warp'd him from the right,
And made him use his power ungenerously
Their union to prevent.

AURORA. TERENTIA. EDDA.

Ter. Here you will find a more refreshing air;
The western sun beats fiercely.

Aur. Western sun!
Is time so far advanced? I left my couch
Scarcely an hour ago.

Ter. You are deceived.
Three hours have pass'd, but pass'd by you unheeded;
Who have the while in silent stillness been,
Like one forlorn, that has no need of time.

Aur. In truth I now but little have to do
With time or any thing besides. It passes;
Hour follows hour; day follows day; and year,
If I so long shall last, will follow year:
Like drops that through the cavern'd hermit's roof
Some cold spring filters; glancing on his eye
At measured intervals, but moving not
His fix'd unvaried notice.

Ed. Nay, dearest lady, be not so depress'd.
You have not ask'd me for my song to day—
The song you praised so much. Shall I not sing it?
I do but wait your bidding.

Aur. I thank thy kindness; sing it if thou wilt.

¹ One of the "Plays on the Passions;" this one being in illustration of Hope.

SONG.

Where distant billows meet the sky,
A pale dull light the seamen spy,
As spent they stand and tempest-tost,
Their vessel struck, their rudder lost;
While distant homes where kinsmen weep,
And graves full many a fathom deep,
By turns their fitful, gloomy thoughts portray:
"Tis some delusion of the sight,
Some northern streamer's paly light."
"Fools!" saith roused Hope with generous scorn,
"It is the blessed peep of morn,
And aid and safety come when comes the day."
And so it is; the gradual shine
Spreads o'er heaven's verge its lengthen'd line:
Cloud after cloud begins to glow
And tint the changeful deep below;
Now sombre red, now amber bright,
Till upward breaks the blazing light;
Like floating fire the gleamy billows burn:
Far distant on the ruddy tide,
A blackening sail is seen to glide;
Loud bursts their eager joyful cry,
Their hoisted signal waves on high,
And life, and strength, and happy thoughts return.

Ter. Is not her voice improved in power and sweetness?

Ed. It is a cheering song.

Aur. It cheers those who are cheer'd.

[After a pause.]

Twelve years are past;
Their daughters matrons grown, their infants youths,
And they themselves with aged furrows mark'd;
But none of all their kin are yet return'd,
No, nor shall ever.

Ter. Still run thy thoughts upon those hapless women

Of that small hamlet, whose advent'rous peasants
To Palestine with noble Baldwin went,
And ne'er were heard of more?

Aur. They perish'd there; and of their diurnal fate
No trace remain'd—none of them all return'd.
Didst thou not say so?—Husbands, lovers, friends,—
Not one returned again.

Ter. So I believe.

Aur. Thou but believest then?

Ter. As I was told.

Ed. Thou hast the story wrong.
Four years gone by, one did return again;
But marr'd, and maim'd, and changed,—a woeful man.

Aur. And what though every limb were hack'd and maim'd,
And roughen'd o'er with scars?—he did return.

[Rising lightly from her seat.]

I would a pilgrimage to Iceland go,
To the Antipodes or burning zone,
To see that man who did return again,
And her who did receive him.—Did receive him!
O what a moving thought lurks here!—How was't?
Tell it me all: and oh, another time,
Give me your tale ungarbled.—

Enter VIOLA.

Ha! Viola! 'tis my first sight of thee
Since our long vigil. Thou hast had, I hope,
A sound and kindly sleep.

Viol. Kindly enough, but somewhat cross'd with dreams.

Aur. How cross'd? What was thy dream? O tell it me!

I have an ear that craves for every thing
That hath the smallest sign or omen in it.
It was not sad?

Viol. Nay, rather strange; methought
A christening feast within your bower was held;
But when the infant to the font was brought,
It proved a full-grown man in armour clad.

Aur. A full-grown man!

O blessing on thy dream!
From death to life restored is joyful birth.
It is, it is! come to my heart, sweet maid!

[*Embracing VIOLA.*]

A blessing on thyself and on thy sleep!
I feel a kindling life within me stir,
That doth assure me it has shadow'd forth
A joy that soon shall be.

Ter. So may it prove!
But trust not such vain fancies, nor appear
Too much elated; for unhappy Ulrick
Swears that your Beacon, after this night's watch,
Shall burn no more.

Aur. He does! Then will we have
A noble fire. This night our lofty blaze
Shall through the darkness shoot full many a league
Its streamy rays, like to a bearded star
Proceeding changeful—ay, and better times.
It may in very truth.—O if his bark
(For many a bark within their widened reach
The dark seas traverse) should our light decoy!
Should this be so—it may; perhaps it will.
O that it might!—We'll have a rousing blaze!
Give me your hands.

[*Taking VIOLA and TERENCE gaily by the hands.*]

So lightly bounds my heart,
I could like midnight goblins round the flame
Unruly orgies hold.—Ha! think ye not,
When to the font our mail-clad infant comes,
Ulrick will a right gracious gossip prove?
Nay, nay, Terentia, look not so demure,
I needs must laugh.—

Ter. Indeed you let your fancy wildly run,
And disappointment will but prove the sharper.

Aur. Talk not of disappointment: be assured
Some late intelligence hath Ulrick prompted
To these stern orders. On our sea there sails,
Or soon will sail, some vessel, which right gladly
He would permit to founder on the coast,
Or miss its course. But no; it will not be:
In spite of all his hatred, to the shore,
Through seas as dark as subterraneous night,
It will arrive in safety.

Ter. Nay, sweet Aurora, feed not thus thy wishes
With wild unlikely thoughts; for Ulrick surely
No such intelligence hath had, and thou
But makest thy after-sorrow more acute,
When these vain fancies fail.

Aur. And let them fail: though duller thoughts
succeed,

The bliss e'en of a moment, still is bliss.

Viol. [*To TER.*] Thou wouldst not of her dewdrops
spoil the thorn,
Because her glory will not last till noon;
Nor still the lightsome gambols of the colt,
Whose neck to-morrow's yoke will gall. Fye on't!
If this be wise, 'tis cruel.

Aur. Thanks, gentle Viola! Thou art ever kind.
We'll think to-morrow still hath good in store,
And make of this a blessing for to-day,
Though good Terentia there may chide us for it.

Ter. And thus a profitable life you'll lead,
Which hath no present time, but is made up
Entirely of to-morrow.

Aur. Well, taunt me as thou wilt, I'll worship still
The blessed morrow, storehouse of all good
For wretched folks. They who lament to-day,
May then rejoice: they who in misery bend
E'en to the earth, be then in honour robed.
O! who shall reckon what its brighten'd hours
May of returning joy contain? To-morrow!
The bliss'd to-morrow! Cheering, kind to-morrow!
I were a heathen not to worship thee.

[*To TER.*] Frown not again; we must not wrangle
now.

Ter. Thou dost such vain and foolish fancies cherish,
Thou forsoot me to seem unkind and stern.

Aur. Ah! be not stern. Edda will sing the song
That makes feet beat and heads nod to its tune;
And even grave Terentia will be moved
To think of pleasant things.

SONG.

Wish'd-for gales, the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering,
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting!
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing,
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing,
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beadamen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing,
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning,
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows;
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found.

Aur. I thank thee: this shall be our daily song.
It cheers my heart, although these foolish tears
Seem to disgrace its sweetness.

Enter PAGE.

Viol. [To AUR.] Here comes your page with lightly bounding steps,
As if he brought good tidings.

Ed. Grant he may!

Aur. [Eagerly] What brings thee hither, boy?

Page. [To AUR.] A noble stranger of the legate's train,

Come from the Holy Land, doth wait without,
Near to the garden gate, where I have left him;
He begs to be admitted to your presence;
Pleading for such indulgence as the friend
Of Ermengard; for so he bade me say.

Aur. The friend of Ermengard! The Holy Land!

[Pausing for a moment, and then tossing up her arms in ecstacy.]

O God! It is himself!

[Catching hold of TERENTIA.

My head is dizzy grown; I cannot go.

Haste, lead him hither, boy.

Fly; hear'st thou not?

[Exit PAGE.]

Ter. Be not so greatly moved. It is not likely
This should be Ermengard. The boy has seen him,
And would have known him. 'Tis belike some friend.

Aur. No; every thrilling fibre of my frame
Cries out 'It is himself.' *[Looking out.]*
He comes not yet; how strange! how dull! how tardy!

Ter. Your page hath scarce had time to reach the gate,
Though he hath run right quickly.

Aur. [Pausing and looking out]
He comes not yet. Ah! if it be not he,
My sinking heart misgives me.
O now he comes! the size and air are his.

Ter. Not to my fancy: there is no resemblance.

Aur. Nay, but there is. And see, he wears his cloak
As he was wont to do; and o'er his cap
The shading plume so hangs.—It is! it is!

Enter GARCIO, and she, breaking from TERENTIA, runs towards him.

My lost, my found, my bliss'd! conceal thee not,

[Going to catch him in her arms, when GARCIO takes off his plumed cap and bows profoundly: she utters a faint cry, and shrinks back.]

Gar. Lady, I see this doff'd cap hath discover'd
A face less welcome than the one you look'd for.
Pardon a stranger's presence; I've presumed
Thus to intrude, as friend of Ermengard,
Who bade me—

Aur. Bade thee! is he then at hand?

Gar. Ah, would he were!
As we have learn'd, the Knights of bliss'd St. John
Did from the field of dying and of wounded
Many convey, who in their house of charity
All care and solace had: but with the names,
Recorded as within their walls received,

His is not found; therefore we must account him
With those who, shrouded in an unknown fate,
Are as the dead lamented, as the dead,
For ever from our worldly care dismiss'd.

Aur. Lamented he shall be! but from my care
Dismiss'd as are the dead—that is impossible.

Ter. Nay, listen to advice so wise and needful—
It is the friend of Ermengard who says,
Let him within thy mind be as the dead.

Aur. My heart repels the thought: it cannot be.
No, till his corpse, bereft of life, is found,—
Till this is sworn, and proved, and witness'd to me,—
Within my breast he shall be living still.

Ter. Wilt thou yet vainly watch night after night
To guide his bark who never will return?

Aur. Who never will return! And thinkest thou
To bear me down with such presumptuous words?
Heaven makes me strong against thee:
There is a Power above that calms the storm,
Restrains the mighty, gives the dead to life:
I will in humble faith my watch still keep;
Force only shall restrain me.

Gar. Force never shall, thou noble, ardent spirit!
Thy generous confidence would almost tempt me
To think it will be justified.

Aur. Ha! say'st thou so? A blessing rest upon thee
For these most cheering words! Some guardian power
Whispers within thee.—No; we'll not despair.

AUROBA. TERENTIA. VIOLA.

Viol. A rousing light! Good Stephen hath full well
Obey'd your earnest bidding.—Fays and witches
Might round its blaze their midnight revelry
Right fitly keep.

Ter. Ay; thou lov'st wilds and darkness,
And fire and storms, and things unsooth and strange:
This suits thee well. Methinks, in gazing on it,
Thy face a witch-like eagerness assumes.

Viol. I'll be a goblin then, and round it dance.
Did not Aurora say we thus should hold
This nightly vigil? Yea, such were her words.

Aur. They were like bubbles of some mantling
thought,

That now is flat and spiritless and yet,
If thou art so inclined, ask not my leave,
Dance if thou wilt.

Viol. Nay, not alone, sweet sooth!
Witches, themselves, some fiend-like partners find.

Ter. And so may'st thou. Look yonder; near the
flame

A crested figure stands. That is not Stephen.

Aur. [Eagerly] A crested figure! Where? O call to
it!

[BAST. comes forward.]

Ter. 'Tis Bastiani.

Aur. Ay; 'tis Bastiani:
'Tis he, or any one; 'tis ever thus;
So is my fancy mock'd.

Bast. If I offend you, madam, 'tis unwillingly. Stephen has for a while gone to the beach, To help some fishermen, who, as I guess, Against the tide would force their boat to land. He'll soon return; meantime, I did entreat him To let me watch his Beacon. Pardon me; I had not else intruded; though full oft I've clamber'd o'er these cliffs, even at this hour, To see the ocean from its sabled breast The flickering gleam of these bright flames return.

Aur. Make no excuse, I pray thee. I am told By good Terentia thou dost wish me well, Though Ulrick long has been thy friend. I know A wanderer on the seas in early youth Thou wast, and still canst feel for all storm-toss'd On that rude element.

Bast. 'Tis true, fair lady: I have been, ere now, Where such a warning light, sent from the shore, Had saved some precious lives; which makes the task, I now fulfil, more grateful.

Aur. How many leagues from shore may such a light By the benighted mariner be seen?

Bast. Some six or so, he will descry it faintly, Like a small star, or hermit's taper, peering From some caved rock that brows the dreary waste; Or like the lamp of some lone lazar-house, Which through the silent night the traveller spies Upon his doubtful way.

Viol. Fie on such images! Thou shouldst have liken'd it to things more seemly. Thou mightst have said the peasant's evening fire, That from his upland out, through winter's gloom, What time his wife their evening meal prepares, Blinks on the traveller's eye, and cheers his heart; Or signal-torch, that from my lady's bower Tells wandering knights the revels are begun; Or blazing brand, that from the vintage-house O' long October nights, through the still air Looks rousingly.—To have our gallant Beacon Ta'en for a lazar-house!

Bast. Well, maiden, as thou wilt: thy gentle mistresses Of all these things may choose what likes her best, To paint more clearly how her noble fire The distant seamen cheer'd, who bless the while The hand that kindled it.

Aur. Shall I be bless'd— By wandering men returning to their homes? By those from shipwreck saved, again to cheer Their wives, their friends, their kindred? Bless'd by those!

And shall it not a blessing call from Heaven? It will; my heart leaps at the very thought: The seamen's blessing rests upon my head, To charm my wanderer home.—

Heap on more wood: Let it more brightly blaze.—Good Bastiani, Hie to thy task, and we'll assist thee gladly.
2D SEASIDE, VOL. II.

[As they begin to occupy themselves with the fire, the sound of distant voices, singing in harmony, is heard as if ascending the cliff.]

Aur. What may it be?

Viol. The songs of paradise, But that our savage rocks and gloomy night So ill agree with peaceful soothing bliss.

Ter. No blessed spirits in these evil days Hymn, through the stilly darkness, strains of grace.

Aur. Nay, list; it comes again.

[Voices heard nearer.]

Ter. The mingled sound comes nearer, and betrays Voices of mortal men.

Viol. In such sweet harmony! I never heard the like.

Aur. They must be good and holy who can utter Such heavenly sounds.

Bast. I've surely heard before This solemn chorus chanted by the knights, The holy brothers of Jerusalem. It is a carol sung by them full oft, When saved from peril dire of flood or field.

Aur. The Knights of bless'd St. John from Palestine! Alas! why feel I thus? knowing too well They cannot bring the tidings I would hear.

[Chorus rises again very near.]

Viol. List, list! they've gain'd the summit of the cliff:

They are at hand; their voices are distinct; Yea, even the words they sing.

[A solemn song or hymn, sung in harmony, heard within.]

Men preserved from storm and tide,
And fire and battle, raging wide;
What shall subdue our steady faith,
Or of our heads a hair shall sear?
Men preserved, in gladness weeping,
Praise him, who hath alway our souls in holy keeping.

And wheresoe'er in earth or sea
Our spot of rest at last shall be;
Our swords, in many a glorious field,
Surviving heroes still shall wield,
While we our faithful meed are reaping
With him, who hath alway our souls in holy keeping.

Enter SIX KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM in procession, with their followers.

Aur. Speak to them, Bastiani; thou'rt a soldier; Thy mind is more composed.—I pray thee do.

Bast. This lady, noble warriors, greets you all, And offers you such hospitality As this late hour and scanty means afford. Wilt please ye round this blazing fire to rest? After such perilous toiling on the waves, You needs must be forspent.

1st Knight. We thank you, sir, and this most noble dame, Whose Beacon hath from shipwreck saved us. Driven

By adverse winds too near your rocky coast,
 Warn'd by its friendly light, we stood to sea:
 But soon discovering that our crazy bark
 Had sprung a dangerous leak, we took our boat
 And made for shore. The nearest point of land
 Beneath this cliff, with peril imminent,
 By help of some good fishermen we gained;
 And here, in God's good mercy, safe we are
 With grateful hearts.

Aur. We praise that mercy also
 Which hath preserved you.

1st Knight. Lady, take our thanks.
 And may the vessel of that friend beloved,
 For whom you watch, as we have now been told,
 Soon to your shore its welcome freight convey!

Aur. Thanks for the wish; and may its prayers be
 heard!

Renowned men ye are; holy and brave;
 In every field of honour and of arms
 Some of your noble brotherhood are found:
 Perhaps the valiant knights I now behold,
 Did on that luckless day against the Souldan
 With brave De Villeneuve for the cross contend.
 If this be so, you can, perhaps, inform me
 Of one who in the battle fought, whose fate
 Is still unknown.

1st Knight. None of us all, fair dame, so honour'd
 were

As in that field to be, save this young knight.
 Sir Bertram, wherefore, in thy mantle wrapt,
 Stand'st thou so far behind? Speak to him, lady:
 For in that battle he right nobly fought,
 And may, belike, wot of the friend you mention'd.

Aur. [Going up eagerly to the young Knight]
 Didst thou there fight? then surely thou didst know
 The noble Ermingard, who from this tale
 With valiant Conrad went:—
 What fate had he upon that dismal day?

Young Kt. Whate'er his fate in that fell fight might
 be,
 He now is as the dead.

Aur. Is as the dead! ha! then he is not dead:
 He's living still. O tell me—tell me this!
 Say he is still alive; and though he breathe
 In the foul pest-house; and though a wretched wanderer,
 Wounded and maim'd; yea, though his noble form
 With chains and stripes and slavery be disgraced,
 Say he is living still, and I will bless thee.
 Thou know'st—full well thou know'st, but wilt not
 speak.

What means that heavy groan? For love of God,
 Speak to me!

[Tears the mantle from his face, with which he had concealed it.]

My Ermingard! My blessed Ermingard!
 The very living self restored again!
 Dear, dear!—so dear! most dear!—my lost, my found!

NYMPHS.

[Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton, born at Keswick, Cumberland, 1822. She is a daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, and grand-daughter of Bishop Goodenough of Carlisle. She began her literary career when only twenty-three, and speedily established herself as a regular contributor to the principal magazines and reviews. Her works are: *Æsch, the Egyptian; Aymone*, a romance of the days of Pericles; *Realities; Witch Stories; The Lake Country*, illustrated by her husband, Mr. W. J. Linton; *Grasp your Nettle; Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg; Sowing the Wind; Ourself*, essays; and *Patricia Kemball*. The series of remarkable articles in the *Saturday Review* on the "Girl of the Period" and kindred subjects, and the novel entitled *The True History of Joshua Davidson* are attributed to Mrs. Lynn Linton. She writes with rare vigour, sincerity, and humour—a kindly and appreciative nature apparent in all her work. We are permitted to quote the following from the *Saturday Review*.]

Between the time of the raw school-girl and that of the finished young lady is the short season of the nymph, when the physical enjoyment of life is perhaps at its keenest, and a girl is not afraid to use her limbs as nature meant her to use them, nor ashamed to take pleasure in her youth and strength. This is the time when a sharp run down a steep hill, with the chance of a tumble midway, is an exercise by no means objected to; when clambering over gates, stiles, and even crabbed stone walls is not refused because of the undignified display of ankle which the adventure involves; when leaping a ditch comes in as one of the ordinary accidents of a marshland walk; and when the fun of riding is infinitely enhanced if the horse is only half broken or bare-backed. The nymph, an out-of-door, breezy, healthy girl, more after the pattern of the Greek Oread than the Amazon, is found only in the country; and for the most part only in the remoter districts of the country. In the town she degenerates into fastness, according to the law which makes evil merely the misdirection of force, as dirt is only matter in the wrong place. But among the mountains, in the secluded midland villages, or out on the thinly-populated moorland tracts, the nymph may be found in the full perfection of her nature. And a very beautiful kind of nature it is; though it is to be feared that certain ladies of the stricter sort would call her "tomboy," and that those of a still narrower way of thought, unable to distinguish between unconventionality and vulgarity, would hold her to be decidedly vulgar—which she is not—and would wonder at her mother for "letting her go on so." You fall

upon the nymph at all hours and in all seasons. Indeed, she boasts that no weather ever keeps her indoors, and prefers a little roughness of the elements to anything too luscious or sentimental. A fresh wind, a sharp frost, a blinding fall of snow, or a pelting shower of rain are all high jinks to the nymph, to whom it is rare fun to come in like a water-dog, dripping from every hair, or shaking the snow in masses from her hat and cloak. She prefers this kind of thing to the most suggestive beauty of the moonlight, or to the fervid heats of summer, and thinks a long walk in the crisp sharp frost, with the leaves crackling under her feet, worth all the nightingales in the wood. And yet she loves the spring and summer too, for the sake of the flowers and the birds and the beasts and the insects they bring forth; for the nymph is almost always a naturalist of the perceptive and self-taught kind, and has a marvellous faculty for finding out nests and rare habitats, and for tracking unusual trails to their hidden homes.

There is no prettier sight among girls than the nymph when thoroughly at her ease, and enjoying herself in her own peculiar way. That wonderful grace of unconsciousness which belongs to savages and animals belongs to her also, and she moves with a supple freedom which affectation or shyness would equally destroy. To see her running down a green field, with the sunlight falling on her, her light dress blown into coloured clouds by the wind, her step a little too long for the correct town-walk, but so firmly planted and yet so light, so swift and so even, her cheeks freshly flushed by exercise, her eyes bright and fearless, her teeth just shown below her lip as she comes forward with a ringing laugh, carrying a young bird which she has just caught, or a sheaf of wild flowers for which she has been perilling her neck, is to see a beautiful and gracious picture which one remembers with pleasure all one's life after. Or you meet her quite alone on a wide bleak moor, with her hat in her hand and her hair blowing across her face, looking for plovers' eggs, or ferns and orchids down in the damp hollows. She is by no means dressed according to the canons of *Le Follet*, and yet she always manages to have something picturesque about her—something that would delight an artist's taste, and that is in perfect harmony with herself and her surroundings, which she wears with a profound ignorance as to how well it suits her, or at least with only an instinctive knowledge that it is the right thing for her. She may be shy as she meets you; if she is passing out of the

nymph state into that of conscious womanhood, she will be shy; but if still a nymph with no disturbing influences at work, she will probably look at you with a fixed, perplexing, half-provoking look of frank curiosity, which you can neither notice nor take advantage of; the trammels of conventional life fettering one side heavily, if not the other. Shocking as it is to say, the nymph may sometimes be met on the top of a hay-cart, and certainly in the hay-field, where she is engaged in scattering the "cocks," if not in raising them, and where even the hay-makers themselves—and they are not a notably romantic race—do not grumble at the extra trouble she gives them, because of her evident delight in her misdeeds. Besides, she has a bright word for them as she passes; for the nymph has democratic tendencies, and is frank and "affable" to all classes alike. She needs to be a little looked after in this direction, not for mischief but for manners; for, if not judiciously checked, she may become in time coarse. There are seamy sides to everything, and the nymph does not escape the general law.

If the nymph condescends to any game at all, it is croquet, at which she is inexorably severe. She knows nothing of the little weakness which makes her elder sisters overlook the patent spooning of the favourite curate, even though he is opposed to them—nothing of the tender favouritism which pushes on an awkward partner by deeds of helping outside the law. The nymph, who has no weakness or tenderness of that kind, knows only the game; and the game has not elastic boundaries. Therefore she is inflexible in her justice to one side and the other. Is it not the game? she says, when reproached with being disagreeable and unamiable. But even croquet is slow to the nymph, who has been known to handle a bat not discreditably, and who is an adept at firing at a mark with real powder and ball. If she lives near a lake, a river, or the sea, she is first-rate at boating, can feather her oar and back water with the skill of a veteran oarsman, and can reef a sail or steer close without the slightest hesitation or nervousness. She is also a famous swimmer, and takes the water like a duck; and at an ordinary summer seaside resort, if by chance she ever profanes herself by showing off there, attracts quite a crowd of beach loungers to watch her feats by the bathing machines. She is a great walker wherever she lives; and, if a mountaineer, is a clever cragwoman, making it a point of honour to go to the top of the most difficult and dangerous mountains in her neighbour-

hood, and coaxing her brothers to let her join them and their friends in expeditions which require both nerve and strength. Her greatest sphere of social glory is a picnic, where she always heads the exploring party, clambering up the rocks of the waterfall, or diving down into the close-smelling caves, or scaling the crumbling walls of the ruin before any one else can come up to her. She is specially happy at old ruins, where she fits in and out among the broken columns, and under the mouldering arches, like a spirit of the place disturbed unduly. Sometimes she climbs up by unseen means, till she reaches a point where it makes one dizzy to see her; and sometimes she startles her company by the sudden bleating of a sheep, or the wild hoot of an owl. For she can imitate the sounds of animals for the most part with wonderful accuracy; though she can also sing simple ballads without music, with sweetness, and correctly. She is fond of all animals, and fears none. She will pass through a field thronged with wild-looking cattle without the least hesitation; and makes friends even with the yelping farm-dogs that come snapping and snarling at her heels. In winter she feeds the wood-birds by flocks, and always takes care that the horses have a handful of corn or a lump of carrot when she goes to see them, and that the cows are the better for her visit by a bunch of lucerne, or a fat fresh cabbage leaf. The home beasts show their pleasure when they hear her fleet footstep on the paved yard; and her favourite pony whinnies to her in a peculiar voice as she passes his stable door. These are her friends, and their love for her is her reward.

In her early days the nymph was notorious for her dilapidated attire, perplexing mother and nurse to mend, or to understand why or how it had come about. But as her favourite hiding-place was in a forked branch midway up an old tree in the shrubbery, or a natural arbour which she had cut out for herself in the very heart of the underwood, it was scarcely to be wondered at if cloth and cotton testified to the severity of her retreats. She has still mysterious rents in her skirts, got no one knows how; and her mother still laments over her aptitude for rags, and wishes she could be brought to see the beauty of unstained apparel. She is given to early rising—to fit indeed of rising at some quite wild hour in the morning, for walks before breakfast, and the like innocent insanities. Sometimes she takes it in hand to educate herself in certain stoicisms, and goes without butter at breakfast, or without breakfast altogether, if she thinks that

thereby she will grow stronger, or less inclined to self-indulgence. For drink she will never touch wine or beer; but she likes new milk, and is great in her capacity for water.

The nymph is almost always of the middle-classes. It is next to impossible, indeed, that she should be found in the higher ranks, where girls are not left to themselves, and where no one lives in far-away country places out of the reach of public opinion, and beyond the range of public overlooking. Some years ago, before the railroads and monster hotels had made the mountain districts like Hampstead or Richmond on a Sunday afternoon, the nymph was to be found in great abundance down in Cumberland and Westmoreland. By the more remote lakes, like Buttermere and Hawes Water, and in the secluded valleys running up from the larger lakes, you would come upon square stuccoed houses, generally abominably ugly, where the nymph was mistress of the situation. She might be met riding about alone in a flapping straw hat, long before hats were fashionable head-gear for women, and in a blue baize skirt for all the riding-habit thought necessary; or she might be encountered on the wild fell sides, or on the mountain heights, or in her boat sculling among the lonely lake islets, or gathering water-lilies in the bays. In the desolate stretch of moorland country to the north of Skiddaw, the whole female population a few years ago was of the nymph kind; but railroads and the penny post, cheap trains, fashion, and fine-ladyism have penetrated even into the heart of the wild mountains, and now the nymph there is only a transitional type—not, as formerly, a fixed class.

The nymph is the very reverse of a flirt. She has no inclination that way, and looks shy and awkward at the men who pay her compliments, or attempt anything like sentimentality. But she is not superior to boys, who are her chosen companions and favourites. A bold, brave boy, who just overtops her in skill and daring, is her delight; but anything over twenty is "awfully old," while forty and sixty are so remote that the lines blur and blend together, and have no distinction. By-and-by the nymph becomes a staid young woman, and marries. If she goes into a close town and has children, very often her vigorous health gives way, and we see her in a few years nervous, emaciated, consumptive, and with a pitiful yearning for "home" more pathetic than all the rest. But if she remains where she is, in the fresh pure air of her native place, she retains her youth and strength long after

the age when ordinary women lose theirs, and her children are celebrated as magnificent specimens of the future generation. We often see in country places matrons of over forty who are still like young women, both in looks and bearing, both in mental innocence and physical power. They have the shy and innocent look of girls; they blush like girls; they know less evil than almost any town-bred girl of eighteen, mothers of stalwart youths though they may be; they can walk, and laugh, and take pleasure in their lives like girls; and their daughters find them as much sisters as mothers. It is not quite the same thing if they do not marry; for among the saddest sights of social life is that terrible fading and withering away of comely, healthy, vigorous young country girls, who slowly pass from nymphs, full of grace and beauty, of happiness and power, to antiquated virgins, soured, useless, debilitated, and out of natura. Of these, too, there are plenty in country places; but perhaps some scheme will be some day set afoot which shall redress the overweighted balance, and bring to the service of the future some of the healthiest and best of our women. Meanwhile the fresh, innocent, breezy nymph is a charming study; and may the time be far distant which shall see her tamed and civilized out of existence altogether.

A-TAE.

A CHINESE LOVE-STORY.

[Edward Greey, born at Sandwich, Kent, 1st December, 1835, served some time in the royal navy, and spent a number of years in China and Japan. He then settled in the United States, where, under the *nom de plume* of Sung-Tie, he has earned considerable reputation by his novels and contributions to the principal magazines. His chief works are: *The Queen's Sailors; Two Kisses; John and I; Church Music Afloat; &c.* The following is taken from *The Queen's Sailors*, a novel which is admirably told in the rollicking spirit of a sailor, and in which the author has turned to good account his experience of Chinese life. The hero of the incident is Jerry Thompson, a bilthe-hearted seaman, who has been captured by Tartar bannermen, has made his escape, and is pursued by two soldiers, Páng and Yung.]

After going a short distance, he (Jerry Thompson) fell in with a party of tea-gatherers, who invited him to join them. As he had no definite plan for the future, he accepted their offer, and, receiving a basket, was soon toiling up the hillside. The business was one which required the labourers to be at work by sunrise, as the kind of tea they were gathering is

not picked when the sun gets too far up. A light fog hung about the hills, and the faces of most of the women were enveloped in wrappers, but as the day broke they took off these cloths, and revealed some very pretty countenances.

Upon their arrival at the plantation to which the party were bound, the leader appointed the pickers and carriers: the former were expert young girls who had been trained to the business from childhood, while the latter consisted of the "dull-heads," or men; and as the sailor was supposed to be a poor Cantonese, and as such could know nothing about picking tea, he was directed to hold the basket for a sprightly girl named A-tae.

Now, it is usual for the girl who picks the finer kinds of tea to be dressed in much better clothes than her basket-holder, and as A-tae was a beauty, and tolerably well-off, she was smartly attired; true, her garments were not very costly, but they were new and jauntily worn. Her dress consisted of two pieces, the usual loose blue trousers and wide-sleeved jacket, her hair being braided in queues which descended to her waist, while her head was protected from the sun by an immensely wide bamboo-hat.

When the overseer directed the sailor to bear her basket she had not cast eyes upon the latter, having been listening to the silly story of a companion, so, thinking it was the usual "dull-head," she waved him to follow her, and turned into one of the rows; then, dexterously grasping a handful of leaves, she cried, "Come here!" and upon his placing the sieve-like basket under her hands, showered the leaves into it with marvellous rapidity. Having exhausted one bush, she was moving towards another, when, catching sight of her attendant, she uttered a little scream, and coquettishly turned away her head. Seeing her agitation, the enamoured basket-holder inquired if she were unwell.

"No! I'm— Come here, you fright!"

The girl worked like lightning, ordering her holder about in a most imperious manner. At last curiosity overcame her, and she demanded the name of her slave.

"I have no name."

"No! How shall I call you then?"

"Call me Să" (ugly of the sort).

"Oh no! oh no! that would be cruel."

"Call me Cha-tê" (a mean fellow).

"No, no, for you are not mean."

"What will you name me, then?" said Jerry, looking as though he could devour her. "What you call me shall be my name."

A-tae trembled as she cast a timorous glance towards her basket-bearer, and replied, "I call you Shō" (beautiful eyes), saying which she laughed, and added, "but surely you will not take that name?"

"I'll call myself anything you choose to name me."

"Then I give you this,—Yung-Yung" (good-humoured face).

"And what may I call you?"

"Me! Don't you know?" said the pretty girl, looking at Yung-Yung in a manner which made his heart bump again. "What! not know my name?"

"I do not. I am a wanderer and a stranger here."

"Poor fellow. Have you no friends?"

"None here. Will you be my friend?"

"You don't know my name, yet ask me to be your friend. Speak lower, and look down while you talk, or the overseer will send some one else with me to-morrow."

"What is your name?"

"A-tae."

After casting his eyes about in order to ascertain if any of the pickers were watching, he bent over the girl, who was very deeply engaged in removing some fine shoots from the lower part of a plant, and when she rose, as her cheek came quite close to his, he kissed it gently, and said,

"A-tae, I love you."

The girl gave a nervous little laugh, then asked him what he meant.

"I want to marry you."

"Where do you come from, Yung-Yung-Shō, that you speak thus? Would I could be given to one like you; but I shall be, like other girls, sent off to slave for some man of my own class, or sold to a mandarin." (It will be perceived that A-tae was, although a Chinese, an advocate for woman's rights.) "Oh, Yung-Yung-Shō, do you think Buddha knows how badly they treat us poor girls?"

"Can't you run away with me?" observed the sailor; "slip off in the night, and go away to a country where the women are thought as much of as the men."

"That's where Buddha is, Yung-Yung-Shō. There we shall be men. I know all about that, and have my T'ieh papers at home. I'm not as stupid as most girls. You are a benevolent man thus to listen to the nonsense of little me. But why do those Yuen-chae (police-runners) point this way? Are you wanted? If so, flee. That way, that way; up among the rocks, and hide in the caves."

Jerry had little time to say farewell, as he

noticed the two soldiers [Corporal Pāng and Yung], accompanied by police-runners, making towards him; so, after bestowing a fervent kiss upon the lips of the astonished A-tae, he sprang over the tea-plants, and sped away like the wind. The poor girl sunk upon the ground, cried, and wrung her hands like one demented. Her companions gathered round, and finding she was in trouble, prevailed upon her to go home. Meanwhile the soldiers and their party chased the agile sailor, running until they got out of breath; and when they last spied him he was darting into a wood, which was set apart for the use of Buddhist priests, and where they felt sure of bagging him during the course of the day.

A-tae walked home like one in a dream, and was questioned by her mother, who anxiously inquired if she had "seen a spirit," she looked so scared and pale. She had seen one, the recollection of whom would never again be absent from her mind. She was in love, had been spoken too by a being, one of the opposite sex, who neither commanded nor treated her like an inferior animal. Was it not a dream? Was he not one of those genii who, assuming the appearance of gods, use their fatal beauty to destroy all whom they fell in with? What could he be?

Poor little girl! She was sorely tried; so taking a few sticks of incense, she burned them before the picture of the Kitchen god, in order if possible to get him on her side. But she didn't tell her mother about Yung-Yung-Shō.

Towards the evening she became very ill; and by night her anxious parents sent for a doctor, who, after writing a prescription, submitted it to them.

"How much will it cost?" demanded the father.

"Two hundred cash," gravely replied the man of physic.

"Can't you do it a little cheaper? we are poor people."

"I don't think I can. Let me see. I can leave out the dried rats' tails—they are costly—and the alligators' blood may be omitted. Well, say one hundred cash."

The mother was a clever woman, and didn't believe in the doctor's nostrums, so she demanded how much the gentleman wanted for the prescription.

"Fifty cash."

"Pay him and let him go, my lord," she observed to her husband, who thereupon handed over the cash, and the doctor departed. When he was out of sight the old woman nodded

shrewdly towards her husband, as much as to infer, "trust me for being smart," then having prostrated herself before the picture of the Kitchen god, gravely burned the prescription, and pouring some warm tea upon the ashes, carried the drink to her daughter, and compelled her to swallow it, saying soothingly, "You'll be all right to-morrow."

"Oh, my heart, my heart," moaned the poor little girl.

"Oh, it is not your heart, A-tae, it's your brain that has become oiled by the sun. You'll be all right now, as it will congeal again;" and having delivered herself of this very Chinese opinion, the old lady withdrew, leaving the poor child to combat a disease as old as the hills, and for which there has never been but one cure since the world began. Nothing but the possession of the loved one will satisfy the poor souls, who, like A-tae, suffer from this awful affliction. No doctor can cure them,—possibly the priest may,—but not the man of medicine.

When the girl's mother saw her husband the latter did not ask how fared his darling A-tae. She was but a girl, and her death would not cause him to shed a tear, but the mother made up her mind to one thing, as she informed her help. "If that girl gets a little better, I'll take her to Nan-woo," a very sanctified Buddhist bonze, who lived in a hole in a rock situated in the Buddhist grove, distant about eight li from her house. But A-tae became worse, so they bled her. This took away what little strength she had left, and the gossips said she would soon salute heaven. Upon the afternoon of the fifth day some of the women round her bed were speaking about the hunt after the stranger who had been working with A-tae upon the day she was taken sick, and after observing that "he must have bewitched the child," they mentioned something which had a wonderful effect upon the girl, and which caused her to rally from that moment.

Jerry, having distanced his pursuers, determined to search for the caves of which A-tae had spoken. . . .

It was a smart chase, as the runners knew every inch of the ground; and after having sighted him several times, but to lose him again the next moment, one of them saw him disappear up a sort of ravine, from which they were certain he could not escape.

"It is the retreat of Nan-woo, a very holy bonze, and he is as safe in that hole as a rat is in a bottle," observed one of the police.

"He is a wizard, and will fly out if all other

means fail him. Oh, I know we shan't catch him," grumbled Yung.

"How can we fail, your excellency?" replied one of the attendants. "That path leads to a high rock, in which is a small hole, where Nan-woo entered fifty years ago. On each side of the path is a precipitous rock, which no man can climb; therefore your foreign devil, upon finding the path leads to *nowhere*, will retrace his steps. Let us, therefore, crouch down upon either side of the rocks at the entrance, place a cord across the pathway, await his return, and when he arrives we will lift the line, and trip him up."

"Capital, capital!" cried the soldiers. Thereupon the party divided, and crouching down behind the gigantic boulders which lay beside the entrance to the gulch, string in hand, awaited the return of the sailor. They calculated he would possibly have a little chat with the bonze, then, finding there was no other outlet, would fall into their hands, and be captured without difficulty. Every now and then some noise, probably caused by rabbits, would make them start and clutch their line, but after waiting a considerable time, hunger reminded them that they had started upon the expedition without taking breakfast, and they determined to proceed up the ravine, and boldly bring the "eccentric one to bay."

Having explored nearly the entire length of the place, they turned a bend in the pathway, and found themselves before the retreat of Nan-woo; but where was the sailor?

"I expect he is in there along with the bonze," whispered Yung.

"Boosh! How could he get in there? Why, it is five feet from the ground, and the hole is too small."

"Ask the hermit if he has seen a man?" put in one of the runners.

Upon this Päng, who did not believe in Buddhism, and consequently had little respect for its bonzes, advanced to the opening, and rapping his sword-handle against the screen, demanded if the old gentleman inside had seen a fellow trying to climb up the rocks which surrounded his cell.

Fumbling at the slab of limestone which formed the screen before the entrance or pigeon-hole of his cell, repeating as he did so the words "o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh," the old bonze at last succeeded in pushing the panel into a hole cut out for its reception in the side of the rock, and then asked the soldier what he wanted, upon which the latter repeated his question.

The old bonze looked at his interrogator for

some moments; at length appearing to understand him, replied, "My son, since first I entered this abode, these eyes have never beheld a man attempt to scale those rocks—o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh."

"Come along, Päng; he's cracked. Let us seek the fellow in some other place; or, better still, we will return, or join the first party of rebels we come across, as it will never do for us to go back to our native town and say we have lost him."

After a strict search they gave the matter up, and dismissing the police-runners, proceeded to the nearest rebel town, where they were received with open arms by Ma-chow-wang, who commanded the insurgents in that district.

When the sailor entered the ravine, he imagined it had another outlet, but upon discovering the small oven-like opening in the rock at the end (the same being open at the time), he, taking it for the entrance to a burial-vault, after running to give himself impetus, sprang up, clutched the ledge with his hands, then forcing in his head and shoulders, wriggled through, and dropped upon the floor.

Nan-woo was slumbering, but in his sleep repeating the words "o-mi-tu-fuh;" upon which Jerry shook him, then prostrated himself, and, to the best of his ability, repeated the same words to the astonished bonze, who looked at him with horror, and quaveringly demanded who he was.

"Oh, my tooth full! oh, my tooth full!" ejaculated the prostrate sailor. However, at length he got up, and, in his best Chinese, prayed the bonze would save his life, and hide him from his enemies.

Nan-woo was a merciful man, and as he had long desired an assistant, or disciple, agreed to shelter the fugitive. Having instructed him to hold his tongue, the old bonze took his position behind the screen, and awaited the arrival of the soldiers; how he got rid of them has been described.

When night came the bonze lit a lamp, and Thompson had an opportunity of seeing what his quarters were like. The cell was an irregular apartment, cut out of the solid limestone rock. There was no furniture, but an old mat, while a water-jar, and an earthen chatty, containing a few handfuls of dry rice, were the only kitchen articles the bonze possessed.

Jerry surveyed the latter for a few moments, then asked if that was what he lived on? upon which the old man nodded, and taking a handful of rice, threw a few grains into his mouth, then drank a sup of water.

"Well," exclaimed the sailor in his native language, "here's a go. I've been and signed articles to a toad in a hole, and got to live in a box office, on dry rice and water."

Their frugal meal having been partaken of, the bonze chin-chinned his disciple, and with the assurance that no man would dare come up the gully at night (as he had declared it was haunted), the old gentleman dropped down upon his knees, and o-mi-tu-fuh'd at such a rate that Jerry set it to music, and joined in a sort of chorus.

"I wonder what the deuce it means? I used to hear poor Jow a-saying of it. Oh my tooth full (stretching himself, and yawning); don't I wish I had a toothful of grog."

When the sailor awoke the next morning he found the old bonze still at it,— "o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh!" and he kept it up all day, repeating the words in a mechanical sort of manner, which at times greatly irritated his companion.

About ten o'clock a woman came, and asked what she should do to obtain luck.

"Bring a dish of boiled rice and some tea, and place them in the road before my cell, as an offering to the evil spirits. Do this daily for a week."

When she had departed another arrived, and the sailor amused himself, and improved his knowledge of the language, by listening to their wants. At last one came whose story caused the man to be all ears. It was A-tae's mother, who thus detailed her daughter's symptoms.

"She has devils in her brain, who speak for her, and I fear she will die."

Nan-woo, who had great faith in a youthful constitution, gave the afflicted mother two slips of bamboo, upon one of which was written, "Decline present benefit, and receive greater reward in future;" while the other ran as follows: "Ten thousand devils are not as tormenting as a bad heart."

A-tae's mamma read these, and accepted them as the words of an oracle, of course torturing their meaning to suit her daughter's case.

"When A-tae gets well, what shall she do?"

"Bring me every morning, for one month, a basket of fruit and some young tea, then I will assure her perfect health."

Jerry gave a sigh of relief. "I'll see her again somehow," he thought.

It was a few days after this that the gossips were chatting around A-tae's mat, and what they said was this: "Oh, Mrs. So-and-so, have you heard the news? You remember how two soldiers hunted the man who frightened this

poor child so? Well, they chased him to Nan-woo's hermitage, and the bonze told them that as soon as the thing saw him, it burst into a flame and vanished."

"Did you ever?" cried one gossip.

"Bless us!" said another.

And little A-tae winked behind their backs.

"Oh, splendid Yung-Yung-Shō, I shall see you again, my lord, my emperor, my deity. I shall live if I can only look upon you now and then. We will be like the Neih, who enjoy sublime love by merely glancing at each other. O dazzling Shō! You shall be my god, and I will burn incense to you day and night. My whole frame thrills with exquisite delight when I hear your voice. My eyes light up like lamps at night when I view you, Shō. Oh, my absorbing god, never look coldly upon A-tae. You will always speak gently to me, will you not? Always be so kind and tender to your little A-tae, who loves you from your queue to your shoes." Thus apostrophized the happy girl, and it was no wonder old Nan-woo's charms worked, for Cupid was directing them; and as musk overpowers every other odour, so, beside love, all pleasures in this life are utterly dwarfed and lost. 'Twas love nearly caused the death of A-tae, and the same potent spell restored her to life and hope.

"Now, whether you like it or not, you shall visit Nan-woo next week," observed the girl's mother.

"I'll try," dutifully replied A-tae. "I'll go, mother, even if it kills me. I'd rather die than displease my parents." Cunning little A-tae!

Little A-tae improved wonderfully in health, and within five days after her mother's visit to Nan-woo announced that she was ready to set out for the sacred grove. Her parent did not content herself with sending only some fruit and tea, but added sweetmeats and sundry delicacies, including a little rock-salt, which she packed in a neat bamboo basket, and gave her daughter, with many minute instructions as to her deportment.

It was a lovely autumnal day; and as the girl bent her steps towards the hill she mechanically sang a very old Chinese ditty called "The life of a leaf," while her thoughts, wandering more fleetly on, were already with her beloved Yung-Yung-Shō. Strange to say, after the first few stanzas she altered the words in a manner which would have puzzled any Celestial who overheard her. The original song ran as follows:—

"Of the young bud, covered with down,
Soft as the breath of a zephyr,

Unfolding to the sun, a leaf appears,
Tender as the cheek of an infant.
At first thin, delicate, transparent,
Developing quickly, veined like the hand of a maiden,
From first to last always beautiful.
After reclining in the light of the golden sun,
And coquetting with the silver moon
For many days,
The early (eager, forward) frost kisses it gently,
Gemming it with beauty.
It blushes at the embrace;
Emboldened, the touch is repeated,
When lo, the ruddy colour flies, and
The leaf, pale and trembling,
Drops upon the bosom of the earth."

That was what she should have sung, but she altered it in this manner, for after uttering the words,

"From first to last always beautiful,"

pouring her heart out in melody, she sang,

"Oh! charming Yung-Yung-Shō,
By day my sun, by night my moon,
Always thus to remain.
I cannot forget the gentle embrace
You gave me in the tea-field.
My face burns with happiness,
But you will never repeat it?
Oh! will you?
Soon again I shall behold the bright light of your
eyes!
Ah me! then pale and trembling
Shall I sink upon the earth,
And die of very happiness."

As she sang this her eyes sparkled, and a smile illuminated her face. Was she not going to meet her true love, her own Yung-Yung-Shō? Under those circumstances even a plain girl would have looked charming, and little A-tae appeared happy as a bird and bright as a diamond.

The girl proceeded at a brisk rate until she came to the entrance of the ravine, upon which she stopped and tormented herself with surmises. "He has fled. He was killed, for my mother did not mention him. I am devoured with affliction; I must go back," she thought, but after a while summoned courage, and walking up the pathway, found herself before the hole in the wall.

"Ahem!" said a voice, which she knew did not belong to Nan-woo.

A-tae blushed, cast down her eyes, and lifting the tribute basket placed it gently upon the ledge, but was too much agitated to speak.

"Ahem!" repeated the person inside.

"Shō," timidly whispered the girl, still looking at the ground; and ere she could raise her eyes the stone screen was pushed back, and

Jerry, thrusting forth his arms, seized her, and lifting her up, imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

"O Shō, don't."

"You beauty, how I have longed to see you!" whispered the happy fellow. Of course his Chinese was not perfect by a long way, but he managed to make her understand, and what he could not utter with his tongue he expressed with his eyes, his only drawback being his inability to kiss her often, as the operation was not only awkward, but absolutely dangerous. After a delicious half-hour, during which he told her that she was the most beautiful woman in the world at least twenty times, she asked for Nan-woo.

"Oh, he's asleep."

"Wake him. Good-bye. I'll come again to-morrow, my lord," said she, kissing her hand in imitation of her lover; then, assuming a demure expression of countenance, awaited the awakening of the bonze.

After shaking the old gentleman until he began to fear he would dislocate his neck, the sailor succeeded in getting Nan-woo to open one eye, and to slowly utter "o-mi-tu-fuh," upon which the deputy bonze repeated the irritation until he got through a good many "o-mi-tu-fuh's;" then he informed him that a person wanted him, and added in English, "If I ketch you a winkin' at her I'll stop your rice, so mind." Not that the bonze was likely to be guilty of such a breach of discipline, but the sailor was so love-stricken, that he would have quarrelled with A-tae's shadow from very jealousy.

After receiving the offering, Nan-woo glanced at the girl, and observed, "Bring another to-morrow; go, you are better;" then squatting upon his mat recommenced his "o-mi—" refrain, assisted in the performance by his deputy, who growled out a deep bass, whistled, or sang a falsetto accompaniment as the whim took him. Not that it mattered to the bonze what he did, provided he kept within the cell, as after Jerry had been with him a week, except when spoken too, he took no more notice of his disciple than he would of a tame kitten.

One of the police-runners was related to A-tae's family; and being a cool, calculating scamp, who did not believe in the supernatural, could not make out how it was that Jerry had left the ravine. Knowing he would receive a large reward if he captured him, he communicated his suspicions to A-tae's brother, a rowdy named Hew-chaou, upon which they determined to keep an eye upon the Buddhist grove, particularly about the ravine; and as winter

had set in, they searched diligently for foot-prints in the snow.

The girl returned every day, and upon some occasions had the inexpressible happiness of speaking to her lover, when one morning, to her astonishment, she found Jerry out of the cell, and waiting for her at the entrance of the ravine.

"Oh, my lord! O Shō! Hie thee back. If they see you we are lost."

"Nonsense. I've been cooped up long enough, and mean to have a cruise. I can't stand it any longer; besides, Nan-woo's asleep—he spends half his time so now; I think he won't live long. But what makes you look so pale?"

"My lord Shō, for ten days, in fact, since the snow first fell, I have been watched by two men,—one is my brother Hew-chaou, and the other the police-runner who hunted you. Oh, do not expose yourself to these wolves. My brother is a bad man, and would sell your head for a sapeck, and the runner is a tiger."

"I don't fear them, A-tae, but I'm getting lonely and am half-starved. Will you leave this place and go with me?"

"I can't," she sobbed.

"Why not?"

"We should not get ten li before they would track us. Then what would become of you, my lord Shō?"

They had walked up the ravine, and were now just outside the cell, when suddenly the head of the old bonze protruded from the hole, his eyes wide open with astonishment and terror.

"O-mi— come in, you fool! o-mi-tu-fuh, you blind idiot, come in!" saying which he threw his arms about, and behaved in such a ridiculously frantic manner, that out of compassion Jerry kissed A-tae, and wriggled through the hole into the cell.

Nan-woo was a very proper old man, and the sailor's proceedings quite scandalized him, but after a few hours he relapsed into his vegetable state, and things went on as before. One night in the depth of winter the deputy was awakened by the moans of the old fellow, and hastened to his assistance, but after having made him some tea, he retired again to his mat, imagining the malady allayed by the warm drink. However, when day broke he found his senior would soon repeat his last "o-mi," as he was going fast. Thinking the case required religious consolation, he did his best under the circumstances, and as, with all his faults, Thompson was not without some sort of religion, he managed to remember a

prayer or two, which he repeated to the dying bonze, winding up by way of a hymn with

"How doth the little busy bee,"¹

repeated slowly. Nan-woo looked at him with a stony expression of countenance, and about eleven A.M., after a faint struggle, with a half-uttered "o-mi-t—" upon his lips, the old bonze breathed his last, "saluting heaven" from the arms of his sorrowing companion.

"Here's a fix. On a lee shore, skipper gone, and nothing but breakers all round. Well, poor old buffer, you saved my life and put up with me, and now you're gone, I'll bury you decently," saying which he pushed the body through the hole, and having taken it out of the ravine succeeded in burying it in a snow-drift, where the mortal remains were found in the spring, and interred by a brother bonze.

After the death of Nan-woo the sailor set to work and pulled down the rocks which had been piled up in front of the cell fifty years before, when the old bonze entered it, the occupation tending to keep his blood in circulation, and preventing him from thinking of his loneliness. He knew none of the old women who frequented the place in fine weather would be likely to visit him then, and it was not until his companion had been dead a week that A-tae again made her appearance. Before the snowy weather set in the girl had managed to bring him several articles of warm clothing, and a number of bundles of rice-straw, which he formed into a bed, so his situation was not quite so forlorn as might have been imagined, his great trouble being a fear of starvation; and when A-tae came pattering up the path he gave a cheer, and rushing out caught her in his embrace.

"Please, Shō!—my lord—don't!"

"I'm so glad to see you; you can't tell how lonely I have been. The old man is dead, and, but for you, I would have left and risked capture."

"Hist! Did you hear a noise?"

"Nonsense! It is your imagination."

"I fear my brother has followed me. He is very suspicious, and wanted my mother to prevent my coming, but I said I must, or I should never have any luck. Hist!—I hear it again; 'tis some one moving. Let us hide."

"Who would hurt you?"

"My brother would kill me if he found me with you. I know his passionate nature."

"Stay here until night falls, and then we

will dress in the old bonze's clothes, and leave the place. In his winter hoods no one will be able to know who we are, and once at Hang-Chow, there are a thousand chances to reach the sea, where I can ship in a junk, and take you as my wife."

After much persuasion the girl agreed to remain with him, observing that death would be preferable to such misery as they had endured for the last few days.

The words had hardly passed her lips before her brother suddenly sprang from behind a rock, and, drawing a short sword, plunged it into her body.

With a cry like that of a wounded tiger, the sailor jumped at Hew-chaou, and seizing the sword, delivered cut after cut until the rowdy was covered with wounds. After a desperate struggle, during which both fought like demons, the Chinaman, in endeavouring to pick up a stone, received a blow upon the nape of the neck, which stretched him dead. Seeing this Thompson gently lifted up the body of A-tae, and carrying it into the cell, endeavoured to bring her back to life. When she became conscious he asked her where she was wounded, upon which she motioned to her side, and again closed her eyes as if in great pain.

"Poor little thing—my curse on the brute who did it. How could any one with a heart do such a cruel deed?" he observed in English. Then added in her language, "Fear not, A-tae, you will soon be well."

The girl opened her eyes upon hearing his voice, and smiling faintly, begged him not to sorrow for her, she was so happy resting in his arms.

Thompson gazed upon the loving face, but in spite of vain endeavours to restrain his emotion, his lips quivered, and big tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Don't weep, Yung-Yung-Shō."

"God—help—me. I deserve to lose you, as a punishment for my sins."

"Speak my own language."

"A-tae, my heart is broken, and would I were in your place. I have not loved you as I should. I am not worthy of such love as yours, you pure lily."

Upon hearing this the poor girl lifted her head, laid her cheek upon his, and kissing him gently, said, "Yung-Yung-Shō, I'm—so—happy!" then dropped upon his shoulder, and giving him a look of ineffable love, closed her eyes, and in a short time all her earthly troubles were over.

When he found that she was dead he clasped her to his heart, and lavished the most endear-

¹ Very inappropriate at the death bed of a Buddhist bonze.

ing epithets upon her—"Open your eyes once more! O darling A-tae! Look at me again! Your heart still beats." But the light of the beautiful eyes was dimmed for ever, and the loving little heart would never beat for him again. All day he held her in his arms, and when evening came he lit a lamp—which had been her present—and watched her body through the long winter night. At times, fancying she smiled at him, he would bend over her and listen—but to hear the beating of his own heart,—then he would gently kiss her lips, and resume his lonely watch.

There, in the presence of a woman who had shown by her every action how tenderly and dearly she had loved him, the sailor looked back upon his past life, and contrasted the conduct of the girl before him with that of his former loves. "None of them were half as good as she," he thought, and he vowed henceforth to shun the society of the opposite sex.

At daybreak he took her once more in his arms, and buried her in the snow near the entrance of the ravine, taking care to arch stones over her in such a manner that no wild animal could get at the body. The snow was falling fast when he did this, and in a short time the tumulus was completely hidden with a veil of spotless purity; then he returned to the hermitage, and having dressed in the winter suit of the bonze, left the ravine. As he passed the place where his lost love lay so silent, he knelt reverently and prayed that she might be in a happier state where she would never have a sorrow; then, with a heavy heart, he wandered forth, going he cared not whither.

HOME, WOUNDED.

[Sydney Dobell, born at Peckham Rye, London, 1824. Under the pseudonym of Sydney Yendys he gained a distinguished place amongst modern poets. His chief works are: *The Roman; Balder*, of which a critic in *Fraser's Magazine* said, "Genius is unmistakably present in every page;" and *England in Time of War*—from which we quote. He also wrote in conjunction with the late Alexander Smith, *Sonnets of the War*, and he has published a pamphlet on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Although suffering from the effects of a serious accident he met with amongst the ruins of Pozzuoli, he produced, in 1871, *England's Day*, which is regarded as one of his most powerful lyrics.]

Wheel me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it for ever.
Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odours round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thicket hazels of the brake
Perchance some nightingale doth shake
His feathers, and the air is full of song;
In those old days when I was young and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,
And find him singing on the self-same bough
(I know it even now)
Where, since the flit of bat,
In ceaseless voice he sat,
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Beneath the vernal moon;
And while I listed long,
Day rose, and still he sang,
And all his stanchless song,
As something falling unaware,
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang—
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.
Is it too early? I hope not.
But wheel me to the ancient oak,
On this side of the meadow;
Let me hear the ravens croak
Loosened to an amorous note
In the hollow shadow.
Let me see the winter snake
Thawing all his frozen rings
On the bank where the wren sings.
Let me hear the little bell,
Where the red-wing, top-mast high,
Looks toward the northern sky,
And jangles his farewell.
Let us rest by the ancient oak,
And see his net of shadow,

His net of barren shadow,
Like those wrestlers' nets of old,
Hold the winter dead and cold,
Hoary winter, white and cold,
While all is green in the meadow.

And when you've rested, brother mine,
Take me over the meadow;
Take me along the level crown
Of the bare and silent down,
And stop by the ruined tower.
On its green scarp, by and by,
I shall smell the flowering thyme,
On its wall the wall-flower.
In the tower there used to be
A solitary tree.
Take me there, for the dear sake
Of those old days wherein I loved to lie
And pull the mellote,
And look across the valley to the sky,
And hear the joy that filled the warm wide hour
Bubble from the thrush's throat,
As into a shining mere
Rills some rillet trebling clear,
And speaks the silent silver of the lake.
There mid cloistering tree-roots, year by year,
The hen-thrush sat, and he, her lief and dear,
Among the boughs did make
A ceaseless music of her married time,
And all the ancient stones grew sweet to hear,
And answered him in the unspoken rhyme
Of gracious forms most musical
That tremble on the wall
And trim its age with airy fantasies
That flicker in the sun, and hardly seem
As if to be beheld were all,
And only to our eyes
They rise and fall,
And fall and rise,
Sink down like silence, or a sudden stream
As wind-blown on the wind as streams a wedding-
chime.

But you are wheeling me while I dream,
And we've almost reached the meadow!
You may wheel me fast thro' the sunshine,
You may wheel me fast thro' the shadow,
But wheel me slowly, brother mine,
Thro' the green of the sappy meadow;
For the sun, these days have been so fine,
Must have touched it over with calandine,
And the southern hawthorn, I divine,
Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows
The first primrose,
Under the bare bank roses:
There is but one,
And the bank is brown,
But soon the children will come down,
The ringing children come singing down,

To pick their Easter posies,
And they'll spy it out, my beautiful,
Among the bare brier-roses;
And when I sit here again alone,
The bare brown bank will be blind and dull,
Alas for Easter posies!
But when the din is over and gone,
Like an eye that opens after pain,
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
Like a fair star after a gust of rain
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain
Hath shaken darkness down the lane
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
And it will blow here for two months more,
And it will blow here again next year,
And the year past that, and the year beyond;
And thro' all the years till my years are o'er
I shall always find it here.
Shining across from the bank above,
Shining up from the pond below,
Ere a water-fly wimple the silent pond,
Or the first green weed appear.
And I shall sit here under the tree,
And as each slow bud uncloses,
I shall see it brighten and brighten to me,
From among the leafing brier-roses,
The leaning leafing roses,
As at eve the leafing shadows grow,
And the star of light and love
Draweth near o'er her airy glades,
Draweth near thro' her heavenly shades,
As a maid thro' a myrtle grove.
And the flowers will multiply,
As the stars come blossoming over the sky,
The bank will blossom, the waters blow,
Till the singing children hitherward hie
To gather May-day posies;
And the bank will be bare wherever they go,
As dawn, the primrose-girl, goes by,
And alas for heaven's primroses!

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,
To sit here feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,
And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
"Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
And there'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,
I see the Aprils one after one,
Primrosed Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—
New years of fresh primroses,

Years of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each thro' each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

Oh to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done for ever,
And the palpitating fever
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thou-
sand pains
Cooled at once by that blood-let
Upon the parapet;
And all the tedious tasked toil of the difficult long en-
deavour
Solved and quit by no more fine
Than these limbs of mine,
Spanned and measured once for all
By that right hand I lost,
Bought up at so light a cost
As one bloody fall
On the soldier's bed,
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead.
Oh to think my name is crost
From duty's muster-roll;
That I may slumber tho' the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul
Free as a liberated ghost.
Oh to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while—
That fire from which I come, as the dead come

Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Thro' years of segregated care,
And takes the total load
Upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God.

Oh to think, thro' good or ill,
Whatever I am you'll love me still;
Oh to think, tho' dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,
As tho' my head were gray;
And tho' there's little I can say,
Each will look kind with honour while he hears.
And to your loving ears
My thoughts will halt with honourable scars,
And when my dark voice stumbles with the weight
Of what it doth relate
(Like that blind comrade—blinded in the war—
Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),
You'll remember 'tis the same
That cried "Follow me,"
Upon a summer's day;
And I shall understand with unshed tears
This great reverence that I see,
And bless the day—and Thee,
Lord God of victory!

And she,
Perhaps oh even she
May look as she looked when I knew her
In those old days of childish sooth,
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.
I will not seek nor sue her,
For I'm neither fonder nor truer
Than when she alighted my love-lorn youth,
My giftless, graceless, guineless truth,
And I only live to rue her
But I'll never love another,
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
She shall love me yet, my brother!
As a child that holds by his mother,
While his mother speaks his praises,
Holds with eager hands,
And ruddy and silent stands
In the ruddy and silent daisies,
And hears her bless her boy,
And lifts a wondering joy,
So I'll not seek nor sue her,
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,
And I'll stand like a child beside,
And from behind the purple pride
I'll lift my eyes unto her,
And I shall not be denied.
And you will love her, brother dear,
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here
All thro' the balmy April-tide,
And she will trip like spring by my side,

And be all the birds to my ear.
 And here all three we'll sit in the sun,
 And see the Aprils one by one,
 Primroses Aprils on and on,
 Till the floating prospect closes
 In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
 And perhaps, are gleams of Paradise.
 And perhaps, too far for mortal eyes,
 New springs of fresh primroses,
 Springs of earth's primroses,
 Springs to be, and springs for me,
 Of distant dim primroses.

SLIP-SHOD IN LITERATURE.

[David Masson, M.A., LL.D., born in Aberdeen, 2d December, 1822. Professor of rhetoric and English literature in the Edinburgh University, formerly professor of English language and literature in University College, London. He began his literary career at an early age as a contributor to the quarterlies and to the principal magazines, edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, from its commencement, for a number of years. From one of his essays contributed to the latter periodical the following extract is taken. His chief works are: *The Life of John Milton*, narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time; *British Novelists and their Styles: Essays, Biographical and Critical*; *Drummond of Hawthornden*; &c. (Macmillan & Co., publishers). Earnest devotion to his work, freshness, and geniality, distinguish Professor Masson's writings.]

There is the vice of the Slip-shod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs mis-nominative, and the clumsy "whiches" looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated "that" after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slip-shod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. "We are free to confess," "we candidly acknowledge," "will well repay perusal," "we should heartily rejoice," "did space permit," "causes beyond our control," "if we may be allowed the expression," "commence hostilities"—what are

these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the "electric fluid" and the "launched into eternity" of the penny-a-liners, which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters? To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but a kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slip-shod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their style chiefly by public speaking; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, whose every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor? Lord Castlereagh's famous "I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges," is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a waterspout; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiae of the grammarian and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good reader! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed,

usefully enough, between matter and expression, between thought and style; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always thinking a quality very prominently along with an object; if his style is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse.

And so, by extension, all the forms of slip-shod in expression are, in reality, forms of slip-shod in thought. If the syntax halts, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens out in flat expanses, with here and there a tromour as the meaning rises to take breath; if in every sentence we recognize shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively active, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphor arises from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is professedly looked at. All forms of slip-shod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Of every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every jot and tittle of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a strict logic linking thought with thought. The velocity with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teems up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-fluent Shakspeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were

yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at once to the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait we are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides—"those sons of Erectheus always moving with graceful step through a glittering violet ether, where the nine Pierian muses are said to have brought up yellow-haired Harmony as their common child." With others of our great writers it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow choice of a fit percentage, and the concatenation of these with labour and care.

Prevalent as slip-shod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, seventy, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens from the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, have gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical carefulness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron—safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to risk being stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slip-shods. The *great* slip-shods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence about slip-shod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving in among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to his company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist to fell a score of the delicats with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slip-shod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognized as slip-shod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has

appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these:—

"Harley's gilt coach the equal pair attends."

"What earlier school this grand comedian rear'd?
His first essays no crowns less courtly cheer'd.
From learned closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the age."

"All their lore
Illumes one end for which strives all their will;
Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk which art as eloquence admits
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright responsible for England be,
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

"All most brave
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life to start,
When English honour roused his English heart."

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood "Diana of the Ephesians is great," becomes in another, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connection. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, "That is *his* difficulty." But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognized and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended

to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson's lyrics, where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his "Tears, idle tears," or "The splendour falls,"—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson's last volume, with its repetition of the phrase "The Table Round?" Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—"Whereas Mr. Tennyson has written a set of poems on the Round Table of Arthur and his Knights, and whereas he has represented to us that the phrase 'The Round Table,' specifying the central object about which these poems revolve, is a phrase which no force of art can work pleasingly into iambic verse, we, the British nation, considering the peculiarity of the case, and the public benefits likely to accrue from a steady contemplation of the said object, do enact and decree that we will in this instance depart from our usual practice of thinking the species first and then the genus, and will, in accordance with the practice of other times and nations, say 'The Table Round' instead of 'The Round Table' as heretofore." But this is altogether a special enactment.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY DAVID GRAY.

O love, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod;
Whose ministry hath symbolised sweet
The dearer love of God;
The sacred myrtle rears again
Thine altar, as of old;
And what was green with summer then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
Is flushed with fancy's light;
But memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower;
The bud of fifty years ago
Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
 O dream of youth, return;
 And let the light that gleamed of yore
 Beside this altar burn.
 The past is plain; 'twas love designed
 E'en sorrow's iron chain;
 And mercy's shining thread has twined
 With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O Thou who hast
 That younger bridal blest,
 Till the May-morn of love has passed
 To evening's golden west;
 Come to this later Cana, Lord,
 And, at thy touch divine,
 The water of that earlier board
 To-night shall turn to wine.

LONDON CITY.

[Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Charlotte E. D. Cowan), born at Carrickfergus, co. Antrim. Novelist. Her first works were issued under the nom de plume of F. G. Trafford; but since the success of *George Geith of Pen Court*—from which the following is taken—she has used her marital name. *Maxwell Drevitt: Too Much Alone: City and Suburb*; *Phemie Keller*; and *A Life's Assize*, are amongst her most popular novels.]

Thinking of the City as we think of it at the present day, it seems almost incredible that three hundred years since, letters for his Grace the Archbishop of York were forwarded to Tower Hill; whilst but half that period has elapsed since a Countess of Devonshire lived in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate—not in solitude, but surrounded by much gay company—the last lady of rank who clung to the City.

There is no need to look scornful about the matter, most beautiful matron, though you may read this book in a house in Belgravia—for though the City be unfashionable now, no man may ever blot its ancient glory, or its present power and strength, out of the page of history. Not all Pickford's waggons can destroy its romance—not all the ninth of November mummery can efface the recollection of those days when City pageants were symbols of a real power—not all the feet that tramp across Tower Hill can obliterate the mournful histories written on its dust; churches and graveyards, mean courts and narrow alleys, thronged streets and quiet lanes—there is not one of these but repeats its old world tale, of misery and joy, in the ear of the attentive listener. In the dim summer twilight we tread softly through the deserted thoroughfares, feeling that the ground whereon we stand is

hallowed—by human suffering—by human courage—by valour and by woe!

But, after all, it is around the City churches that the most interesting memories of olden time cluster.

What story is there that the old walls will not repeat at our bidding? From St. Paul's down, each has its own monuments, its own records—its own separate portion of the narrative of ancient days. Close by where we are now sitting are some of these old churches, and, from one and another, the soft evening breeze brings whispers of the greatness and the sorrow they contain.

Underneath the high altar of All-Hallows, Barking, lies, crumbling to dust, a heart which knew no such repose in life.¹ In the same church, asleep Surrey the poet, and Bishops Laud and Fisher, who were executed on the adjacent Tower Hill; whilst a little to the north, stands St. Katharine Cree, where in (for him) more prosperous days, Laud and his fat chaplains laid themselves open to the sarcasm of Prynne, whose description of the consecration of that church will be remembered so long as the history of ancient London has any charms for readers. Near to St. Katharine Cree we find St. Andrew Undershaft, which brings with its name thoughts of Spring and May, and garlands and festivity, as well as sadder memories of the great City historian, who, at eighty years of age, begged his bread by royal licence, and whose bones were moved from under his own monument to make way for those of a richer comer.

Close by there is another All-Hallows, besides Barking, where the Princess Elizabeth flew to give thanks for her release from the Tower—attracted thither, so runs the pleasant story, by the joyful ringing of its bells.

Almost within a stone's throw, what a number of churches there are!—St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Catherine Coleman, Aldgate, St. Benet, and St. Dionis Backchurch; whilst just beyond the wicket gate stood St. Gabriel, in the almost forgotten graveyard of which we sit.

Were all the City houses—all the long lines of streets, all the closely-packed warehouses, all the overflowing shops—swept away, the City churches would still form a town of themselves.

Dreaming here, we cannot but marvel what this place was like when both houses and churches were destroyed—when London was one broad sheet of flame, and its inhabitants

¹ Richard Cœur de Lion.

were camped out in the open fields, looking at the ruin which was being wrought.

Do you not wonder what the congregations were thinking about on that Sunday morning when the conflagration began? How many were making up their minds about the removal of their worldly goods—how many thinking of the great and terrible day of the Lord—how many shivering with fear—thought, to quote the Rev. T. Vincent, that into those churches which were in flames “God himself had come down to preach in them as he did in mount Sinai, when the mount burst into fire.”

Doubtless some of those who sleep inside the rusty railings against which we lean, beheld these things—saw the City depopulated by plague, and purified by fire—followed the dead carts—looked down into the pits—hurried from the conflagration—witnessed executions on Tower Hill—attended the theatricals in the churchyard of St. Katharine Cree—and followed royalty, when kings and queens rode in state through the streets.

The very stones in this part of London talk to us eloquently of the past. Under the houses spring the arches of almost forgotten churches—in dim aisles stand stately monuments—in narrow lanes, mansions once occupied by the nobility. The dust of great and good, and notorious, and suffering men, has mingled long ago with the earth on which we tread, and there is scarcely an inch of ground but has some story or tradition connected with it.

If ghosts could return to their former haunts, what a congress should we behold in these old world streets!—Think of Tower Hill! What a regiment of headless men and women would draw up there, and march to Westminster, to meet the spirits of their oppressors! Think if the vaults were unsealed, and the graves opened, and the wrong, and the sin, and the cruelty, and the misery of the past suffered to escape into the night, what a ghastly procession would meet us at every turning!

And, as it is, the ghosts we encounter in fancy, while threading the older parts of London, set us reflecting about the bodies we shall see at the Day of Judgment.

Giving the imagination leave but to peep into the City churchyards—letting it have only a glimpse of that horrid foundation on which Windmill Street and the adjacent thoroughfares stand—suffering it to think of the graves lying deep under the City houses—it is not so difficult to realize what that mighty gathering will be like when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and be judged according to their works.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'n'ing for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you, darling!
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there—
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I'll see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side:
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May
 morn,
 When first you were my bride.

LONGING.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful, as longing?
 The thing we long for, that we are
 For one transcendent moment;
 Before the present, poor and bare,
 Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
 Glows down our wished Ideal;
 And longing moulds in clay what life
 Carves in the marble Real;
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal;
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving;
 We quench it that we may be still
 Content with merely living;
 But would we know that heart's full sloop,
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
 And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
 Good God not only reckons
 The moments when we tread his ways,
 But when the spirit beckons;
 That some slight good is also wrought
 Beyond self-satisfaction,
 When we are simply good in thought,
 Howe'er we fail in action.

HERO-WORSHIP AND ITS DANGERS:

A STORY.

[Charles James Lever, LL.D., born in Dublin, 31st August, 1809; died at Trieste, 1st June, 1872. He was educated at Trinity College and at Göttingen for the medical profession. After taking his degree of M.D., he was appointed medical superintendent of Londonderry, Newtown-limavady, and Coleraine, which post he held during the outbreak of cholera in 1832. He next became physician to the British Legation at Brussels. In 1858 Lord Derby appointed him vice-consul at Spessia; and in 1867 he was removed to Trieste in the same capacity. It was as a novelist that he was distinguished: he is to Ireland, in many respects, what the author of *Waverley* is to Scotland. His numerous works are marked by many traits of rollicking fun, admirable character painting, and large experience of human nature at home and abroad. His most notable productions are: *Con Cragan*; *Harry Lorrequer*; *Charles O'Malley*; *Tom Burke of "Overs"*; *Jack Hinton*; *The O'Donoghue*; *St. Patrick's Eve*; *Roland Cashel*; *The Knight of Gwynne*; *The Dillons*; *The Dodd Family Abroad*; *Arthur O'Leary*; *One of Them*; *Barrington*; *Sir Brook Fossebrooke*; *Luttrell of Arran*; *The Bramleigh of Bishop's Folly*; *Lord Kilgobbin* (his last and one of his best novels); and *Cornelius O'Dowd*, a series of sketches upon men, women, and things in general, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. From the latter work we quote.]

Jean Paul tells us that there never was a nature yet formed without its vein of romance—that the most realistic and commonplace people we have ever met have their moods of romance, and that the cord, however little we may suspect it, runs through the woof of all humanity.

I am not able to affirm that he is right; but certainly a little incident which has just occurred to me leads me to believe that there are cases of the affection in natures and temperaments in which nothing would have led me to suspect them. I need not be told that it is the men who have a most worldly character who are often seen marrying portionless wives; that traits of self-sacrifice and devotion are being continually displayed by cold, ungenial, and, to all seeming, unimpressionable people. What I was not prepared for was to find that hero-worship could find a place in the heart of a hard, money-getting, money-lending fellow, whose ordinary estimate of humanity was based less on what they were than what they had. I own that I had no other clue to the man's nature than that furnished by a few lines of a newspaper advertisement, which set forth his readiness to advance sums from one hundred to five hundred pounds on mere personal security, and at a most

moderate rate of interest. And though the former amounted to obligations, the breach of which would have reduced one to bondage, and the latter varied from eighty to a hundred and thirty per cent., he was so pleasant-looking—so chatty—so genially alive to the difficulties that beset youth—so forgivingly merciful to wasteful habits and ways, that I took to him from the moment I saw him, and signed my four bills for fifty each, and took up my hundred and eighteen pounds off the table with the feeling that at last I had found in an utter stranger that generous trustfulness and liberality I had in vain looked for amongst kindred and relatives.

We had a pint of madeira to seal the bargain. He told me in a whisper it was a priceless vintage. I believe him. On a rough calculation, I think every glass I took of it cost me forty-seven pounds some odd shillings. It is not, however, to speak of this event that I desire here. Mr. Nathan Joel and I ceased after a while to be the dear friends we swore to be over that madeira. The history of those four bills, too complicated to relate, became disagreeable. There were difficulties—there were renewals—there were protests—and there was a writ. Nathan Joel was—no matter what. I got out of his hands after three years by ceding a reversion worth five times my debt, with several white hairs in my whiskers, and a clearer view of gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion than I had ever picked up out of Ecclesiasticus.

A good many years rolled over—years in which I now and then saw mention of Mr. Joel as a plaintiff or an opposing creditor—once or twice as assignee, too. He was evidently thriving. Men were living very fast, smashes were frequent, and one can imagine the coast of Cornwall rather a lucrative spot after a stormy equinox. I came abroad, however, and lost sight of him; a chance mention, perhaps, in a friend's letter, how he had fallen into Joel's hands—that Joel advanced or refused to advance the money—something about cash, was all that I knew of him, till t'other evening the landlord of the little inn near my villa called up to ask if I knew anything of a certain Mr. Nathan Joel, who was then at his inn, without baggage, money, papers, or effects of any kind, but who, on hearing my name, cried out with ecstasy, "Ah! he knows me. You've only to ask Mr. O'Dowd who I am, and he'll satisfy you at once."

"So," thought I, "Joel! the Lord hath delivered thee into my hands, and now, what

sort of vengeance shall I take? Shall I ignore you utterly, and declare that your claim to my acquaintance is a gross and impudent fraud? Shall I tell the innkeeper I disown you?" If this was my first thought, it soon gave way—it was so long since the rascal had injured me, and I had cursed him very often for it since then. It was his nature too; *that* also ought to be borne in mind. When leeches cease sucking they die, and very probably money-lenders wither and dry up when they are not abstracting our precious metals.

"I'll go over and see if it be the man I know," said I, and set off at once towards the inn. As I went along, the innkeeper told me how the stranger had arrived three nights back, faint, weary, and exhausted, saying that the guide refused to accompany him after he entered the valley, and merely pointed out the road and left him. "This much I got out of him," said the landlord, "but he is not inclined to say more, but sits there wringing his hands, and moaning most piteously."

Joel was at the window as I came up, but seeing me he came to the door. "Oh, Mr. O'Dowd," cried he, "befriend me this once, sir. Don't bear malice, nor put your foot on the fallen, sir. Do pity me, sir, I beseech you."

The wretched look of the poor devil pleaded for him far better than his words. He was literally in rags, and such rags, too, as seemed to have once been worn by another, for he had a brown peasant jacket and a pair of goatskin breeches, and a pair of shoes fastened round his ankles with leather thongs.

"So," said I, "you have got tired of small robberies and taken to the wholesale line. When did you become a highwayman?"

"Ah, sir," cried he, "don't be jocose, don't be droll. This is too pitiful a case for laughter."

I composed my features into a semblance of decent gravity, and after a little while induced him to relate his story, which ran thus:

Mr. Joel, it appeared, who, for some thirty years of life had taken a very practical view of humanity, estimating individuals pretty much like scrip, and ascribing to them what value they might bring in the market, had suddenly been seized with a most uncommon fervour for Victor Emmanuel, the first impulse being given by a "good thing he had done in Piedmontese fives," and a rather profitable investment he had once made in the Cavour Canal. In humble gratitude for these successes, he had bought a print of the burly monarch, whose bullet head and bristling moustaches stared fiercely at him from over his fireplace, till by

mere force of daily recurrence, he grew to feel for the stern soldier a sentiment of terror dashed with an intense admiration.

"Talk of Napoleon, sir," he would say, "he's a humbug—an imposition—a wily, tricky, intriguing dodger. If you want a great man—a man that never knew fear—a man that is above all flimsy affectations—a man of the heroic stamp—there he is for you!

"As for Garibaldi, he's not to be compared to him. Garibaldi was an adventurer, and made adventure a career; but here's a king; here's a man who has a throne, who was born in a palace, descended from a long line of royal ancestors, and instead of giving himself up to a life of inglorious ease and self-indulgence, he mounts his horse and heads a regiment, sir. He takes to the field like the humblest soldier in his rank, goes out, thrashes the Austrians, drives them out of Milan, hunts them over the plains of Lombardy, and in seven days raises the five per cents. from fifty-one and a half to eighty-two and a quarter 'for the account.' Show me the equal of that in history, sir. There's not another man in Europe could have done as much for the market."

His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he carried a gold piece of twenty francs, with the king's image, to his watch-chain, and wore small coins with the cross of Savoy in his breast, as shirt-studs. An ardour intense as this is certain to bear its effects. Mr. Joel had often promised himself a trip to the Continent, of which he knew nothing beyond Paris. He took, then, the season of autumn, when the House was up, and money-lending comparatively dull, and came abroad. He told his friends he was going to Vichy; he affected a little gout. It was a disease gentlemen occasionally permitted themselves, and Mr. Joel was a rising man, and liked to follow the lead of persons of condition. Very different, however, was his object; his real aim was to see the great man whose whole life and actions had taken such an intense hold on his imagination. To see him, to gaze on him, to possess himself fully of the actual living traits of the heroic sovereign; and if by any accident, by any happy chance, by any of those turns of capricious fortune which now and then elevate men into a passing greatness, to get speech of him!—this Mr. Joel felt would be an operation more overwhelmingly entrancing than if Spanish bonds were to be paid off in full, or Poyais fives to be quoted at par in the market.

It is not impossible that Mr. Joel believed his admiration for the *Re Galantuomo* gave him a *bona fide* and positive claim on that

monarch's regard. This is a delusion by no means rare: it possesses a large number of people, and influences them in their conduct to much humbler objects of worship than a king on his throne. Sculptors, authors, and painters know something of what I mean, and not uncommonly come to hear how ungraciously they are supposed to have responded to an admiration of which it is possible they never knew, and which it would be very excusable in them if they never valued. The worshipper, in fact, fancies that the incense he sends up as smoke should come back to him in some shape substantial. However this may be, and I am not going to persist further on my reader's attention, Mr. Joel got to imagine that Victor Emmanuel would have felt as racy an enjoyment at meeting with him, as he himself anticipated he might experience in meeting the king. It goes a very long way in our admiration of any one to believe that the individual so admired has a due and just appreciation of ourselves. We start at least with one great predisposing cause of love—an intense belief in the good sense and good taste of the object of our affections.

Fully persuaded, then, that the meeting would be an event of great enjoyment to each, the chief difficulty was to find a "mutual friend," as the slang has it, to bring them into the desired relations.

This was really difficult. Had King Victor Emmanuel been an industrial monarch, given to cereals, or pottery, gutta-percha, cotton, or corrugated iron, something might have been struck out to present him with as pretext for an audience. Was he given to art, or devoted to some especial science?—a bust, a bronze, or a medal might have paved the way to an interview. The king, however, had no such leanings, and whatever his weaknesses, there were none within the sphere of the money-changer's attributions; and as Mr. Joel could not pretend that he knew of a short cut to Venice, or a secret path that led to the Vatican, he had to abandon all hopes of approaching the monarch by the legitimate roads.

See him I must, speak to him I will, were, however, the vows he had registered in his own heart, and he crossed the Alps with this firm resolve, leaving, as other great men before him have done, time and the event to show the way where the goal had been so firmly fixed on.

At Turin he learned the king had just gone to Ancona to open a new line of railroad. He hastened after him, and arrived the day after the celebration to discover that his majesty had left for Brindisi. He followed to Brindisi,

and found the king had only stopped there an hour, and then pursued his journey to Naples. Down to Naples went Mr. Joel at once, but to his intense astonishment, nobody there had heard a word of the king's arrival. They did not, indeed, allege the thing was impossible; but they slyly insinuated that, if his majesty had really come, and had not thought proper to make his arrival matter of notoriety, they, as Italians, Neapolitans *surtout*, knew good manners better than to interfere with a retirement it was their duty to respect. This they said with a sort of half-droll significance that puzzled Mr. Joel much, for he had lived little in Italy, and knew far more about Cramorne than the Casino!

Little dubious sentences, shallow insinuations, half-laughing obscurities, were not weapons to repel such a man as Joel. His mind was too steadfastly intent on its object to be deterred by such petty opposition. He had come to see the king, and see him he would. This same speech he made so frequently, so publicly, and so energetically, that at the various cafés which he frequented, no sooner was he seen to enter than some stranger to him—all were strangers—would usually come up in the most polite manner, and express a courteous hope that he had been successful, and had either dined with his majesty or passed the evening with him. It is needless to say that the general impression was that poor Mr. Joel was a lunatic, but as his form of the malady seemed mild and inoffensive, his case was one entirely for compassion and pity.

A few, however, took a different view. They were of the police, and consequently they regarded the incident professionally. To their eyes, Joel was a Mazzinian, and came out specially to assassinate the king. It is such an obvious thing to the official mind that a man on such an errand would attract every notice to his intentions beforehand, that they not alone decided Joel to be an intended murderer, but they kept a strict record of all the people he accidentally addressed, all the waiters who served, and all the hackney cabmen who drove him, while the telegraphic wires of the whole kingdom vibrated with one name, asking, Who is Joel? trace Joel; send some one to identify Joel. Little poor Joel knew all this time that he had been photographed as he sat eating his oysters, and that scraps of his letters were pasted on a large piece of pasteboard in the Ministry of Police, that his handwriting might be shown under his varied attempts to disguise it.

One evening he sat much later than was his

went at a little open-air café of the St. Lucia quarter. The sky was gloriously starlit, and the air had all the balmy softness of the delicious south. Joel would have enjoyed it and the cool drink before him intensely, if it were not that his disappointed hopes threw a dark shadow over everything, and led him to think of all that his journey had cost him in cash, and all in the foregone opportunities of discounts and usuries.

A frequenter of the café, with whom he had occasionally exchanged greetings, sat at the same table; but they said little to each other, the stranger being evidently one not given to much converse, and rather disposed to the indulgence of his own thoughts in silence.

"Is it not strange," said Joel, after a long pause, "that I must go back without seeing him?"

A half-impatient grunt was all the reply, for the stranger was well weary of Joel and his sorrows.

"One would suppose that he really wanted to keep out of my way, for up to this moment no one can tell me if he be here or not."

Another grunt.

"It is not that I have left anything undone, Heaven knows. There isn't a quarter of the town I have not walked, day and night, and his is not a face to be mistaken; I'd know him at a glance."

"And what in the devil's name do you want with him when you have seen him?" exclaimed the other, angrily. "Do you imagine that a king of Italy has nothing better to do with his time than grant audiences to every idle John Bull whose debts or doctors have sent him over the Alps?" This rude speech was so fiercely delivered, and with a look and tone so palpably provocative, that Joel at once perceived his friend intended to draw him into a quarrel, so he finished off his liquor, took up his hat and cane, and with a polite *felice sera, Signor*, was about to withdraw.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, rising, with a manner at once obsequious and apologetic. "I entreat you to forgive my rude and impatient speech. I was thinking of something else, and forgot myself. Sit down for one moment, and I will try and make you a proper reparation—a reparation you will be satisfied with. You want to see the king, and you desire to speak with him: both can be done with a little courage; and when I say this, I mean rather presence of mind—*aplomb*, as the French say—than anything like intrepidity or daring. Do you possess the quality I speak of?"

"It is my precise gift—the essential feature of my character," cried Joel, in ecstasy.

"This, then, is the way—and mind I tell you this secret on the faith that as an English gentleman you preserve it inviolate—'parole Inglese,' is a proverb with us, and we have reason to believe that it deserves its significance."

Joel swore to observe the bond, and the other continued—

"The king, it is needless to tell you, detests state and ceremonial; he abhors courtly etiquette, and the life of a palace is to him the slavery of the galleys. His real pleasure is the society of a few intimates, whom he treats as equals, and with whom he discourses in the rough dialect of Piedmont, as it is talked in the camp by his soldiers. Even this amount of liberty is, however, sometimes not sufficient for this bold native spirit; he longs for more freedom—for, in fact, that utter absence of all deference, all recognition of his high estate, which followers never can forget; and to arrive at this, he now and then steals out at night and gains the mountains, where, with a couple of dogs and a rifle, he will pass two, three, perhaps four days, sharing the peasant's fare and his couch, eating the coarsest food, and sleeping on straw, with a zest that shows what a veritable type of the medieval baron this Count of Savoy really is, and by what a mistake it is that he belongs to an age where the romance of such a character is an anachronism!

"You may feel well astonished that nobody could tell you where he is—whether here or at Turin, at Bologna, at Florence, or Palermo. The fact is, they don't know; that's the real truth—not one of them knows; all they are aware of is that he is off—away on one of those *escapades* on which it would be as much as life is worth to follow him; and there is La Marmora, and there sits Minghetti, and yonder Della Rovere, not daring to hint a syllable as to the king's absence, nor even to hazard a guess above a whisper as to when he will come back again. Now I can tell you where he is—a mere accident put me in possession of the secret. A *fattore* of my brother's came up yesterday from the Terri di Lavoro, and told how a strange man, large, strong-boned, and none over bland-looking, had been quail-shooting over the Podere for the last two days; he said he was a wonderful shot, but cared nothing about his game, which he gave freely away to any one he met. I made him describe him accurately, and he told me how he wore a tall high-crowned hat—a 'calabrese,'—as they call it—with a short peacock's feather, a brown

jacket all covered with little buttons, leather small-clothes ending above the knees, which were naked, light gaiters half-way up the leg, his gun slung at his back, pistols in his belt, and a *couteau-de-chasse* without a scabbard hung by a string to his waist-belt; he added that he spoke little, and that little in a strange dialect, probably Roman or from the Marche.

"By a few other traits he established the identity of one whose real rank and condition he never had the slightest suspicion of. Now, as the king is still there, and as he told the Paroco of the little village at Catanzaro that he'd send him some game for his Sunday dinner, which he meant to partake of with him, you have only to set out to-night, reach Nola, where, with the aid of a pony and a *carriatella*, you will make your way to Raniglia, after which, three miles of a brisk mountain walk—nothing to an Englishman—you'll arrive at Catanzaro, where there is a little inn. He calls there every evening, coming down the valley from St. Agata, and if you would like to meet him casually, as it were, you have only to set out a little before sunset, and stroll up the gorge; there you'll find him." The stranger went on to instruct Mr. Joel how, he should behave to the distinguished unknown—how, while carefully avoiding all signs of recognition, he should never forget that he was in the presence of one accustomed to the most deferential respect.

"Your manner," said he, "must be an artful blending of easy politeness with a watchful caution against over-familiarity; in fact, try to make him believe that you never suspect his great rank, and at the same time take care that in your own heart you never forget it. Not a very easy thing to do, but the strong will that has sent you so far, will doubtless supply the way to help you further;" and with a few more such friendly counsels he wished Joel success and a good-night, and departed.

Mr. Joel took his place in the "rotondo" of the diligence—no other was vacant—and set off that night in company with two priests, a gendarme, and a captured galley-slave, who was about to show the officers of justice where a companion of his flight had sought concealment. The company ate and drank, smoked villanous tobacco, and sang songs all night, so that when Joel reached Nola he was so overcome with fatigue, headache, and sickness, that he had to take to bed, where the doctor who was sent for bled him twice, and would have done so four or five times more, if the patient, resisting with the little strength left

him, had not put him out of the room and locked the door, only opening it to creep down stairs and escape from Nola for ever. He managed with some difficulty to get a place in a baroccino to Raniglia, and made the journey surrounded with empty wine-flasks, which required extreme care and a very leisurely pace, so that the distance, which was but eighteen miles, occupied nearly as many hours. It took him a full day to recruit at Raniglia, all the more since the rest of the journey must be made on foot.

"I own, sir," said Mr. Joel, whom I now leave to speak for himself, "it was with a heavy heart I arose that morning and thought of what was before me. I had already gone through much fatigue and considerable illness, and I felt that if any mishap should befall me in that wild region, with its wild-looking, semi-savage inhabitants, the world would never hear more of me. It was a sad way to finish a life which had not been altogether unsuccessful, and I believe I shed tears as I fastened on my knapsack and prepared for the road. A pedlar kept me company for two miles, and I tried to induce him to go on the whole way with me to Catanzaro, but he pointed to his pack, and said, 'There are folk up there who help themselves too readily to such wares as I carry. I'd rather visit Catanzaro with an empty pack than a full one.' He was curious to learn what led me to visit the place, and I told him it was to see the fine mountain scenery and the great chestnut and cork woods of which I had heard so much. He only shook his head in reply. I don't know whether he disbelieved me, or whether he meant that the journey would scarce repay the fatigue. I arrived at Catanzaro about three in the afternoon. It was a blazing hot day—the very air seemed to sparkle with the fiery sun's rays, and the village, in regular Italian fashion, was on the very summit of a mountain, around which other mountains of far greater height were grouped in a circle. Every house was shut up, the whole population was in bed, and I had as much difficulty in getting admission to the inn as if I had come at midnight."

I will not trouble my reader to follow Mr. Joel in his description of or comment upon Italian village life, nor ask him to listen to the somewhat lengthy dialogue that took place between him and the priest, a certain Don Lertoro, a most miserable, half-famished fellow, with the worst countenance imaginable, and a vein of ribaldry in his talk that, Mr. Joel declared, the most degraded creature might have been ashamed of.

By an artful turn of the conversation, Joel led the priest to talk of the strangers who occasionally came up to visit the mountain, and at last made bold to ask, as though he had actually seen him, who was the large, strong-boned man, with a rifle slung behind him? he did not look like a native of these parts.

"Where did you meet him?" asked the priest with a furtive look.

"About a mile from this," said Joel; "he was standing on the rock over the bridge as I crossed the torrent."

"Che Bestia!" muttered Don Lertoro, angrily; but whether the compliment was meant for Joel or the unknown did not appear. Unwilling to resume the theme, however, he affected to busy himself about getting some salad for supper, and left Joel to himself.

While Joel sat ruminating, in part pleasantly, over the craft of his own address, and in part dubiously, thinking over Don Lertoro's exclamation, and wondering if the holy man really knew who the stranger was, the priest returned to announce the supper.

By Joel's account, a great game of fence followed the meal, each pushing the other home with very searching inquiries, but Joel candidly declaring that the Don, shrewd as he was, had no chance with him, inasmuch as that, while he completely baffled the other as to what led him there, how long he should remain, and where go to afterwards, he himself ascertained that the large, heavy-boned man with the rifle might usually be met every evening about sunset in the gorge coming down from St. Agata; in fact, there was a little fountain about three miles up the valley which was a favourite spot of his to eat his supper at—"a spot easily found," said the priest, "for there are four cypress-trees at it, and on the rock overhead you'll see a wooden cross, where a man was murdered once."

This scarcely seemed to Joel's mind as a very appetizing element; but he said nothing, and went his way. As the day was drawing to a close, Mr. Joel set out for the fountain. The road, very beautiful and picturesque as it was, was eminently lonely. After leaving the village he never saw a human being; and though the evening was deliciously fine, and the wild flowers at either side scented the air, and a clear rivulet ran along the roadside with a pleasant murmur, there was that in the solitude and the silence, and the tall peaked mountains, lone and grim, that terrified and appalled him. Twice was he so overcome that he almost determined to turn back and abandon the expedition.

Onward, however, he went, encouraging himself by many little flatteries and compliments to his own nature. How bold he was! how original! how unlike other money-lenders! what manifest greatness there must be somewhere in the temperament of one like him, who could thus leave home and country, security, and the watchful supervision of Scotland Yard, to come into the wild mountains of Calabria, just to gratify an intellectual craving! These thoughts carried him over miles of the way, and at last he came in sight of the four cypress-trees; and as he drew nigh, sure enough there was the little wooden cross standing out against the sky; and while he stopped to look at it, a loud voice, so loud as to make him start, shouted out, "Alto là—who are you?"

Mr. Joel looked about him on every side, but no one was to be seen. He crossed the road, and came back again, and for a moment he seemed to doubt whether it was not some trick of his own imagination suggested the cry, when it was repeated still louder; and now his eyes caught sight of a tall, high-crowned hat, rising above the rank grass, on a cliff over the road, the wearer being evidently lying down on the sward. Joel had but time to remove his hat courteously, when the figure sprang to his feet, and revealed the person of an immense man. He looked gigantic on the spot he stood on, and with his stern, flushed features, and enormous mustaches, turned fiercely upwards at the points, recalled to Mr. Joel the well-known print over his chimney-piece at home. "Where are you going?" cried he, sternly.

"Nowhere in particular, sir. Strolling to enjoy my cigar," replied Joel, trembling.

"Wait a moment," said the other, and came clattering down the cliff; his rifle, his pistols, and his ammunition pouches making a terrific uproar as he came.

"You came from Catanzaro—were there any gendarmes there when you left?"

"None, sire: not one," said Joel, who was so overcome by the dignity of the gentleman that he forgot all his intended reserve.

"No lies, no treachery, or, by the precious tears of the Madonna, I'll blow your brains out."

"Your majesty may believe every word I utter in the length and breadth of the Peninsula; you have not a more devoted worshipper."

"Did you see the priest Don Lertoro?"

"Yes, sire; it was he told me where I should find your majesty, at the well, here, under the cypress-trees."

"Scioccone!" cried the stranger; but whether the epithet was meant for Joel or the cure did not appear. A very long and close cross-examination ensued, in which Joel was obliged not merely to explain who he was, whence he came, and what he came for, but to narrate a variety of personal circumstances which at the time it seemed strange his majesty would care to listen to—such as the amount of money he had with him, how much more he had left behind at Naples, how he had no friends in that capital, nor any one like to interest themselves about him if he should get into trouble, or require to be assisted in any way. Apparently the king was satisfied with all his replies, for he finished by inviting him to partake of some supper with him; and, producing a small basket from under the brushwood, he drew forth a couple of fowls, some cheese, and a flask of wine. It was not till he had drunk up three large goblets of the wine that Joel found himself sufficiently courageous to be happy. At last, however, he grew easy, and even familiar, questioning his majesty about the sort of life he led, and asking how it was that he never fell into the hands of briganda.

Nothing could be more genial or good-humoured than the king; he was frankness itself; he owned that his life might possibly be better; that on the whole, his father confessor was obliged to bear a good deal from him; and that all his actions were not in strictest conformity with church discipline.

"You ought to marry again; I am persuaded, sir," said Joel, "it would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't know," said the other, thoughtfully. "I have a matter of seven wives as it is, and I don't want any more."

"Ah! your majesty, I guess what you mean," said Joel, winking; "but that's not what I would suggest. I mean some strong political connection—some alliance with a royal house, Russian or Bavarian, if, indeed, Austrian were not possible."

"On the whole," said Joel, "I found that he didn't much trust any one; he thought ill of Louis Napoleon, and called him some hard names; he was not over-complimentary to the Pope; and as for Garibaldi, he said they had once been thick as thieves, but of late they had seen little of each other, and, for his part, he was not sorry for it. All this time, sir," continued Joel, "his majesty was always fancying something or other that I wore or carried about me; first it was my watch, which I felt much honoured by his deigning to accept; then it was my shirt-studs, then my wrist-

buttons, then my tobacco-pouch, then my pipe, a very fine meerschaum, and at last, to my intense astonishment, my purse, whose contents he actually emptied on the table, and counted out before me, asking me if I had not any more about me, either in notes or bills, for it seemed a small sum for a 'Milordo,' so he called me, to travel with.

"Whatever I had, however, he took it—took every carlino of it—saying, 'There's no getting any change up here—there are no bankers, my dear Signor Joel; but we'll meet at Naples one of these days, and set all these things to rights.'"

"I suppose the wine must have been far stronger than I thought; perhaps, too, drinking it in the open air made it more heady; then the novelty of the situation had its effect—it's not every day that a man sits hob-nobbing with a king. Whatever the reason, I became confused and addled, and my mind wandered. I forgot where I was. I believe I sang something—I am not sure what—and the king sang, and then we both sang together; and at last he whistled with a silver call-whistle that he wore, and he gave me in charge to a fellow—a ragged rascally-looking dog he was—to take me back to Catanzaro; and the scoundrel, instead of doing so, led me off through the mountains for a day and a half, and dropped me at last at Reccone, a miserable village, without tasting food for twelve hours. He made me change clothes with him, too, and take his dirty rags, this goat-skin vest and the rest of it, instead of my new tweed suit; and then, sir, as we parted, he clapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and said, 'Mind me, *amico mio*, you're not to tell the padrone, when you see him, that I took your clothes from you, or he'll put a bullet through me. Mind *that*, or you'll have to settle your scores with one of my brothers.'

"By the padrone you perhaps mean the king," said I, haughtily.

"King, if you like," said he, grinning; 'we call him 'Ninco Nanco:' and now that they've shot Pilone, and taken Stoppa, there's not another brigand in the whole of Italy to compare with him.' Yes, sir, out came the horrid truth. It was Ninco Nanco, the greatest monster in the Abruzzi, I had mistaken for Victor Emmanuel. It was to him I had presented my watch, my photograph, my seal-ring, and my purse with forty-two napoleons. Dirty, ragged, wretched, in tatters, and famished, I crept on from village to village till I reached this place yesterday evening, only beseeching leave to be let lie down and die, for I

don't think I'll ever survive the shame of my misfortune, if my memory should be cruel enough to preserve the details."

"Cheer up, Joel; the king is to review the National Guard to-day. I'll take care that you shall have a good place to see him, and a good dinner afterwards."

"No, sir; I'll not go and look at him. Ninco Nanco has cured me of hero-worship. I'll go back to town and see after the exchanges. The sovereigns that come from the mint are the only ones I mean to deal with from this day forward."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

- I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.
- X. You shall never hear me thunder
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

THE VISION OF DR. DONNE.

[Isaac Walton, born at Stafford, 9th August, 1583; died at Winchester, 15th December, 1683. Some time a hoailer in Fleet Street, London; a royalist, and after the battle of Worcester he rendered good service to Charles II. His works are: *The Compleat Angler*, or *Contemplative Man's Recreation*; and *The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert*; and *Robert Sanderson*. We quote from *The Life of Dr. Donne*.]

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence;" and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer, but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her

hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face, and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account:—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, it proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin and Monica, his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story (1 Sam. xxviii. 14), that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not, I undertake not to determine. And Eliphaz, in the book of Job, says these words (iv. 13-16):

"A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison (Acts xii. 7-10, 13-15), not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader's considering, that when Peter, after his enlargement, knocked at the door of Mary, the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the disciples, who were then and there met together, that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare that, though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's further trouble as to the relation and what concerns it, and will conclude mine with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them:—

"A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

"As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, No:

"So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

"Moving of th' earth, brings harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

"Dull sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

"But we, by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,—
Though I must go,—surendure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

"If we be two? we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.

"And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

"Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun."

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! in light, in darkness too!
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
 Though ne'er—that earliest parting past,—
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
 One purpose hold where'er they fare;
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there!

A LEGEND OF '45.¹

"I was in the nursery at the time, as you can understand; but the chief person of the tale was my father's closest friend, and he was my counsellor in some kittle passes of my life in after days. He never mentioned this business himself; but my father, who knew the particulars brawly, used to tell it to me often, and he bequeathed the story to me as one of his most valuable legacies."

The old man's face brightened, and his voice became firmer as he proceeded.

"You see yon picture, hanging on the left of your mother, Balquherrie?—that was your grandfather, Hugh Outram. You see what a black-a-vice chiel he was, and I can tell you there was a fire in his een whiles that made some folk say he had the gift of second sight. At any rate, he had the pith of a giant in his arms, and the courage of a lion in his heart. He could love—like a mother; he could hate—like a jealous wife. My story is about him.

"He courted Mistress Graham, of Eskbank: he followed her night and day, he was devoted to her body and soul—in fact he was clean crack about her. But she was won by Corbet of Dowiemuir. When that became known, Hugh Outram shut himself up here in Balquherrie, and would have no speech with any living creature for awhile.

"At last my father got speaking with him, and showed him the duties he was neglecting because of a disappointment that could not be helped, but could be easily enough mended. Hugh stepped out of his shell, and took up the work that was appointed for him in seeing after the welfare of those dependent on him. When he was told that Mistress Corbet had

been brought to bed of a daughter, he said, 'Lord, smile on the bairn,' although he never could he brought to say that he forgave Corbet.

"Prince Charlie raised his standard in Glensinnan, and Corbet was the first to place himself under it, with all whom he could influence. Hugh took arms for the Government within a few days after; but my father, who served with him, was satisfied that he decided on this course more because of his hate for the man who had won his lady than because of his regard for the house of Hanover. No doubt he had his thought of meeting him in battle, and once, at the mention of the possibility of it, my father was frightened by the fire that flamed in Hugh's een.

"Be that as it may, he did his duty well and bravely. He would have prevented Cope marching like a stray goose into the north while the rebels were, unchecked, marching on the south, but his word was not heeded at the time. The prince made a brilliant run over the country; and at length the Duke of Cumberland chased him back to Culloden, where the Stuart cause was drowned in blood.

"After the battle there were days and weeks of persistent pursuit of the fugitive rebels. The mercenary troops were pitiless; and men of our own country consented to, or took part in cruelties that will shame the victory so long as the memory of them lasts. But Hugh Outram was disappointed if he had been calculating on coming across Corbet. So far they had not met.

"He had command of a company of Hessians—the most malignant, because the most indifferent, of all the pursuers—and he was in chase of a score of rebels who were making their way to the west. My father had twenty-three lads left of forty whom he had led from Pitnafour, and he was on the same track as his friend. Reports have been received that the scattered fugitives were rendezvousing in Lochaber, with the intention of making a stand yet in defence of the Stuart, in spite of what had happened. The duke was mightily wroth at this, and was not likely to show mercy to those who fell into his hands, still less to those who failed in the discharge of the savage duty intrusted to them.

"As it happened, the companies of Outram and of my father met in Glendhu, within three miles of Dowiemuir. They encamped for the night, and the two friends slept together in a shepherd's shieling. In the cold gray of morning they were aroused by a Hessian, who acquainted them that he had traced a rebel officer to a farm-house, distant only half a mile. They marched instantly on the place, sur-

¹ From *For Lack of Gold*, by Charles Gibbon, author of *Robin Gray*, &c. Henry S. King & Co., Cornhill.

rounded the house, and the search commenced, hot and furious.

"Nobody appeared to offer them opposition, and the house was as quiet as if there were not a living creature in it. The officers remained outside, and soon the fellow who had raised the halloo stepped out of the house carrying a greeting bairn in his arms. After him walked a lady with hair and dress disarranged, and a face white as a fine Holland sheet, but steady as a rock.

"She pleaded with them piteously to spare the life of her bairn, and the soldiers threatened to stick it on the point of their bayonets unless she confessed where the father lay hidden.

"She begged them to spare the child, but would not answer the question.

"The bayonets were fixed, the bairn raised high in the arms of a big rascal as if holding it ready to be impaled.

"Still the woman pleaded, and would not hear the condition on which alone her prayer would be granted.

"They said they would count six, and then proceed to the execution if she did not yield. They began to count, and she did not flinch until she observed Outram, who was grimly watching what passed. Then she trembled to her heels and groaned, sinking on the ground, for she concluded that there was neither pity nor mercy to expect from him for the wife and infant of Corbet of Dowlenuir.

"It was the lady herself Outram was looking at: his enemy and all that was precious to him were at his mercy. No man ever had a fairer opportunity of wreaking a terrible vengeance on his foe, without moving a finger; he had only to remain silent, and he was assured of the utmost retaliation for whatever he might have suffered.

"He turned to my father, who was curious as to what he would do:

"*'You must command here,'* he said, with big sobs in his throat, and turning his back on the scene: *'but save the bairn and spare the woman.'*

"The child was placed on the ground beside its mother, who looked with wide parched eyes at her preserver, recognizing his kindness and yet doubting him. She seemed to have lost the power of moving or speaking; but when she saw the soldiers set fire to the house at the four corners, she started, clutching the bairn to her bosom, trembling and moaning, her blood-shot eyes leaping from her head in fright.

"When she saw the flames spring up to the thatch, and heard the burning joists crackle,

she louped to her feet and walked straight over to Hugh Outram.

"*'Sir,'* she said, *'you were once my friend; it was Heaven's will that I should lose your friendship; but you are a man, and I a woman nigh mad with pain. My husband he lies in there, sick and wounded sore, so that he cannot move, and, without help, must die in the flame. You are his foe, at home and in the field; but sir, he is my husband and the father of my bairn, and—I love him.'*

"Hugh Outram stood glowering at the blaze that was working out his worst spite. The devil bade him stand still; but he looked at the woman's face; he listened to the greeting bairn, and he made answer:

"*'Madam, your husband was my worst foe, but that shall not make me the less your friend. He has taken from me my best hope, but he shall not take from me your respect or my own.'*

"She first stared at him not knowing what he meant to do, and aye the house was burning, and the flames grew bigger.

"He cried to my father—

"*'Turn your face another way, Pitna, that you may not see me. Call off the lads, haste down the glen with them, and I will deliver the traitor to you without fail.'*

"My father guessed what he was meaning, and in pity for the lady did not say a word to the contrary. He called the soldiers together, and making them believe that the rebel had escaped down the glen, led them away in full chase.

"Outram asked the lady where her man was hidden; she feared to answer, for she had heard him promise to deliver the traitor. He pointed to the burning house, saying:

"*'Trust me.'*

"She told him what he required to know, and he marched into the house, the flames hissing at him and scorching his clothes, the beams crackling above him and tumbling about him, the smoke fluffing in his face choking and blinding him. But in spite of flame and smoke, he made his way to the hiding-place of the rebel, and found him lying as though he were already dead. Outram lifted his enemy in his arms, and carried him out from the fiery grave to the place where Mistress Corbet was on her knees, praying God to help and shield her true friend.

"He laid him down on the ground beside her. First she looked at her guidman, and saw that life was in him yet, and next she looked up at her friend, but she could not speak a word. She saw that the hair was nearly burnt off his head, and his left hand was scarred;

so that it bore the mark until the day he died. She tore her gown, and tied a strip of it round his hand. Then she got water from the well and bathed her man's head and face, while the bairn was croodling on his breast.

"Outram got a horse and conveyed them five miles up the glen to a shepherd's bigging near Loch Fey—he was obliged to hold Corbet in the saddle the whole road; and there was no speech passed between them.

"But when he had seen them bestowed in the cot and was going away, the lady lifted up her bairn—a lassie, I ought to have told you—and bade her kiss him. The wee thing put her arms round his neck and cuddled him, and he trembled like a willow wand in a storm. Mistress Corbet stooped down with big tears in her een now and kissed his hand.

"'God will bless you, sir,' was all that she could say.

"He went and looked at Corbet where he lay, helpless and insensible, but beginning to breathe in a natural way.

"'He will live,' said Outram, stepping to the door, 'and I hope you will be happy. Think on me whiles; I am paying a high price for a kind place in your memory—and I am content.'

"She did not understand then how high the price was that he was prepared to pay; but afterwards she heard it all from my father.

"To him Outram went as fast as he could, and found him at the place where they had camped during the night.

"'I promised to deliver the traitor to you, Pitna,' he said, as quietly as though there was

nothing out of the ordinary in what he was doing, 'and I keep faith with you. I am he—there is my sword.'

"He laid the sword down, and my father took it up, after staring at him a minute, fancying he was mad.

"'I understand you,' Pitna answered, 'I know what you have done, and—although it was rash and perilous—damn it, sir, I think you acted nobly. Take back your sword; I can keep a secret.'

"'No,' said Outram, shaking his head, 'that would involve you in the penalty for my treason.'

"He went straight to Cumberland himself, and the duke received him graciously enough; for his repute was high.

"'What is the penalty, excellency, for an officer under your command who aids a rebel to escape?' he asked.

"'Death,' cried the duke, loud and fierce.

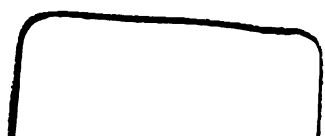
"'Then I yield to my fate,' he said, and told what he had done.

"His grace was furious, and Outram was arrested. But his past services pleaded for him, and the President Forbes, with other gentlemen of weight, and whose adherence to the Government was beyond doubt, joined in an appeal for clemency. The duke had not the grace to appreciate Outram's conduct, but he had discretion enough not to proceed to extremity in such a case as this. So the only punishment inflicted on Outram was the cancelling of his commission, and that he did not regard as any loss. He was liberated, and spent his days usefully at home."

END OF VOLUME SECOND (SECOND SERIES).

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